

The Jealous Girlfriend

By RawlyRawls

This is a work of fiction written solely to entertain. If you want to read lots more stuff, vote on new stories, or support our work, please visit: <https://rawlyrawls.com>. Also, all characters in sexual situations are 18 years or older.

Chapter 1

Becky Ackerman loved Brad Potter. They started dating at the beginning of senior year, and now they were practically stuck together. He was a sweet, handsome boyfriend. And his family supported him and welcomed Becky with open arms. She liked his boring father. His mom was nice, too. The trouble was, Brad loved his mother maybe too much.

“Sorry, babe.” Brad leaned over and kissed Becky on the cheek. “I gotta go. My mom needs help getting ready for a dinner party.” Brad stood and walked to Becky’s bedroom door.

“Don’t go, Brad.” Becky pouted, the corners of her pretty mouth turning down. “If you stay, I’ll let you do anything you want.”

“Sorry. Mom comes first.” Brad shrugged apologetically and opened the door.

“Fine.” Becky crossed her arms over her small boobs and watched him go. “Mom comes first,” she said in a mocking tone to the closed door. Then a crazy idea hit her like a thunderbolt. She needed to put herself above Brad’s mom on the totem pole. She had that stuff from the club and enough experience with messing around with her girlfriends to know which buttons to push. And if all went well, she might even share Brad’s mom with him. Becky laughed as she put together a plan in her mind.

“What did you want to talk about, Becky?” Tracy Potter sat at her kitchen table sipping her coffee. Her son’s girlfriend sat opposite her, fingers tapping the table. It was just after school, and Brad was still at soccer practice. The house was empty but for the two of them.

“I feel like we need to forge our own bond outside of Brad. Don’t you think, Mrs. Potter?” Becky watched the older woman’s pupils. They dilated unnaturally in the strong afternoon light. Perfect. She stood up, sauntered around the table, and stood next to Tracy.

“Um ... that sounds nice.” Tracy blinked up at the teenager. “But maybe another time ... I feel ... strange.” Tracy stood up and wobbled out of the room without even saying goodbye to Becky. The girl would show herself out. Tracy made it to her bedroom, removed her dress, and flopped on the bed. The room swam around her. She rolled onto her back and gave a start. Becky stared down at her.

“Jeez, Mrs. Potter, you’re stacked.” Becky smiled.

“Whhhhaaaaa?” Tracy couldn’t think straight. For some reason her panties were soaked.

“You look uncomfortable. Let me help.” Becky jumped down on the bed and unclasped Tracy’s bra.

“Wow, you’ve got some boobs on you. Mr. Potter must be all over you constantly.”

“Not ... really.” Tracy watched as the eighteen-year-old leaned over and sucked Tracy’s large nipple into her mouth. “Ohhhh, my.” Tracy sucked in her breath. She felt a small hand creeping down her tummy.

“Don’t do ... that.” But her words had no conviction. Tracy spaced out and the next thing she knew, her son’s girlfriend had two pumping fingers buried in Tracy’s vagina. Ecstasy flashed between her legs. The bedroom filled with splashing sounds. How could Becky do this to her? In her marital bedroom no less.

“There now. Don’t fight it,” Becky cooed. “You’re about to cum. Good, that’s it.” She watched Tracy’s eyes roll, her spine arch, and her body tremble. This was even more fun than when Becky fooled around with her girlfriends.

While her son kicked around soccer balls, and her husband worked at the office, Tracy was brought to one orgasm after another. She screamed like a banshee. She had forgotten sex could feel so good. Or maybe she’d never known.

When Becky was satisfied with her afternoon, she took a few pictures of Tracy, washed off her hands in the bathroom sink, and let herself out. The last she saw of Tracy, the woman was a quivering, whimpering mess, curled up in bed. Phase one complete. Becky couldn’t wait for more.

Chapter 2

The car lurched to a stop in the driveway. In the rear-view camera, Tracy could clearly see her son's girlfriend, Becky, standing with her arms folded. Tracy's pulse quickened and she felt a bit dizzy. She'd been trying very hard to forget what had happened with Becky the day before. Panic seized her. Tracy found herself defaulting to politeness. She rolled down her window as Becky approached. Sweat suddenly beaded Tracy's forehead. "Um ... hello, Becky. Shouldn't you be in school?" She would try and pretend like nothing happened and get rid of Becky as quickly as possible. Adrenaline surged through Tracy, but at least she had a plan.

"I'm playing hooky." Becky smiled like they were exchanging normal pleasantries. "Didn't you know I'm a bad girl?" The eighteen-year-old leaned toward the window until their faces were only a few inches apart. Tracy's breath was warm and pleasant. "Are you playing hooky, too?"

