

Laura Lovecraft

Taboo *Confessions*
STARSTRUCK

Taboo Confessions: Starstruck

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Artwork by Moira Nelligar

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~~ All characters in this book are over 18. ~~

Chapter One

“Hello, my name is Chloe, and that is my real name, but due to my somewhat unique situation, it isn’t the one anyone but my family and friends back in school would know. The reason for that is because like many in my profession I adopted a stage name, and that’s how people here would recognize who I really am.

To be clear, I would never be so vain as to say I was a household name and A-list celeb, but I’m sure more than a few would quickly be able to name some of the shows and movies I appeared in. Very few were the lead, but I did have some notoriety as performing solidly in supporting roles, a character actor would be accurate enough, I suppose.

Because I was not top tier many of my roles involved various levels of nudity and sexual content. That content ranged from implied sex of being naked, then slipping under a sheet with my male-and on more than one occasion-female co-star-and some kissing while making like we were making it.

However, early on, when like many young actresses I was struggling for work, I took some roles in what could best be described as softcore porn where there was nothing covering us and although with men there was no actual penetration, there was flesh on flesh, and it was as close as you could get.

There has always been a double standard in film where if in a male female scene actual intercourse occurs, you are going to be hard pressed to get even an R rating. But when it was two women? Different story, we could go a lot further with touching and our tongues and lips could explore the ‘north’ as an old producer friend of mine would say, and trail our way down to the edge of the border, then fake it from there with some overview angles of our heads as we feigned dining at the Y.

On that note, I always laugh at how my husband would describe some of the soft core scenes with men as “A guy’s hand on the back of a woman’s head” channel for when we pretended to suck cock.

What I’m getting at is early in my career and even as I became more established, I was known more for my looks and sexuality than acting, although I was nominated for a few awards, so some people appreciated more than my tits, but unfortunately, not enough to win.

The reason I’m mentioning this is both my early days in the industry, and my later days which involved some offscreen adventures, one of which gained me more infamy than I ever had fame, are a major reason that led to the event I am here to confess. But before we get there, a little more about myself, my husband, and eventually my son.

Not to seem vain, but a woman doesn’t get those roles unless she is attractive, and I was certainly qualified in that aspect. Standing 5’10” barefoot, a shorter lover once told me that I was well worth the climb.

As one can imagine at that height, I had legs to die for. Long, toned and well-shaped from dancing which I pursued as another attribute that could bolster my resume to get more roles and paid off early when I landed a part as a back ground stripper as my first gig, go me!

I possessed the tight slender and athletic build that perfectly befitted a dancer, model or actress in that, and again not to sound conceited, I had enough of everything and in all the right places for any of those careers.

Not just the amazing legs, but a perfect heart shaped ass that in my prime you could bounce a quarter off. It wasn't busty but had enough of a sweet curve to nicely fill out tight fitting pants of any style as well as a snug skirt.

Likewise, my breasts were not the biggest, but still a good handful, just as firm as my ass, and tipped with a small fetching pair of pretty pink nipples. My tummy was flat and tight and my arms and back, if I flexed, showed off enough smooth muscle beneath to be a testament to the fact I worked damn hard to look damned good.

Neck up I didn't have to work too hard, in Hollywood you're either a natural beauty or have more plastic in your face than a sugar daddy has in his wallet. I did have the looks with my long naturally curly red hair, light green eyes, and the high cheek bones helped with that classic natural beauty.

But I also had a smattering of freckles around my nose which stood out more with my fair complexion and added a little girl next door appeal and stopped me from being the flat out smoke show type, at least when it came to facial features.

Now my mouth on the other hand...

My full sensual rose hued lips were not the product of injections, but as natural as the rest of me. But I understood why people would think that because my lips bordered on being close to too full, and my mouth itself seemed a little larger than it would be in proportion to my face.

Not that it was so noticeable it was some type of defect, but if one really looked, and many men liked to look at women's mouths, you could see it. Toss in a somewhat crooked smile-if I did it naturally and not on screen and acting-and there was no doubt that, especially with lipstick, my mouth gave me a slightly trashy appearance.

That look served me well in some early roles, including playing a jailbait runaway hooker where the wardrobe, makeup and way I acted, could be classified as a flat out skank, but earned me some acclaim for stealing some scenes in that movie.

My mouth also served me well because the exact thing it looked like it was made for was something I loved to do, and even back in high school my head game was the stuff of locker room legend.

Looking back, I'm not proud to say it, but I took twisted pleasure in basically being the class slut. I didn't have a real boyfriend, but had a lot of boys, and all for fun, and rarely the same one twice.

That easy sleazy attitude helped me when I first moved to LA to audition for some roles. You hear all the casting couch stories? Those aren't stories, it's how it is, even in today's industry and worse the further back you go.

But I was single, young, and not so dumb I would turn down a job if it meant tasting some cum. Honestly, I think I surprised the casting director with how quickly I just said yeah, sure, and got down and dirty without even a token protest.

I'd have a couple more of those, but after my first year in my acting career which still had me just over nineteen, I was getting some work based on past work, but that's when the on set sex, simulated and sometimes a bit more began.

You've heard all that, so let's move forward a couple of years to when I met Barry on the set of the latest installment of one of the endless slasher franchises that like their main antagonist, never seemed to die out.

It was a straight up role, I wasn't the final girl, but made it most of the way through the movie and only had to be topless once, what a deal LOL. Barry was an aspiring writer and at the time worked on script revisions and pitched in wherever they'd need him on set.

We had chemistry right out of the gate and at the age of 22 I had my first real 'boyfriend'. We married a year later and not having a lot of money, used a trip to Florida to film another crappy horror movie as a honeymoon. With the director's permission, we slipped off for three days to enjoy the beach in a cabin owned by one of the stars who was happy to do a favor for a new young couple trying to make their way.

Guess we really enjoyed the honeymoon because I ended up pregnant thanks to not realizing being on an anti-biotic for a sinus infection could negate birth control. I did a couple more gigs before I began to show, and was told not to worry, when I was ready to come back, I'd be able to find work.

Fortunately, Barry's career was rising much faster than mine ever would. After writing a script for a short indy film that won two awards, a big shot from a major studio claimed he was sick of the lazy 'creatively bankrupt' writers on his staff and wanted to give him a shot at a mid-sized project.

Barry nailed the script and that movie, a rom com of all things, ended up being a surprise summer hit. Perfect timing seeing it came with a good payday and an advance on another major production, and just before Todd was born.

From there, finances weren't a problem. Barry was getting steady work and after spending two years at home, I was ready to get back in the game. Like many couples in Hollywood, he helped me get some roles, even though some were just bit parts.

It made me some money, kept my name out there, and we'd get to work together during filming, but I'd made what name I had without him and wanted to rebuild it on my own. Barry respected that, but there was a point of contention.

He no longer wanted me to do anything risqué.

I was just shy of twenty five and although most equate 'Milfs' as being older women, I was a mother that many men would love to fuck, and there will be more on that later. The more is part of how Barry's request held no water with me, husband or not, I could only handle so much hypocrisy.

I went back to the genre that had provided most of my prior work, horror movies, and we all know one of the staples of horror is nudity and implied sex scenes. I want to make it clear I wasn't starring in exploitation style films where my tits and ass would be all over the screen for a lot of the movie, but my tits were often exposed at some point and occasionally for a few minutes of a scene.

Same for my ass, and Barry was a bit put off when I did a brief full frontal scene that ended the question among many young men, that yes, the carpet matched the drapes. This was the age of the internet and at the time social media was just beginning to catch fire.

Stills of these scenes as well as short clips of actresses stripping and performing 'sex scenes' were popping up every where from porn sites in the celeb section, and the

NSFW sections of Twitter, even the studio's had accounts and would post some of the salacious pics to get people to check out the movie.

I had nothing to be ashamed of and proud of my post baby body which had bounced back perfectly, but Barry kept pushing the fact I was now a mother and even though Todd was not even pre school age, he wasn't staying that way and at some point would know what his mother did for work, and could end up finding examples of it, either the movies themselves or the photos.

Two things about that argument. Primarily, as you'll soon see, it turned out to be goddamn prophetic. The other brings me around to Barry's hypocrisy when it comes to me showing my body and being a 'respectable' mother.

Because it's now time to reveal that Barry was very much into other men being very much into me.

Chapter Two

I know what you're thinking, this is taboo confessions not an auto biography of a B-list actress who for a time was a second tier scream queen before becoming a second tier all-purpose genre regular , but everything I'm saying here is going to bring us to what in the eyes of folks who frequent this site, is the main event.

Like the rumors of casting couches that aren't rumors, the stories of LA and Hollywood catering to wild parties and lifestyles are an understatement. By their standards Barry and I weren't all that wild, but early on my husband confessed to me that as much as he loved me and wanted my heart to himself, he was more than happy to share my body.

I'd explained before I had no problem with sex, and that continued once I started acting, which due to several scenes with women led me to crossing the line in real life and becoming casually bi-sexual. Traveling in those circles of not just actors and movie producers and directors, but their friends and associates who owned clubs and threw wild parties to say famous people came to them.

I wasn't famous, but young, hot, easy and eager to play. I never left a party alone and more than once when they were hosted at wealthy people's massive homes I'd go upstairs with a guy, have some fun, head back down and take another for a ride the same night.

Or, even better, I'd think why choose and let them play Eiffel tower with me. So when Barry brought this up before we married because he wasn't sure he could live a vanilla monogamous lifestyle, it wasn't a deal breaker for me, in fact, part of me was relieved because at the time I didn't know if I could just be with one man sexually.

We would sometimes swap with other couples, I'd often start with the wife, going down on them while their husband took me doggie and Barry waited his turn to fuck the other woman after she came on my tongue.

Those were some wild times, but more often than not Barry liked to watch me with other men. We'd walk around the party to see who was checking me out then if we both agreed, he'd walk over and tell the guy I was in play and if he were interested say the word.

He would watch me suck and fuck, then when the stud DuJour had his balls completely drained by yours truly, Barry would step out of the batter's box and fuck me flat out stupid.

I'd already be tired and used by then and often didn't do much more than lay on my back or roll over and put my ass up while he took me harder than he ever did when it was just the two of us. It was him sharing me, but in the end proving to the other man that I was his, and in the end, he always claimed what was his.

This is where my hypocrisy comment comes in. The same man who said I should be careful in movie roles now that I had a son was the same guy who wanted me to continue to be a hot wife, or willing partner in a marital trade off.

I know there is a difference in me being onscreen baring my tits and ass to countless people in theaters and then cable, DVD, now streaming. Once a movie was made it was never going to go away.

Meanwhile, our games were private and although some of the men recognized me, some were even others in the industry, and I could write a fun tell all about some of the cocks I sucked and had inside me, but it was honor among thieves there and no one was outing anyone.

Sure, some other men who knew who I was with blabbed about it, but whatever, my husband was there with me, so blackmail wasn't really a fear. I got a thrill out of being a fun story they could tell their friends who in turn would tell them "Cool story, bro."

As time went on, we did slow down. Not from lack of desire, but Barry's name was getting bigger, and he was now working with directors and learning some of that trade, including getting behind the camera on the sets of some of the movies he was scripting.

Anyone who has had a rather adventurous sex life will tell you that it's like any other rush, it's great for a while, but at some point you still feel like you could up the game. That's where Barry's newfound skill with a camera came in.

He suggested filming our next encounter and my first reaction was no, it was exciting enough, but he insisted it would make things even more fun, and we'd be able to watch the movies whenever we wanted.

I still wavered, I mean, not like I was camera shy, but something in my gut said it was a risk we didn't need to take, as it was with Todd getting older, I was now leaning towards wondering if we should keep up our lifestyle.

This was in my mind more than ever due to Todd experiencing his first incident involving my past. It happened when he was in eighth grade, one of his classmates meeting me and knowing who I was, found some pictures of me online and harassed Todd over it. I felt awful, and by that time I hadn't even done semi nudes in two years, but let's get back to my point of these things were forever.

The teasing was brutal, boys telling him they'd seen his mother's tits and how there were scenes of me kissing women while topless and kissing their tops in my earlier work.

Barry was of course upset and concerned for him, but didn't blame me, which I always appreciated. He tried to explain to Todd that the things I'd done helped give him the life he had, big house, inground pool, anything he wanted and going to a good school.

But I can't imagine how hard it was for him and whenever he was upset felt his pain even more because I'd caused it without meaning to. Being at that age, he lashed out a few times saying it was my fault and how could I do those things, and all his friends said I was a slut and a whore.

There were many times I thought imagine if he knew about the things I'd done with and for his father and now here he was asking to record them for sexual posterity. My movies being around were one thing, it was my career, but the swapping and spreading my legs for strange men while my husband watched, enjoying the show while awaiting his turn, what if that somehow got out? For us not so bad, but a young man discovering his father liked his mom being other men's fuck toy?

Barry used that to push the idea, saying if I was considering slowing down even more and eventually stopping altogether, let's go out with style and up the game the last few times. I ended up relenting. Barry had always supported what I wanted to do, so why should I deny him?

But as I said, sex is as big of a rush as any drug and once he filmed me the first time, kneeling on the bed as I sucked another man's cock, me staring into the camera while cum spilled down my chin, then getting eaten until I came and getting pounded doggy and coming again before the guy flipped me over and came all over my tits? I was now as hooked on it as he was.

After that, there was no more talk of quitting from either of us. To the contrary, the first year of doing it we were more active than we had been in some time. We wanted it all, Barry filmed me one on one with another actress who like me wasn't a big star, but if you were a fan of horror, you'd know her.

We went all in, even fucking each other with a strap on. Another video was me with a couple, and it seemed Barry was so into filming it that it took some coaxing for him to get involved after round one and enjoy the other woman, and I swear he fucked her even harder when I picked up the camera and filmed him doing it.

I wanted him involved so sometimes he'd mount multiple cameras around the room and film the action, then use his burgeoning editing skills to splice it together. I joked that if anything happened in Hollywood, we had a career in Only Fans or Porn Hub.

Barry commented if we didn't have Todd, he'd all in on an Only Fans and I don't think he was kidding. The two of us were a perfect match in every way, especially sexually.

The video that became the gem of our private collection was wild even by our standards. I never did drugs, even party drugs like Molly or E, and not much of a drinker, but on my fortieth birthday we attended a party at a producer's house who shared the same birthday.

It was a crazy scene even by what we'd been used to. Just shy of a damn orgy and people encouraging women to strip and people to fuck right there in the pool or anywhere else in front of an audience.

There were three men there from an up and coming horror only channel and recognizing me came over to chat with us. It was obvious they were all interested in more than my resume as I chatted away in my free lunch blood red micro dress and fuck me shoes which put me over six feet at that point.

I'd been drinking heavily as it was my special day, and I was half in the bag when they came over and even further blitzed after we did some shots with them. One thing led to another, and Barry eased me to the side and whispered in my ear "You want to take them all?"

I could see in his eyes, his mostly sober eyes because he planned on driving so I could get lit, that he wanted me to. Talk about a perfect husband, right ladies? You want three cocks, honey? You go for it!

That's exactly what we did. The show started in a hot tub with me making out with all three while they took my top off and sucked my tits, then them standing around me as I knelt in the tub and sucked on them, turning in a slow circle as I took each one with Barry circling the tub, catching it all.

