



# Tempted by Mom

*A son is tempted by the fruit of his mother...*

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8/31/22

Incest | Mature

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# Chapter One

"Shit," Craig muttered when he saw his mother's car in the driveway. What the hell was she doing home? Mom never left work early.

He parked alongside her car and grabbing his camera bag took a moment to gather his resolve. Looking into the rearview mirror, he recited the words he'd spent the last two days telling himself he would say.

"No, mom, I'm not going to take any more pictures of you." He stared into his deep blue eyes, pretending he was meeting his mother's gaze. "It's not proper."

"Proper?" he repeated, rolling his eyes. He sounded like grandma, but it was the right word. He shook his head. He could come up with better.

"Inappropriate!" Craig nodded in satisfaction. That sounded better. Now if he could just stick to his guns, he might be able to get his shit together and stop looking at his mother like she seemed to want him to.

It sounded crazy, but each time his mother had asked him to 'practice' by taking pictures of her, Craig swore she was getting more improper. More than that he was convinced she was enjoying it.

"No, it's you," he told his reflection. "You're being a perv." Not that he wanted to think he was seeing his mother in an unhealthy way, but it was more believable than her getting some kind of weird kick out of teasing him.

"Teasing," he repeated. Just using that word should tell him this was him, not mom. What kind of mother cock teased her son? Worse, what kind of son used the word cock tease when thinking about his mom?

One whose cock was taking more notice of his mother after each of their little 'photo shoots'. Great, now he was blaming his cock, as if it, not Craig, was responsible for a situation that was rapidly approaching bad incest porn script status.

One thing was for sure, nothing was going to get resolved hiding out in his car. Craig got out, slinging the bag containing his Nikon over his shoulder. After his regular classes, he'd gone to Roger Williams Zoo for a couple of hours to snap shots of the animals for an extra credit project.

Too bad he couldn't use the pics mom had him take of her for a project. He grinned at what

he could call it. 'Mom's midlife crisis' could work, or maybe 'desperate attempts to spend time with my adult son'.

He tried to avoid the title 'milf gone wild' or 'cougar time' in his little game, because they would be just as fitting. Craig crossed the driveway and glancing at the six-foot stockade fence, wondered if his mother was by the pool.

It was a hot sunny day and his sweat soaked t-shirt was testimony to that. A dip in the pool would feel great, but if mom was out there, he'd wait. Until he got his shit together, he needed to avoid his mother as much as possible without being obvious.

He'd settle for a cool shower and his air-conditioned room. As he walked along the fence he kept wondering if his mother was outside. If she was that meant he could slip in the house unnoticed and hide out there until he had to work later. He stopped and stared at the fence. He was tall enough that rising up on his toes he could peek over it.

Craig hesitated. If she were there, she'd be in a bikini and did he really need to see that right now? A decent son should be able to see his mother in anything and not be affected, but he wasn't feeling so decent these days.

He wrestled with himself, and as he had far too often with his pictures of her, decided he needed to look. He stood on his

toes and was relieved to see she wasn't there. That relief was short lived however, because that meant she was in the house somewhere.

Craig debated whether or not to go in through the back or the front. The back led into the kitchen and mom liked to sit at the table with a cup of tea while looking out over the yard. If she was watching TV she'd be in the living room.

Okay, this was ridiculous. Craig continued along the house and reaching the porch headed in through the front door. He entered quietly, and saw mom asleep on the couch, the TV on softly across from her.

Her being asleep couldn't have worked out better. Craig eased his shoes off, so he wouldn't make any noise on the hardwood floor. Now all he needed to do was walk around the couch and up the stairs.

That's what he should be doing right now. Instead, he was standing there looking at his mother. No, he wasn't looking;

he was fucking gawking at her. If his mother was any other woman, no one could blame him.

Mom had been a model in college, and had lost nothing over the years. Back in school she had appeared in a few fashion magazines, and been told she had a real future in it. When she graduated she decided to turn it into a career rather than pursue her degree in marketing.

One of her shoots had brought her to Newport to pose on a beach and that's where she had met his father. They'd fallen in love and she'd moved here and did some work for local departments stores and took monthly trips to New York for some bigger projects. When they married and she became pregnant with Craig, mom stopped and never went back.

When he was old enough to go to school, mom took a job at an advertising firm and put modeling behind her in an exchange for steady pay. Once he'd become old enough to understand, mom had mentioned she didn't like the idea of making a living showing off her body with a son at home.

That seemed to change, and drastically lately. Last month mom had discovered a web site looking for attractive women between thirty-five and fifty to model anything from business wear to lingerie.

Mom wanted to see if she still 'had it' as she put it, but not wanting to invest in a photographer, took advantage of the fact Craig wanted to be one and had him take some shots of her. The way he was standing there unable to look away was proof his mother still had it.

Even now the way she was lying on the couch, she could be posing for an ad; a fairly racy one. Mom had on the white robe she would wear over her bathing suit, telling him she had indeed been by the pool.

The robe was short under normal circumstances, but the way it had ridden up as she lay there made it far more revealing. Her long legs, the legs that had landed her stocking and short

skirt gigs in her younger years were exposed almost up to her hips.

Craig's eyes wandered length of her legs, admiring not just their shape, but the deep tan she had gotten spending most of her free time in or by the pool over the summer. Mom's left leg was bent at the knee and Craig couldn't avoid staring at the skin of her inner thigh.

Her hand was resting on top of her leg and the electric blue of her long nails was a sexy contrast to her sun darkened skin. He stared at her fingers on her leg and for a moment imagined them on him, and not his leg.

Craig blinked the thought away and turned his head, but found no relief, only more of his mother's body. Mom hadn't bothered tying the robe and it was open, exposing her smooth stomach that she'd recently decorated with a piercing.

That piercing in one sense, screamed midlife crisis and told Craig the rest of what was going on was tied to that. On the

other hand, the small silver chain dangling from her naval was hot as hell and wasn't helping him keep his thoughts of his mother on the straight and narrow.

Mom's bikini top matched her nails, and like many of the things she'd worn in their photo shoots seemed to small on her. Her breasts, were barely contained in the cups and he swallowed nervously as his eyes lingered on the exposed top half of her smooth bronzed globes.

The bikini was a different style than her other one and left some of the inner portion of her breasts visible. The skin there was still white and the tan line effect added to how good her tits looked. Her tits? This is your mother, damn it!

Even as he yelled at himself, he kept staring. Mom had her arm behind her head resting on the arm of the couch and keeping her still wet hair from staining it. Her long dark hair, even darker from being wet, looked amazing lying on the white robe, and even better where strands of it were resting on her chest, just over her breasts.

Mom's face had aged, or not aged, as well as her body. Her features were still smooth and soft, and her high cheek bones gave her a classic beauty that as a burgeoning photographer he knew as much sought after.

Mom's eyelashes were long and natural, and her lips weren't just full, but so much so many of her friends had asked her if she used Botox. But like everything else on mom, from her large firm looking breasts, to her nails, curly hair, and tan, those blow job lips were all natural.

Blow job lips. Along with cock tease was an expression no son should be using in context of his mother. In his defense though, how many sons' mothers were sexy as fuck like his was? With his eyes on his mother's perfectly formed lips, he couldn't help but go back to his original thought.

This hot as hell position of hers seemed more like a pose than a natural way to fall asleep. Why would she fall asleep like this

anyway? Mom usually did nap after a swim and some sun, but would shower first and go into her bedroom.

Even as he thought about how odd this was, his eyes drifted back to her breasts, watching them rise and fall with her slow steady breathing. Despite the voice of reason telling him not to, he let his gaze wander lower, past her pierced naval and to the lower part of the bikini.

The bottom was tight as it was and with her slumping down on the couch had bunched up. Craig's pulse quickened and to his chagrin his cock twitched when he realized he could see the outline of her pussy in the blue material.

He told himself to look away, but was transfixed by the sight of his mother's camel toe. Chalk up another term he shouldn't be using, but there it was on full display. The bikini had shifted slightly to the side and he shook his head trying not to think about how if the bikini moved just a little more he'd see his mother's

"Hey, honey!" Mom exclaimed, causing him to jump.

He jerked his head around to face her and saw she was staring at him and appeared to be fighting back a smile. He'd been blatantly staring at her damn crotch, had she caught him?

"Hey, mom," Craig tried not to sound nervous, and glanced at his watch partly to give himself a few seconds to compose himself. "Wow, you're home early."

"It's such a beautiful sunny day out, I decided to use some of my personal time and get out at lunch time," Mom replied. "Figured I'd lay by the pool and get some sun."

"Then why are you on the couch?" Craig wanted to ask why she was still in her bikini sprawled out on the couch, but didn't want to make it seem like it bothered him.

"I was already outside, but the sun was making me sleepy and I didn't want to get sunburned." She smiled up at him. "So I took a nap, and it felt sooo good!"

Her words were accompanied by her stretching her arms over her head which caused her robe to open even more and her tits to push up at an even sexier angle. Craig caught himself starting to look, and quickly turned his head in the other direction.

That wasn't much help seeing she'd not only straightened her legs, but lifted them from the couch. She'd pointed her toes forward, causing the muscles in her calves to flex and make her legs look even better.

Even better? What the hell was wrong with him? This was his mother, not some woman showing off to him. Then again showing off is what his mother seemed to be doing lately. Or was she? Craig didn't know if his wires were crossed or not.

Well, if they were, it was her goddamn fault, her and this modeling thing she'd been into lately. As if on cue, she asked him the question he'd been preparing himself for all day.

"Hey, Craig, can you take some pictures of me in a little while?"

"I don't know, mom." He shrugged, and hefted the Nikon around his neck. "I was just at the park the last two hours taking pics for class. Kind of need a break."

"Really?" Mom widened her big brown eyes and looked up at him through her long lashes. "Just a few?"

"We took a bunch a couple nights ago." And in a pair of cut off shorts that would shame Daisy Duke and a t-shirt Craig swore was two sizes too small.

"I know, but I was really hoping to get some shots by the pool. There's a lot of people looking for summer fun motifs right

now." She lowered her head, and gave him a sweet smile.  
"Pretty please?"

"Mom, I...oh, come on, don't do that!" Craig groaned when she pushed her lips out into a pout.

"Do what?" She asked innocently, and then pushed her lower lip out even further.

Between her big doe eyes looking up at him and the little girl pout, Craig felt himself caving. He also felt something else, and wasn't thrilled about it. He'd always been a sucker for his mother's pout.

When he was a kid, he felt bad, like he'd hurt her feelings and would do anything to turn it into a smile. When he grew older and his father passed away unexpectedly, she would use it to get him to spend time with her or help her with something.

But the last few weeks, the pout was having a different and not entirely healthy effect on him. Craig had begun to wonder what that pout and those big eyes looking up at him would be like if she were on her knees for him.

He hadn't created that vision entirely on his own, mom had planted it there, by doing exactly that. Kneeling in front of him, looking up demurely, her full lips coated in red lipstick pushed out. That had been over the weekend and in that...no, don't think about it.

"Please, baby boy?" she pleaded. "Please take some pictures of mommy?"

This time she succeeded in making her lower lip tremble, and to his dismay she sat up in front of him. Her face was now level with his crotch, just as it had been for that picture that he'd been fighting a losing battle to not look at and think about.

"Mom..."

"I'll be ever so grateful." She'd lowered her voice into a throaty purr. "I'll make your favorite dinner or I could..." She winked. "Do anything you want me too."

"What does that mean?" He narrowed his eyes. "Anything I want."

Mom shrugged and his eyes caught the way her breasts bounced. "It means what it sounds like. If there's something you want me to do for you I will." She gave him a mischievous smile. "I'll do anything for my baby boy."

She'd gone back into that tone that reminded him of the way porn stars and web cam girls spoke, and her eyes were staring into his as if she were looking for a reaction. One he was trying not to give her.

"I don't need you to do anything for me." That came out a little harsher than he meant it to, but mom didn't seem to notice.

In fact the smile, she now flashed had an inviting quality to it; it was an expression that matched the phone sex voice she was continuing to use.

"Of course you do! A young man always needs something, especially if they don't have a girlfriend and are always..."

"Mom!" he snapped. "What the hell are you talking about?"

"Sorry." The pout vanished, and she was back to her normal voice. "I was just saying you're not seeing anyone and you work and taking a summer course for extra credit."

"What's that got to do with what you could do for me?" He knew he should let it drop, but was getting tired of this weird game that might not even be a game. She sounded like she was offering something no mother should ever offer their son.

"I could spend some time with you. We could watch movies like we used to or we could go see a movie or out to eat." She put her hands out. "Just spend some time with you and get you out of the house. You know, have a little fun."

She lowered her eyes and her head. "Sorry, I didn't mean to make you mad."

"I..." Now he felt like an ass because she genuinely looked upset, he'd gotten upset. "I should be sorry." He admitted. "I just thought you were talking about doing something else with me."

"Like what?" She looked back up at him, her eyes narrowed.

"Huh?" Great, he'd somehow made it sound like he was the one seeing what wasn't there. Well, at this point maybe he was. "Oh, nothing."

"You were getting mad, it must have been something." Mom pressed. "Really, what did you think I was offering to do for you?"

"Nothing, I...I'm just touchy about not having anyone right now." He told her. "Britt dumping me still kind of burns and I don't have much time to date."

Technically he was telling the truth, it sucked being alone, in fact part of him wondered if his issues with his mother stemmed from not having sex the last few months. But Britt had been a needy drama queen and he didn't necessarily miss her, although the sex had been fun.

"Sorry, Craig." Again mom seemed sincere. "That has to be frustrating; I mean guys your age have a lot of..." She paused, and the sly smile was back. "Energy."

"Right." He nodded, hoping it was left at that.

"God knows it's been a few months for me too, but at least I have batteries."

"TMI mom!" That was the last thing he needed, thinking of his mother masturbating.

"Hey, I'm not just your mom, I'm a woman too."

"A very attractive one." Craig pointed out. "Who gets asked out all the time so if you're lonely, it is kind of on you."

"You think I'm attractive?" She beamed up at him, her eyes bright and now with a huge genuine smile on her face.

"Oh, come on, mom! You know you are. You were a damn model and you're modelling again."

"It is still nice to hear." Mom reached out and took his hand, squeezing it. "Especially from a good-looking young man."

"I'm your son, mom."