"I'm actually late to show a house to a client, so ..." Tracy rubbed her legs together. She felt so flustered and confused.

"Great, I'll come with." Becky ran around the car, opened the door, and flopped in the passenger seat. "Let's go." The punctuation of the slamming door gave weight to Becky's words.

"Um ... Becky ... it wouldn't be professional for me to ..." Tracy watched Becky pull her phone from her bra and open up a picture. Tracy nearly fainted when she saw it was a photo of herself from the day before. She was naked and looked like she was having the biggest orgasm of her life. "What ... um ... what ... uh ... I mean ... what?"

"You're a nice lady, Mrs. Potter. Don't be stupid." Becky leaned forward and kissed her on the cheek. "You came onto me yesterday, and it was the best thing ever! But don't worry, I won't tell Brad," she lied.

How could this have happened? Tracy stared at the picture, confronted with the reality she'd been trying to forget. Had she had too much caffeine? She'd heard that it was a powerful drug, but would it turn a woman into a harlot? She swore off coffee in that moment.

"Let's go to your meeting. We don't want you to be late." Becky patted Tracy's thigh through her dress and put her phone back in her bra. "We can discuss things after the showing."

"Okay." Tracy didn't know what to do, so she put the car in reverse and backed out of the driveway. They drove to the house in silence as Tracy tried to collect her thoughts.

The showing was quite difficult for poor Tracy. The couple viewing the house were very nice and understanding. But Becky kept smacking Tracy's butt when no one was looking. And she even stole a quick squeeze of Tracy's boob in the upstairs bathroom. When her clients left, Tracy breathed a huge sigh of relief. Now, she could tell Becky that it was all some caffeine-fueled mistake and beg her to erase that picture.

"I can't erase it, Mrs. Potter. It means too much to me." They stood in the kitchen of the empty, unfurnished house. "I promise I won't show your husband, or Brad." It would be so much fun to share Brad's mom with him. But first, Becky had to put her in her place.

“Oh, God.” Just the mere mention of the men in her life chilled her blood. “Please. I’ll do anything. Just delete the picture.”

“Okay.” Becky nodded.

“Oh, thank you. Thank you, Becky. I’m so sorry this happened. I’ve never cheated on Miles before. Temporary insanity, I guess. So, we can put this all behind us?”

“Almost.” Becky lifted her skirt and lowered her panties. She then hopped up on the counter and sat with her legs dangling. “I’ll erase the picture if you take care of me this one time. It’s only fair after all I did for you yesterday.”

Tracy felt lightheaded. Her body swayed, and she was forced to lean against the counter. She could see the young woman’s vagina clearly. “I ... can’t ... do that.”

“Oh.” Becky frowned. “Well, then maybe I should share this picture with Brad. I mean, he’d want to know that his mom was unfaithful. And your husband would want to know, too.”

“It was ... the caffeine.” The excuse sounded pathetic even to Tracy. She saw Becky shrug in response. Maybe it wasn’t the caffeine. Tracy thought things over. Maybe Becky had drugged her with something worse than coffee. The full scope of Tracy’s predicament came into view.

“I could text him right now.” Becky pulled out her phone and held it up.

“Okay, but I’ll only touch you with my hands.” Tracy walked across the kitchen as if in a dream.

Becky laughed at that. “Sure thing.”

Twenty minutes later Tracy was slurping at the teenager’s vagina. She didn’t know how she’d been coaxed into something so sordid. Becky coached her on what to do.

“Now ... oh ... take the button in ... your mouth. Gently ... yes ... very gently ... suck on it ... Mrs. Potter. Oh, shit ... I’m going to cum ... on your pretty face.” Becky’s hips bucked on the countertop. She came hard, her voice echoing through the empty house. When she finally opened her eyes, she saw Tracy standing in the middle of the kitchen. The sweet mother’s face was shiny, and her eyes were cast down. She looked quite beautiful, beaten as she was.

“Will you ... erase it now?” Tracy’s voice was so meek.

“Well, I have to do you before that. It’s only fair.” Becky gave her a languid smile. “Your pussy ready?”

Tracy blinked at the teenager. She was moving the goal posts. She wasn’t going to be able to bargain with Becky.

“No, you don’t.” Becky jumped down from the counter when Tracy bolted for the door. She caught the woman in the living room, and they fell to the carpeted floor. Soon, Becky had the real estate agent on her hands and knees, her hand working Tracy’s pussy from the back. Tracy’s panties were around her knees, and her dress was up over her round butt. “What a sight.” With her free hand, Becky pulled out her phone and took pictures. “You’re so wet, Mrs. Potter. It’s like you broke a pipe in your pussy. Better call the plumber.” Becky laughed, but Tracy just moaned and gripped the carpet with her fingers. “Tell me when you’re going to cum, Mrs. Potter.”