We made our way to bed and the rest of it was a goddamn blur. There were six hands, three tongues and three big hard cocks all over me, and in every damn hole. At that stage of my life there wasn't much I hadn't done when it came to sex, including double penetration in threesomes.

But that night I had my first and only airtight gang bang and it was un-fucking believable. They moved around so they all got a chance to get their dick in every hole, and this was after I'd sucked them all off so it lasted for some time and I was fine with it.

The show ended with me on my back, the room spinning and my face covered in sweat, smeared lipstick, tear streaks of mascara and the cum of three men who had all finished on my face.

I swear at that point I was on the verge of passing out from the combination of booze and the several orgasms my trio of lovers had given me, but wait, there was more. Barry handed one of them the camcorder and lifting my legs, spread my legs and tore into me like he never had before.

I couldn't even move, just lay there yipping and whimpering as he pounded my aching cunt while rubbing my clit and forcing another orgasm out of me before whipping his cock out and adding his copious load to the hot mess my face and hair already was.

Not exaggerating when I say I don't even remember getting cleaned up and the ride home and I could barely walk the next day but still fucked Barry twice because I was beyond sex drunk, especially when he played the video for me.

Flash forward three years and there was some trouble in paradise, but nowhere near as bad as it was going to get.

Barry suffered back to back bombs, the first he admits was on him, just missing the boat on the premise of a movie with heavily political themes, then a second where the producers made him change so much that by the end it barely resembled the original script.

Hollywood is the definition of only as good as your last work and after the second bust the director of an upcoming project told him they were going with someone else. I was on the other end of things, having just wrapped up filming a recurring role in a TV police drama where I played the wife of one of the main characters.

It was good money and being made for TV, there was nothing riskier than a couple of shots of me in my underwear and once in lingerie during a "You're too stressed, baby" style scene which cut away after I sat on the bed and beckoned the actor over.

Todd however, was becoming a problem.

Now entering his senior year of high school, he had been dealing with more harassment over me, A jerk at school had once texted him links to several sex scenes I'd done with the message, "Hey, think your mom would fuck me?"

I have to say that at that point I couldn't imagine what any mother who had once been an actual porn star went through. Sad to say, I'd find that out soon enough. But at that time, Todd was getting rightfully frustrated, hurt and angry, and was taking it out on me.

Whenever something would come up at school, he would ask me how could I have done those things? I'd tell him the worst of it was before he was born, but he then pointed out, and I can't deny it, that I did more nudes after he was born and my last topless scene which featured me kissing a woman in a lake and it was hot and heavy with plenty of tongue and our breasts touching, was done when he was sixteen and already dealing with bullshit.

Sometimes he sounded sad and whiny with the "How could you?" other times he was flat out nasty, even saying maybe I liked being a trashy slut in movies. Barry was livid and smacked him which made me feel even worse than his words had.

Why had I done that scene? Up until then I'd been more reserved on screen the last two years, but the role was in a major film, I was an actual co-star as the lead's secret female lover, and it paid well.

Not just that, but at the time I'd just hit forty and felt that I wanted to show everyone my tits were still to die for and I hadn't gone vanilla just because I was a wife and mother.

It was a tough time, Todd wasn't wrong, but neither was I. Acting was my job, and that job had given him a nice life and was paying for him to go to UCLA the following year.

Todd didn't single me out, he gave Barry shit as well. "How can you let your wife show herself like that? You like guys staring at her? You know what they think of her?" when he called Barry a cuck simp, it was my turn to slap him and tell him to never talk like that about his dad.

And imagine if he knew his father was a man who not only liked men looking at his wife but fucking her brains out while he told them exactly how and in what hole.

I think cuck and simp are derogatory and inaccurate terms, but considering how they're used, Barry would unfortunately fit. Me? Just the typical slut, whore and cum dumpster.

But I could only get so angry because kids are cruel and much of the bullying happened on social media because the little shits these days are afraid to say anything to anyone's face.

It got to where Todd told me he didn't want me at a couple of school functions, including his Lacross games. Barry told him he was wrong, I was his mother and to cut the shit, but as much as it hurt, I agreed to not go for the sake of not giving any of the assholes more material.

"See Todd's mom over there? Think she's hot? Want me to send you a link of her with her tits out making out with another woman? Guess what, she's a real redhead and I can prove it."

At that point Barry and I were already dreading what might happen in college, but hoped maybe the crowd there might be a bit more mature and he'd be living there and I wouldn't be around him that much which would help as a lot of the kids he went to school with now had known me for several years.

There was both hope and dread of how it would go, but that decision was made when it all went straight to hell.

On a flight to Georgia to talk about a new project, Barry's laptop was stolen when he'd put it down with his other bag then inadvertently left it there when his flight was called.

He realized it within a couple of minutes, but when he hurried back it was already gone. God bless LAX and the creeps who haunt the terminals looking to lift whatever they could.

Barry's concern at the time was primarily not having anything when he arrived in Georgia and I told him if he needed to buy one, just go ahead. Fortunately, any of his prior work was already out in the market so he didn't have to worry about anyone ripping off his ideas.

For what he'd done to pitch his current project, he backed everything up on a USB he kept in his home office, and I emailed the document to him. Out a few hundred for a

new machine and the hassle of needing to race out and buy one as soon as he landed, but no big deal, right?

Wrong.

As far as I knew, all our videos were also on a USB and when we wanted to watch them we'd plug it in to play one and never save them to the device. What I didn't know is Barry had indeed saved a few to the laptop to have something to amuse himself on occasions he had to be away for a few days and missed his cock hungry insatiable redheaded wife.

Three days later I received a call from my agent, Laura, that we had a problem. She told me to check my e-mails and saw she'd sent me a link to what was then Twitter.

It went to an account of a celebrity creeper who posted a ton of not just nudes or video clips of female actresses, musicians, etc, but paparazzi pics of those women on the beach or even just out and about.

I had no doubt I was already on there somewhere, and it wasn't like the material wasn't already out there. But when I saw his recently pinned top tweet, my stomach felt as if someone had kicked me in it.

My stage name followed by "In an all out gang bang with three men, and her husband filming it, then hopping on!"

My hand shaking violently, I clicked on the link which took me to a site called "Selebrity Sin". It wasn't just a clip, it was the full video. Close to ninety minutes of me going full blown porn star and taking on three men.

The video played as soon as you clicked on it and opened with me in a black thong and lace bra sliding down into the hot tub and purring "Come on in, the waters fine." Per Barry, each man had entered one at a time adding more shock value that what started out as me with one guy became me with three.

I was too stunned to do anything but watch the first few minutes unfold, but when I clearly heard Barry's voice say "Hey guys, how about you get that bra off and check out my wife's tits? They're even better in person."

More damning for him was when one of the men stood and pulled his boxers down to reveal his hard cock and I leaned forward to suck it, a movement caught my eye and there in a mirror was Barry, clad just in his underwear and obviously excited, getting down on one knee to get the best angle of his wife blowing cock one of three.

When the other guys dropped their underwear and I grabbed their dicks, stroking both while sucking the other, I clicked off, but not before catching the actual title of the video "Making the scream queen scream."

I flopped back in the chair feeling as if I'd had the wind knocked out of me and closed my eyes. I didn't need the video, it was all etched in my mind and if it stayed there, it wasn't a problem.

Blowing three men to completion is more work than people would think. Each time you switch off that guy has a chance to calm down. But I managed to make all three cum by using my hands to keep them on edge, but it still took a while and led to a fun little merry go round in the hot tub.

Each man would fuck my mouth as I sat knelt gurgling with drool and pre cum flowing down my chin and onto my tits. They'd grab my shoulders and spin me for the next guy to take his turn, then on and on until my face was red from effort and tears of mascara joined the sticky mess on my cheeks and chest.

It took several 'rounds' before the first groaned and gave me the creamy reward I'd worked so hard for. His friends followed suit as I remained focused on each one until their balls emptied.

I swallowed every drop all three of them could give me while looking my husband in the eye and loving the look of unadulterated lust in his eyes and his swollen cock in his pre cum stained underwear.

Then them laying me back, licking, sucking fingering me to two powerful orgasms, one each courtesy of the two who had gone down on me. Then the sex, everyone of them in every way, cocks in all three holes for a good portion of the time.

And the entire time, whenever there wasn't a cock in my mouth, me talking dirty and egging them on to fuck me while Barry encouraged them to call me every nasty name in the book because we both got off on it.

It was as raunchy, wild and insane as any porn video and even more so as this was real and none of us professionals. Although I was an actress, I sure as hell wasn't acting during that.

My phone rang and I saw it was Laura calling me back. I forced myself to answer and wished I hadn't. She said the agency had already sent a take down notice to Twitter and to the site I'd clicked on.

But her assistant had already found it on multiple porn sites ranging from a few minutes' 'highlight' version to the full length opus of my sexual depravity. Making it worse there were other videos that we would later learn had been sold to Selebrity Sin which ended up leading to the arrest of the not so smart laptop thief.

Laura had found the video of me with a woman, two of me with two guys and the one with the couple. She said in a few of them, Barry was on camera and fucking me when the other men were done using his wife.

It was the ultimate nightmare, one that could kill both of our careers-although on the bright side that Only fans and career in porn was already in the works-but Todd. Our poor son, if anyone of his friends found these before they could be pulled down...

And they did find them.

Turns out one of the guys on his Lacrosse team happened to be a follower of the Selebrity Sin Twitter account which is where he'd initially found pics of me a couple years ago, and he paid the damn trial membership to be able to view the full movie.

Making this even worse was for the premium membership you could download the video meaning even if it were pulled how many now had it on their device and could just keep posting it on free sites as the agency played whack a mole in chasing them down.

I called Barry, but he didn't answer, and an hour later Todd came bursting into the house and already screaming at me before he even made it into my office where I was still sitting weepy eyed and nauseous from the dread of where all this would lead.

I couldn't even try to defend myself as my son told me how disgusting I was, what a sick bitch and twisted fuck I was, and dad was just as bad and a sorry excuse of a man for letting men do that to his wife and loving it.

"Three fucking guys, mom!" he kept yelling in between his other attacks. "Three fucking men...at once!"

He told me the prick who'd found it had been texting it to everyone he knew and they were also spreading it around. He wasn't lying as I received three calls from other parents, two of them condemning me for being a whore and one single father who told

me it was the hottest thing he'd ever seen and if I was looking for the next guy to hop on, let him know.

Those calls came after a full half hour of Todd's meltdown where in addition to trashing me and his father he stated that his life was over and there was no fucking way he could ever go back to school and he wanted to go live with Barry's parents who lived in a small town in Illinois and no one would know who he was.

Other than a few sobbing "I'm sorry" I had nothing I could say to him, because he was right. His life, at least socially, was over. Maybe I would let him move away because at this point how could he ever respect us again?

But even after he stormed out, slamming the door so hard it cracked, the hits kept coming. Voice mails, because I wasn't answering, from other people who'd caught wind-and sight-of the movie, all condemning me to various degrees from personal attacks to "You just ended your career" and many men telling me to tell my "spineless cuck wimp husband he's no man"

At some point I texted Barry the link and by the time he called me I answered with "I told you we should have never filmed these things!" I railed at the silence on the other end before breaking down into tears.

Barry sounded on the verge himself and admitted he'd already heard and was in the airport. I asked about the project and he laughed bitterly and said word had gotten out through the Hollywood gossip train and he went from getting to start on it to 'we're moving on.'

He asked how Todd was, and said he'd tried to call him, but he wasn't answering. I told him he probably wanted to wait until Barry got home to unload on him. I then asked if he knew those videos were on the laptop and after a moment of silence confessed he did, but was hoping no one would looking through the files and find them.

In twenty plus years together I'd never been so angry with him, but even under duress I realized blaming him wasn't getting us anywhere, what was done was done, and we'd have to deal with it.

In the immediate fallout I was contacted by the network to tell me they'd be recasting my role for season two and the man who called admitted it was unfair considering some of the crap other people had pulled and did just fine, but the financier of the show was a family values type.

Barry lost that project as he already knew but it was three months before he received a call and that was because the man who got him his first shot saw he was blacklisted and stepped in and got him a legit movie to work on to make a point to other people.

His point was we hadn't broken any laws, no one was hurt, no drugs were being done and unlike what happened with many other Hollywood 'elites' everyone was of age.

It was embarrassing and to him, and eventually some others, that was the extent of it. Many of them were freaky in their own right; we just got exposed in every way. Like Barry. my agent was getting crickets for a little while other than a call from two adult film studios who were offering an impressive amount of money for me to shoot with some of their talent, male and female.

They even sweetened the pot by saying Barry could be on the film crew. Can't make this shit up. It's an odd double standard when it comes to things like this. Yes, to the

public I got some of the slut backlash mixed with some painful “And she’s a mother!” and I suppose some of that has truth to it, but then again live and let live and all that.

But on the other side of things, people—mostly men—were blown away watching me blow men away and saw it as adding to my resume as if it were a legit film on my IMBD and credited me with being a shameless wildcat.

Even some women saw it as empowering; a married mother breaking ‘convention’ and doing whatever and whoever she chooses. I accepted a role in my original home of horror, this time as a the mom of the final girl—oh, how humiliating LOL, but it was a major release and after that I picked up a couple of smaller roles, another in horror and one in a western comedy that might have been more embarrassing than having the internet watch you take it in the ass while squealing around a cock.

After several months things settled down for us and became something people in the industry would make some jokes about, and our careers recovered. But what didn’t recover was Todd.

In addition to all the crap he’d dealt with at school, his girlfriend Krissy dumped him over the phone saying she was afraid he could be like his father and want her to have sex with other guys.

Within a few days of the movie being posted, Todd called Barry’s parents and asked to live with them and when they asked what happened, he told them. Yeah, he did. His parents flew out to see us and we felt like kids while they lectured us about our ‘obscene and irresponsible behavior’ but did tell Todd his place was here with us because just like he’d made mistakes and we loved him, we’d made a big one and he needed to love us.

Not sure he heard anything other than he was stuck with us, but my in-laws left without him. To say our relationship was strained was an understatement. The only thing he said to us was that he could in no way return to school.

Barry agreed and we paid a private tutor to help him, and he finished the year through distance learning. The school invited him to attend the graduation, but he refused.

He also dropped out of going to college, when we pushed back on that he relented, if only just to humor us, that it was for now, he needed time and wasn’t going the upcoming year.

We gave in, if he weren’t mentally ready then we would just be pissing him off making him go and losing money. Todd did go to work, getting a job working in a warehouse loading trucks.

Anywhere he went we worried about someone finding out who his parents were, but according to him most of the guys were a lot older than him and not really the net surfing type and as I stated at the beginning my stage name was not his last name.

Todd seemed content at the job but rarely went out otherwise and never around anyone his age as he was convinced that somehow every kid in our area somehow saw the video.

His behavior towards us remained strained, he barely spoke and when he did it was as briefly as possible. He refused to accept a hug or kiss from me, even making a crack that ‘he knew where my mouth had been’ and again, as much as it hurt, I didn’t push.

He was just as distant with Barry and I think in a way he saw it being even more his father's fault for allowing and being into me being with other men. I had a bad feeling he saw me as a legit whore and his father my pimp who told me who to fuck.