"Still a man who thinks I'm attractive."

"You know, speaking of modeling and pictures." He took a deep breath, and took the plunge. "You've never showed me this site you're modeling for."

"Because they haven't used any of my pictures yet." Mom replied, but her smile slipped a little.

"Then why do we keep taking them?" He pushed her.

"Because I'm hoping they'll like some enough to put up there, silly." She shrugged, and again he noticed the way her tits jiggled. "Meantime I'm having fun, and its good practice for me for when I'm invited to a real shoot, and for you too seeing you want to be a professional."

"But all those pictures, and they didn't use any?" He shook his head. "Something's up. Mom. You sure they're not using them somewhere and not telling you?"

"I don't think they could."

"I'll do an image search for them." He already had, and come up with nothing, but wanted to see her reaction.

"Go ahead, let me know if you see them." She didn't seem concerned about it. "So, back to what we were talking about. How about taking some of me by the pool?"

"How about getting one of the photographers who work for you at the agency to do it. You could use a real studio and have a pro taking them."

"You're going to be a pro someday and..." She hesitated. "Those people work for me and I don't want them seeing me like that."

"Like what?" He immediately thought back to last weekend's shoot.

"You know, not wearing a whole lot and being kind of playful."

"But its okay for your son to see that?"

"My son wouldn't be thinking of fucking me." She said it nonchalantly, but Craig felt as if he'd been kicked. That answer told him this was on him, and as he stood there, she twisted the knife.

"I couldn't trust the guys at work not to start thinking of me like that or worse, send the pictures around saying things like look at my slutty boss, bet she's a wild ride. Or something dirty like that."

"She pointed to him, and he barely heard her words as he was still trying to get over the terms slutty and wild ride coming

from his mother's lips. "But I don't have to worry about that with you."

She stood up in front of him and caught him by surprise with a hug, and a kiss on the cheek. "My son would never think of me like that."

"Of course not," Craig whispered in her ear as he returned her embrace. He closed his eyes and could smell the suntan oil on her. Her breasts were pressing into his chest, and when he opened his eyes he saw their reflection in the mirror over the dining room table.

His mother's ass looked incredible in the bikini bottom, and when her lips brushed his cheek in a kiss that seemed a little slower and softer than a normal peck on the cheek and he had the insane thought of turning his head and meeting her lips with his own.

"That's right," She spoke softly in his ear, her hot breath sending a shiver through him. "It wasn't always easy for us

after your father passed away, but I raised a good boy, didn't I?"

Yeah, right, he thought as she continued to hold him close; a good boy with a hard on for his mother.

## Chapter Two

Craig entered his room and rather than grab some clothes and head for the shower like he told himself he would, he ended up sitting at his desk. Opening his lap top, he went into his folders and stared at the one marked 'mom pics'

"You're not supposed to be looking at these again," he reminded himself out loud.

As usual lately, he ignored the part of him that still tried to do the right thing these days. Craig clicked on the folder and

stared at the list of dates. Each one would show him the pictures he took of mom that day.

He guided the mouse over last Sunday's date, but then pushed it up to the first pictures he'd taken of her. These weren't too bad in the sense of being anything out of line. Mom's first poses for him was what she referred to as 'business sexy'.

Mom wore a short black skirt, and some rather high heels with sheer stockings, but waist up sported a black blazer over a red blouse. Her hair was pinned up and she wore glasses even though she didn't need them.

Craig joked she should call it sexy librarian look, and mom laughed and thanked him for calling her sexy. He'd thought nothing of that exchange at the time, but it would become a running theme throughout their 'sessions' and getting more improper as time went on.

They started with mom sitting on the edge of her desk in her home office, staring at a tablet, while striking the classic pose

of holding her glasses and looking down through them. Mom had told him to click away as she posed, and get whatever shots he thought would look good.

As he snapped away, mom let her long dark hair down, giving it a shake and Craig stared at what he had to admit was a great shot of her black hair flying about her head. Next the blazer had come off, and he'd gotten her to stand with it dangling over her shoulder.

When she'd begun to unbutton her blouse he'd asked what she was doing, and she'd laughed and told him she had a shirt on beneath it. She did; a red silky looking camisole that left her stomach bare.

That was the first time he'd seen the pendent in her naval. They'd stopped when he asked her what the hell she was thinking and she told him it was part of her 'new look' and if she wanted to get back into the business she had to be 'modern'.

Mom admitted it made her feel sexy as well, and then followed up with her asking him who the parent was and just take pictures. When the red blouse came off-he looked at a great still of her sliding it down her arms, while looking downward- Craig had felt the first twinges of discomfort.

The slinky red top was low cut showing off the tops of her breasts, but what stunned him was she wasn't wearing a bra, and her nipples were visible due to the fact they were obviously erect. He'd swallowed nervously, but didn't say anything.

What the hell would he say? Hey, mom your nipples are showing? Doing his best to ignore them he continued to do as she asked, taking pictures as she put her back to the camera and bent over the desk.

The skirt was tight and so short that when she leaned over, the hem rose and showed off the fact her sheer stockings were thigh highs. When she bent over even further, he had blinked

at the sight of the tips of her ass cheeks and the hint of a pair of lacy black panties.

Mom was looking over her shoulder at him, her dark eyes smoldering behind the glasses, and her red lips set in a sexy come hither smile. She'd frowned when she'd seen him lower the camera, and asked what he was doing.

Again he'd held back from commenting he was seeing more of her than he should and in a way he shouldn't. Instead he said he needed to check the flash, then snapped a couple of pictures, while keeping his eyes averted.

But his eyes were on that picture now as they had been the last couple of weeks. He stared at his mother's long legs in the sheer stockings, and her tanned thighs over the black band of the thigh highs.

Just the hint of her panties and ass cheeks in a way were sexier than seeing her entire ass, and he shifted in his seat as his hard

cock, bent awkwardly against his leg. The next pic he clicked on was the same pose but from the front.

Mom stared into the camera with a look that screamed lust as she was bent over the desk, and Craig began to sweat at how much of her breasts were visible down the shirt. It was still making him uncomfortable, but in a different way.

He zoomed on the picture, making her breasts larger and larger. At five times the normal size it was still crystal clear and he could see her braless breasts, right down to the darker skin around her nipples.

Mom had finished that shoot, by kicking off her heels and posing with her feet up on the back of the chair, and a final one of her laying on her back, on the desk, the glasses off, and her nibbling on the ear piece.

Craig had been glad it was over, but aside from feeling a little embarrassed at seeing his mother like that, nothing was really

amiss. Until the next shoot. Mom had asked him to take some in her room, and he hadn't thought anything of it.

Until he walked in to see her wearing a short green robe and a pair of matching fuck me heels. At that point he had told her he couldn't take pictures of her like that. It had led to a version of the conversation they'd just had downstairs...he was her son, why would it bother him to see her like that?

His answer it didn't seem right was met with a kiss on the cheek and her telling him he was a sweet young man and a gentlemen and his father would be proud of him. Then insisted he take the pictures because she needed a 'boudoir shoot' and that was the first mention she wouldn't let someone else see her like that.

Staring at the first picture of mom sitting on the side of her bed, her legs open, her hands holding the robe between them to cover her crotch, Craig's cock throbbed. She was looking up at the camera, and despite the sexy pose had a demure look on her face.

For whatever reason that look got to him more than the 'come fuck me' type looks she flaunted in other pictures. He loved her lips in a slight pout, her doe eyes peering through her lashes and her long curly hair framing her face, she looked much younger, and certainly not innocent, but not aggressive either.

Mom lay on the bed and his fingers had trembled when she posed with her legs bent, the robe falling back to show her legs right up to the green material of her panties. When she rolled onto her stomach and faced him, her legs bent and kicking playfully with that shy smile, he felt the first twinges of an unhealthy interest in his mother's body.

The fuck me heels over her head and the hint of her green bra showing was a damn hot look and looking at it now had caused pre cum to ooze onto his now sticky thigh. Mom had a patch of freckles over and between her breasts and his eyes lingered on it as his mind filled with images of kissing those freckles then painting them.

Painting them...he was going full out porno on his own mother now. He clicked open the next picture which showed his mother untying her robe, her green nails blending in with the material. Craig had thought she was going to stop there, and recalled dropping the Nikon when she slipped it off.

Beneath it mom wore a green bra with lace cups. The lace showed the flesh of her breasts, but mercifully her nipples were covered by green material. The bottom wasn't panties, but a skimpy pair of shorts, mom called 'boy shorts'

She'd laughed when he'd dropped the camera, which fortunately survived due to the thick carpeting in mom's room. Craig had told her he couldn't do this, she was in her damn underwear. Mom had reasoned he'd seen her in a bikini and this didn't show any more than that.

Craig shouldn't have fallen for that logic so easily, but as he looked back knew he did because even then there was a part of him fascinated with his mother's body. While he took

several photos of her rolling around on the bed in her lingerie with seductive and downright lewd expressions, Craig wasn't so much hung up on thinking about her as much as he kept thinking, this is my mother?

He'd come close to dropping the camera again when mom had gotten on her hands and knees on the bed, her ass pointing right at him. As he had with the cleavage shot, Craig zoomed in and stared at a close up of her ass in the green shorts.

The outline of her pussy was visible at fifty percent larger, but he frowned when he noticed a shadow on her crotch. Now curious, he blew it up several more times, and his eyes widened. He couldn't be sure as now the picture was a little out of focus, but he swore the darker patch between her legs wasn't a shadow, but a stain.

His mother was wet as he took the pictures.

"Nope." He shook his head. Shadow, it had to be. He was trying to transfer his dirty thoughts onto her.

He clocked out of that folder and looked at the last two. The most recent was two nights ago when mom donned the daisy duke denim shorts, the absurdly tight white tank top, and standing by the car barefoot proceeded to wash it.

The stereotype of the shoot had him trying to convince her to do something different, but she insisted on it. This had been on the heels of the shoot he tried to avoid thinking about and he'd struggled to hold the camera steady.

His protests had admittedly been pretty weak and he gave up easy because fact was mom looked hotter than hell. Splashing water, and playing with the soap while standing there showing off her long tanned legs and perfect ass in the painted on shorts.

Inevitably her t-shirt become soaked and he came close to dropping the camera again when he noticed her breasts

showing up through the material. He'd lowered it and in a voice that probably sounded far more nervous than it should have been told her she needed to put a bra on.

Mom laughed and assured him she was wearing something over her nipples. The fact she said the word had further rattled him. By the time she'd finished and the last shots were her laying back on the hood of her car Craig felt like he needed the hose turned on him to cool off.

He'd asked her that night where the pictures, which he sent her once he put them on his computer, went. Like today she insisted they were going to some agency who hadn't decided to go with any yet.

Craig found that hard to believe. His mother was as hot of a milf as you could find. She was hotter than many of the milf porn stars out there. If they really wanted attractive older women Craig would love to see who they liked better than her.

Unless she were lying, and he'd begun to believe that. He'd done image searches on them. First the way he took them, then flipping them and came up with nothing on the net. Of course if they were putting her on other back grounds or photo shopping he wouldn't find them.

And what else would she be doing with them? If she were posting them on social media or even a dating site, hell even some amateur milf site, he could find them. Maybe she was telling the truth.

Craig sat back, staring at the folder from last week marked SG and the date. Those pictures bothered him and more than just in the way he thought way too much about them. It was the way mom acted that day.

He swore she was teasing him. Granted a son should never get excited over his mother, but mom had been way out of line. Craig was convinced she liked showing off for him. The more uncomfortable he looked and felt the happier she seemed to be.

He thought again on that picture, the wet stain, if that's what it was would be proof. Before he came upstairs mom had conned him into agreeing to take some pictures by the pool after he took a nap, which is what he was supposed to be doing.

Craig wondered if he went into her hamper while she was in the shower if her bikini would be... "Oh, for Christ's sake!" He snapped at himself. "What are you going to do, sniff the crotch?"

Crotch; his eyes narrowed. There was something there. He tapped the mouse, noticing he'd slid it up to the SG folder. No, he wouldn't look at them. If he looked at them he would do what he did when he looked at them yesterday, and the day before that.

But he couldn't help feeling like there was something in those pictures that had to do with what he'd just been thinking. Oh,

what the hell, he'd been staring at them for the last few days, was looking one more time really going to change things?

He clicked open the first file and there was mom, standing there dressed as a naughty school girl. Her ensemble was complete with a short sleeved button down short, a loosely tied red tie around her neck and a grey plaid skirt.

Her legs were in cased in white knee highs and ended in patent leather black shoes that featured little gold buckles. Her long dark hair had been pulled into pig tails and her lips painted in a shocking pink.

He'd been more shocked and unsettled by this look than he had when she'd worn the green lingerie. This was a blatant sexual fantasy pretty much every guy had at some point, and to his chagrin his mother looked incredible.

Craig had summoned up the conviction to tell her he thought this was too racy, and she'd rolled her eyes and reminded him she had less on during the lingerie shoot. Craig had

awkwardly tried to explain what he'd just thought that it couldn't be seen any other way but as an X-rated fantasy.

She'd shocked him further by laughing and saying of course it was, that's why she was doing it. The mysterious 'modeling site' wanted something racy, and more than just being in her underwear.

Craig gave up arguing, and he realized later far too easily. But unlike the lingerie which had him uncomfortable, this look had him looking forward to her poses. Mom started by sitting at her desk, pretending to read, her legs crossed and a whole lot of thigh showing.

She'd then turned to him and pouting whispered, "I'm sorry sir, I don't mean to be a bad girl." She'd spoken in a little girl voice that had his cock twitching, and his fingers trembling. He nervously pointed out this wasn't video so didn't need to act the part.

Mom grinned and insisted it helped her get in character and have the proper expression on her face to match the poses. Mom then rose from the desk, and approaching him, unbuttoned her white blouse.

He was now looking at the picture of her blouse unbuttoned halfway to show the top of her red lace bra. She'd un-tucked it from the skirt, and the bottom opened enough to frame her pierced naval.

Mom went into a routine of little girl talk asking 'sir' if she could earn some extra credit because she 'really needed' that A. Craig had been backing up as she came towards him and jumped in surprise when his back struck the wall.

Mom stopped and to the dismay of the part of him still trying to see her as his mother, but the delight of the part of him seeing her as a sexy milf, she sank to her knees. His hands were shaking so much he had a hard time focusing as she leaned over so her hands were resting on the floor and...crawled up to him.