"It's ... already ... happening ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Tracy convulsed on the nimble hand as Becky hit the perfect spot in her vagina. Tracy's mind completely left her for a while. When it returned, she was naked, on her back, and the teenager had mounted her. Tracy didn't know what the young woman was doing, since Becky didn't have a penis. She squealed when their sopping vaginas rubbed together.

"This is called ... ugh ... tribbing ... Mrs. Potter." Becky looked down at her conquest with delight. "We'll be doing this ... a lot ... okay?"

"Oooohhhhhh." Tracy didn't want to answer her.

"Tell me ... we'll be doing this ... all the time."

Ecstasy sought out every nerve in her body. Why had nobody told her sex could feel so good? "We'll do this ... all the time ... Becky." In the moment, Tracy almost meant what she was saying. She let the young woman ride her to several orgasms.

When they were done, Becky helped Tracy clean up as best they could. She gave her boyfriend's mom a nice pat on the ass when Tracy locked the front door on their way out. "My house isn't far. I'll walk home from here." Becky leaned forward and pecked the blushing Tracy on the cheek. "I'll see you tomorrow." Becky turned and walked off, humming as she went.

Tracy watched her go. She had no idea how she would do it, but she knew she needed to find a way to end it with Becky. She looked around to see if anyone had noticed them. The quiet street was empty. She had been so naïve about the world. Guilt, lust, and confusion fought in her mind on the drive home. She needed more sex, that was for sure. Maybe she could get her husband interested in going down on her that night. She prayed he'd be interested.

Chapter 3

The stars still twinkled outside Tracy's window when she awoke. She lay next to her husband, listening to him snore. The night before, he hadn't wanted to try anything new. She couldn't interest him in going down on her, so they had quick missionary sex, and he went to sleep. As she stared out the window, she wondered if that would be enough for her. Becky had changed Tracy's understanding of pleasure and sex. When her hand moved between her legs, Tracy tried to hide the obvious truth from herself. She was a cheater. Her son's girlfriend was a cheater. And they had cheated on the men Tracy loved most.

One more time. Another lie she told herself. Tracy worked her vagina, thinking about how pretty Becky had looked riding her the day before. Tracy would have one more orgasm thinking about the eighteen-year-old seductress, and then devise a plan to break it off with Becky. With her husband sleeping in blissful ignorance beside her, Tracy squirmed and shook, riding out an ecstatic wave.

Later that morning, Tracy pretended everything was normal. She shepherded her men off to school and work, her stomach queasy from guilt. Neither of them seemed to suspect how unfaithful their women had been. Once she was alone, she quickly put on makeup, dressed, and headed for the door. She would be out of the house before Becky could show up. It wasn't a complete plan, but it was the start of one. The only problem was that when she stepped out into the cool morning air, Becky was leaning on Tracy's car, blowing bubbles with her gum. The teenager had on a short skirt and a revealing top. Tracy stopped in her tracks and stared at her.

"Good morning, Mrs. Potter." Tracy smiled and popped a big bubble. "I see we both thought to start early today."

"Don't you ever go to school?" Tracy stood frozen.

"Not when my boyfriend's mom so clearly wants to spend time with me."

"I do not." Tracy's vagina gushed. "I have a very busy day, so if you'll excuse me."

"I'll tag along." Becky popped another bubble and walked over to the passenger side door.

Without a word, Tracy unlocked the driver's side door and got in. She started the car and sat for a while staring at the steering wheel. Slowly her hand reached out, and she unlocked the passenger side.

Becky was thrilled she didn't have to threaten her with the photos again. She joined Tracy in the car.

"So, where are we going?" Becky eyed the classy skirt suit Tracy filled out so nicely. They sat for a minute in silence. The engine shook the car gently. "You don't actually have anywhere to go, do you?"

Tracy shook her head.

"Okay, no problem. Let's drive up to Lover's Point. It'll be empty on a Thursday morning." Becky patted Tracy's thigh like it had been decided.

"I'm not taking you to Lover's Point." Even when Tracy was in high school, Lover's Point was the place people parked their cars to make out with their boyfriends and girlfriends. "There's no way."

Twenty minutes later, Tracy was driving her car down the dirt road overlooking the town. She parked at the far edge of the lot with the best view. Like Becky had said, no one else was up there. Tracy held onto the steering wheel and stared at the view. "It's pretty, up here," she whispered.