When things didn't improve after a few months we suggested someone to talk to and Todd balked. When we pushed, he commented he'd been saving most of his money and could move out if he wanted.

No one his age on his income was affording a place, but there was a chance he could find a roommate or end up in some awful place in a suspect area and get hurt.

We were walking on eggshells around our own son, and it wasn't healthy or happy. Barry and I saw someone to discuss what we could do and the only answer they had if Todd didn't want to speak to anyone about it himself, was to wait and time heals all wounds.

Too little too late, but I refused to take any more roles that would require showing too much of my body. One would think at forty two not a lot of directors would want you naked, but Hollywood was man town and very much sex driven and I'd "held up quite well" according to many I worked with and could pull it off if I chose.

The video also helped as it had only been two years ago and me doing anything nude or involving even simulated sex would be a draw because of it. Guess as much as I was ashamed of it, it proved I had nothing to be ashamed of when it came to my body.

Barry and I stopped our extracurricular activities and sad thing was we both missed it even after what happened. I said before sex was our drug and we were in withdrawal, but it was the only way to ever rebuild things with Todd.

We made it a point to be home as much as we could at night and the weekends to show him we weren't stepping out and felt we were doing it for nothing when Todd, too smart for our tastes commented "Hey, why stop now, people love sequels, right?"

As we draw close to the taboo aspect of this confession the last thing to mention is the last couple of months leading to where I was to realize that there were still sexual conventions I could break.

Todd's attitude towards us had settled into a quiet form of acceptance. He no longer seemed angry, he'd even occasionally have dinner with us and make some small talk.

He seemed a little more comfortable around Barry than he was me, but in my mind, he may have come to grips with his father's desires and had shifted to me being the bigger disappointment.

The snippy, and at times sexual insults, towards me picked up again. They weren't shouted or said in the heat of anger, they were more like quick little digs that were disrespectful and had more than a little disdain around them.

Unlike before, he wasn't saying these things in front of his father, who he'd also insulted with the same comment, but only when it was just the two of us at home. I also noticed that anytime he was in the house alone with me, and I'd look over, he'd look away.

I swore I could feel his eyes on me, and it didn't seem to matter if I were sitting on the couch watching TV or doing housework, wherever I was he seemed to be somewhere nearby and staring.

On occasions when he didn't look away, his eyes, the same shade of green as mine, would remain on me and there was an odd look on his face. It was a look of confusion, and I wondered if maybe he felt like he wanted to talk, but kept changing his mind.

But when I lay out by the pool, in a modest one piece bikini because for all my experience with exposing myself for assorted reasons, I never showed more than I should at home but certainly wasn't going to never use the pool.

I caught him looking through the kitchen window of the sliding deck doors, and I began to get the strange feeling he was not just looking at me but really looking at me. I told myself that was ridiculous, but when you'd spent your life being gawked at by men you recognize that look.

This was enforced one night when I'd fallen asleep in bed with the TV on, but the bedroom door partway open because I was dressed, albeit in a long night shirt, but it was more than enough to cover what needed to be.

I opened my eyes to see him in the doorway, his eyes were focused on my bare legs and he again had that weird conflicted look on his face. This time I took a chance and simply asked. "Todd, did you want to talk to me?"

His response of "No, just seems weird seeing you in bed without some guy on top of you and dad with his camera."

He walked out of the room and everything in me wanted to smack him in the mouth, this was getting to where enough was enough but instead let him go and told myself it was time to sit him down with Barry and tell him it was time to talk to someone. I was sorry for what we did but wasn't going to be held hostage and disrespected the rest of my life for it.

I never ended up having that conversation because the next day I would find out what his problem was.

That's where this story really gets interesting.

Chapter Three

I opened my eyes to see the movie I'd been watching was now on the credits telling me I'd dozed off for at least a half hour. I saw a shape out of the corner of my still bleary eye, and without moving shifted my gaze.

Todd stood near the end of the couch, a bottle of Pepsi in one hand, his phone in the other. Although my mind was a bit foggy from dozing it looked as if the phone was pointing towards me.

His eyes certainly were, that was for sure and as I'd had many times lately, I couldn't shake the feeling he wasn't just looking at me but checking me out. I'd worn a sun dress out to run some errands, and I'll admit it was a bit on the short side and when you had legs as long as mine that 'little bit short' showed a lot.

After putting away the groceries I'd picked up, I figured I'd watch some TV and kicking off my sandals lay on my side on the couch, my head resting on one of the pillows. I'd drawn my legs up and could feel the hem of the dress had ridden up and casting my eyes downward saw a good amount of my creamy thighs were visible.

Not the most proper of positions I guess, but didn't think much of it seeing Todd generally hung out in his room these days if not working, and even if I was revealing a little extra skin, he was my son.

My son who really seemed interested in his mother's legs. Like I always did, I told myself I was imagining this. Not only was I his mother whom he'd have no interest in, but he'd borderline despised me the last six months.

"You want something, honey?" I asked, startling him.

The way he jumped and dropped his phone made it seem like he was up to something and when before he could pick up the phone which had landed face up I saw the camera was on was a cause for concern.

Had he been taking pictures of me? Why would he do that?

Why would any guy do that? But he wasn't 'any guy' he was my damn kid.

"Don't call me honey," he muttered as he quickly picked up the phone.

"Right, no affection, got it." I swung my legs off the couch as I sat up, then on a whim stretched them out, resting my feet on the coffee table.

I pointed my foot forward, showing off my red tipped toes the middle of which, as always featured a silver ring which matched the thin silver anklet I wore. In some circles that accessory would tell men I was in play, but these days it meant I liked shiny things and never minded calling attention to my legs, trashy slut I was according to many, including Todd.

My eyes stayed on him as the movie also did good things for my calves, I was sure he noticed that before quickly turning his head away.

"Todd," I stressed his name. "Did you want something?"

"Um...no." He frowned and there was that conflicted look again.

"You sure? You look like you want to say something," I patted the couch next to me. "I know things haven't been great between us, but I'm here for you if you need me."

"Like you were there for all the guys that needed you?"

It was a snotty low blow, but the way he said it caught my attention, it was more like he said it out of habit than there was any real malice in it.

"I've told you about that and so has your father. Whatever you think of me, you will not disrespect me."

"Don't have to, you did that to yourself when your orgy video came out."

"Todd," I dropped my legs and leaned forward preparing to stand but stopped when his eyes darted down and I had no doubt he'd just tried to look down my dress. What was going on with him?

"Sorry, an orgy would mean there was more than one woman, that was just a gangbang."

"Enough!" I shot to my feet so suddenly he stepped back.

Barry stood 6'2" so between us, Todd had some height to him but didn't have me by more than a couple of inches, close enough I could look him in the eye if he kept his still.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I am for what those damn videos put you through, but it was months ago and I'm not going to keep feeling guilty about it."

"Only reason you felt like that is me. Not that you did it."

"You're right," I went against my prior behavior of acting like me and his father were wrong to enjoy ourselves enjoying others and this time owned it. "There was nothing wrong with what we did."

"Seriously?" he scowled. "Three goddamn guys at once and my creepy father filming it with a hard on because he couldn't wait to be last man at the buffet?" He laughed harshly. "Wanted to be the last icing the cake, I mean your face?"

I curled my hand into a fist to stop myself from cracking him one, but the urge passed when something dawned on me.

"How do you know what he did?"

He blinked but answered quickly.

"You don't think I heard all about it from the assholes at school? How would you like to hear your mother was in a merry go round and then google what it meant and find out on Urban dictionary?"

"You were never meant to hear about it, Todd, and for that I will always be sorry, and your father feels even worse because he had the damn thing on his laptop where it never should have been."

"Yeah, he told me that. Told me all about his USB of you're greatest hits. Heard most of your movies had a happy ending."

"I know this is hard for you, Todd."

"Seems like a lot of guys were hard for you," he smirked, and I stepped back before I did give him the slap he seemed to be begging for.

"Listen to me because so far I've taken your abuse and put my head down like a puppy who pissed on the rug, but not this time."

"Whatever, I'm going in my room." He began to turn, but I caught him by the wrist.

"You don't walk away from me like a little girl. You want to sling shade, then you man up and stay here and let me have my say."

He bristled his eyes flashing the same way mine did when I was angry, also like his mother, spots of color rose in his fair cheeks. Todd was a good mix of Barry and I, my hair, the fair skin, which stood out even more with the short thick raven dark wavy hair of his father.

Todd was a good looking young man and Lacross had given him a nice build, not jacked or even that rugged, but tight lean muscle over a broad shouldered frame. He'd done well with girls in high school, but hadn't dated that we knew of since Krissy left over the "Scream Queen Screaming" video. But I supposed he'd have to leave the house for something other than work to meet someone.

"Fine," he pulled his arm from me, but remained where he was.

"Your father and I are adults. Both of us are into the hot wife lifestyle as well as full swings when we're in the mood."

"Just sad the two of you think this is some type of good thing."

"For us it is. Just because we're your parents don't mean we're not people who have needs, and those needs and wants involve sharing ourselves with others. We do not do drugs, we are not forced into anything, and we force no one else into anything."

"We have safe fun with like minded people and there is nothing wrong with that. Your father isn't a simp, he's a man so secure in his manhood he can handle sharing his wife and watching her enjoy being enjoyed, and I am confident enough in our marriage and love that I can watch him have sex with other women."

"You sound like you're auditioning for some sleazy movie, the ones you used to do when acting meant getting naked and swinging from a pole."

I hesitated. Had that first role been somewhere on that site and someone told him? I hadn't thought so, but at this point he'd been hearing about my past to some degree for the last four years.

"Guess you decided to swing from a lot of other poles."

I gritted my teeth and continued.

"Some people believe sex within a marriage should stay that way, we don't and never did and all that matters is it makes both of us happy."

"Lot of happy all over your face I bet."

"I am an attractive woman who loves to be desired and there is nothing wrong with that. I am..."

"A shamelessly empowered woman," he waved his hand. "You embrace your inner slut, heard all this before."

"From who?" I cocked my head, eyes narrowed because those words sounded familiar, as if I'd heard them from someone. I do recall another actress using the term empowered regarding my exposed lifestyle, but not the same way.

"I don't know, it's bullshit I've seen online from women making excuses for being pigs."

This time I did slap him. His face snapped to the side but I grabbed his chin and forced him to face me.

"You have said a lot of shitty things to me, but you don't ever, I mean ever, call me that again. Is that understood?"

"Yeah," he whispered and when I released his chin nodded and surprised me by adding. "I'm sorry, mom."

The way he said it caused my anger to drain away. Since the video he either called me 'Chloe' or never directly addressed me. But it wasn't just the words, it was how sad he looked and I noticed his eyes were misting up.

"I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't have done that." I took a breath and put my arms out. "Can I give you a hug?"

Todd stared at me for a moment, and I wanted to just put my arms around him, but everything had been so wrong between us for so long I didn't want to push myself on him. The apology was a win in itself.

He looked as if he really wanted to and lifted his arms but when I stepped close to him he quickly stepped back.

"I...I can't be close to you."

"Huh?" I frowned. "Why not?"

"Just can't," He shook his head and took another step back as if he were afraid of me. "Its..."

"It's what? Please tell me what's wrong, Todd. Are you afraid not to be mad at me anymore or something like that?"

"Its not just you."

"I know, you feel that way about Dad too."

"No, I..."

He trailed off and I rolled my hand. "I...what?" I encouraged trying to ignore my handprint on his cheek which I deeply regretted, yet it seemed to be what had snapped him out of attack mode and now looked as if he wanted to talk about it.

"I guess I'm mad at me too sometimes."

"Because you're mad at us? That's understandable, Todd, at least for a while, but we can get past it. Looks like you might be ready to."

"No, I'm mad because, well..." he briskly shook his head as if talking himself out of something. "I'm just mad."

"We can get you someone to talk to, tell them about it, then maybe we can all talk."

"I can't tell anyone!" he snapped and in that moment, I lost him.

The vulnerable look was gone and replaced by the sneering disdain I'd become way to familiar with the last few months.

"Bad enough I know what you did and what you always did and what you do to me now. I don't need someone else knowing!"

"What am I doing now? Trying to talk to you?"

"Yeah, act like you don't know," He grunted. "Bet you do know and like it."

"Todd, please,"

"Don't say please, save your begging when its for a dick that's not my fathers." Todd pointed. "Your phone is ringing. Maybe its one of my friends or their dads looking to see if you have any openings for your openings."

He spun on his heel and stalked off. I heard his door slam and fell back onto the couch. What the hell was going on with him? I suppose on the upside he'd seemed like something was about to break and maybe next time it would.

I looked over at my phone, and saw it was Barry calling.

"Hey, baby," I chirped, pushing my concern and frustration over Todd, to the side and answering with a cheer I didn't feel. Being an actress certainly had its perks off set as well. "How's Paramount's sexiest new director doing?"

"When I find whoever that is, I'll ask him," Barry replied and I could hear the exhaustion in his voice. "I knew directing was a lot of work, but damn, Chloe, this is crazy. Started filming at five am, and we just wrapped up."

I saw it was now eight and sighed.

"I'm sorry, honey, but its your first film and when it's a hit, it'll be worth it."

"That's what I tell myself. Wish you'd taken that role as the double agent, you'd have rocked it."

"I'd rather be rocking you in our bed, I miss you, sweetie. How much longer you going to be in Chicago?"

"Two more days should do it as long as the weather holds up," he informed me. "But don't change the subject, you should be here with me. Major role, good payout, and getting to be together."

"You know why, Barry," My false cheer faded

"Because if we're out of town together, Todd will think we're filming a different kind of movie?"

"Yeah," I admitted. "Besides, I have that scream queen docuseries for Netflix to work on. I'm going to be in episode three."

"You could work on the answers to their list of questions from here at night."

"Then we just stick to my first answer."

"It's been eight months, Chloe," Barry reminded me. "What are we going to do, never go on a vacation again? One of us always has to be home if the other has to work out of town?"

"You're right, Barry," I conceded. "But it's not that easy."

"We'll sit him down and talk. This time he either accepts we have careers and lived or he's talking to someone."

"He's 19, he doesn't have to, and I don't want him thinking of moving."

"Empty threat," Barry countered. "I called to tell you things are going well except for being tired, and I love you and miss you. I don't want to keep rehashing this, but are going to get this settled one way or another soon."

"Love and miss you too. Our silver anniversary is next month, and I'd really love to go away for a few days."

"Then we will, but for now, I guess I'll grab a bite, do some more damned revisions, and then probably jack off to my favorite redhead."

"Hmm, is she hot, that redhead?"

"Most beautiful sensual and amazing woman I know."

"Huh, well, when I find that woman, I'll have to have some words with her," I giggled. "But for now you just think about how you're going to make your scream queen scream when you get back."

"Sounds like a plan, sweet dreams, Chloe."

"Doubt that," I laughed. "Call me before you have to be on set, even if its early."

"I will, love you."

"Right back at you, babe."

I ended the call and rising from the couch stretched my arms over my head until my back cracked and went into the bedroom to grab a robe. A nice soak in tub with a glass of whine, then I'd go over the Netflix Q&A in bed until I fell asleep.