His cock was making its presence known and he was glad for his loose fitting jeans. Mom was looking straight at the camera, but with her lips in the pout and her eyes peeking demurely through her lashes.

As Craig looked through the series of pictures he could hear her voice in his mind. "I'll do anything for that A sir....anything!"

She'd run her tongue slowly over her lips when she'd said that, and Craig had shocked himself by saying the right thing, that it was too much, but she ignored him. Stopping in front of him, she'd looked up, and from her knees whispered. "I'm ready to be the teacher's pet, sir."

Craig somehow maintained his composure enough to get a couple of shots of that pose and was staring at one now. Mom was looking up, her face level with his crotch and him getting a good view down her bra.

A wave of relief flowed through him when she rose to her feet and turned away from him. That relief was short lived when mom bent over the desk and her skirt rose to show off the white cotton panties.

She reached back and placed her hand on her ass and said something about being ready for a spanking. Craig had lined the shot up, then turned his head, clicking without looking. At that point he was sweating and the sight of mom's hand on her white panties had gotten him to where he was fully hard and worried it would show.

Craig had somehow managed to keep his hand steady and the shots had come out fine. Fine enough he'd given in to the lust filled thoughts of his mother and jerked off to them that night, then the next.

His cock was aching from staring at mom's pictures and with an air of a drowning man going down for the last time; he unzipped his pants, ready to jerk off again. Last time, this time he meant it. In fact he'd delete the pictures!

Just like he was going to delete them after he e-mailed them to her. Like he was going to delete them after he blew that first load staring at her on her knees, looking up with that pout. He'd imagined those pink lips around his cock and calling him sir. He thought of pulling her pig tails while she...

Craig groaned softly as he pumped his cock staring at her bent over the desk. Even as he stroked he kept thinking of the picture of her on her knees. Still holding his dick like a horny little boy, which was pretty much what he was acting like, he leaned forward to find the pic of her on her knees to blow a load to.

He froze and released his cock as he stared at the crotch of her white panties. That's it! That's what had been nagging at him when he was wondering if she was wet or that was just a shadow in the other picture.

This was another shot of her from that angle. As he had before, he blew the picture up, zeroing in on her crotch.

There was another 'shadow'. He blew it up even more and there was no doubt in his mind this was no shadow, but a spreading wet stain.

God knew he'd seen enough of those on his boxers when he got so horny his precum made a sticky mess. In fact there was one there now. As he stared at his mother's wet panties, his hand once again found his cock and pumped it.

His mother was wet during their shoots. Was she just getting hot thinking of people seeing her like this, or was she hot from her son taking her picture. Okay, now he was getting carried away. It had to be the idea of others looking.

Craig remembered a photographer that had let him and two other students come to his studio. The guy had been rambling about some things Craig was sure his instructors wouldn't be too fond of.

The most memorable of which was him telling them many models were exhibitionists and got into the shoots because it

excited them to think of men, and perhaps women too, getting turned on by them.

Mom seemed to fit that just by her choice of outfits. Never mind the poses. That's why she didn't want just anyone taking the pictures, she wouldn't be as comfortable as she was at home and with her son who wouldn't think that way about her.

Why the hell was he thinking? He was rock hard and looking at proof his mother got hot and bothered thinking of men looking at her. All thoughts of the picture of her on her knees gone, Craig pumped his cock hard and fast, imagining what his mother was thinking that got her so horny she was oozing in her panties.

"Oh, fuck." Craig moaned as even though he'd only been jerking off for barely two minutes, his cock felt ready to erupt.

He thought of her with her panties off and looking over her shoulder, pouting, her eyes wide as...as her son fucked her! He couldn't even try to deny that's what was in his mind right

now. He'd grab her pig tails and pound his mother's dripping pussy and give her what he knew she was thinking of, a good hard fucking.

Granted she wouldn't be thinking about getting fucked by her son, but she was thinking of sex, she had to be. Maybe she was getting wound up thinking of guys doing exactly what he was doing right now, getting ready to blow a big thick load to her amazing body.

Craig's balls tightened and his cock twitched in his hand. With a groan that was a mixture of pleasure and frustration at his misplaced lust, his cock exploded. Several long spurts erupted, landing on his t-shirt as he pictured it landing all over his mother's ass.

When he'd wrung the last of the huge load from his cock, he sat back in the chair, breathing hard, and immediately feeling guilty about what he'd done. Still with his pants down and his now semi hard cock oozing onto his leg, he put his hand on the mouse and right clicked on it.

He scrolled down to delete and told himself to click on it. His eyes worked from the word delete to the picture of mom's damp panties.

"Come on, do it," he whispered.

He jumped when his phone vibrated on his hip. Removing it, he saw it was a text from Mom.

"I'm going to sit by the pool, come down soon I want to send the pictures tonight!"

Craig looked at the message for a moment, wondering how he could go down there and face his mother right after he'd just jerked off to her. His gaze shifted to the mess on his shirt and stomach.

As awful of a thought as it was, Craig figured this might be the best time to get this over with. After all if he'd just cum, and

gotten it out of his system, how excited could he get? With a grimace, he wiped his hand off so he wouldn't get his phone sticky and texted back.

"Be right down, just have to change."

He'd barely put the phone down so he could wipe off with his already stained shirt when she replied.

"Thank you! I love you!"

"Love you too." He texted back, thinking that sure as hell wasn't love all over his stomach.

## Chapter Three

Craig walked out onto the deck and saw mom sitting on at the edge of the pool, her feet in the water. She still had her robe on, and he envisioned her blue bikini beneath it. It was one of

her favorites so he'd seen her in it before, and hopefully that would make this easier on him.

Well, that and having just blown a load.

"Hey, mom, you ready?" He walked down the stairs of the deck and over to where she sat.

"I've been ready." She smiled up at him and he noticed the robe was tied tightly, not showing any of the bikini. "You ready?"

He lifted the camera, "I'm always ready."

"I bet," she giggled. "Boys your age usually are."

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean?" She eased her feet from the pool and turning around, leaned back on her elbows, her long legs stretched out.

"Nice pose," he complimented her, hoping she didn't care he hadn't responded to her question.

"Thank you," Mom rolled over onto her stomach, still up on her elbows, and kept her legs straight as he took another picture, trying not to focus on the backs of her thighs.

She bent her legs as she had in other pictures, kicking her bare feet playfully back and forth.

"This a nice look?" She glanced over her shoulder. "I like it."

"It's a good one." He came around to the front of her, and crouching down clicked a couple of shots of her smiling at him.

To his relief the robe was tied so tightly he couldn't see down it. This might not be so bad after all. Note to self, jerk off before taking pictures of your mother...to jerk off to later, he added disgustedly.

"I think it's sexy." Mom continued kicking her feet. "Makes guys think of their girl lying like this between their legs."

"Mom!" Craig blurted out. "Stop that! I'm your son."

"Sorry," She rolled her eyes. "I thought you were twenty, not ten."

"Doesn't matter how old I am. I'd rather not hear you talking about sex."

"Honey, you need to get laid," she sighed. "You're really anal these days." She put her hand over her mouth and emitted a mock gasp. "Oh no, I said anal! That's a sex word!"

"Okay, okay." He put his hand up. "Is it so bad I try to respect you and not think and talk like that around you?"

Boy did he have balls saying that after he'd just spanked it to her for the fourth night in a row and was thinking far worse than she was saying.

"You're a good boy, Craig." Mom gave him a sweet smile that seemed more like her old self than the seductive milf she'd been acting like lately. "But know what? Sometimes women like they're good boys to be bad just for them."

"I'll keep that in mind when I find a good girl again."

"Who says it has to be a girlfriend you're bad for?"

"I have to upload all the pics I took at the park today for school, can we finish this up soon?" Craig realized he sounded rude, but even though she was actually clothed for once, she was making him more uncomfortable than ever.

"Of course," Mom sat up on her knees. "Let's get down to business shall we?"

She pulled the tie to her robe, and eased on side down her shoulder. Mom rested her chin on her shoulder and flashed a shy smile while batting her eyes. Craig had to admit her expressions were fantastic, he could see her doing this for a living.

As he zoomed in closer on her face, he noticed a hint of black, not blue. Mom stood up and turning her back to him, slid the robe down her back. Halfway down revealed a black string tied behind her back.

She'd changed her bikini.

Mom let the robe drop to the ground and Craig's jaw came close to joining it. The bottom of the bikini was barely more

than a string between the bare cheeks of her ass, showing off her firm white flesh over her tan lines.

"Jesus, mom!" He was too stunned to even try to take a picture.  
"What the hell are you wearing?"

"My new bikini." Mom turned around and Craig was afraid his eyes were going to pop out of his head.

The top was also little more than string and the 'cups' were nothing more than strips of black material over the middle of her breasts, barely covering her nipples, and left both sides of her breasts exposed.

Craig's heart pounded and he was having a hard time not staring at his mother's breasts. Like her ass, the tan lines were incredible; the inner half of each of deeply tanned, a sharp sexy contrast to the milky white of the outer side.

"I can't do this." Craig lowered his camera. "That bikini is way too much mom."

"Too much?" She laughed. "If it were any less, I'd be naked."

"You're almost naked now!"

Mom walked up to him and giggled when he took a step back.

"Craig, are you embarrassed?"

"Yes!" He could feel his face was flushed, and he was glad she assumed it was all from being embarrassed when in fact part of it was from staring at her tits, and her amazing body.

"I'm your mother." She spread her arms out. "What's the problem?"

"That you're my mother and you look like you're ready for a damn Maxim swimsuit issue."

"Ohh, think it looks that good?" She seemed delighted. "I hope the agency does."

"Then let them take the pictures." He shook his head. "I can't."

"But honey, I could never let anyone see me like this."

"Then why are you sending these pictures to an agency? You could end up with tons of people seeing you like this!"

"True," she said softly, a sexy little smile playing about her lips. "That would be fun."

"Then why would you care if a photographer saw you?"

"Because that would be in person!" She said it as if it were obvious and made sense. "You taking them, all they see if the picture, not me."

"If you got a gig you'd have to let them," he countered.

"Then I'd be getting paid and it would be worth it. Honey, right now I'm still kind of self-conscious and..."

"Are you kidding?" He pointed to her. "No one self-conscious would wear that."

The smile left mom's face. "That's the thing, honey. In front of you I'm bold because I'm your mom and you're not looking at me as anything but that. Men, or even women, in the industry would be judging me."

"Mom, you'd have nothing to worry about. You can't really think you're not hot."

"You think I'm hot?"

"I..." Dope, he thought as he took a second to recover from that mistake. "You're my mom, but you're a woman, and I'm a guy and I know what looks good, and you look good."

"Thank you, baby!" Mom kissed his cheek. "You're so sweet!"

"That's why I can't take these pictures, mom. Not in that thing. It's not too um, motherly I guess."

"I'll make a deal with you." Mom put her hands on his shoulders and he fought to keep his eyes on hers and not her breasts. "Will you listen to a deal? You make out, trust me."

"I suppose."

"First part of the deal? This will be the last time I ask you to take pictures." She looked down at herself, and like the perv he was, Craig took advantage and dropped his gaze as well, looking down at her barely contained breasts.

He got his eyes up just as she continued. "This is my last try to get something picked up from them."

"But still..."

"Last time, promise." She put her hand on his cheek. "Honey, if these pictures don't get the reaction I'm hoping for nothing will."

"That's for damn sure." He nodded. "Whoever you're sending these too would have to be nuts not to take notice of this."

"That's what I'm hoping for." Mom told him with a serious look that surprised him. "So just this one more time?"

"I..."

"Okay, I know it's awkward." Mom cut him off abruptly. "I know I've had you take some improper pictures of me in

outfits I shouldn't wear in front of you and I know a decent mother wouldn't wear this around their son."

"Hey, you're a great mom," he told her. "Don't say that."

"It's true though." She shrugged and it was an act of will not to watch her chest when she did it. "This is way past racy, but I really want the attention of who I'm doing this for, honey. It's important to me."

Craig frowned, and she continued.

"If you really don't want to, you can say no. Like I said this bikini is outright inappropriate and some of the poses I have planned would be even more so and I have no right embarrassing you like this."

Craig simply stood there as he tried to imagine what she had planned. Taking his silence as a no, she nodded.

"Okay, forget it." She turned away from him and walked over to where her robe was on the ground.

"Well, hold on..." What the hell was he doing? She was letting him off the hook!

"No, really," she spoke with her back to him. "You're right and have been all along. You don't have to do this."

She bent over to pick up the robe and Craig's cock jumped in his shorts. The strip of material between her thighs barely covered her pussy and her ass was...

"I'll do it!"

Mom straightened up with the robe in her hand, and turned back to him.

"Honey, you don't have to its..."

"I want to," he declared, and he wasn't kidding. Wrong or not, there was no way he could not see what she was going to do in that stringy thing she called a bikini.

"Really?"

"Really. All the things you've done for me? How you've worked so hard to support us after dad died? This is the least I can do for you."

"Craig, you're so thoughtful." The huge smile was back and he returned it. He did like to see her happy, and something told him he was going to be pretty happy with his decision in a few minutes.

"Anything for you, mom."

"Yeah?" The smile changed to that sly one he'd seen a lot of lately. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Okay."

"But it's the other way around." Mom tossed the robe onto her chair. "I said there is another part of the deal. That part is after this I'll do anything you want me to."

Keep the mind out of the gutter, he warned himself. "You don't owe me anything." He waved his hand.

"I do, and like I said, anything you want from me? Just name it." She locked her eyes onto his. "And I mean anything."

"Uh, sure." He looked away, feeling weird about the eye contact and where his thoughts were going. "I'm sure I'll need something at some point."

"Then you make sure you come to your mommy for that something."

Mommy? He lifted his camera because it would be easier to just watch her than have these semi flirtatious conversations that accompanied their 'shoots'. "Ready?"

"Honey, I'm more ready than you know."

She turned her back to him and spreading her legs apart lifted her hair up over her head. Mom looked back over her shoulder at him and smiled. Craig stepped back to get her full body in the picture.

When he zoomed in to get one of just her face, it struck him how beautiful she was. He'd been obsessed with her body lately, but her features were amazing. Here she was at forty three with no makeup, and still gorgeous.