I hadn't told Barry that as of right now one of the questions involved the infamous video and how it had affected me. I had called Laura and told her that topic was off limits and they needed to know that, but the only reply I'd gotten so far was a text saying "Okay, got it."

I walked down the hall towards the bathroom thinking Barry was right, we needed to be able to get on with our lives, because that had been a good part I'd turned down and because of Todd.

I stopped in front of his room and thought about doing something I hadn't done since the video leaked, and knock and see if he wanted to talk. Despite occasional bursts of him being upset over my 'work' leading to him being harassed; we'd been pretty close, and it was painful to have such a strained relationship. I felt I couldn't approach him.

I lifted my hand and knocked. When there was no response, I called out.

"Todd, are you okay? You looked like you wanted to talk a few minutes ago."

I flinched when the door opened just enough for him to poke his head out.

"I have nothing to say to you, Chloe."

Back to the first name again, why did I bother? Because I'm his mother is why, and I kept trying.

"I think you do, I could see it on your face. How about we..."

"I've seen what you like all over your face," he sneered, then raised his voice. "And since when is talking what you want to use your trashy mouth for? Leave me the hell alone!"

I jumped back when he slammed the door in my face and stood there stunned. He hadn't shouted like that or been that hostile since the beginning of this mess. It was a mistake to push, yet another in a long series of mistakes I'd made.

Head down like a scolded dog; I made my way to the bathroom. Barry was right, we needed to sit him down again. Because one way or another, this had to end.

Chapter Four

I'd just removed my clothes and lifted my leg to step into the tub when I heard the doorbell. It was nine at night and I didn't think I had a package due, and even if I did, the driver just left them on the porch.

After staring longingly at the steamy soapy water, the two scented candles on the sink and the glass of wine on the edge of the tub, I donned my robe, tying it tightly before leaving the bathroom and heading back into the living room.

The bell sounded again, and I shot a dirty look at Todd's door. Probably had his headset on while he played the video games that seemed to be his only social life. I peeked out the blind by the door to see a tall man with a baseball cap and long beard standing on the porch.

It was Greg who, along with his wife and two young daughter's, had just bought the house next door to ours and moved in just last week. I'd chatted briefly with his wife but hadn't had a chance to speak to him, just waved once or twice when I saw him coming or going.

"Hi, can I help you?" I asked, opening the door.

"Um, yeah," he gave me a small smile. "Chloe, right?"

"That's me," I put my hand out. "We haven't met, your wife Shelly is really nice, and your daughters are so cute!"

"Thank you," He gently took my hand in his massive one and gave it a brief squeeze. "Listen, this is kind of embarrassing, but I was in the kitchen and when I looked out the window over the sink uh..."

He paused, "Like I said, this is awkward, but window over here," he pointed to his left. "The blinds are open a few inches and well, uh, if you're going to watch porn can you please shut them?"

"Porn?" I slapped my forehead. "Jesus, I'm, sorry. That's my son's room."

"Hey, boys will be boys, but my daughter's room faces that way, so you know..." he trailed off.

"I'm really sorry, I'll tell him to close it right now."

"Talk about awkward," he chuckled. "Your mom telling you to stop showing the neighbors your porn."

"Your girls are little, but trust me, you have a lifetime of awkward coming your way." I grinned. "I'm really sorry."

"Don't be. We were all that age. I remember getting my ass beat for stealing my dad's Hustlers. Thanks for taking care of this, have a good night. You and your husband should come by some time."

"Definitely." Be proactive and get to know them before one of the other people in the neighborhood told them Barry and I made our own porn. "Thanks for letting me know about this."

I closed the door, shaking me head. When you've shown your tits and ass to countless movie goers over the years, let alone being a viral amateur porn star, it wasn't easy to be embarrassed, but jeez, awkward was putting this mildly.

Not that I cared if he watched it, he was an adult and even if he was younger, it was natural curiosity, but he didn't need to broadcast it to the neighbors. I went to Todd's room and knocked, when I didn't get an answer, I angrily banged much louder.

“Todd! Open the damn door! I’m done playing games!”

Either he was being an asshole or so engrossed in his ‘entertainment’ he really didn’t hear me. Putting my ear to the door, I heard nothing, so he might have the ear buds in so I couldn’t hear what he was watching.

I tried the door, but he locked it as he’d been doing for the last few months as if his father or I were going to burst in and contaminate him with our ‘perversion’, or just another juvenile display of alienating us.

But what Todd didn’t know is once we knew he did it, Barry had a locksmith come to the house when Todd was at work and made key for the knob. Not even Todd had a key, he simply thumbed the lock from the inside.

Our intention was to only use it in the case of an emergency if we thought he’d hurt himself, a fire, or the occasional earthquake we dealt with from time to time. Him watching porn wasn’t an emergency, but between a complaint from a neighbor with young children and being fed the fuck up with his shit tonight, I stalked down the hall, found the key in my jewelry box and went back to the door.

Todd’s room was set up so if I walked in his back would be to me so I wouldn’t see anything a mother should never see but would get a view of what he was watching from behind him.

I unlocked the door and walked into what I expected. Todd in his gaming chair, back to me, his right arm moving rapidly. I went to shout his name, admittedly fine with embarrassing him at this point, but that’s when my eyes landed on the large monitor in front of him and what he was watching.

“Oh my god!” I shouted, my eyes going wide and my hands then going to my face as if I were in one my scream queen roles. Except this shocked reaction was real.

Todd was watching the gang bang video.

Right there, on the screen was me on the bed, lying on my back on top of one of the men with his cock buried in my ass, another kneeling between my legs, my feet on his chest as he pounded my sloppy cunt and the third leaning over me, fucking my mouth.

While my son sat there and jerked off.

“Todd!” I screamed so loudly he flinched in the seat. “What the fuck are you doing?”

He turned in the chair while pulling off his headphones, a look of shock on his face that matched mine.

“I...I...” the shock turned to an expression of fear as I stepped forward.

I turned to his window and grabbing the cord tugged the blinds down while hoping to hell Greg hadn’t paid close attention to what Todd had been watching, then stormed further into the room.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” I demanded while Todd rose slightly in the chair with his back to me tucking himself back into his shorts. “Why are you watching that?”

“Mom, I...” he stammered as I reached his desk and was so far gone in angry disbelief, I picked up the monitor and slammed it onto the floor, shattering the screen.

“Are you crazy?” Todd exclaimed, hopping out of the chair while still tugging up his zipper. “That cost...”

“Me? What the hell sick fucking shit is this?” I thrust my finger into his chest so hard he winced in pain and fell back into the chair. “You’re watching that video? You’re sitting here jerking off to your own mother?”

Todd's mouth worked but nothing came out and it wouldn't have mattered anyway because I wasn't giving him a chance to speak.

"I'm your mother! Your mother for fuck's sake! How could you watch this? How could you be into it? This is the most disgusting thing I've ever seen!"

"Seriously?" Todd recovered from his shock. "You're the one who did it! You're the one with three cocks inside you and my father waiting to be next! I'm disgusting?"

He shot to his feet, but I shoved back down into the chair once again.

"I repeat, I am your goddamn mother! No kid in their right mind would watch their mother having sex, let alone spanking to it! How many times have you watched this? How many loads you blow to me?"

I leaned over, my hand raised, fully intent on slapping him, but when he put his hands up, I realized that if I hit him once, I might not stop. I spun away from him and paced back and forth, while still yelling.

"You have some fucking nerve! Calling me names, talking down to me, treating me like I'm some trashy whore, belittling your father and here you are whacking off to it? What we do might not be for everyone and a little extreme, but this? This is un-fucking-natural!"

I pointed a shaking finger at him.

"You've been acting like we owe you something, and you pull this deviant twisted perverted bullshit? We spent all this time trying to justify ourselves to you? Well, your turn, Todd. You tell me what the fuck this is about."

Todd rose from the chair, but his lips trembled, and his throat worked. There were tears in his eyes as he struggled for something to say. Seeing him scared served to calm me down slightly, but in his silence, I said much more quietly.

"You will be seeing someone about this Todd. This level of diseased behavior is..."

"Are you fucking kidding?" Todd bellowed. "You and my father's sick shit cost me everything! Graduating, college, my friends, my goddamn girlfriend! All because of you two and your sick games and needing to record that shit and leave it laying around!"

"That is our fault, but it doesn't excuse you watching..."

"You did this to me!" Todd bellowed at me. "You and your fucking movies, you showing your tits and making out with women, you making these sick movies with dad! You did this! You made me want you!"

"I..." I blinked when my mind registered his last words. "You want me?"

"You think people get off to shit they don't like? You think when a guy jacks off to a porn star he's not thinking of fucking her? I watch your movies and see you do all those nasty slutty things and...I..." He put his face in his hands, taking several deep breaths while I stood there speechless at what he was saying.

"I wish it were me! I want to be one of those assholes. I want to have you! I want you to...to do everything you do in these movies to me!"

"No," I shook my head slowly my anger rapidly fading. "No, Todd, none of this should make you want me. I'm your mother. Being mad at me was normal, this...this is awful."

"Awful?" He walked past me and sat on the edge of his bed. "Awful is people sending you texts with pictures of your mother with her tits out, butt ass naked swinging from a pole, making out with women."

"I'm not the only actress out there with kids, Todd, and many of them have done those types of films. I doubt their sons have some misplaced lust for them."

"How do you know, you talk to all of them? Think they'd admit it?"

"Admit..." My mind flashed back to earlier in the living room. "You said what I keep doing to you. You wanted to tell me how you feel?"

"I thought about it. I..." He put his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. "I should have been mad at you, but you should be mad at me now. I...I'm sorry. I'm really fucked up, mom."

The last words came out in a trembling voice hoarse with emotion and going over to him I leaned over and hugged him tightly.

"We both fucked up," I said softly while cradling his head against my chest. "But I know what I did, I didn't know about this, honey. I...don't know what to say or do, but I love you."

He nodded into my chest and my heart melted and my eyes filled when he slid his arms around my waist and hugged me back. The first time he'd hugged me in months, and it was over this complete and utter shitshow.

"Now that we both yelled like lunatics, would you like to talk about this?" I asked. "We can go in the kitchen and have some wine," I chuckled nervously. "I could use something stronger myself."

"No, I..." He eased away from me and as much as I didn't want to let him go, I allowed him to slip from my arms. "It's just so messed up."

I sat next to him on the bed and pushing my luck, took his hand and was relieved when he not only didn't pull away, but linked his fingers between mine.

"Okay, maybe I can ask some questions. You want to answer that's great, you don't? Then you don't."

"Are you going to tell dad?" He looked at me nervously. "He'd probably want to kick my ass and throw me out."

"I assure you he wouldn't do either, but how about we keep this our secret? That okay?"

"Thank you," he grunted. "Then again, Dad likes other guys wanting you so he might not care."

"I think he'd draw the line at his son."

"I was kidding." He gave me a tired smile. "Bad joke I guess."

"Better than crying or yelling," I sighed. "I'm sorry about your monitor. I saw that and just lost it."

"I wanted a better one for gaming anyway. Just glad you didn't hit me with it."

"Question one," I tried to think it through. "Did you want me before that movie showed up?"

"No, I mean as time went on I started seeing what they saw. You're an actress, you've always been gorgeous and hot as fuck. The guys who teased me did it to bust me up, but they'd all give anything to be with you."

"I didn't want that, but I did think about you more as a woman than my mother. I don't think I let myself get to where I'd want to, but damn I could see why everyone else would."

"When that movie came out."

"Movies, I have them all."

"Wait, how did you get them? They got pulled quick and..."

"Dad talks too much when he's nervous, he shouldn't have mentioned the USB. I found it and downloaded all of them to my computer."

"All of them? Oh, my god," I whispered. There had to be at least two dozen encounters we'd taped.

"I...I didn't do that right away. Trust me, I was pissed off at you two, that wasn't a lie. But some creep had the whole video, not sure how he got it unless he paid premium or something, but he e-mailed it to me. Said I could add it to the family album."

"I don't know why, I really don't, but I clicked it and I swear I wanted to shut it off but couldn't. I kept thinking, this is my mother. I shut it off partway but couldn't stop thinking about it and next time I watched it all and...I had to...you know."

"I don't understand it, Todd. I wish I could. But that was my other question. You've been looking at me, haven't you?"

"Yeah, all the time. Earlier when you were sleeping on the couch, that dress hiked up. You looked so good. I had a goddamn hard on and wanted to touch you so bad."

"That's what you wanted to tell me." I nodded.

"There's been some nights when Dad is away, I'd slip into your room. You sleep in those boy shorts and tank tops. I'd stare at your ass and tits. I was so hard it hurt, and I kept wanting to touch you but I'd think what if she wakes up."

He grunted, a disgusted look on his face.

"Sometimes I'd think you'd wake up and ask me why just look when I could touch?"

"You watch that mom son porn crap?"

"A little, but honestly? It's fake and you're hotter than any of those women."

"Thanks, I think." I gave him a weak smile.

"Why get into someone pretending to be a mom, when my mom is right here and let's face it, you proved you're every bit the porn star they are."

"Sad but true. Those movies made you want me," I frowned. "Going to be honest, Todd, I still don't see how. Nature says you should have been appalled and not even wanted to see topless pics of me, let alone that."

"I know, it's hard to describe and it was like two things happening."

"What do you mean?"

"One thing was it made me want you and I'd hate those guys in all the videos because they got to be with you, and I never could be. The other thing was even weirder."

"I'm afraid to hear it," I grunted. "But go ahead, let's get this out in the open."

"The way those other men wanted you turned me on. That's my mother they're looking at, that they're hard for. That they're touching and licking and fucking."

"Todd, try to spare some of the details. I know I might not have the right to say it, but a little TMI right now? I know what they wanted."

"You're right, you don't have the right," he didn't sound angry when he said it, and I decided to let it go. He was talking and for the moment that in itself was something.

"The way they desired you and how you loved them lusting for you. I'd get off just to the movie, no thought of it being me. Just, damn look at my mother, she's so fucking hot and nasty and look at her working those guys and how they're giving it to her."

"So them wanting your mom turned you on and you wanted to see more men with me?" I asked the leading question.

"Yeah, sick, but yeah."

"Well, you now know exactly how your father feels."

"Huh?"

"You described the same desire he, and other men and women, have who like to share their partners. It's like a form of sexual bragging. My partner is so hot that I want you to have them, so you'll know."

"It's not for everyone and jealousy and insecurity can't exist in anyway. Your father was much more into watching me, but there were many times he would be with other women while me and her husband played. I liked seeing him make another woman cum."

"TMI?" he sighed.

"Yeah, how's it feel?" I gave his hand a squeeze. "But seriously, what you said is exactly how he's always felt, so maybe you shouldn't judge him so harshly."

"True, and lucky bastard gets to have you."

"Thing is, Todd, and I'm not trying to make you feel bad but people like your father and I feel that way about our lovers, not our family. Nothing in any of this makes you being sexually aroused by me okay."

"It's hard, Mom." His eyes met mine. "Literally, a lot of times. It's getting worse. I can't look at you without thinking about it."

"Todd..."

"Even now, you're in that baggy mom robe and even during this bullshit, I keep thinking of you just standing up and untying it and letting it open." He released a long breath. "Then laying back on my bed and saying come to mama, baby."

"Todd, that's...wrong."

"I know, but it's how I feel."

"I'm not trying to upset you, but honey, for this you need to talk to someone. We can keep it from your dad, but you have to get over this."

"Can't even hug you," he acted as if he hadn't heard me. "If I do, I'll just wish my hands could wander, pull your dress off. You'll get on your knees for me like you did all those other guys."

"Todd, you need to stop, you're making me uncomfortable."

"Not as uncomfortable as I am because I can't stop thinking it." He lifted our joined hands and pressed the back of mine to his cheek. "There's a way I can stop."

"You're not going to say what I think you are."

"We could do it. You could let me have you. Just once! I bet I'd get over it."

"I am your mother, Todd. There is no just once, there is no nothing like that. If I did this to you it was not on purpose, something got all twisted in your mind, and that part is not on me. I'll help you get help, but this isn't some fucked up porn story where I'm going to say sure, let's do it."

"Dad doesn't care if you fuck other men."

"One, you're not a man, you're our son. Two? I've never been with anyone without him being there. Going to ask him if you can have me?"

"Maybe he'd film it."

"Todd, let's not get back to nasty jokes. We got somewhere here."

"You don't care, do you?"

"Of course I care."

"Not enough to fuck me."

"Don't even say that."

"I was yelling, but meant what I said. You did this to me, made me like this. You should help me get over it."

"Like I said, you are by far not the only kid out there with a mother that has done nudes. There are former porn stars with sons and daughters. Think they want their parent? Think their parent would do it?"

"Maybe that's happened, not like they'd tell about it."

"This can't happen, so move on from it."

"It can, you won't do it."

"Does it matter I wouldn't want to?" I asked pointedly. "You'd want me even if I didn't? Would you make me do it? Could you take me while I had tears in my eyes?"

"We could say it's a rape fantasy like that time dad filmed that guy coming up behind you in the room and ripping your clothes while you went into acting mode like..."

"Enough! Jesus, you did watch everything," I mumbled. "Goddamn rape role play."

"You did it, and everything else under the sun."

"But never my son."

"Please? Please mom? It would make everything better for me! I wouldn't be mad at you anymore."

"Emotional blackmail? Really?" I scowled. "Want to play that game, I'll tell your father about this."

Todd looked away. "You owe me."

"What was that?"

"I did lose everything over those movies. Not just lost my friends and school and life, but then I end up with this obsession for you, and you won't help."

"I can't, why can't you understand that?"

"You won't," Todd removed his hand from mine. "All show no go when it comes to me, but any other guy could say let's go and your clothes would be on the floor in a hot minute."

"Todd, no decent mother would ever touch their son in that way."

"No decent mother recorded herself being a goddamn whore until they end up all over the net and get sent to their son."

"It's not all about you, Todd." I rubbed at my temples. How could what have happened months ago turn into an even bigger clusterfuck months later. "Other people matter."

"Other people are who matters to you because you'll screw them and not me."

"They're not my son!" I snapped. "How do you not see this? You couldn't get anymore wrong than wanting this!"

"Only wrong if people knew." He smirked. "We won't record this one."

"Okay, let's kick flat out wrong according to society, oh, and by the way, incest is illegal in case you were wondering."

"If you get caught."

"I'd be cheating on your father, not to mention how disgusted he'd be if he ever found out his wife slept with his son."

"You said he doesn't have to know."

"I don't want to," I kept my voice soft to try to appeal to him. "Todd, your my son and I love you more than anything and feel bad about hurting you, but this? This could hurt

you worse? What if it happens and you realize how wrong it was? Now you have something else to feel bad about.”

“I won’t feel that way, and you have no idea how bad I feel now.”

“Back to I don’t want to. You would really make me do this for you? I would be so upset, Todd. You’d want to break my heart and make me feel like an even worse mother just to have sex with the last person in the world you should want to have sex with?”

“You’re an actress, pretend it’s a role and get into it.”

“I can’t believe you’d be so callous about this. I deserve better than to have my son wanting to force me into sex.”

“No,” he shook his head. “It’s exactly what you deserve for what you did to me before and after these things came out. Think it’s easy looking at your mother and wishing she was face down and ass up for you, and knowing I’m the only guy she wouldn’t do it for?”

He was choking up again.

“I...I’m saying stupid things, mean things because I’m mad at all of us for this, but really mad at me for how I feel. But you...” He wiped at his eyes.

“Me what?” I asked, my heart breaking when tears leaked down his cheeks.

“I know you love me, and I love you, you’re thinking about this as sex and it being wrong. But you have no idea how much it hurts me. How bad I want you and I know it’s wrong but can’t help it.

“It hurts to know that like you said, you’re the one woman I should never want, but the one I want so bad it’s hurting us because I can’t even look at you sometimes, and hurting Dad because he wants me and you to be okay, and hurting me because I’ve never wanted something so bad.”

I lowered my head as he spoke. I was the actress in the family, not Todd and his pain came through clear in his words and voice. No mother ever wanted to see their child in pain no matter what age, and any good mother would do anything to help.

But this? Even if I thought about it, how could it only be once? What if instead of a cure, he would want more? Then what? And behind Barry’s back, a fucked up taboo love triangle?

No, Todd had love and lust twisted. He didn’t love me in any way other than a mother. He lusted for me and that lust had overwhelmed all reason in him. But was it now doing it to her? Why was I even so much as beginning to think about it?

“Todd,” I decided to voice my thoughts. “What if this happened, and it made things worse? You’re putting yourself through taboo crush hell wanting me, what if you get me and it makes it worse and then you want more? Then what?”

“If that happened?” He thought for a moment. “I would go talk to someone.”

“Talk to someone now!”

“No, because I know what I need is you, but it couldn’t be all the time.”

“But you’d be okay with it being once?”

“Once is you doing this for me without dad knowing. More than that would be an affair and not fair to dad or you. I don’t want to hurt your marriage, but I need to...”

“Be with me,” I rubbed my temples. “How the hell does that even happen? Would I dress up pretty for you? Wear lingerie, just be naked?” I laughed. “How does one seduce their son?”

"You don't have to seduce me, I want you." Todd saw my sarcasm as an actual question. "Honestly? I don't want some romantic thing; I want you like you are with those guys. Trashy and slutty and wanting to be called names while you get fucked down."

"Jesus!" I exclaimed. "You don't just want me, you want to degrade me?"

"You love it. You say it in the movies. You and dad both tell those guys to talk shit to you."

"You..." It became clear to me. "You don't want me for love, you want payback, you want to hatefuck me!"

"That's kind of rough," Todd frowned. "But it's what I deserve the chance to do."

"Todd, find a girlfriend. Or tell you what? Go find a damn escort to pretend to be me. Get it out of your system another way."

"I can't even look at another girl because of you. They'd all be you and that's not fair to them. But if I had you the one time? I could move on."

Had you the one time, he said it so casually.

"Make a deal with you," he said quietly.

"Not sure there's a deal to be made that involves sex with your mother."

"If you let me be with you, I will go and speak with someone. I can't tell them what we did, but I'll talk about all the bullshit that's been in my head the last few months and trying to get on with my life."

"That's..."

"You can submit the paperwork for me to go to UCLA in September. I'll work on making friends and meeting a nice girl. I swear to you I will move on with my life in every way and get any help I need to do it."

"What about your father and I?"

"He doesn't have to..."

"No, not him knowing, I mean how you act toward us."

"I'll be better, I promise. I won't be angry anymore and I won't make any more cracks to him or you. I'll forgive you both, him because you're right, I can see how he wants what he wants now. You because you'll give me what you give to every other man, and even if I know you're not that into it, I think you could like it, but if not? You did it for me and that's what matters."

I closed my eyes as I listened to him. He'd move on with his life. Was this a lie? Even if not, it was literally a form of blackmail, give in, things become normal and he has a future. Don't and this trainwreck continues and who knows how much more damage is done.

"What do you think?"

"Promise you'll do everything you said?"

"I swear mom, everything I said and anything else you think will help." He gave me a hopeful smile.

"You'll forgive your dad and you and I can be close again?"

"I want to see you as mom again, but I can't until...you know."

"Makes no sense." I sighed.

You owe me, I kept hearing his words in my head. He wasn't wrong, but this? Was there a limit to what a mother would do to help their kid?

"What do you think? Can we?" He reached out and flipped the tie to my robe. "Can I take this off?"

"No," I rose from the bed. "I...I can't just do this. I need to think about it tonight."

"Think about if we will or not?" Todd asked.

"No," I put my hand on his shoulder. "I need to think about how it's going to happen."

"Really?" His eyes went wide. "We're..."

He stopped when I put my finger to his lips.

"Not another word, and tomorrow no talking about it until it happens, and nothing afterward. Nothing to make me doubt myself beforehand or regret it after. Understood?"

"Talk about what?" He smiled; it was disturbing how happy he looked.

"Sweet dreams, Todd."

"Not sure they will be," he told me. Then he put his hand over his mouth.

I walked away before sanity took over and I told him to forget it. As I left his room I noticed the framed picture on the wall. It was an issue of 'Celebrity Crush' that had the distinction of being my only solo cover appearance.

I wore a gorgeous green evening gown which brought out my eyes and highlighted my long lustrous red hair. In front of me were several young men holding photos of me and pens, waiting for an autograph.

The across the bottom of the cover asked, "What man wouldn't be Starstruck?"

Ask my son, I thought as I closed the door behind me.

Chapter Five

I sat in front of the mirror carefully touching up my eyelashes before putting the applicator down and picking up the red lip liner pencil. I traced my lips much more slowly than usual due to the fact my hands normally weren't shaking.

My stomach fluttered and there was a tight anxious feeling in my chest I hadn't felt since some of my early roles before I was ready to step onto a set. For what felt like the hundredth time in the past two hours I looked at the phone.

12:45. Fifteen minutes before Todd was due to meet me at the Marriott by LAX and close to two hours from where we lived. I'd checked in at 11 and after taking a shower because I'd skipped one when I'd first woken up to get out of the house as early as I could.

I'd texted Todd the address and told him what time to meet me. He'd replied with a simple thumbs up which I appreciated because of any attempt to call me or a detailed text asking why would have caused me to lose my nerve.

As it was, that nerve hung by a thread and more than once I'd thought of getting up, checking out, not caring about getting the money back or not, and texting Todd to cancel. He'd be upset but I already was and to him that wasn't important.

I told myself that was as much about his age than anything else. He was just shy of 19, a young man focused on an unnatural infatuation and thinking solely of having that twisted craving satiated, even if it was at his mother's emotional expense.

I was sure he didn't want to hurt me, just blinded by the solution to his problem that he blamed me for. He wasn't forcing me, and I had reminded myself of that several times already. I agreed to give this a shot. Todd thought it was etched in stone, but if I felt too awkward and anxious I would quit.

What that would do to him, I wasn't sure, but it was one thing for me to try to find a way to get through this and another if I lost control and burst into tears which could be possible.

Not like I had any experience when it came to having sex with my son.

On that note, I had no idea what to wear. From the way he sounded last night, Todd would be fine if I was butt ass naked and just said let's go. But I would need some time to attempt to slip into what would be the strangest and most disturbing role of my life, a mother fucking her son.

Because he was clear he didn't want soft romance or even a sexy seduction. Todd's obsession and desire was based on my wanton, filthy talking and utterly shameless performances with other men.

In other words, he wanted his mother to be his whore.

I'm not sure if some sweet nothings and soft kisses would be any better, maybe a straight up fuck would be the easier way. No faking emotion, just the physical interest. Time for me to be that shamelessly empowered woman who embraced her inner slut.

As I lay there last night unable to sleep-wonder why-I realized those words were familiar because it was from a comment someone left on the gang bang video before it was pulled.

Which meant Todd had gotten a downloaded copy of it damn quickly or seen it on another site where for all we knew it could be on the vast spider web of internet porn. One thing was for sure, if that was his go to video, I had a lot to live up to today.

Finishing with the liner, I switched it out for a tube of my best shade of slut red lipstick and heavily applied it to my 'trashy' mouth that was much better at sucking than talking according to my son.

God, could I blow my own son?

I shivered and questioned this whole sick scene again. One thought kept me going and it was from my experience as a swinger. A lot of guys thought they wanted to see their wife with another man, or husband with another woman.

Then the time came where sexy fantasy became a reality that suddenly didn't seem like such a good idea and they backed out, or worse, went through with it and ruined their marriages.

There was a chance Todd would start and be the one to realize how wrong it was and that seeing me in the fantasy of his sexually promiscuous wild cat porn star mom wouldn't be the same in real life.

I put the lipstick down and picking up the brush ran it through my long curly red hair. It didn't need it, it was a nervous habit, but I did flip the brush outward a little more this time, causing my hair to look a bit wilder and not so perfect.

In other words, trashy.

Which was how I'd put on my make up. My purple eye shadow, black mascara, blush and lipstick all caked on to give me the dissolute sluttish appearance I maintained when Barry and I were on the prowl to have guys line up to dick me down.

For my ensemble I wore a slinky purple dress I referred to as a "naught sundress" it was simple enough, showing a fair amount of leg and the plunging v exposing enough cleavage to be enticing but not too much.

Where it differed from a sundress was the zipper on the front which ran down passed my breasts and that it was form fitting, hugging and pushing up my breasts as well as my hips, flattering my ass and tight around my lush inviting thighs.

Beneath it, after thinking about wearing nothing at all, I'd gone with a black and purple lace bra and minimal thong. I eyed the purple fuck me stilettos, debating if he'd prefer that, or me being barefoot, my purple toes with the silver rings and ever present silver bracelet enhancing my feet, which were attractive enough for many men to enjoy sucking my toes, and coming all over them on several occasions. Did Todd like feet? Shouldn't a mother know her son's fetishes?

My phone pinged and my heart skipped a beat when I saw it was Todd saying he was pulling into the parking lot and asking for the room number. Just like I was a whore, except I was doing this for free.

No, not true because if this went south it would come at a great cost to both of us and Barry as well who would see things worse between his wife and son, but no idea why.

"I'm sorry, baby," I whispered, thinking of my husband. "I'm trying to fix things for all of us, I swear."

I glanced once more at the shoes and with a shrug, leaned over and slipped the straps over my ankles while working my feet into them. If he wanted them off, he could take them off or tell me to do it.

Probably with the word slut, skank, or whore somewhere in the request. I just hoped it was that because I think I'd rather hear those slurs than him calling me mom while I... Say it, I told myself.

"Fuck my son."

I hated how it sounded, but I needed to hear it said to make it real before things became very real. I replied to Todd with the room number and that the door would be open and to just come in.

I put my make up away, using the mundane task of putting everything away in its proper slot to try and settle my nerves. I zipped up the case, noting my long purple nails. I always loved to get a new color on nights Barry and I would find a lover and tease him by asking how he thought they'd look around another man's cock.

How would they look on my son's cock?

The other thing that we both loved around another man was my silver wedding band and large diamond engagement ring. Barry often said seeing the rings that made me his woman on another man's dick while I held it to suck was one of the hottest things about watching.

Doubt he'd think that about today. I got up and looked over the room. I'd pulled the thick black drapes across the windows casting the room in a dim light which I found more comforting than this happening in the bright light of day.

My eyes lingered on the king sized bed that I'd turned the covers down on, so we'd just be on the cool sheet. I picked up the bottle of water from the nightstand and took a long swallow.