He took another of her face with her shoulder in it, then unable to help it, lowered the camera just enough to get a picture of her ass. That one would be for his personal collection. Seeing this would be the last time he suddenly felt less guilty about gawking at her.

At least at this point it would end and eventually his infatuation would pass with nothing new to fan the flames. Her admitting she knew it was improper made him feel better; at least he knew it had occurred to her.

Mom turned around in the same pose, so he was now taking the picture from the front. Again he took two of her face, then snapped one just of her tits. Mom went over to the edge of the pool and bent her legs slightly.

Craig walked to the edge across from her and gave her a thumb up. He caught a great shot of her diving into the pool. Mom remained underwater, swimming towards him and he was able to get a few good pictures of her through the clear water.

Mom came to the edge and when she popped up, grabbed the ladder and slowly climbed it. Craig released a sharp breath at the sight of her long wet hair on her shoulders and back and the water glistening on her breasts and stomach.

His cock was swelling in his thankfully baggy shorts, as she stopped, and reaching up, pushed her wet hair back. That lifted her breasts even more, and Craig's eyes widened when he noticed the top had slid over slightly and he could see the darker skin around her nipple.

It was obvious they were erect, most likely from the cool water, but the second he clicked a close up of her tits, he thought of her being wet in the other shoots. He sure as hell wouldn't know for sure about today seeing she was soaked from the pool, but found he wanted her to be.

His cock was now hard as he walked along the edge of the pool and got a picture of her from behind as she bent over on the ladder. He saw the bottom had also moved and was now completely between the cheeks of her ass.

He was breathing hard and his heart beat faster when she got off the ladder and bent over to pick up her towel. She paused,

looking at him with a sexy smile and he got a shot down her top.

Mom straightened and proceeded to slowly dry herself off. When she went to dry her legs she turned her back to him and bent over, showing off her ass as she wiped at the backs of her thighs.

He zoomed in tight on her crotch, his cock aching as he saw the bikini had shifted so far he could see the pinker skin of...Mom's hand came into view and pulled the bikini bottom back into place.

"Sorry!" she laughed. "Don't send any shots of me picking my wedgie!"

"Smooth mom!" He managed to laugh, but smooth was exactly what he'd seen. Smooth pink flesh. Was it totally hairless? Did she keep it like that? In that bikini she'd pretty much need to.

Mom went over to the lounge chair and sitting back on it, picked up her sun tan oil.

"Oh, fuck me," he whispered as she squirted some into her hand and lifting her leg, proceeded to rub it into it.

Even though he'd cum not a half hour ago, he swore he was so hard he felt as if he were going to pop. The view shook as his fingers trembled while watching his mother's hands glide up and down her now glistening legs.

He watched, transfixed as she did both her legs, staring between them when she bent her leg to reach her foot. He clicked here and there, more out of habit than he was consciously deciding when to take a picture.

Mom stared at the camera, her lips parted and her dark eyes smoldering seductively as she rubbed the oil over her breasts. She paused, then shook her head, as if coming back to reality.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Craig! This is too much."

"No!" He said it so quickly he felt a kick in his stomach at how she'd take that response. He managed to add quickly. "I mean, it is, but those are great shots and I want you to get their attention."

"Okay! I really think it's going to work, bet I'll be getting lots of attention from these."

"Yeah you will," he said as much to himself as to her. He already knew he'd be getting off to these, and soon.

Mom went back to oiling up her breasts, and ran her hands along her flat stomach. When she finished she stood up, and reaching behind her, untied the bikini top. Even as he had to remind himself to breathe, Craig got a pic of her pulling the tie. Mom pulled the bikini off, and turned around so quickly he turned his head.

"Are you kidding?" He called out without looking her way for fear he wouldn't be able to pretend he didn't want to look at her tits.

"Are you?" Mom replied. "You can look, honey. I'm covered."

He risked a peek and saw she had her arms crossed over her breasts, her hands on her shoulders. It was a testament to the size of mom's tits that there was still quite a bit of round flesh exposed on either side of her forearms.

Mom flashed a sexy smile, and his hands were shaking so badly it took him three tries to get a good shot. Mom slid her arms down, and before he knew it she was covering her tits with just her hands.

"Honey?"

"Huh?" He blinked at her.

"You going to take a picture or just keep staring?"

"S...sorry!" he stammered. "I'm trying to fix the flash because of the sun."

"Maybe if you look at the camera and not me you'll find the settings." she said, telling him he was totally screwed for staring, but then she added. "I know this is a lot, we're almost done, promise."

"Okay." He made a show of holding up the camera and fiddling with it. "Ready."

"Good because it's been so long, having my hands on my tits is getting to me."

"Whoa! TMI, again!" He told her, but couldn't stop picturing her hard nipples pressing into her palms.

"Maybe I'll take care of that soon." She tossed her head forward so some of her wet hair would fall over her shoulder and on her chest, over her breasts. "Maybe these pictures will help."

"I'm sure they'd get you a date." He said, wondering if she'd just admitted what she was doing with them. But where, and why couldn't he find them?

He pushed that out of his mind when Mom gave the camera a lust filled stare that sent his cock twitching when she slipped her tongue out lasciviously. Fortunately for him she only held that pose long enough for him to get a picture.

"Honey, I have two more I want to do, okay?"

"Sure." He told her while thinking, thank god.

Mom turned her back to him and going to the lounge chair got on her hands and knees. Craig had walked closer to the

chair and now confronted with her ass in that position, he was glad she hadn't turned around yet, because he was sure his mouth was open.

When she did look over her shoulder, he was composed enough to get the shots. When he took one zoomed in close for his own benefit, he realized that he could see her breast through her legs. If he blew it up on his lap top he'd see her nipple!

Christ he was sick, he thought as mom laid out flat on the chair on her stomach.

"I want you to get one like this."

"No problem."

"But I want you to put oil on my back so it looks as good as the ones of my legs."

"Oil on your back." He repeated.

"Yes, and not just for the picture, I want to lay out here for a little bit when you're done."

"Okay." Craig put the camera down next to her leg and sitting on the edge of the chair, picked up the bottle of suntan oil.

He squirted some onto her back, and taking a deep breath, put his hands on her and rubbed it in. Her skin was soft and warm and as he spread the equally warm oil, his cock reminded him of its excited state.

Mom sighed beneath him. "That feels so nice, baby."

The words had come out in a purr and he had no idea where 'baby' had come from, but he liked it. He worked his fingers into her back, massaging her as he worked the oil in. Mom made a series of soft sighs and coos and some of them were close to sexual in their tone.

With each one of those, his dick jerked, and he imagined stroking his cock over her smooth bronzed back and painting it with a thick white load.

"Lower, please," she whispered.

Craig put some more on and as he worked down to the small of her back his eyes fell on her amazing ass. His hands were inches from it and he wondered what her firm cheeks would feel like. Those thoughts led to thinking of giving her a couple of little spanks.

Not hard, but enough to make that delicious sound he liked from the porn movies. Then spreading her ass cheeks and sliding his tongue... Craig took a deep breath and forced his gaze from her ass.

He was so hard it hurt and he couldn't imagine how he'd have felt if he hadn't relieved himself a little while ago.

"Rub my shoulders, honey?" Mom asked. "Just a little?"

"Uh, sure." Craig leaned over to rub them and mom sighed contentedly as he did.

"Be careful of your camera," she murmured.

"Camera?" He looked down where it was near her knee.

"Yeah, something's poking me in the side." Mom had her eyes closed and sounded drowsy. "Must be the camera, or the lotion bottle."

She moved slightly, her hip grinding into his cock and suppressing a groan he eased his hips away from her.

"That's better." She nodded. "That was pretty hard."

"It was the bottle." He lied, as he continued to rub her shoulders.

"Lucky it didn't squirt all over me then." She kept her eyes closed, but had her head turned and he could see her grinning. "Be the first thing to squirt on me in a long time."

"Shit!" He gave a fake gasp, "Its after four, I have to finish uploading my Zoo pics by five."

"Thought you did that before you came down."

"Just some of them."

"What were you doing? I didn't even hear you get in the shower."

"I had to fix some of them." He told her. "Besides, you want me to get these to you so you can send them on to that

agency." The one he was still unsure existed. "I'm sure they don't stay that late, especially seeing it's Friday."

"True," she agreed. "Too bad, that shoulder rub was feeling damn good. But go ahead, get a couple of shots of me like this and then send them to me, please."

"Right away." After he sorted through the ones he couldn't show her.

He eased off the edge of the chair and quickly took some photos of her back and a couple more of her ass. Mom bent her legs, striking the pose she had told him she thought would look great while lying between a man's legs.

He pictured her between his and began to say a quick goodbye and get the hell upstairs. Mom glanced over her shoulder and pointed. "Sorry, one more from the front in your favorite pose?"

What the hell was she a mind reader?

"I didn't say that," he said defensively.

"You liked it when we talked about it before."

"Let's get that shot, so I can get these to you." He walked in front of her, and as he did felt his stomach tightened. He was so fucking hard even in the loose shorts a quick glance showed off the hint of a bulge.

"Look at me." He told her so she'd look up and not straight at his crotch which her face was pretty much level with.

Mom did as he asked, and he felt a wave of relief as she smiled up at him.

His relief faded when she pushed herself up on her elbows, showing off her bare breasts right down to where her nipples were pressed into the chair. He forced his hands to steady and

got one of her with her breasts in it, then one of just them for him.

"Good job, mom." He quickly lowered the camera, holding it in front of his crotch. "I'll get to work on these right now."

"Thanks, honey. I'll come in by five and upload them to the agency."

"Good luck with them." He forced a smile. "I hope they get the reaction you want."

Mom was looking up at him, but for just a second her eyes darted down to his crotch, then back to his face. With a smirk she said, "I think they're already getting one."

"What do you...?"

"Go on, honey." Mom lowered her head to the chair, no longer looking at him. "Go take care of what you need to."

Craig wondered if that meant what it sounded like, but told himself to stop being paranoid. But she was right, he needed to take care of something, a big hard something, before he could even think of uploading the pictures.

He went into the house and ran up the stairs, wincing as his still hard cock, bent awkwardly against his leg. When he entered his room, he went to sit in his chair, planning to unzip and do what he had to.

But his eyes fell on his window and walking over, he stood to one side. He could see mom lying below him. Her head was facing away from him and even if she looked up, she wouldn't see him from that angle.

He took his cock out and staring down at his mother's supple tanned body, with those long legs and firm ass glistening with oil. He pumped his dick furiously as he kept staring at her, imagining her between his thighs like that, her legs, bent, that

sweet ass up in the air and those gorgeous lips wrapped around his dick.

He thought of her rising up like she did on the chair, showing her son her big beautiful tits and..."Oh, fuck!" He gasped as his cock erupted in less than a minute.

He stroked it, sending several long spurts across the window sill, and wishing it was across his mother's back or ass, or tits, her face...any part of her. He stopped jerking and breathing hard, stared down at the surprisingly large load on the window sill.

He zipped up, and grabbing the tissues off his desk gingerly mopped up the sticky mess. He looked up when he was done and saw mom was sitting up and had her top back on. Had he kept watching he might have seen her tits!

She looked up, and seeing him gave him a big wave! "Hey. Honey! You finished already?"

"I..uh, just finished my stuff." He called down, boy what a bad line that was. "I'll get right on your pictures now."

"Thank you!" She blew him a kiss, and he weakly returned the gesture.

He went over to his desk and plugging the camera into his lap top sat down, ready to start on his mom's pictures. The only good news was at least he wouldn't jerk off to them, he'd just done that. But he had no doubt he'd be looking at them tomorrow, and the next day...

## Chapter Four

Craig rolled over and was surprised to see it was nine. He'd gone to bed at ten and had slept right through. After sorting mom's pictures and sending her the ones that weren't close ups of her tits and ass, he'd worked on his pictures for class, and by the time he was done, had gone downstairs.

Mom had to run some errands and said she'd bring something home, but he'd made a couple sandwiches then showered and gone back in his room. He tried to watch TV, but kept looking at the lap top.

After a few more minutes he'd given in and brought up the pictures, looking at mom in that damn string bikini. He'd tried to distract himself by looking on the net for some of the other pictures, but again came up with nothing.

Maybe there was an agency that hadn't posted them. What else could she be doing? If she had a boyfriend he'd think maybe she was sending them to him, but all she did was work, hang around the house or run errands.

Giving up, he succumbed to looking at the pool pictures again and to both his surprise, and dismay, he became hard and jerked off for the third time that day. By the time the small dribbles of cum had flowed from his cock, he'd been exhausted and had gone out like a light.

Craig got up, tossed a pair of gym shorts on and went down the hall to use the bathroom. Mom's bedroom door was partway open, and he couldn't resist a peek in. She was sleeping on her side, her back to him, and the sheet was just over her waist.

He looked at the smooth skin of her bare back and thought of how warm and soft her skin had been yesterday, and how he'd jerked off to the idea of adding some white to it. One of mom's legs was poking out of the sheet and he looked it up and down several times.

Talk about a sexy pose, this would make a great shot. Craig started to walk away, then stopped when it dawned on him to be able to see her entire back meant she was sleeping topless, maybe completely naked.

He moved back into her doorway thinking about quietly entering her room to see her from the other side. That thought-and how outright creepy it was-caused him to do

something he hadn't been doing much of these days, the right thing, and went to the bathroom.

On his way back, Mom startled him by coming out of her room in her robe.

"Hey, honey, you staying up or going back to bed?"

"I think I'm going to stay up, why?"

"Oh, good! Can you send me the pictures again?"

"Why, what happened to them?"

"I sent them last night, but then my computer froze and when I restarted it, the e-mail from you was gone."

"Look in your sent folder."

"Oh, it wasn't there either." She shrugged, and he noticed she was wearing her normal long robe and had it tied like she wasn't trying to show off her body.

"That's not good, mom. Sounds like you might have some kind of virus. Want me to take a look?"

"No, just resend them to me, I'm sure its fine now."

"Okay."

"I'm going back to bed, just wanted to catch you about the pictures." Mom yawned. "If you can wait I'll make you breakfast in a little bit."

"Sure."

He headed back into his room and slumping down in front of his lap top, brought up his e-mails. Craig saw he had three

new ones, two from friends, but a third one he didn't recognize. A yahoo address with the handle "afriend"

He was ready to check the box to mark it as spam, when he saw the subject of the e-mail.