I longed for it to be any kind of alcohol, but felt I needed to keep my wits about me and didn't want to put Todd off by reeking of booze or being buzzed. Although I was clearly drunk in the gang bang video, but I had a feeling he'd want me to remember all of this and not all for the right reasons.

He had months of anger, frustration and misplaced lust stored up within him and I tried to prepare myself to bare the brunt of that potent combination of emotions when it came time for him to take me.

Because that's what this was going to be. A taking where my son got to make his mother the whore he felt she'd been for every man but him. I jumped at the sound of the door opening, then closing.

"Throw the latch please." I said softly as I stood by the bed, my back to him. I heard it click and took a breath, preparing myself to deliver the most convincing role of my life, a mother acting like she wanted the sex her son so desperately wanted to give her.

I turned to face Todd who had stopped a couple of steps from me and was looking around the room. He wore a snug fitting black polo shirt with matching jeans and trying to get myself to think this was any man but my son, my practiced eye dipped down to the crotch of his jeans.

They were on the tighter side and looked full enough to be exciting, if I could convince myself I should be.

"Kind of weird meeting here."

"There's no way I could do this in our house." I heard the tone in my voice and inwardly winced. I had to stay loose and relaxed, not combative or upset. This was his moment, and I had agreed to let him have it.

"Besides," I gave him a flirty smile that was the result of over twenty years of acting. "In all those videos I was in a hotel room, wasn't I?"

"Yeah." His eyes finally made their way to me and in an instant, I saw he was as nervous as I was pretending not to be.

But not so nervous that his eyes didn't roam up and down, slowly trailing up my legs, then lingering on my chest before finally making their way to my face. Didn't every mom have to tell their son 'My eyes are up here.'

"Lot more fun to look at me without pretending you're not, isn't it?" I put my arms up and did a low twirl for him, giving him a chance to see my ass in tight dress and the backs of my long legs. "Like the dress?"

"You look amazing," he said softly. "You're so fucking hot, mom."

For months he'd called me by my first name, and I longed to get back to being mom, but now, in a hotel room where we planned on having sex wasn't the time I wanted to hear it.

"You can call me, Chloe," I told him. "That's who you're here for, right?"

"You're the same person," he shrugged. "And part of why it gets me going is you're not just some hot woman, you're my mother."

Great, it was the taboo of who I was and not just how I looked and how I fucked, that really had him in the twisted perverted feels.

"Mom it is," I gave him another made for TV smile. "This is your day, baby. Whatever you want."

"I want you."

"And here I am."

Todd gave a minimal nod. His eyes continued to devour my body, but he didn't come any closer and he looked more like he had a pole up his ass then ready to possibly put one up mine, because considering what he'd seen me do, I knew that could be in play today.

"You look good yourself, baby boy," God, I wanted to cringe using that expression, but if he wanted me to be slutty mom instead of just slutty that was fine. This was his concept, his script, I was just starring in the show, and I was both relieved and concerned when I felt myself calming down and slipping into it in the same detached way I would any character I'd played.

"Thanks," he muttered, and I could see not just his nerves in his light green eyes, but doubt.

That doubt had been what I'd hoped for earlier. For him to see this was wrong, or that he couldn't go through with it. It would give me the ultimate out. I was here, I'd dressed up to get messed up, I was attempting to be flirty and telling him I was all his, and if he couldn't, I was off the hook.

But what would that do to him? He was there and couldn't pull the trigger. It could feed the self-loathing that was part of what fueled his anger. He had his shot and failed and he'd be angry at himself and it would unfairly turn back on me. Potentially Barry as well for helping to create the sexual images he had of his mother.

To my dismay I was beginning to feel that not only did this have to happen for him, but I'd have to take the lead. The way he'd sounded I would just be at his sexual mercy and doing whatever he asked, but after only a couple of minutes it had become obvious he couldn't do it, or at least not initiate it.

"Tell me, my good looking stud of a son," I sauntered up to him and put my hands on his shoulders. "Now that you have me here looking all sexy for you, whatever will you do to me?"

"You know what I want to do." His eyes darted around, refusing to meet mine. I leaned into him, sliding my arms around his shoulders and pressing my breasts to his chest. In the heels I was his height and my lips were mere inches from his.

I could his Polo Black cologne, something I don't think he'd worn since Krissy dumped him. He smelled good, he looked good, and if he were any man but my son I'd be all in on getting his all in me.

He was my son in real life, but this was now a role. I was a longtime actress playing the part of a cougar seducing a cub who had mommy issues. That was it, I was pretending to be his mom and in my mind, Todd now became a young actor as well rather than my son.

If I could hold that mindset, I could do this.

"You smell nice, baby," I purred in the low sultry rasp I used not just for movies, but when Barry and I went on the hunt. "Look good too," I released a breathy sigh. "Bet you feel even better."

He put his hands on my hips, and I could feel them trembling.

"How about you give mama a kiss?" I had hoped he'd make a move by now, I felt bad enough about this, but to have to be the aggressor on top of it? I placed my lips to his and gave him a soft kiss.

He didn't respond other than making a surprised sound in his throat, and when I kissed him a second time, I pressed my lips to his much more firmly. I worked my mouth, caressing his lips with mine and after several seconds he began to respond.

"Hmm," I moaned deep in my throat to encourage him while sliding my hands over his back, then his shoulders and down his arms.

I got my hands between us, caressing his chest through his shirt as I kissed him harder while telling myself this was no different than a scripted on set kiss. Just playing the part of kissing a young lover.

When I dropped my hands to bottom of his shirt and tugged it upwards while boldly driving my tongue between his lips, Todd's hands went to my arms and pushed me away from him.

"Stop," he said breathlessly. "I...this isn't right."

I tried to keep the relief and hope out of my voice when I asked.

"I thought this is what you wanted?"

"I did, but its...its not real. You're pretending."

My shoulders slumped.

"I told you this was for you, Todd. I wouldn't do this on my own."

"I know, but" He sighed, his shoulders dipping in the exact way mine had. "Okay, its not really that. Its not how I wanted to be."

"How's that?"

"You're coming on to me, I wanted to..." He seemed to be searching for the way to say it.

"Be more aggressive, call the shots?" I spread my arms out. "Honey, we can do whatever you want. Just take the lead, tell me what to do, make me yours."

"Make you mine," Todd whistled softly. "I so want that."

"Its right here." I tugged the zipper on the dress down another inch revealing more of my breasts and the purple lace of the bra. "Want me to take this off? Get you revved up some more?"

"I...I just don't think I can."

I frowned, this was exactly what I wanted, but I could already see him not being able to deliver on his own fantasies was upsetting him. I knew there was no way I could ever get myself to agree to this again.

If it was going to happen it had to be now, but he wasn't responding to me coming on to him. I needed to do something else. Won't lie and say I wasn't put off that me in a hot dress making out with him wasn't enough, but he'd said right out he wasn't looking for romance or anything sweet.

Should I take the dress off? Maybe just drop to my knees in front of him and get his cock out and suck it? No, I had a feeling in his mind he needed to be the one in charge, but didn't look like he could.

But he was young, and I was twice his age, and his mother, it would have been strange if he could take the lead. My eyes narrowed. He was young, he also saw this happening in a...my own words came back to me. 'Hatefuck'.

While he stood there looking at the floor, totally defeated, I had an idea of what I could do, but if it backfired? Oh, for fuck's sake, could I make this any worse in any way.

"I understand," I told him.

"You do?" He looked up.

"You're young, baby. This is too much for you."

"No," he shook his head. "Its just..."

"Its okay," I touched his cheek in a condescending manner. "I wouldn't expect a teenager to be able to handle an actual woman."

I turned my back and returning to the bed sat down.

"What are you doing?"

"Taking these damn shoes off. They're fun if they're up in the air, but to just stand around in not so much." I leaned over, unbuckling them from my ankle.

I knew I was giving him a decent view down my dress; he certainly had no trouble looking, but that was about all he seemed willing or capable of doing.

"Maybe I wanted you to leave them on." He took a step toward me.

"For what? To look at? You couldn't even handle my tongue in your mouth, you think I'm going to wait around for you to grow up and tell me what to do?"

"This...is my day, you told me whatever I want."

"You want me, I offered, and you folded faster than Superman on laundry day."

"No, I just...I'm a little nervous."

"I'm sure you are, but the thing is Todd? Women want men not boys."

"I'm not a boy!" He snapped. "I'm..."

"Not even nineteen. I don't care what the law says, you have teen after your age you're not an actual adult." I slid the shoes off, flexing my feet then straightened to look at him.

"Let me ask you something, you watched those videos enough, you notice anything about the men I fucked?"

"That none of them were your husband," He scowled. "And you begged them like a desperate slut."

‘Ouch, getting nasty again, tsk tsk,’ I clucked my tongue. “What they all had in common is they were around my age, not teenagers. That cougar cub shit? Maybe that’s fine for some women, but this woman doesn’t feel like teaching or having them pop in my mouth in two minutes because they’ve never gotten a real blow job before.”

“I’ve had sex before and that too.”

“That?” I laughed loudly, another skill from my career because there was nothing funny about any of this. “You can’t even say blow job? Head? Suck cock?”

Todd flushed and his eyes flashed as he gritted his teeth.

“Not your fault, honey, I doubt cutesy Krissy was all that much fun. But this is just a case of never send a boy to do a man’s job, right?”

I rose and tapped my dress.

“Guess I’ll change, you want me to give you a thrill and take it off in front of you?” I waved my hand at him. “Nah, you’ve seen me naked plenty in all those videos, guess that’s enough for you because you’re not trying to get me that way now.”

“I’d be the only man who hasn’t gotten you naked.”

“Stop that,” I scolded him. “Your nasty insults remind me of a yappy little dog that turns tail when someone gets in their face. If you can’t back your smack, we’re done here.”

“No!” He raised his voice. “You promised! You said we could! You can’t do this!”

“You promised!” I mocked him. “Now stomp your foot and pout because you sound like a brat taking a tantrum.”

I turned and walked toward the bathroom.

“I’m going to go change and if you want, we can go grab lunch, you know something you can handle?”

“Hey,” he hurried over and caught me by the arm. “You don’t say when this is over, I do.”

He’d done it aggressively and I could feel the strength in his grip just above my elbow. I felt a disturbing twinge of excitement deep within me. I enjoyed a man taking charge and some rough play was often on the table when I put on my home made porn for Barry, but this was my son and the reaction not an act.

I glanced at his hand and raised my eyebrows.

“Really?”

Todd let me go and stepped back.

“Sorry, but I want this.”

“You’re sorry, alright,” I rolled my eyes. “You make a move then back right down. See, here’s the thing Todd, you can be jealous of all the men who have had me. You can be angry at them, even hate them, but they were all something you’re not.”

“What’s that?”

“They were men. It takes an actual man to be confident enough to take another man’s wife in front of him. To take a woman so hot she’s made a living showing her tits in movies and getting little boys like you to jerk off to them and make her their fuck toy.”

“Take his wife.” Todd repeated the words and the unsure look in his eyes shifted to one of excitement. In an instant it became clear to me. Todd’s lust may have come from a combination of things, but what really drove it wasn’t that I was a b-list scream queen young horror hounds jerked off to back in the day, or his sexually promiscuous flat out wanton mother.

He wanted me because I was his father's wife.

This was about Barry's desire to share me with other men. His wanting me to be a whore for any man except him. He wasn't just jealous of the men who had me, he was jealous I was his father's to give away but never to him.

It wasn't my limited fame or some warped Oedipal need, it was his desire to have me as another man's wife. To show his own father he could fuck me as well as any other man could.

Rather than be put off, I now knew what I needed to do to put out. Encourage what was a burgeoning urge in Todd to be the bull in a hot wife encounter while committing the ultimate taboo at the same time.

"Take her," I continued the dirty talk that had revealed his true fantasy. Fuck her, shove his cock in her mouth," I faced him as I spoke and my voice shifted into the sultry smoky purr I used not just for movies when needed, but all of my personal best of Chloe the hot wife wild cat adventures.

"Stick that cock in her cunt, but not just her cunt, her husband's cunt, show him how another man rides his ride."

"That's..." Todd swallowed, his face reddening and his breathing growing heavier. "They make his wife theirs."

"They do. They claim his wife, they make her their nasty little cum slut, don't they?"

"They all did." He pointed. "Get back to the bed."

"Bed?" I shrugged and did as he asked, stopping next to it and caressing the sheet. "I've been in so many rooms like this, so many beds and every time with a different man, or more than one man. Getting fucked stupid while your daddy films it with his cock as hard as yours is when you watch what he filmed."

"Hard like this?" he grabbed my wrist and yanking my hand down, placed it on his crotch.

He was hard and after resisting my initial reaction to pull my hand away, I couldn't help noting he wasn't just hard for me, he was hung. He slid my unprotesting hand along the length of his cock, and I felt another shameful spark of desire within me.

It was one of the biggest thrills of being with other men, that moment when I felt what they had for me. What they were ready to slip into mouth, cunt and sometimes ass of another man's wife.

Todd had grabbed my left hand and I looked down to see my wedding rings bright along his black jeans and could see the outline of the impressive length of his erection. He still held my wrist, but I was now moving of my own volition.

A soft moan escaped him as I pressed my hand more firmly to his cock, rubbing it through his jeans.

"All for me, baby?" I sucked on my lower lip. "You're a bad boy being hard for your daddy's wife."

"You're a bad woman," Todd's eyes now met mine and the look of pure lust in them caused my nipples to stiffen and for me to begin to think my son wasn't the only one with a twisted sexual appetite.

I mentioned earlier that sex is like a drug and you're always looking for a way to increase the rush. Had I now reached the point of upping my sexual dependency to an ultimate high? Could there be anything more consensually depraved than cock teasing your own son, then willingly delivering on all that teasing?

"Why, because I'm playing with my son's cock?" I gave it a squeeze that caused him to moan and a warm wet tingle between my thighs.

"Because its not your husband's cock," he paused a slight smile on his face and I had the feeling he was pleased with himself that he was able to say it.

"Hmm," I purred, my fingers tracing his cock. "A woman like me can't be satisfied with just one cock. Your dad knew that before we were married," I leaned closer and whispered. "And its part of why he married me. He's a bad man, your daddy. Not every woman wants to be given away to be used by any man he chooses to have her."

"He chooses?" Todd's eyes widened slightly, but he released my wrist and now both his hands went to my bare arms and ran along them, sending a shiver through me, and a wave of heat to flow through me.

"He does," I pressed against him, my arms sliding around his neck and my face inches from his. "He points and says, I want you to fuck him."

"What do you say?" he breathed his hands now sliding up and down sides.

"I say, yes sir, I'll suck and fuck whoever you want me to. I'm your dirty girl and I'll be anyone's girl for you. I...hmmff!"

My words were cut off when Todd kissed me. Unlike a few minutes ago when I could barely get him to respond this wasn't as much a kiss as it was an attack on my mouth. His lips worked firmly and feverishly over mine, kissing me with a passion that bordered on fevered and I don't think I'd ever experienced.

I struggled to return it with equal vigor and not just to keep up the act, but how badly he wanted me had inspired more than a desire to simply let him have what he wanted but to be an eager participant.

I moaned when this time it was his tongue that made the first move, boldly plunging between my lips as he parted them with his. I caught his tongue between my teeth, giving him a playful nip that made him gasp before sucking gently on it.

Todd's hands roamed over my arms then slid around me, running up my back and into my long red hair. I groaned when he closed his right hand in it, pulling it hard but the discomfort only adding to fuel the growing fire of lust rising within me.

I pressed my body hard into his, moving side to side and rubbing my now aching nipples across his chest as my hips ground into his. I felt his cock pressing into me and at this point I had no doubt in my mind that not only would my son's cock soon be in my mouth, but that I wanted it there.

His left hand slid between us and I moaned into his mouth when he found the zipper to my dress and tugged it downward. I felt the dress open as he pulled it down to my stomach.

Todd's hands slipped inside and caressed my stomach before sliding along my sides. The feeling of his flesh on mind was the source of another illicit reaction within me when I ground my hips harder into him while pressing my thighs together and feeling the increasing wetness there.

I grabbed the straps of the dress and as our tongues continued to wage war in each other's mouths, I pushed them down over my shoulders then slipped my elbows through them letting the top of the dress fall.

"Oh!" I yelped in surprise when Todd yanked hard on my hair, causing my head to fall back.

In an instant his lips were on my neck, and I released a long sigh of pleasure as he sucked on my tender flesh while his hands now explored the now exposed skin of my back.

I again found the bottom of his shirt and this time I yanked it up to his arms and he didn't hesitate to raise them. He removed his lips from my neck long enough for me to get the shirt off and toss it away.

Before it hit the floor his mouth was now on the other side of my neck and his hands on my breasts, fondling them through the bra. My own hands were running up and down his chest and his hard flat stomach.

Todd moaned deep in his throat when I teased my long nails in slow circles around his nipples before giving them a light pinch that made his breath hiss between his teeth. My own nipples were aching to be free of the damn bra, but I wanted him to make the move, and seeing the clasp was between the cups in front...

I spun on my heel, putting my back to him and pressed myself into him. His chest felt good against my back, and his hard cock even better pushing into my ass. I wiggled my hips, teasing both of us as I knew he yearned for there to be nothing between us as much as I now did.

But professional actress and amateur porn star that I was, I wanted to put on a show, especially being he'd spent months dreaming of and obsessing for just this moment to happen.

"Look," I pointed to the mirror across from us. "Look at you with his wife."

"Goddamn," he breathed over my shoulder as his arms slid around my waist.

I rested my hands on his lean muscular forearms and smiled into the mirror. We did look good with Todd's chin on my shoulder, nuzzling into my red hair. My dress hung around my waist, my upper body clad only in the black lace bra, the shadow of my swollen nipples visible.

"Ohh, yes," I cooed as he moved my red hair to the side and kissed my neck while keeping his eyes on our reflection. "Look honey, look at you son with your wife."

I don't where that came from. Most likely the same place a lot of ad lib lines had come from when I was on movie sets. This line however, had far more meaning. This was me egging on my son's fantasy of fucking another man's wife who also happened to be his own mother.

"Yeah," Todd murmured into my neck. "Look at your slut wife being your son's whore."

Not as nicely as I would have wanted him to put it, but...oh, who was I kidding? Getting called a slut and a whore was a form of flattery to a woman like me.

"You should get the sluts tits out," I suggested, resisting the urge to take the damn bra off myself. "Show them to him."

I pulled his hand up to the middle of the bra so he'd notice the clasp.

"Right there, just...fuck!"

I swore when he suddenly grabbed the cups in his hands and tore them downward. The clasp gave, ripping the bra as my tits sprang free, exposing my pink nipples which were as hard as the cock poking into my ass.

"Oh yes!" I cried when his hands cupped my tits and gave them a rough squeeze as the bra fell away to hang by my sides. "How's your mama's tits feel, baby?"

"They're fucking perfect," he breathed as he continued to fondle them.

His palms slid over my nipples and I worked my hips, gyrating lewdly into his cock as I watched the two of us in the mirror, the game I'd started with him now consuming me.

"Oh, he's playing with your tits, babe!" he's stripping your wife right in front of you!"

More like I was stripping me as while Todd played with my tits I grabbed the dress at my hips and shoved it down over them. I wiggled side to side, shimmying as I worked it down my thighs to show off the skimpy black thong.

"I like that," Todd nibbled my ear making me whimper and shove my ass harder into his cock. "Get that dress off, slut."

"Your slut," I bent over, to get the dress down my legs, planting my now minimally clad ass into his crotch. "Yours to take."

I let the dress pool around my feet then straightened and leaned back against him as he enjoyed playing with his mother's tits. His eyes were wide in the mirror as if he couldn't believe this was happening and I had to admit there was a surreal feeling to this insane scene.

Todd surprised me by sliding his hand down my stomach and dipping it between my legs.

"Oh, ohhhh!" I moaned in pleasure as he stroked my pussy through the thong and worked my hips into his hand then back into his cock.

I put my hands behind my back and fumbling with his jeans I popped them open and tugged his zipper down smoothly, a testament to my years of experience undressing men.

Todd, moving with a boldness that I'd have never expected, dipped his fingers into the thong and I released a high pitched whine in my throat when his fingers encountered the slick flesh of my at this point sopping cunt.

"Right there, oh, fuck, honey, he's...Oh!" I gasped when Todd's fingers plunged inside me. "He's...fingering your wife's cunt!"

Todd's other hand left my tits and dropping between my legs pulled my thong to the side. A electric jolt of pleasure went through me when his fingers found my aching clit and rubbed it in slow circles.

I lifted my left leg, placing my foot on the bed to give him better access, groaning as the move caused his fingers to seep deeper into his mother's wet cunt.

"See that?" I put my hand on his between my legs. "Your mom's a real redhead."

"The whole internet knows you are because you've had your cunt spread all over it."

His words both stunned and aroused me and I began moving my hips up and down, fucking myself with his fingers as he stroked my swollen pink pearl. I worked my fingers into the slit in his boxers, and he moaned in my ear when I managed to wrap them around his trapped shaft.

He was damn thick and so fucking hard I wanted to turn around, drop to my knees and get him in my mouth. But his fingers were working inside me while his thumb was now pressed firmly to my clit.

"Like me playing with your trashy wife's pussy? Seeing me finger her?" He asked the mirror. "Want to watch her cum for me, dad?"

I'd gotten disturbingly wet and worked up as I'd gotten my son into getting his mom. My eyes were locked onto his large strong hands working my overheated redhaired cunt and I realized that he wasn't just talking trash, if he kept it up his mother was going to cum on his damn fingers.

"Yes," I let my head fall back as my now flush tits heaved in excited pleasure. I managed to get his boxers down far enough for his cock to be mostly free and get my entire hand wrapped around him. "Finger his cunt! Get me off in front of him! Make me cum harder for you than I ever do for him!"

Todd groaned as I was able to move my wrist a few inches and slowly jerk him off and I was impressed with how it didn't cause his fingers or thumb to move any quicker. I pressed my ass into him and pumped my hips to not only help him finger fuck me, but slide the smooth firm flesh of my ass against his raging hardon.

I felt his sticky pre cum smearing into me and licked my lips while envisioning slurping on it and getting a nice mouthful of a lot more than that. That was coming soon and when it did I'd be naked and on my knees for my son, sucking his cock like it had never been sucked by one of his teenage girlfriends and draining his balls into his father's wife's hot mouth.

"Fuck," I whimpered and releasing his cock grabbed my tits, twisting my nipples between my fingers as my hips pumped harder into this thrusting fingers.

I eased over so that his cock was nestled into the crack of my ass and his throbbing shaft thrust through my sticky cheeks.

"Harder!" I implored him. "Rub my clit harder! Fuck me with those fingers, stretch me out for that big fucking cock you're going to pound his wife's cunt with! You see this, Barry?" I couldn't believe I used his name, but I was not hopelessly lost in the game, one I'd played for years, but had just upped the ante considerably.

"Yeah, dad!" Todd fell right into his, his eyes bright and his fingers busy in his mother's cunt. "Going to make my slut mother come right in front of you like all those other guys did! But I'm your son making her happy this time!"

"Making me sooo happy!" I purred. "Got me wet and sloppy and ready to pop! Our boy is all man now, Barry and he...he.... Yes!"

I released a long squeal as my body erupted into a powerful orgasm. My hips bucked as my cunt contracted around Todd's fingers while this thumb kept swirling over my tingling clit.

I writhed against him, sliding his cock between my cheeks faster and harder as waves of intense pleasure crashed through me turning me into a squealing, yelping hot mess.

Yet my eyes stayed on the mirror, taking in the way my pleasure wracked body moved against my son and the way he smiled at the way he'd gotten his mother to come for him.

"Oh...that was...damn, I came so hard!" I slumped back into him.

"Now its my turn to...whoa!"

I gasped when Todd yanked my leg down from the bed and shoved me hard in the back. I fell over the bed, catching myself with my hands, before crying out when, with a savage yank, Todd tore the thong away from me, snapping the thin strings over my hips.

"What are you....Oh my god!" I called out when Todd grabbed my hips and plunged his cock into me in one long hard thrust.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" I yelped as he tore into me, fucking my still quivering cunt hard enough to shove my legs into the bed.

"How's that, dad?" Todd sneered behind me. "Like seeing my mother fucked like a whore? You nice and hard watching me fuck her like some cheap skank I found at last call?"

Todd had either practiced this in his mind or he'd inherited his mother's penchant for dirty talk because he didn't sound like an inexperienced kid. Nor was he fucking me like one.

My yelps weren't to boost his ego as he was hammering into me with all the force months of pent up frustration finally being unleashed. I opened my legs wider so he could penetrate me even deeper and stretching my arms out clutched the edge of the bed.

"Oh fuck, honey! He's ripping up your wife's pussy! He's claiming your cunt! Oh god, he's fucking me so hard!"

Now admittedly using some of my acting skill I had my eyes and mouth wide as I started into the mirror while my son fucked me as hard if not harder than any of the countless men who'd had me ever had.

He put his in the middle of my back and shoved me down flat onto the bed and I squealed when he dealt my right cheek a vicious slap.

"Dirty slut," he hissed and slapped the other side causing me to yelp at the stinging force of his hand. "Fuck anyone you're told to! Fuck more than one at a time! Had a fucking gang bang and then my idiot father gets it all over the net!"

He peppered my ass with sharp smacks, going from one cheek to the other and these weren't playful little slaps, but each one sent a stinging pain across my ass and I could already feel my skin growing hot from the repeated strikes, but I'd been spanked roughly before and even if it hurt, this was what he needed.

"Probably did it on purpose!" Todd snapped as he kept up his relentless assault on my helpless cunt while punishing his mother's ass. Talk about role reversal, right?

"Wanted every asshole in the country to know what a whore my mother is. Wanted all those Hollywood jerk offs to see what you fuck every night! Show them what a nasty cum slut she is!"

"Your cum slut now!" I added to his nasty rant. "So fucking nasty I'll fuck my own son and wish his father was here to see it! Give my baby everything he told me to give to strangers, but his cock is so much better!"

"This is how you got your career anyway, isn't it? He gave me another ringing slap. "Fucking for parts, fucking on screen, so goddamn sleazy you even ate other women's cunts on camera to get parts!"

He kept up the barrage of strikes while still fucking me so hard the bed rocked from the power of his hips. My legs moved, my feet lifting each time he spanked me as if I were trying to run.

But as much as my ass burned and the way his sizable cock was already beginning to make my cunt ache from the force of his fucking, I felt something building deep within me.

"You're right!" I called out. "I'm a whore on screen and off! I did sex scenes and showed my tits and ass even when I didn't have to! I love men stroking to me and then putting out for any man your father told me to let have me!"

Todd stopped spanking me, but I yipped when he grabbed my hair in one hand and pulled it hard while gripping my now tender left ass cheek and squeezing it.

"Bent over the bed getting fucked by your son," His words were coming faster and his thrusts getting shorter and less rhythmic as his frenzied fucking combined with him being worked up to start with were bringing him close to the edge. "If you were here you'd be jacking off to me fucking my own mother!"

"Jacking off?" I slipped my hand beneath my body and finding my swollen clit, rubbed it frantically as I tried to come before he did. "He'd be shoving his dick in my mouth, roasting me like a pig on a spit with his own son!"

"Yeah, he would! Blow a load in your slutty mouth while telling me how hard to fuck his wife and not even care you're my mother. Probably film it and show that to...Oh.." he groaned when my cunt contracted around his thrusting cock.

"Fuck me!" I begged. "Keep fucking me, Todd! Make me cum on his son's cock! Make this fucking whore yours! Make me....Yesssssss!"

My eyes rolled back and I howled in ecstasy as my body exploded into a second even more powerful orgasm. My hips bucked, trying to drive back into his violent thrusts as my cunt convulsed and my fingers worked my clit.

"Hold on for me!" I pleaded. "Don't come yet!"

Todd slowed his stroking, but the move was accompanied by a soft whimper of frustration and I knew he wouldn't be able to hold off much longer. In the meantime I'd enjoy as much of the insane feeling of orgasming on my own son's cock for as long as I could.

Again, proving himself more of a man that I would have expected, Todd managed to hold off until the last tremors of the climax flowed through me. Sensing that or maybe not and just not caring, Todd pulled hard on my hair, forcing me to come up off the bed as he slid his cock from my dripping cunt.

From all the experience I had fucking men who's goal was to treat me like the hot wife fuck doll I was, I knew what my son wanted. I forced my drained body to quickly stand, then spin and sit down on the bed.

I opened wide just in time to have Todd shove his dick in my mouth and releasing the stranglehold he'd had on it, flood his mother's mouth with cum. I whimpered, my eyes rolling back and my still twitching cunt gushing at the sensation of my son cumming in my mouth.

He moaned loudly as he stroked his cock, then gasped when I slapped his hand away and gripping his cock bobbed my head, loudly slurping on it while it pulsed in my mouth, sending several thick warm squirts of cum down my eager throat.

"Every drop," He moaned, grabbing the sides of my head and now thrusting his hips, fucking my mouth like I was...well, the slut I am. "I'm coming in mom's mouth, dad, what do you think of that?"

I doubted Barry would like it, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't absolutely reveling in the act of draining my son's balls in my mouth. Or more like him giving it to me as he fucked my mouth with long hard strokes, his slick cock sliding between my smeared red lips.

Tasting my cunt from my son's cock was a new experience for me and considering my past exploits that was a thrill in itself and one I doubt it was possible to top. Todd stopped thrusting, but before he could ease his tip from between my lips I sucked hard on it, managing a couple of more drops and getting him to let loose an adorable whimper as his mother fought for every bit of his load.

"Oh my god," he stood in front of me his pants and boxers still around his knees and his long thick slimy cock bobbing between his thighs. "I...I can't believe that happened."

"Get your pants off," I patted the bed. "And lay down. This isn't over."

"Huh?" He blinked. "We..."

"I ever go just one round in those videos?" I asked pointedly. "You think I'm settling for only having that gorgeous dick in my mouth for a few seconds?" I shrugged, causing my tits to bounce. "You know I'm an insatiable cock whore and if I only wanted to get fucked once I could just stay with your father."