"Is this your mom?"

Probably a porn site, but out of curiosity, Craig clicked it. He expected to see some dirty line accompanied by a picture of a porn star and a link. Instead the e-mail was simply a message and one that was so odd, he read it through twice.

"Craig, I'm someone close to you and that's why I used a fake e-mail so you won't know who I am and be embarrassed. I was checking out some Milf Twitter feeds and found this. I'm pretty sure it's your mother; I recognize the house and the pool. Sorry to do this to you, but thought you should know."

Craig stared at the link beneath it. His mother? As far as he knew mom didn't have a twitter account, she barely went on her Facebook. He clicked the link and breathed 'Oh, my god' when the page appeared.

The header picture was mom in the green lingerie on her hands and knees on the bed. She was looking over her shoulder, but a black strip covered the upper part of her face.

The small avatar in the circle was of her bent over in the school girl costume, her white panties showing. The name on the account caused his heart to skip a beat.

Temptingmom@teasingmyson.

The account had been opened last month and despite the fact mom had less than a hundred tweets she had over three thousand followers. He clicked on pictures and media, and saw every one of her tweets was a picture from one of their shoots.

In each one her face was either not showing or had the top part blacked out or blurred. Even as he tried to cope with what he was seeing, he realized this was why he couldn't find the pictures, she'd altered them.

That wasn't the only change made to the pictures. Each one had been captioned and the words stunned him more than finding the pictures. The first tweet was pinned and featured the picture she'd used as a header.

"These sexy shots were taken by my son, who I'm trying to get to see me as a hot horny milf & not his mom. I'll let you know when I succeed"

This was some kind of a sick fucking joke, it had to be. But by who? Mom? Why would she do something like this? Craig noticed her pinned tweet had dozens of replies. The first one from someone who called themselves 'horny4mymom'

"I love how you say when you succeed. When, not if, because no boy can resist a chance to return to where he came from."

"Nasty!" Craig shuddered.

He was aware just from browsing porn sites that for whatever reason mom son fantasies were huge. He didn't understand it, but supposed he could see it in the sense of the 'mom' being a sexy older woman and a son with a serious Oedipus complex.

The sexual aspects were one thing, but crap like that; 'back where he came from' was just kind of gross. There were a slew of similar comments as well as people begging her to please not only let them know when she fucked her son, but to post pictures of it!

All of them had incest related Twitter handles and bios going on and on about wanting to fuck their mom or son. The young guys saying they wanted their mother didn't shock him as much as the older women lusting for their sons and wishing mom luck.

He wiped at his suddenly sweaty face and could feel himself flushing. As he had when this happened during their photo shoots, he told himself he was embarrassed, and in this case for her, but he wasn't aroused. No, he wasn't.

You're a fucking liar Craig.

He couldn't deny it. Staring at a page full of mom's pictures and seeing how many people were liking and re-tweeting them was a strange turn on. Reading young guys raving about how hot and sexy his mother was and how if she were their mother they'd be fucking her twenty four seven.

Even older men and many women were going on about how hot she was and clamoring for some nude shots. Craig slowly scrolled through the pictures reading her captions. Part of him felt as if this were a dream brought on by his recent and misplaced attraction and he would wake up hard and ashamed.

The other part of him knew damn well he was awake, hard as a rock, and only telling himself he should be ashamed, because he wasn't really feeling it at the moment. Craig stopped at the one from the school girl shoot on her knees looking up.

Only her eyes were covered in this one, as she pouted. The caption read, "Please, baby boy? Please let mommy suck your cock? I'll be the best you ever had, promise!"

His hand fell into his lap, idly rubbing his cock while he re-read the tweet. These were not only his mom's pictures, but her words. Words telling anyone who cared, she wanted to fuck her son.

She wanted to fuck him.

It couldn't be. Maybe it was some type of weird fantasy. Maybe mom watched incest porn and got a kick out of it and was playing it up online, getting a kind of voyeuristic thrill out of playing this part and getting the horn dogs worked up.

She had this horn dog worked up, that was for sure as he felt as if he were getting the same type of thrill as her, reading about guys wanting to fuck his insanely hot mother. The next was another from the lingerie shoot, and captioned;

"I was so wet when my son was taking these! I kept thinking of him getting on the bed behind me!"

One from the car wash sequence featured mom smiling, her chest covered with soapy water that he'd fought not to think of as another type of white substance. Apparently mom thought the same thing.

"Imagine if my baby boy knew I was picturing this soap as a big hot load he just blew all over me!"

Another from the same shoot, featured her bent over the car, showing off her ass in the obscenely tight shorts.

"Like this if you think my son should pull my shorts down and fuck me. Retweet if you think he should give his mommy a rim job!"

He blinked at the totals on the tweet over a thousand people thought he should fuck her and close to eight hundred wanted him to tongue his mother's ass. Craig stopped when he noticed the last few pictures he'd looked at were mom re-tweeting her older tweets.

He skimmed down through a few more, looking at the dates and stopped at one from last night. In it mom was standing there in her bikini with her back to him, taking her top off.

"Think he's thinking about his mother's tits? I hope so!"

The next one was of her bending over slightly to drop the top.

"Or maybe he's staring at that string wanting to pull it aside and shove his fingers into his mother's hot wet cunt"

Cunt, goddamn that was dirty...and it sent a thrill through him because of it. The picture of mom on her knees on the chair, her ass pointing at the camera featured the cock inspiring words:

"I'm so fucking wet and he's so fucking hard! I can see the bulge! My baby wants to fuck me!"

She'd seen he was turned on. His stomach tightened. This was bad. If mom were only playing some bizarre little game, then she must think her son is a first class pervert. But if this were real? He stopped that train of thought. There was no way she could want him. This was just another part of the midlife thing she was going through, trying to get attention and affirmations she was hot.

But why the taboo captions and mention of him? She could post these pictures simply as a 'hot milf' and people would be all over her. Craig scrolled down and had to wait a moment for the page to reload.

When it did, he blurted out, "Holy shit!"

The next tweet wasn't a picture he'd taken, but wished he had. Mom had taken a picture in the mirror with her legs spread, her pussy completely exposed. As he'd wondered yesterday by the pool, his mother's pink pussy was completely smooth.

"I need you right here, honey!"

This tweet had three smaller pictures with it, and his finger trembled on the mouse as he clicked it. In the second one, her hand was between her legs, spreading her pink slit open.

"How about you give your mother a kiss on the lips?"

A feeling of the surreal came over him. Right there on goddamn social media his mother was sitting there with her pussy exposed. He clicked to the next one and a soft moan escaped him at the sight of her playing with her clit.

"Please, baby? Mommy needs to cum so bad! Please come take care of me!"

The last photo she had two fingers buried inside her while she stroked her clit with her long blue nails.

"I'm thinking of your cock, baby! Thinking of you being what I need you to be, the man of the house!"

This tweet was also from last night and already had hundreds of likes and retweets. Dozens of replies ranging from how good her pussy looked to offering to be the man of the house she needed.

A lot of them were variations of how could her son not be fucking her yet? Was he dense, was he stupid? He rolled his eyes at one wondering if he were gay because who wouldn't be all over her by now?

He was far from gay and was as turned on as any of them were, even more because this was his mother. He wasn't dense or stupid either, but was a normal son who wouldn't think of touching his own mother.

"Bullshit," he whispered. All he'd been thinking about lately is touching his mother and he was sitting here hard as a rock at the idea she was thinking the same thing.

He blinked when the picture lowered on the screen, then moved again. Craig looked at the top of the page and saw 'Two new tweets from @Temptingmom. His mother was on twitter right now. With an eagerness that should have upset him, he clicked on the new tweets.

"Fuck," he breathed at the site of the new picture.

Mom lying in her bed, topless and had taken a selfie of her playing with her nipple with her free hand. Only her mouth was visible, smiling away.

"Laying here on this lazy Saturday morning, playing with my tits and wishing it was my son doing it."

Craig sat there transfixed by the sight of his mother's tits. They were fucking incredible! They were even bigger than he'd thought, and tipped with nipples the same shade of pink as her pussy. The second one caused him to unsnap his shorts and slid his hand into them to grab his aching cock.

Mom had lifted her breast and was licking her own nipple.

"I want my son to do this to me so bad! He's right in the next room too! Do you think he's hard thinking of his mommy?"

Even though she'd tweeted it two minutes ago it already had a few replies all to the effect of they were hard for mommy. Another new tweet appeared, this one she'd taken pointing down at her body.

Mom was only in a pair of black panties and he stared longingly at her bare breasts, her flat stomach with the pendent piercing and her long legs. Another appeared, the same angle, but with her hand in her panties.

"I'm sooo fucking horny! I need cock! I need it in my mouth and in my cunt!"

The next tweet showed her fingers and even in the photo he could see they were wet from being inside her.

"I'm so wet! In my bed thinking about blowing my son and swallowing his cum! Draining his balls like a good mother should!"

The tweets were now coming rapid fire, no pictures just her talking dirty to the internet.

"Thinking of seeing his pretty face between my legs, licking his mother's dripping cunt! Then I'll lay there still tasting him in my mouth, twisting my nipples while he sucks my clit."

"I'll wrap my thighs around his head and cum in my son's face!"

"Oh, fuck mom," he whispered, his hand now sliding along his rigid cock in his shorts.

"He'll be hard again and I'll spread my legs and he'll finally give me what I need, his hard cock!"

"I'll put my feet on his chest and play with my tits while he pounds his big dick into his mother's sloppy cunt!"

Craig leaned back in the chair, and pushed his shorts down further. With one hand on the mouse, the other on his now oozing cock, he kept reading as his mother told twitter what she wished he would do to her.

"I'll have him lay back, and I'll get on top of him and ride his hard young cock while I shove my tits in his mouth."

"But you all know how I really need it! On my knees, getting fucked like the nasty slut I am. Like this!"

This tweet had a picture attached. Mom was on her hands and knees, her ass facing the mirror as she snapped the picture over her shoulder. Craig's hand moved faster on his cock as he took in his mother's perfect ass and her pink slit framed beneath it between her thighs.

His mother was on her bed like that not twenty feet down the hall. He wanted nothing more than to go down the hall and walk into her room. He'd get on her bed behind her and fuck her just like she was telling anyone who was looking she wanted him too.

"I'll tell him to fuck me as hard as he wants! I'll let my boy pull my hair, and spank my ass and call me a dirty whore!"

"I'll be his whore, his slut, his dirty secret and his dirty girl! A dirty girl that's getting pounded on her knees and cumming all over her son's dick! He's going to whip his cock out and I'll roll over and let him cum all over me, maybe like this!"

This was a retweet of one someone had sent mom five minutes ago that featured a printed picture of her pussy with cum all over it and the guys dripping cock over it. "Cumming all over you, mommy!"

That should have been disgusting, but Craig groaned at both the image and the fact someone had jerked off to his mother. He stopped stroking and shifted his gaze from the laptop to his color printer.

Why the hell not? He'd already been jerking off to her so it's not like this would be much worse. He leaned forward and

scrolled back up to the image of her pussy, licking his lips as stared at her pink slit and her finger teasing her clit.

He saved it and took a few seconds to enlarge it before hitting print. Craig stared at the long line of replies to her tweets; men raving about how hot she was and offering to be her son. His eyes widened when she re-tweeted another 'cum tribute' this one from the pic of her from the neck down.

This one featured huge splashes of cum all over her tits, and her reply of "If my son did that to me I'd suck his cum off my nipples!"

Her son was about to cum all over her. Granted, it was a just a picture, but not like he'd get the real thing. He was however, going to bookmark his mother's twitter feed. Craig watched as the picture printed and a creepy, but admittedly hot idea came to him.

He could create a fake twitter account and reply to her, maybe even send his 'tribute' to her. He'd let his cock be visible over

her pussy and she'd never know it was him! Craig's cock twitched at the thought and he grabbed the picture from the printer.

Putting it on the desk in front of him, he stood up and stroked his cock. He held the head just over the picture of his mother's pussy and envisioned it really being her. Rubbing his swollen head through her soft lips, teasing it over her swollen clit.

Then he'd ease it inside her and...

He jumped at a knock on the door. Craig yanked his shorts up over his swollen cock, and called out "Hold on a second!"

His bedroom door opened and in a panic Craig closed his lap top, and as he saw his mom enter out of the corner of his eye, flipped the picture over.

"I said wait a second!" He snapped as he turned his back to her before she saw his more than obvious bulge.

"Oh, I thought you said come in," Mom spoke behind him.

"What are you up to?"

"I...nothing I was just starting to get dressed that's why I asked you to wait." He remained facing away from her, staring down at his obviously hard cock that had just begun to soften.

"Something wrong?"

"No, you almost caught me with my pants down." No lie there.

"Damn, knew I shouldn't have knocked." Mom giggled, and his heart fluttered. Just screwing with me, he insisted to the part of his mind wishing her little twitter explosion was fantasy.

"What do you want, mom?"

"You, sweetie."

"What the hell does that mean?" His cock was still semi hard and noticeable, but he felt he had to turn around and when he did quickly slid to the side so his office chair was blocking his crotch from her view.

"Wow, you're snappy this morning." Mom whistled.

"Sorry, just kind of..." He stopped when he saw she had on the short green robe from before. This time however it was loosely tied and he could see enough of the inner half of her breasts to make him wonder if she had a bra on.

"Frustrated," she finished for him. "I told you, baby boy, you need to take care of that. No good for a young man to have all that poison inside."

"Poison?"

Mom laughed. "My grandmother used to say that. Said young boys were always looking to get that poison out of their system. Guess back in her day they didn't call it cum."

"You shouldn't either." He fought to not stare at her body and think of how much of it he'd just seen on twitter.

"Come on, Craig, I'm not stupid. Your lap top's closed. You're all flustered and you're mad I walked in. You were jerking off."

"Mom!"

"Hey, I don't blame you. A nice lazy Saturday morning is a great time for sex, even if you have to settle for it being with yourself." She giggled again. "Could use some relief myself."

"Jesus, mom why would you tell me that?"

Even as he feigned being offended, he lost the battle to not look and glancing at her cleavage, thought of her bare breasts.

His eyes dropped down to where the robe barely reached her mid thigh and thought of the smooth pink flesh behind it. The flesh she'd come close to seeing him jerking off to.

"Why would you stand there talking to your mother with a hard on?" When he stared at her speechless, she chuckled. "You think I don't know why you're behind that chair?"

"Okay, okay!" He exclaimed. "You're right I was...you know."

"You know?" She walked over to his desk, and he held his breath when she put her hand on top of the picture. "Can't say jerking off?"

"I was raised to watch my mouth around my mother." He replied while staring at her hand, hoping she wouldn't turn the picture over.

"That was fine when you were a boy, but now that you're a man?" She gave him one of those sneaky smiles. "I wonder if you'd rather watch my mouth."

"Mom, did you have too much wine last night?"

That comment was a continuation of her tweets and he realized his heart wasn't just racing because he was nervous, but there was excitement there too. Craig had a feeling that for better or worse whatever weird shit had been going on was about to break one way or the other.

"So what were you watching that got you all hot and bothered, baby boy?" Mom grabbed the lap top and began to open it.

"Don't look at that!" He pushed the chair out of the way, and put his hand over hers, keeping the top down.

"You don't think I've ever seen porn before?" Mom raised her eyebrows. "Move your hand."

"Mom, I..."

"Move your hand." She paused and added, "Please," in a softer tone.

"I don't want you to see...hey!"

Craig gasped when mom grabbed the picture with her other hand and turned it over.

"Oh, my, what do we have here?" She stared at him, her dark eyes wide. "Honey, that's a picture of your mother's pussy!"

"A picture you posted!" He exclaimed defensively. "Why the hell would you do that?"

"Why would you look at it?" Mom smirked and tapped the picture. "Why would you print it?"

"I..."

"And you admitted you were jerking off. You were jerking off to me, weren't you, baby boy?"

"Mom, I..." Craig tried to rein in his racing thoughts.

He was aware that whatever insane game his mother had been playing was going to come to a head right now. But which was it? Could it be she actually wanted him, or was it some other weird thing and he'd just bagged himself in a very bad way.

"And," Mom took advantage of him moving his hand off the lap top to flip it open. "Here's my twitter feed."

She stared at her tweet of her on her hands and kneed, her ass facing the mirror.

"That's not the picture you printed, and its way down my feed. You stared at all my pictures, didn't you?"

"I..." His shoulders slumped. There was no way out of this except to own it and see what she did next. "I did."

"Hmm." Mom shook her head, then tapped her chin. "My son was jerking off to my online pics, then printed one." She raised her eyebrows. "Were you going to give your mommy a cum tribute as they call them?"

Craig lowered his head and unable to meet her gaze, nodded.

"Oh, Craig, what am I going to do about this?"

"Its not all my fault, mom." He whispered, still not looking at her. "You've been teasing me."

"How can a mother tease her son? You're not supposed to see me that way, no matter what I do." She paused, then asked. "You see me that way, Craig?"

"Obviously." He gestured to the picture.

"Think your mother's hot? Think I'm a sexy milf like the kids say?"

"You're...damn hot mom."

"Good answer, honey." Mom put her hand on his upper arm. "I always told you if you tell the truth you won't get in as much trouble, didn't I?"

"You did."

"That was when you were little though." She squeezed his arm and put her free hand on his bare chest. "Not little now." Her

gaze dropped to his crotch and his now semi hard cock. "Not at all."

"Sorry."

Mom stroked her chin, making a show of thinking, then snapped her fingers. "I think I know how I'm going to handle this. I'm going to give you just what you deserve for this."

"What do you mean?"

Mom still had her hand on his arm and tugged him towards her.

"Stand right here in front of your desk and look at this." She tapped the picture of her with her legs spread, fingering her clit.

"Mom, I..."

"Do as you're told." Mom whispered, and her voice had a tremble in it he hadn't heard previously. "You just let me handle this."

Craig stepped in front of his desk, and stepping behind him, mom slipped her hands along his sides. He gasped when she grabbed his shorts and unsnapped them.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"What any good mom would do, taking care of my son." Mom was just tall enough she could look over his shoulder and her breath was hot in his ear. "You were all hot and bothered ready to blow a big load all over mommy's pussy weren't you?"

"Yes." He barely got the word out as she pulled his zipper down.

"Just a picture of it though. I bet the real thing would be better, wouldn't it?"

"I...shouldn't think like that." He stared at her hands as they now pushed his shorts down his hips.

Despite his nervousness, his cock had swelled the second she'd unsnapped his shorts. His once again raging hard on, sprang free and he groaned when mom grabbed it in her right hand just under his purple head, and squeezed it.

"But you've thought of it, haven't you?" Mom asked while she slowly pumped his aching dick. "Bet you've thought of a lot of things, haven't you?"

"Have you?" he couldn't take his eyes off the sight of his cock in his mother's hand.

"You tell me, you read my tweets." She kissed his neck. "All true, Craig. I want you, baby." She squeezed his cock hard,

causing pre cum to squirt from the tip. "I want this big hard cock."

"Oh, God, mom," he moaned when she rubbed her palm over his sensitive head, smearing his pre cum over it.

"I like that." She purred as she resumed jerking him, her now slick hand gliding smoothly along his hard shaft. "I want to hear you say it when you're inside me." She sighed. "I want to say oh my god when you're fucking me."

"That feels so good." He breathed as she pumped him faster.

"Its supposed to." She pointed with her free hand which had been resting on his thigh. "Don't look at my hand on your cock, look at my picture."

"But..."

"Just look at the picture of mommy's pussy. Look at it while I talk to you and if you're a good boy and do that for me? You'll be seeing the real thing very soon."

Craig lifted his chin from his chest so he was now staring at the picture on his desk.

"Closer." Mom pushed against him from behind. "Right over your desk. I want to see the head of your cock over my pussy."

Craig eased closer and his cock twitched in his mother's hand as it was now over the picture and she could now look at it and see her hand working his dick.

"See? Mommy always knows best." She whispered in his ear.

"I won't question you again." He muttered and she laughed softly.

"So while I play with this beautiful cock, let me tell you a little secret." Mom loosened her grip on his cock so she was only lightly caressing him with her fingers.

It felt great, but he was so worked up it was a tease and he groaned softly and thrust his hips, pushing his cock into her hand.

"Someone's awfully horny." Mom giggled again, then cupped his balls, making him moan as she tickled them with her finger nails. "Oh, honey, your balls are so heavy! There's a lot of cum in there isn't there?"

"All for you." He took a chance and was rewarded with mom squeezing his cock harder and giving him a couple of fast hard strokes.

"Good answer! And I'm going to get all of it, every drop. Well my picture is. But I'm sure you could cum again for your mommy, right?"

"As many times as you want me to."

"Baby, your answers are getting mommy all wet!" She released his cock and he started to turn around when she pulled her hands back behind him.

"Stay there." She put her hand on his arm. "I'll get right back to that big hard cock. I just want to get a little more comfortable."

He sensed movement behind him, and his eyes widened when her robe sailed to the left and landed on the floor. Mom's hand slid back around his waist, but this time when she leaned into him, her bare breasts and hard nipples were pressed into his back.

"That's better," she took his cock back in her hand while caressing his balls with the other. "Now where were we? Oh, my secret!"

Mom was lightly stroking him again and Craig was so hard he felt as if his cock was going to explode, but he forced himself to stay still and enjoy watching her jerk him over the picture.

"See, honey when I modeled? It wasn't just about money or a job. It turned me on. I loved men knowing men were staring at my picture and getting hard for me."

"For department store flyers?" He managed the question, focusing on her words in an attempt to not erupt in her hand right away like a pathetic loser.

"Oh, please. That's what your dad and I told you I did. I mean, I did a few things like that, but mostly what I did was lingerie."

"Oh." He said in agreement to her words and to acknowledge the way her hand was now gently kneading his swollen balls.

"And some of them?" she was speaking a barely audible whisper, but directly in his ear and it was driving him crazy, making his cock pulse in her hand. "I was topless."

"Topless?" he repeated, stunned.

"Hmm-mm. Your mother's titties were right out there for people to see. I did a lot of shoots for softcore adult magazines. Lot of cocks were spanked to your mommy." She moaned as she stroked him faster. "Now I'm helping my son get off to me."

"Damn, mom I...never knew."

"We didn't want you to. Your dad even got rid of all the pictures which was too bad because we used to look at them sometimes and a couple times we put them on amateur porn sites and would get s worked up reading the comments we'd fuck like animals."

"I stopped when he got his first job at a firm. We didn't want to take a chance of his clients or co-workers seeing those pictures. Plus we wanted to have children and I'd never want that coming back on you."

"Seems like you changed your mind." Craig started to laugh, then moaned when she gripped his cock more firmly and stroked faster.

"I did. Your dad's been gone a long time and I've never gotten back into sex. I've dated and have slept with a few men, but it's been dull and I couldn't figure out why. Then I realized I missed that thrill your father and I had."

"I missed showing myself off, and having a man who was turned on by other guys seeing me. Most guys are jealous little boys, but your dad loved other men looking. It turned him on as much as it did me."

"I started thinking about putting pictures online again. With the internet I could put them anywhere and just not show my

face. But who would take them? You can only do so much with a selfie."

"You did a lot." He pointed to the lap top screen.

"But part of the thrill was someone taking them. Trust me, honey. No photographer is so professional he doesn't like staring at the tits and ass he's shooting. I loved knowing they were hard. Sometimes your dad would come to the set and he would be so excited watching someone lusting after me."

"But...why me?" It was getting harder to talk as she was now stroking him in a steady rhythm and his knees were beginning to tremble as his tortured cock was inching closer to erupting.

"I've been a professional woman for twenty years. Who could I ask? Who could I trust. But my son wants to be a photographer. I admit at first I just wanted to take some plain pics and put them online."

"Then I saw the reactions to women on twitter and happened on a couple of milf types, then the mom's going on about their sons. The next time you took pictures I dressed sexy and imagined you thinking of me like that."

"I was so fucking wet!" She moaned and moved side to side, rubbing her nipple across his back. "I was ashamed, but turned on. I started thinking back to what it was that got me so hot about your dad looking. It wasn't just the lust it was the love."

"I could find a man to lust after me, but love? Not since your father. But you love me, and I see it when you look at me. Its not the same love, but its love. Then I started to see that lust. Just a little at first and you were so embarrassed!" She kissed his ear. "So sweet."

"Not feeling sweet." No, what he felt was his balls tightening in her hand and his cock jumping in her hand as he grew closer.

"Feeling pretty damn sweet to me." She laughed. "I wasn't sure what I was doing, but had to admit I was cock teasing my son"

and getting off on it. As soon as we would finish I'd get off to the thought of you wanting your mother. It got to the point I decided I wanted you to want me."

"I've been teasing and tempting you for a month and you've been a good boy. You've acted nervous and ashamed and I've loved every minute of it. But how could I get you to make that move?"

"In the meantime I've posted my pics on twitter and gotten off three times a day to all the comments from men wanting to fuck me. I started doing the mommy captions and it got even hotter."

"When the bikini couldn't do it, I decided I had to be the one to make the move. So I made sure you would see that feed."

Even in the midst of his mother moving her hand faster and causing him to moan, something connected in his lust addled mind.

"Mom, someone sent me that link! Some one...Oh!" He gasped when her hand moved even faster and she rubbed his balls more firmly.

"Hmm, I like that sound. I want to hear a lot more of it!" Mom kissed his neck. "So here we are. You were jerking off to me like I hoped you would be and now I'm jerking you off."

"Oh, damn." He groaned his body trembling against her. "Mom, I...I'm close! Please don't tease."

"I've been teasing for weeks, Craig and I promise from now on I never will again." She snickered. "Okay, maybe for fun and to work you up, but I'll always take good care of you."

She jerked him harder and her breathing in his ear was as heavy as his.

"That's it, baby, you cum for mommy. You blow a nice big load all over that picture because later on today we're going to post it."

"We....we are?"

"Yes, with your big cock dripping all over my cum splattered pussy." She told him. "Pick up your camera, and get ready."

Craig was so excited he dropped the camera the first time he grabbed it. He was able to get a grip on himself and hold it over his cock as mom continued to pump him. She had slowed up, but he was still right on the edge.

"Listen to that." She sighed at the sound of her wet hand sliding up and down his cock. "I'm sorry the first time I make you cum is a hand job, but I love giving them. Love the control."

"Yes." He moaned. "Please keep going! Oh, fuck mom, keep going."

"See? Love it!" Mom cooed in his ear. "Besides, I want you to take the edge off that way you'll last when I suck your cock and when you fuck me."

"Suck..." He whimpered. He was right there!

"Hmm, I'm dying to suck your cock. Maybe we'll even get some pictures, but when I have you in my mouth I want you to last so come on, baby and give mommy that first load so we can get to the second one!"

In her mouth, as she'd said it he formed an image in his mind of the school girl shot. Mom on her knees, staring up at him with her wide eyes, but instead of pouting, those lips would be wrapped around his cock.

"Fuck, mom!" Craig called out as his cock exploded in her hand.

"Yes!" She cried out in his ear. "That's it, baby! Come for mommy! Paint that picture with that big load!"

She wasn't just saying that. Considering how many times he'd jerked off yesterday, he was amazed at the several long thick spurts erupting from his swollen tip. Mom had pointed his cock downward and he watched his cum splash onto and across the picture.

"Keep going." Mom encouraged him, pumping his cock and gently squeezing his balls. "All of it, honey! Give your naughty mother every fucking drop. Just like you're going to when its my mouth and my pussy!"

"Oh, damn," he whispered, as his spurts had turned into a slow trickle.

Mom continued to jerk him, shaking his cock to splatter the last drops onto the now cum covered picture of her pussy.

"Get this shot, baby." She whispered, squeezing his cock and wringing his cock, and giving his balls a firm squeeze. She held his still hard dick over the photo. "I am so posting it later!"

Craig had lowered the camera, holding it loosely as he was more focused on watching his mother empty his balls live rather than through a lens. But now that he'd released the 'poison' as mom had called it, he eagerly snapped two shots of the gooey mess he'd made all over mom's pussy.

"Feel better, baby?" Mom kissed his back.

"Much." He sighed.

"Then how about you come feel me?"

Mom slipped her arms from around him and the pressure of her breasts eased from his back. Craig turned around, his arms up, ready to touch her, but mom had backed up several steps and had her back to him.