"Yeah, of course you want more." He told me as he sat on the bed and stripped off his shoes, socks and then his pants. "Isn't this when Dad fucks you?"

"He fucks me when I've drained the other man's balls to the point he's begging me to stop trying to suck him hard again." I grabbed his still semi hard cock. "I'm sure I can milk this young cock for a couple more, don't you?"

"See, young guys aren't a waste!" He laughed, causing me to smile, then slid onto the bed and stretched out, resting his head on the pillow, his arms behind his head.

"Look at you, waiting to be served." I licked my lips. "Good thing for you us sluts are always hungry." I rose from the bed and winced. "You did a number on my ass, baby. Bet you never spanked Krissy like that."

"Krissy was a good girl, not a bad wife and mother."

"Baby, I'm the best wife there is and I bet none of your friend's moms ever swallowed their load, now did they?"

"Probably never had a gang bang in front of their husband either."

"Boring bitches don't know what they're missing." I walked to the foot of the bed, discarding the remains of the torn bra so I was now completely naked.

I put one knee up on the bed, then the other and as Todd watched expectantly, I slowly crawled up the bed between his legs. His cock was already rising again and I wondered if I'd been missing out all these years not trying to take the young ones for a ride.

I slid down onto my stomach and bending my legs, crossed my ankles, assuming the classic blow job pose featured in porn.

"Wow, your ass is red." Todd frowned. "Sorry."

"His wife's ass is red," I went back to the game to show it was okay. "You showed him how to treat his skanky wife, how to keep her in line."

I grabbed his once again hard cock and flicked my tongue across his head.

"Don't stop now, baby, let's hear what you want."

"I want him to watch his wife suck my cock,"

"Hmm, the one that smells and tastes like me?" I lightly rubbed his spongy head over my soft lips. "The one that's been inside me? The one I came on?"

"Yes, the one you're going to suck until I fuck you again."

"That's what I want to hear." I nodded to the left as if someone was there. "Guess you have to stay in the batter's box for now, Barry. This stud has a lot more cream for your thirsty kitty."

I demonstrated that thirst by opening wide and taking the full length of Todd's cock in one smooth suck.

"Jesus," he moaned as I wrapped my lips around his base and sliding my tongue out, licked his sac. "Krissy couldn't do that."

I eased him from my mouth and smiled.

"Because good girls are over rated, now watch what a bad woman can do."

I took him deep once more, but this time bobbed my head rapidly.

"Damn, that looks good," Todd sighed as I repeatedly deep throated him, ending each suck with a nasty gurgling sound when his head hit the back of my throat.

I slid him from my mouth and forcing myself to take my time and put on show, as well as enjoy every second I could of this magnificent cock before he'd want to fuck me again, I put on a show.

I went to work with my sinfully talented lips and tongue. Peppering the length of his shaft with a mixture of teasing butterfly kisses and rapid soft flicks. I covered every inch of his hard sticky flesh, moving up and down to work both sides and pleasuring his sensitive tip with a few gentle sucks before I'd work my way back down.

I pushed his cock back and did the same to his swollen balls. Sucking on each before swirling my tongue around, bathing his sac with my warm wet tongue. Todd was silent other than soft moans and sighs.

His eyes remained locked on his mother working his cock as good, if not better, than any porn star he'd ever seen. Then again, wasn't I already the nastiest porn star he'd ever seen?

I kept up eye contact, staring him down as I slobbered over his beautiful cock which was once again so hard it was throbbing in my grip as I stroked him while going back to his balls.

I switched it up, taking him back into my mouth and went full on nasty. I violently pounded my head up and down, gagging and drooling as I made a show of choking myself with my son's cock.

I noticed he wasn't saying anything to me or to 'his father' but just laying there blown away by his mother's blowing prowess and moaning as his hips now rocked, sending his cock into my descending mouth.

I face fucked myself on his dick until my face flushed and tears streaked my face, giving him the full throat fuck experience. My hips ground into the bed as my clit swelled and my nipples poked into the sheet.

I was as wet and ready as he was hard, and it was time for his starlet hot wife slash mom, to go for a wild ride. I released his cock along with a nasty glob of pre-cum laced drool and sliding up the bed, swung my legs over his hips, straddling him.

"Going for a long hard ride on his dick, baby! Hope you're filming this so we can watch it later!"

I gripped Todd's cock and guiding it to my hot hole, impaled myself on it. Todd groaned as like him, I didn't tease or waste time. Bracing my hands on his chest, I worked my hips as hard and fast as I could.

"Fuck," he moaned, his hands finding my tits and fondling them as I twerked on his cock, pounding his full length deep inside each time I brought my hips down. "She's.... she's riding your son, what do you think of that? Going to jerk off to it next time you're watching her movies when you're out of town?"

I took it up a notch, sliding my legs up until my feet were now on the bed and I was hunched over him. I grabbed the edge of the headboard and now using my legs, bounced up and down on his long cock.

The bed bounced and my tits jiggled in his hands as I bucked down even harder, causing the room to be filled with the sound of my flesh striking his.

"I've done this while our father stood on the bed so I could suck him." I stared down at Todd. "One time he lost it and came in my mouth. I was drooling cum while riding the biggest fucking cock I'd ever had and then he came so I got a cream pie on each end."

Todd moaned and moved his hips as much as he could, trying to fuck me as best he could. Damn, the kid might not just be a bull, he could be a future husband who liked to watch his wife in action.

But right now, he was watching his mother doing everything I could to live up to the hype of months of his fantasies as well as my past performances. Todd surprised me by grabbing my hips and breathing, "Stop!"

I did as he asked, lowering myself onto him, but keeping me inside him. Todd caused me to yell in surprise when he wrenched his hips and shoulders and rolled me off him.

My back had barely hit the mattress when Todd was sliding down the bed.

"Fuck yeah!" I squealed when he buried his face between my thighs and plunged his tongue inside me not caring at all that I was a sloppy wet mess.

That was proven when he slurped loudly, and I moaned as I felt my juices gush into his mouth. Todd's eyes widened, then rolled as if his mother's sticky nectar was the best thing he'd ever tasted.

He swirled his tongue inside me while he put his hands on my thighs and spread my cunt wide open. I whimpered and squirmed as he fucked me with his tongue while slurping up more of the sticky mess, I continued to flood it with.

Todd worked his tongue through the folds of my pink slit and I released a sharp yip when he reached my clit and gave it a hard suck. He sucked it several more times but much more gently then traced a slow circle around it while boldly sliding not two, but three fingers inside me.

I moaned as he stretched my cunt, but lifted my legs, placing my feet on his shoulders as he seemed to lose control of his lust. Todd didn't lick my pussy, he attacked it.

He gave it hard sucks in between slathering it with his tongue. He didn't have the experience in the oral arts that I did, but what he lacked in skill he more than made up for in enthusiasm.

His tongue blurred over my clit seemingly in every direction at once while he pumped and worked his fingers side to side, causing a wet slapping sound to fill the room as he worked his wrist.

Those sounds were mixed with my whimpers and moans as I cupped my breasts and rolled my aching nipples between my fingers. Having come twice already, it didn't happen quickly, but it was obvious Todd wanted his mother to come in his face and wasn't afraid to work for it.

"Lick his wife's cunt!" I hissed. "Show him how a real man does it! Already got me off twice and you want me to come again! I came on your fingers, your cock and now you want it in your face!"

"Hmm!" Todd groaned and his tongue moved even faster.

"And after I come? You're going to fuck me again, aren't you? I think this time you should come inside me! Cream pie his wife! Fill her with...Oh....oh, right there, right....Fuck!"

I came like an animal. Head back, mouth open and howling so loudly I was aware of someone next door banging on the wall. I clamped my thighs around Todd's head, grinding my convulsing cunt into his trapped face as I writhed and wiggled on the bed.

For a third orgasm this one packed a hell of a punch, sending spasms through my pleasure wracked body until I went as limp as a rag doll when the last waves of it flowed through me.

"I....oh my god, I...Todd, you just...Oh!"

I squealed when Todd sat up, grabbed my ankles and lifting my legs, slammed his cock into my sloppy cunt. As he had the first time, there was no playing around, he was just tearing into his mother's flooded and quivering cunt.

"Take me!" I cried out. "Take it, Todd! Take that slutty red head scream queen all your friends want to fuck! Fuck his wife! Fuck your mother! You're fucking all three of those women because they're all me!"

Todd brought my legs together and rested my ankles on his shoulder, surged forward. I howled as my ass came off the bed and my damn feet were now over my head.

He was driving straight down into my prone cunt which at this point was a sloppy, dripping, twitching and aching mess, but every one of his strokes felt amazing and had my eyes rolling back like a damn slot machine.

"Making the scream queen scream," He whispered, his eyes boring into mine as he strived to fuck me through the damn bed. "Make his wife scream." A smile played about his lips. "Making my mother mine."

"You want to make me yours?" I asked as I reached back and grabbed the headboard to brace myself against his powerful thrusts. "Want to claim his wife?"

"Fuck yeah, I do." His words came out between his ragged breaths.

"Then come inside me. Fill my cunt with your come! Let me have all of it! Give his wife every drop you have!"

"All of it," he repeated, and I could feel his thighs trembling against my ass and his stroked were getting shorter and faster.

"Know how nasty that is? Coming inside a woman is something only a husband gets to do, a sign of intimacy, the way a woman shows him, she's all his. But letting another man do it? Filling his wife's hot twat with the load she worked so hard for?"

"Yes, yes!" Todd moaned. "I'm going to give it to you."

"Like this," I pushed my legs against him, and he frowned, but leaned back.

I opened my legs wide and sliding them over his hips, lifted my arms, inviting him into me. Todd lowered himself to me, his body pressing against mine. I wrapped my arms around his shoulders, and my legs around his waist, drawing him deeper into me.

He moved his hips, but in longer slower thrusts than he had before, and I quickly matched his rhythm, rising into his cock. Todd was going slower, but had been close and in less than a minute I felt his body tense.

"That's it, baby, let it go. Cum for his wife, come for mama. Just give me....Hmm!" I purred like a happy kitten in the sun when his cock twitched and sent a warm stream of cum deep inside his mother's cunt.

"Keep going," I contracted my cunt around him, making him moan as I helped milk every drop he had for me.

I moaned and sighed as he sent several more delightful eruptions inside me, thoroughly painting the walls of his mother's satisfied pussy. When he had nothing left he began to try to sit up, but I kept my arms and legs around him.

"Stay," I kissed him softly. "I gave you what you wanted, now just let me have this time with you."

Todd made me smile when he relaxed into me, his arms sliding under me so we were not in each other's intimate embrace. I closed my eyes, enjoying the type of soft sweet moment I'd only experienced with Barry and even that was rare as neither of us were much for making love.

But this was different. This closeness wasn't about an afterglow embrace, but the healing of a wound. Mother and son once again became close and in a way they never had before.

I felt him soften inside me and giving him an affectionate kiss on the cheek, whispered;

"I love you, Todd."

"Love you too, Mom." He lifted his head and gave me a sweet kiss on the lips, then rolled over.

I let him go and as we lay there on our backs, staring at the ceiling and I'm sure both overwhelmed with what happened, his hand closed over mine and I felt my eyes mist up when I squeezed it tightly.

"Thank you," He said quietly.

"That's what they all say." I chuckled.

"Seriously, thank you for this, Mom. I know this was the craziest ask a son could ever want and you did it for me."

"I'd do anything for you, Todd, but not going to lie. I wasn't faking anything." I whistled. "You fucked your mother stupid."

"My mother's one hell of a fuck," He told me, then rolling onto his side, kissed my cheek. "Hell of a woman, period."

"Okay, you got what you wanted, you can stop brown nosing."

"Seriously. I'm sorry for everything I said to you and Dad. You guys do what you want and don't care most people think its wrong. You love each other so much you can do this to make each other happy."

"I'm glad you get it now, but the movie was something else. That was our fault and we're sorry."

"Well, maybe at college people won't really know me and I'll be able to move on."

"I'm happy you're going back."

"I said I would."

"Todd," I rolled over to face him. "You know your father can never know about this."

"Of course not. No one can, and as much as I loved this, I know it can never happen again."

"It can't, but..." I gave him a sly smile. "I said one time but never set a time limit."

"What?"

"I have the room until tomorrow at noon and dad's not coming home until tomorrow night so..." I leaned in and kissed him. "If you felt like you might not have gotten all of it out of your system we can play some more. But only if you..."

"Can we have sex in the shower?"

"Sounds good to me."

"Can I..." He paused. "You know, um..."

I sighed. "Yes, you can fuck me in the ass if you want to."

"Know what?" Todd smiled. "You were right earlier?"

"About what?"

"That you're not a bad mom, you're the best mom."

Chapter Six

Todd and I did spend the rest of that day and the following morning together, and in every way. Sex in the shower, before we went to sleep and waking up twice during the night to fuck.

I woke him up sucking his cock and when I got on my knees for him to take me doggy I told him he could have my ass. I figured we'd done everything else, so why not?

Something I noticed right away in the encounter in the shower is he had lost interest in the game. No comments about his father, cracks about me being a slut, and not even calling me mom that often.

The sex, on the surface, was that of a playful cougar cub couple who couldn't get enough of each other. Of course, we were a lot more than that. I was mother who had committed the ultimate taboo of not just sex with her son but several times and I was the instigator of everything after that initial time.

Todd would have been fine with leaving after the first time, but I kept it going until the next day. Sex, blow jobs, him eating my cunt. Twenty four plus hours of a taboo fuck fest.

Did that stem from my thinking of sex as an addiction? Did I just want to make him happy as long as I could? Did the way he wanted me make me want him to have more? The same way Barry and I got off on how bad men wanted me crossing the line into loving my son wanting me?

I still ask myself that but try not to let it get to me. What's done is done. On the plus side, Todd did everything he said. He not only enrolled in college, but still went to talk to someone about the general issue of dealing with a mother who was an object of desire and the video that ruined his life, although of course.

He even said he discussed how it had made him have a weird crush on me but never saying we acted on it. He told me the counselor made a comment about my career and using the term star struck.

We had been right about college. Living on campus in a different city, and without the last name of my stage name, no one knew who Todd was and he made friends, joined the Lacross team and eventually met a pretty young coed named Emily who he brought home for spring break in his sophomore year and was a total sweetheart and a smitten kitten for our son.

The bad thing was I cheated on my husband. It's hard to imagine that you could cheat on a man who loved to watch you fuck other men, but all of it had been done with and for him. The fact the other man was our son made it worse.

I think if I'd cheated with anyone else, I'd have confessed, but you can't tell your husband you slept with our son. Our family had returned to normal. Todd again close with me, and in the normal sense, he never spoke of what happened or seemed interested, especially after meeting Emily.

He had a long talk with Barry and asked a lot of questions about the lifestyle to try and understand it, and the two of them returned to having a great relationship. To ever say what happened would ruin all of that again, and this time there would be no coming back.

So I have to live with my transgression and the only confession I can make is here where some may simply find it to be a hot story, but others will understand that even

though the wanton and shameless side of me embraced the event at the time, I see it for what it was.

An act of desperation and my way of fixing a problem I'd helped create and both involving sex. They say two wrongs never make a right, but maybe in my case doing the wrong thing helped set things right.

At least that's what I tell myself.

The End