Under the robe she wore the black panties he'd seen on twitter. What that angle hadn't shown however, was the back of them were sheer lace, showing off her ass. Mom lifted her long hair up and spread her legs wider.

"Take a picture, baby."

"Later, I want to..."

"Take a picture, it make me wet." Mom looked over her shoulder and smiled. "Wetter I should say because honey, your mother's cunt is so wet I've soaked my panties."

Craig quickly took a picture of her, then another when she wagged her tongue provocatively at him. He stepped forward,

and realizing his shorts were still around his thighs, awkwardly pushed them down with one hand while holding his camera.

Mom had gone over to his window, and pulling the blind down, stood in front of it. She turned as he kicked his shorts off, ready to see her bare breasts in person, but she had grabbed the curtain and was holding it across her chest. Her nipples were visible through the gauzy material and without being told he took a picture of her, smiling seductively at him.

"Tell me what you want." She lowered the curtain a couple of inches.

"Mom, I..." He stopped. Could he really say something like this to her?

As if reading his mind, she rolled her eyes. "Honey, after what we just did are you still going to act like you're going to offend me?"

"Well, no, but..."

"Craig, I appreciate you were trying to do the right thing, but I just made it so you don't have to worry. So do me a favor and stop being nervous and start treating me the way you've been dreaming about."

She slowly ran her tongue across her lips. "Like a slutty little cock tease that you're finally going to get a piece of."

"Mom, can I see..."

"Don't ask." She pointed to him. "I'm a dirty fucking whore who just gave her son a hand job. Let's hear all the nasty things my pictures made you think of doing."

"Stop teasing and show me your fucking tits." Craig spoke in a rush before he lost his nerve.

"Yes sir." Mom whispered, flashing him a quick pout. She let the curtain go and cupping her bare breasts, showed them off to him. "These what you want to see?"

"Goddamn." Craig whistled. "Mom, your tits are amazing."

"Hmm, that's another should be so bad but sounds so good comments." Mom took a step towards him, still holding her breasts, her thumbs now sliding across her swollen nipples, her blue nails teasing her pink flesh.

"I like that." She purred. "I want you to keep telling me things like that. I want you to talk to me the way those horny men on twitter were. Tell me everything you want to see me do and do to me." She looked him straight in the eye and added. "And keep calling me mom when you do because I love it."

"Take your panties off." He said softly.

Mom walked slowly past him, and with a giggle moved to the side when he reached for her breasts.

"You said you wouldn't tease anymore!" He reminded her as he turned to watch her walk up to his bed and stop at the foot of it.

"I'm not. Teasing means you wouldn't get anything. You just got something and are going to get a lot more. This is called patience, baby. Little boys don't have it, but men do. You ready to be my man, baby boy?"

"I'll be anything you want me to be."

He moved closer to her and pleasantly surprised to see his cock was still close to fully hard. How couldn't it be with his topless mother in front of him? A mother who jerked him off while telling him how she used to pose for men's magazines and got off on it.

Who confessed to being wet when men took her picture and now got even more worked up when her son did it. Who had started a twitter feed to masturbate to young men wishing they were her son.

"Good answer," Mom told him as she worked the panties partway down her hips. "Now be a bad boy and tell me why you want me to take them off."

"So I can see your perfect little ass and that sweet pussy."

"Cunt," Mom whispered. "Pussy is young girls. I'm a woman, baby."

She pushed her panties lower, slowly revealing her ass, but stopped. "I want to hear you say it."

Craig paused, then looked back over his shoulder at the picture on the lap top of mom's pussy from behind. Looking back at her he smiled.

"I want to see my mother's hot wet cunt."

"This cunt?" Mom pushed the panties all the way down and bending over his bed, wiggled her ass at him. "This what you want to see, baby?"

Craig stared at the glistening pink flesh framed between his mother's tanned thighs and just below her flawless ass. His cock rose to full attention and losing all inhibitions he quickly strode up to the bed, dropped the camera on it and grabbed her hips.

"I want to do more than look at it!" He told her as he spread the cheeks of her ass with his thumbs and drove his cock deep inside her.

"Oh my fucking god!" Mom cried out, her brown eyes widening as she looked at him over her shoulder. "That's....of fuck!"

Craig had taken her up on her offer to do everything he'd been thinking about and had gone to town on his mother. Squeezing her ass, he hammered away at her with long hard thrusts, repeatedly burying his cock balls deep into her.

Mom was so wet each time he slammed his cock into her he felt her sticky juices oozing down his balls and onto his thighs. Her pu...her cunt wasn't just the wet, but hot and damn tight. Each time he plunged his cock into her she contracted around him, squeezing his cock when he was buried within her.

"Just like that!" Mom called out. "Fuck me, baby! Fuck your mother! Show me what happens when a slutty mom teases her son's dick!"

Craig reached out and grabbing a handful of mom's hair, pulled on it. She squealed as her head came up, but her cunt tightened around him once more, showing him how much she loved it.

"Yes!" She called out. "That's how you treat a nasty girl, isn't it?" She slammed her hips back into him, driving his cock harder into her. "What else would you do to a bad girl?"

Craig didn't hesitate to lift his hand and bring it down on the right side of her ass. Mom yelped, and his cock twitched at the sound. He spanked her again and again, then struck the other side of her ass.

"I'm sorry, sir!" Mom had gone into the little girl voice, causing him to slam her even harder. "I'm sorry I was a bad student and misbehaved!"

Mom giggled even as he pulled her hair and continued to slap her ass. "I'll have to wear that school girl outfit next time and let you take me over your knee, won't I?"

"Damn, you're hot!" He moaned as he stared down at the unbelievably hot sight of his red hand prints on his mother's ass.

"And you're so fucking hard! I just got you off and you're already fucking me!" Mom groaned. "You really want mommy, don't you?"

"Not just wanting you, now I'm getting you." He breathed as he stopped spanking her. Leaning forward he shifted his hands so he was grabbing her shoulders.

"You're taking me!" She squealed when he pushed downward, forcing her head down onto the bed. "Taking me like all those boys on twitter wish they could!"

Mom's head was turned so her cheek was on the bed, her mouth open and alternately moaning and yelping as he hammered away on her sopping cunt. Her eye was wide and her face flushed red. Mom stretched her arms out so he could see her hands on the bed, and he smiled when she whimpered.

"Oh, please! Please keep fucking mommy! She needs you so bad, baby! Oh, fuck your cock feels so fucking good!"

Mom emphasized her words by tightening around his cock, but this time it wasn't a quick squeeze. He groaned when her wet heat gripped him, making her even tighter as he pumped his now dripping cock in and out of her.

"Oh....oh fuck!" Mom gasped. "Keep fucking me! Oh...Oh my god, baby I'm going to come for you!"

It was Craig's turn to release a sharp breath when mom's pussy tightened even more. Her thighs were trembling against him and her hips were rocking desperately as she worked to get his cock even deeper.

"Harder!" She cried out, lifting her head from the bed. "Fuck me harder!"

Craig had been fucking her pretty damn hard, but her words coaxed him to thrust his hips with even more force and mom's reaction was better than anything he could imagine.

"Fuck yeah!" She howled, then went into a series of long loud squeals.

Her fingers curled around the sheets, squeezing them as her pussy convulsed around his driving cock. Craig continued fucking her, loving the way her squeals went higher in pitch as her orgasm tore through her.

Mom's hips stopped moving and she rose up on her toes, causing him to slam into her at a slightly different angle. Her shoulder's tensed beneath his hands and her body seemed to hesitate. Then would a sound best described as a scream, mom's body relaxed and a gush of warm sticky fluid, splattered around his cock and into his thighs.

"Oh, god." Mom moaned softly, her hands releasing the sheets as she went limp on the bed. "I can't remember the last time I came just from being fucked."

"I'll make it so you never have to say that again." Craig promised her. Then stepping back, eased his cock from inside her.

She'd been so wet he was dripping and the sight of his swollen cock covered in her juices would make a hell of a picture, but not now. Right now he wanted more of his mother's incredible cunt. She must have been thinking the same as she crawled up onto the bed and rolled over onto her back.

She spread her legs, and spreading her pussy open, ran her fingers through her sticky pink lips. "Look better in person?"

"Hell yeah." He got onto his knees on the bed and leaning over her, plunged his cock into her.

"Oh, baby!" Mom's dark eyes rolled back as he wrapped his hands behind her knees and lifted her legs in the air as he resumed pounding her as hard as he had from behind.

"Look at you fucking your mother!" Mom groaned as she cupped her tits, playing with her nipples as Craig continued his relentless assault on her still quivering pussy.

She managed a laugh between her yelps. "Look at me letting you fuck me! I'm such a bad mommy!"

"You're a good mommy." He whispered, and pushing her legs open so her feet were over his shoulders, he leaned down and kissed her.

He moaned at the feeling of his mother's soft lips pressed into his even as her other, softer lips wrapped around his hard flesh. Mom wrapped her arms around his neck, driving her tongue into his mouth.

Craig slowed his thrusting and mom didn't seem to mind as she sighed softly into their kiss. Her hands ran up and down his back, squeezing his shoulders, then his upper arms.

"So sexy." She whispered into his mouth. "So young and hard and...so good!" She kissed him again and with a passion he'd never experienced before.

Mom wrapped her fingers in his hair, holding his face to hers as she all but devoured his mouth. Craig wasn't complaining. Here he was balls deep inside his insanely hot mother while she kissed and fucked him as shamelessly as she would if he were just a lover and not her son.

Mom turned her head and letting her head fall back on the pillow, smiled up at him. "You look so good above me, honey."

Craig felt the same way. Not only was his mother's body amazing, but she looked stunning beneath him. Her long dark hair was fanned out on his sheets and her dark eyes were bright with passion. Her normally fair cheeks were flushed

and her full lips parted as she released soft moan each time he sank completely into her welcoming flesh.

"You're so beautiful." He told her. "Most beautiful woman I've ever seen."

"Hmm, I'd say you were trying to suck up to get something from me, but you're pretty much getting everything already." She giggled and he loved the way they seemed so comfortable as they committed an act most would say was wrong.

"Not everything." He leaned back down, but brushed past her lips to kiss the soft inviting skin of her neck.

"That's nice." Mom whispered as he gently sucked on the skin beneath her ear. "Love that spot."

Craig had slowed his thrusting and as they'd kissed, mom had matched his rhythm, pushing up as he lowered into her. He no longer felt a sense of urgency as he fucked her. He'd

already come, thankfully as he wouldn't have lasted two minutes in her hot pussy if he hadn't.

Mom had cum with him fucking her and it seemed to take the edge of both of them. Craig was now wanted to show his mother he was a man and not a little boy, and a man would take his time appreciating a woman this fine.

He kissed, sucked and licked each side of her neck as she played with his hair and made adorable little cooing noises. Her hard nipples were pressing into his chest and Craig began to work his lips down the top of her chest, eager to finally get his tongue on them.

Mom sensed where he was going and as he eased back down the bed, she arched her back, offering her amazing breasts to her son. Craig forced himself to kiss each one in turn, before tracing slow circle around each pink nub with his tongue.

"Look up at me when you do that."

When he did as she asked, he was surprised to see she'd picked up the camera. "Lick it nice and slow and keep those baby blues right on me."

His cock jumped inside her as he stared at the camera and made a show of circling her nipple with his tongue.

"I'll cover the top part of your face and post this." Mom moaned when he sucked her nipple between his lips, still staring at her. "That one too." She took a picture, then put the camera down next to her. "That's it baby, suck mommy's tits. Show me how bad you want them."

Craig opened wide, sucking ot just her nipple but as much of her soft firm flesh as he could. Mom put her hand in his hair while lifting her other breast and lowering her head. His eyes widened when mom licked her own nipple and smiled. "Want to share?"

Craig leaned over and tongued one side of her nipple as she licked the other. Their tongue danced across each other over mom's tit and they released identical sighs of pleasure. Craig took over, sucking on her nipple while rolling the other between his fingers.

"You're good with that tongue, baby boy." Mom pushed hard on his shoulders. "How about you show me how good you really are?"

He didn't need to be told twice. Even though it meant slipping his cock from inside her, Craig eagerly slid down the bed. He kissed and licked her stomach, taking some time to playfully flick her pendant with his tongue, getting a laugh from her.

Mom's laugh turned into a deep moan when he lay out between her thighs, spread her pussy and sucked on her clit. "That's it, baby, give mommy that kiss I asked for on twitter."

Craig gave her clit a quick kiss, then ran his tongue slowly through her wet lips. He wiggled it back and forth, causing mom to squirm as he explored the folds of her pussy. She

gasped when he shoved his rigid tongue inside her and sucked, getting a mouthful of her juices.

He worked his tongue in circles, tasting her as he inhaled, his nostrils filling with the sweet forbidden scent of his mother's hot flesh. Mom put her legs around his shoulders, her soft feet on his back and her thighs pressing to his cheeks.

Craig moved his head, making her squeal in delight as he tongue fucked her. Mom's hand slid in front of his face, spreading herself even wider and letting his tongue sink even deeper into her sticky slit.

Craig teased his tongue around her fingers, kissing them, then repeated his slow journey through her lips, this time working his way towards her clit. Mom rocked her hips, sliding his tongue more quickly to her button, then pushed forward, shoving her pussy in his face.

Craig licked her clit hard, working his tongue up and down and side to side. Mom moaned when he pushed a finger into her pussy, and gave her clit several quick hard sucks.

"I can't believe we're doing this," she breathed. "I can't believe my son is eating my cunt." She paused to moan when he pushed a second finger inside her. "The cunt he was just fucking with his big fat cock."

Craig's cock responded to her words, straining into the sheets as she continued to talk dirty as he fingered her while his tongue danced across her clit.

"The cock his mother jacked off. Your slut mother jerked you off and played with your balls and drained every drop all over the picture of her cunt that she showed online."

Her hips rocked into his tongue, working her clit more firmly against his tongue.

"The cunt all those young boys want to lick and fuck. The cunt they wished they could taste, but can't. Those poor boys want to fuck their mommy, but they don't have a dirty mommy like you do, do they?"

Craig's only answer was to grow bolder and add a third finger into her pussy. Mom groaned as she stretched around him. But her hips jerked and her toes curled into his shoulders showing she enjoyed it.

He pushed them in and out. Slow at first then faster. He did the same to her clit, sucking in a slow rhythm then going faster and harder, matching his thrusting fingers.

"No, you have what all those boys dream about, a mother so horny she'd tease and fuck her own son." She released a long sigh and her thighs were trembling against her cheek. "Right there, honey. Suck mommy's clit and make her cum in her son's face!"

She put her hands in his hair, wrapping her fingers into it tight enough to hurt, but he didn't mind at all. All he could focus on were her next words.

"God, I can't wait to come so I can lay you back and suck your cock!"

Craig lost patience and thrust his fingers hard and fast while sucking her clit hard enough to fill the room with wet smacking sounds. Mom cried out and clamping her thighs around his head, arched her back.

Her hands left his hair and he looked up to see she was now playing with her nipples, tugging and twisting them to the point it looked painful.

"Like that," Mom groaned her dark eyes on his. "Just like that, honey. Suck that clit just like mommy's going to suck your dick."

Her hips thrust hard into his fingers as she spoke in a trembling whisper. "Going to have my son's cock in my mouth! Going to taste my cunt on it. Going to lick your balls and...Yes!"

Mom threw her head back and howled like an animal. Her pussy contracted around his thrusting fingers and her hips went wild, grinding her hot sticky flesh into his face. Craig kept sucking her clit keeping his lips around it, as she squirmed and writhed on the bed.

Mom's feet pushed hard into his shoulders and her ass was now off the bed as she came screaming in her son's face. She seemed to come harder than before and the sounds of her squeals and yelps had his cock aching as if he hadn't come a half hour ago.

Mom gasped and this time it was his face that caught a spurt of warm sticky fluid when her pussy contracted and let loose. Mom's legs dropped from his shoulders and she lay there her breasts heaving as she fought to catch her breath.

"Wow," She moaned. "The damn room is spinning." As he sat up between her legs, she gave him a tired smile. "Baby, you're a better fuck than any man I've been with since your dad."

"Dad." He hadn't even thought of that. Christ, what would his father think of this?

"Don't." Mom seemed to read his mind. "We'll talk about that. Right now, I think you've earned a very nice reward from your slutty mom, don't you?"

She patted the bed and Craig found the thoughts of his father rapidly being replaced by those of what his mother was about to do for him. He turned and lay back on the bed and swinging her leg over his right thigh, mom straddled his waist.

She leaned over and shook her tits side to side, teasing her nipples across his lips and laughing as he struggled to lick them. She stopped moving, allowing him to briefly suck on

each of them. Mom eased back down the bed and surprised him by pausing to tongue and gently suck on his nipples.

He was surprised at how good it felt, but at the same time his body had tensed and he was trembling in anticipation of where her tongue would soon be. Mom backed down the bed and he felt her hot wet slit pushing into his leg.

She kissed and licked her way down her chest, and he groaned when she grabbed his cock and pumped it while she teased her tongue down his stomach. She finally reached his cock, and remaining on her hands knees propped herself up on her elbows and kissed the tip of his cock.

A shiver went through him and just that brief contact of her soft lips made his hips jerk.

"Oh, someone really wants his mommy's mouth on his cock, doesn't he?" Mom traced a slow wet circle around his purple head and he whimpered when she drew her tongue back again.

"Yeah? You want mommy to suck your cock? Want her to..."

"Just suck my fucking cock, mom." He surprised both her and himself by grabbing her head and pushing it down.

Mom couldn't have been too offended as she opened wide, taking his cock deep into her mouth. Her dark eyes rolled back and she moaned around his cock. She opened her mouth wider and making a wet gurgling sound took his cock down to the base of his shaft.

"Damn, mom." Craig groaned when her tongue slipped out and caressed his balls.

She remained where she was, with her son's cock completely engulfed in her mouth and slowly shook her head back and forth. Craig gasped as his sensitive head was worked around her hot wet mouth, and removed his hand from her head.

Mom grabbed his wrist and not only put his hand back, but wrapped her hair around it. She continued to hold him deep and drool was now sliding from her mouth and down her shaft. Mom closed her eyes and with a low moan began bobbing her head.

"Fuck, that's so hot." Craig whispered as he watched his mother suck his cock.

She had eased back and was taking him about halfway down each time. He wrapped his fingers more tightly in her hair and moved his hand up and down. He wasn't pushing her, just guiding her cock along his shaft as she sucked.

Mom cupped his balls with one hand and wrapped the other around his shaft. She released his cock and surprised him again by letting a thick glob of pre cum laced spit drool from her mouth and onto his cock. She worked it along his shaft with her hand and licked her lips.

"Hmm, my cunt tastes so good on your cock, baby." She pushed her tongue into the slit of his dick and pulled it back, taking a trail of precum with her.

"Camera?"

Craig grabbed it from next to him and zoomed in to just her mouth over his cock and snapped away.

"Keep going." Mom pressed her lips to his head, pouting over it, then took him back into her mouth.

She deep throated him once more and paused until he took a picture. She then resumed bobbing her head, but this time placed a hand on each of his thighs, looking at him as she gave him a hands free blow job.

She bobbed her head faster than before and Craig's hips couldn't stay still, thrusting into her descending mouth. Mom

moaned each time she took him deep and he felt her grinding her pussy into his knee.

Craig took his eyes briefly off his mother's mouth on his cock and stared at her amazing ass in the air as she knelt over his leg. He could still see his hand print on her cheeks and for the first time since his mother had grabbed his dick he wondered if this was real.

Did his mother really jack him off; had he fucked her so hard she'd come for him, then ate her pussy? Was he really watching his mother slobber and moan all over his dick like a sex crazed porn star.

The answers to all that were obviously yes, but for some reason it really hit him hard that he and his mother were fucking like all those boys on twitter said they wanted to with their mom. He was not only living his fantasy, but that of far more boys his age than he would have thought possible.

Mom brought all of his attention back to what he was experiencing when she released his cock with a loud wet sucking sound and spit flying around his cock and down her chin. She tilted her head and wrapping her lips around his cock moved up and down, sliding the length of his cock between her soft lips.

She switched to the other side, and then caused him to gasp when the last time she went to the base of his cock, she ducked her head and sucked his balls into her mouth. She pushed his cock against his stomach, and made a show of licking his balls, bathing them with her soft pink tongue.

Craig had lowered the camera to the bed, his hand resting on it. He quickly picked it up and as he took a picture of his mother tonguing his balls, she winked at him. She pumped his cock in her slick hand as she took turns taking each of his balls into her mouth and gently sucking on them.

"So good," He breathed. "God you can give head, mom."

"I wonder if you could find a mother's day card that says that?" Mom said, then ran her tongue up his shaft and paused at the tip. "How about you fuck your nasty mother's mouth?"

She took just the tip in her mouth and paused, her eyes on his and a look of expectation on her flushed and now sticky face. When he didn't move right away. Mom sighed then proceeded to rapidly bob her head.

She took him deep each time and as she moved picked up speed until she was all but slamming her mouth down on his cock. Mom's eyes remained on his and her eyebrows raised as if saying 'well?'

Craig pushed her head down hard, the next time he rose up and she squealed around his cock. He thrust his hips at the same time and mom made a sexy wet gagging sound. Craig put his other hand in her hair and now drove her mouth up and down his cock while fucking her face.

Mom yelped and whimpered and her face had turned a brighter shade of red. She was drooling down his cock and her eyes were now watering from having her son's cock force fed to her. But her hips were moving, grinding her pussy hard into his knee.

Her hand slipped from his balls and down between her legs. Craig watched as his mother played with her clit while moaning and urging her son to continue face fucking her. She grabbed his left wrist and he let her pull his hand from her head and press it to her tit.

She pushed his fingers to her nipple and groaned when he rolled it between her fingers. Mom pinched his thigh, making him grunt, but when he looked at her she managed to nod and tapped his hand on her tit.

Taking her meaning, Craig pinched her nipple and her eyes bulged and her pussy ground even harder into his knee. Her hand was working rapidly between her legs and she was now yelping around his cock.

Holy shit, she was going to come on his leg while her son fucked her mouth! Craig's cock jerked and his balls tightened. He was whimpering along with her as his own hips moved faster. He'd fucked her hard and fast and now she was sucking for glory and his quivering thighs told him he couldn't hold back much longer.

"Mom...stop, I...I'm going to...."

"Hmm-mmm!" Mom groaned around his cock and even as she slammed her mouth down on his cock again, gave a slight nod, telling him she wanted him it was okay.

The thought she wanted him to come in her mouth, was too much and losing control, Craig held her head still and bucked his hips wildly, slamming his cock down her willing throat.

"Oh, mom!" He cried out like a fool, but all that really mattered was his cock twitching and sending a stream of cum down his mother's throat.

Mom released a high pitched squeal and her eyes bulged, then rolled back as her son filled her mouth with his cum. The second he let loose in her mouth, mom's hips went into over drive and as did her hand.

She squealed repeatedly around his thrusting cock as she came on his knee. Her mouth opened around him, cum flowed from both sides of her mouth and down his shaft. Mom continued to suck even as she came, slurping up cum that had oozed down his shaft, only to release more.

She grabbed his shaft and now keeping her mouth still, jerked him off hard and fast. Craig lay there stunned, his hips moving reflexively as his mother sucked and jerked, working for every last drop from her son's balls.

Cum was no longer dripping from her mouth, but her hips were still rubbing her hot pussy into his knee and her eyes were all but bugging out of her head as she gurgled and gagged, fighting to take every drop he had.

When there was nothing left, mom kept sucking, but more gently and was now swirling her cum covered tongue around the over sensitized head of his cock.

"Stop!" He gasped. "Please!" He squirmed on the bed as she giggled around his cock and kept tormenting him.

Craig made several pathetic whimpering sounds as he fought not to pull her hair to get her mouth off the raw never his cockhead had become. Mom's hips slowed and with a sigh she slowly slid his cock from her mouth.

She kept her lips wrapped tightly around his head and when his oozing tip popped free, she pointed to the camera. Craig was so drained he shook his head, but she tapped her lips, then pointed again.

Realizing what she wanted, He quickly picked up the camera and focused on his mother's face hovering over his cock. Holding his slowly deflating cock, she opened her mouth, allowing all the cum she'd held in her mouth to drip down over his head and along his shaft.

The warm sticky cum made his softening cock jump, but he managed to take two of what he thought would be the nastiest dirtiest pictures of his mother he could ever imagine. Mom pointed for him to keep going, then stuck her tongue out and letting the last of the load drip from it.

After she wiggled it, sending the last few drops onto his cock, she opened wide and stared him in the eye as she sucked his cock back into her mouth. He gasped, but managed a shot, then two more as she released his cock, but made a show of licking the cum from his shaft and playing with it.

She licked her lips, spreading come across them, then smiled at him and releasing his cock, waggled her now dripping

fingers at him in a wave. He got that picture then dropped the camera as she rested her head on his thigh and let go with a long sigh.

"Wow, that was so fucking nasty." Mom said, then kissed his stomach and laughed. "Bad boy."

"Me?" He gave her a tired smile. Damn he'd come so hard he felt dizzy. "You're my mom, you're supposed to know better."

"I do!" She lifted her head and crawled up the bed next to him. "I'm the one who was trying to get you to do this sooner!"

"You're either a very good or very bad mother." He grinned at her as she stretched out on her side next to him, her head on his shoulder.

"How about we're very good at being very bad?"

"I'll take it."

"You can take it anytime." Mom grabbed his now flaccid cock. "This is the best thing I ever did." She giggled. "And seeing I made it, it's mine, no?"

"Anytime." He turned his head and kissed her forehead. "I know it sounds weird after what we did, but I love you, mom."

"Honey, that sounds perfect." She put her hand over his. "That's why I ended up thinking about you. I loved that when you looked at me it was more than just lust, but you care about me."

"I do, but not sure if the way I love you is the same way..."

He stopped when she put her finger to his lips. "I told you we'll talk later." She shrugged against him. "And we have a lot to talk about, but for now, let's just keep this light, fun and dirty."

"Mom, you really do know best, don't you?"

"Not sure about what's best, but I know what I wanted, knew you wanted it and here we are." She kissed his chest. "This is just the beginning, Craig. You and I are going to have a lot of fun." She went back to rubbing his cock. "Pretty soon too."

"I'm kind of tired."

"Please, once we do what I want next, you'll be so hard you'll be begging to fuck me."

"Crap!" he exclaimed as something dawned on him.

"Not the reaction I wanted." Mom rolled her eyes.

"No, the e-mail! Someone sent that to me! Someone knows you're..." he trailed off when she laughed at him. "You don't think that's a problem?"

"Not really seeing I sent the e-mail."

"You?"

"I had to get you to see the feed and what would be the odds you'd find me? So I made up that name so you'd look. That's why I asked you to make sure you sent that e-mail right away, so you'd see it."

"So never a modeling agency?" he asked. "This was all about me all along?"

"Not quite at first," she admitted. "I was just going to post online and get reactions, but honey? Yours was the best reaction of all, especially because all I could do was play with myself to what people posted. You, I can have anytime."

"So no more pictures?"

"Are you kidding?" Mom asked. "Now we take more! That's what I meant when I said you'd be hard in no time."

"What do you mean?"

"Honey, you and I are going to crop and post the pictures of what we just did and me saying I finally got my son."

"Seriously?" To his surprise his previously exhausted cock, twitched along his stomach.

"Yes, and then we'll take a nice hot shower together and maybe touch and tease, but no fucking."

"Why not?"

"Because that's what we're going to do when we come back, and read all the comments about our pictures!" She got off the bed. "Ready to help that slut tempting mom get some hot twitter action?"

He stared at her as she stood there naked, smiling down at him and grinned. "Shouldn't a mother not lead her son into temptation?"

"I suppose." Mom shrugged, causing her perfect tits to bounce and his cock to stir again. "Anyway I'm going to shower, you can be a good boy and stay here or a bad boy and follow your mother into that nasty temptation we should avoid."

She turned and walked slowly across his room. Craig took in her amazing ass with his hand prints still faintly visible and with a laugh got off the bed to follow her. "Lead the way, mom! Lead the way!"

**Author's Note:** I mentioned in my first note, a song inspired the kernel of this story, but also a shout out to those great taboo twitter feeds which I paid a tribute(not that kind of tribute) too. Hope you enjoyed the story, it's a contest entry so your votes and comments are appreciated. As always, thank you for reading and continuing to support my work throughout the years. LC68