"People don't come here for the view, Mrs. Potter." Becky put her fingers on Tracy's chin and turned her head. They stared at each other for a brief moment, and then their lips met. Becky was pleasantly surprised when Tracy's tongue met hers. Soon, they were both lost in the passion of the moment, their hands all over each other.

When Becky came up for air, she found she didn't have gum in her mouth any longer. "You stole my gum, Mrs. Potter." She laughed.

"I ... did?" Tracy's brows knitted in confusion, then she rolled her tongue in her mouth and stuck it out. The gum rested on top.

Becky laughed harder. "You're so cute. You keep it. I want to see you blow a bubble."

Tracy pulled her tongue back into her mouth. "I haven't done that in twenty years, Becky."

"We'll add it to the list then." With her left hand, Becky playfully jiggled Tracy's right boob.

"Okay." Tracy smiled despite herself. Becky's enthusiasm was catching. Tracy found she was more and more comfortable around this little harlot. That was probably a dangerous sign. She chewed the gum, stretched it on her tongue, and blew. A large bubble spread out from her lips and popped. They both laughed and went back to kissing. The gum exchanged mouths several more times.

Tracy tried to hold the line at making out, but Becky was every bit as pushy as a teenage boy. Soon, they were in the backseat. Tracy still had on her heels and bra. Becky still wore her skirt and panties. She kissed her way down Tracy's tummy but paused at her neat triangle of hair.

"Did you try sex with your husband last night?" Becky looked up at the trembling woman.

Tracy nodded.

"But he didn't do it for you. Did he?" Becky kissed a little lower, just above Tracy's clit.

Tracy shook her head.

"You need a more considerate partner. I think maybe I'll be your wife for today, Mrs. Potter. Give me your ring." Becky held out her hand.

Tracy slowly reached for her left hand and removed the ring her husband had given her all those years ago. She knew she shouldn't, but she handed it to the teenager.

"I do." Becky slipped it on her left hand. "Fits perfectly." She held it up and watched the diamond sparkle. Then she lowered her hand and inserted her ring finger into Tracy's pussy.

"Oh ... oh ... God ... Becky ..." Tracy watched herself get fingered. That ring had been everywhere with her during her marriage, but it had never before been inside her. When Becky added her tongue to the mix, Tracy's scream rattled the car.

A few orgasms later, they were both naked. Tracy was on top of Becky, rocking her hips back and forth.

"You remember ... uh ... uh ... what this is called ... oh ... Mrs. Potter?" Becky thought the sweet woman was almost conquered to the point where she could begin phase two. She smiled as she imagined how Brad would react.

"Um ... ugh ... tribbing?" Tracy reached down and tentatively touched the younger woman's boobs. They were so perky and firm. She got a little bolder and grabbed them.

"That's right." Becky bit her bottom lip. She was going to cum soon. "I told you ... we'd be doing ... this all the time."

"Yes." Tracy's eyes rolled and she nodded enthusiastically.

"You like being ... my sweet wife ... for the day?"

Tracy nodded again and looked at the ring still on Becky's finger. It was wet and sticky.

"You going to ... cum for me ... Mrs. Potter?" Becky was just about there.

"Oh ... God ... yes." Tracy's hips sped up.

"Let's cum ... together." Becky grunted and Tracy screamed. The car rocked back and forth.

The drive back into town was a silent one. Tracy thought maybe she had tired the teenager out. But it wasn't so. Tracy felt a hand on her boob. At a stop sign, Tracy tried to shoo her away. "Stop it, Becky. We're almost in town. Someone might see."

"Sorry, Mrs. P. I really like your tits." Becky was pushing her, trying to test new limits. As they turned down Cedar Street, Becky got Tracy's blouse open, and pulled her bra below her right tit. She leaned over and took the nipple into her mouth.

"Oh ... Jesus." Tracy nearly drove off the road. No man had ever shown this much interest in her body. She let Becky suckle for several more blocks. She prayed the passing cars wouldn't notice what was happening.

Becky gave Tracy's boob one last kiss, and straightened in her seat. "That was sweet." She pulled the ring off her finger and put it in the car's console tray. "You can drop me off here."

"Okay." Tracy pulled over, trying at the same time to cover herself up.

"I'll probably have to go back to school tomorrow." Becky opened the door and stepped out. "Don't look so sad. We'll see each other soon." She blew a kiss to Tracy and closed the door. As the car pulled back into traffic, Becky tossed her gum into a nearby trashcan. She hummed to herself the whole way home.

Chapter 4

The next day, there was no sign of Becky. Tracy was relieved. She went grocery shopping, met with clients, and made Brad a sandwich when he got home from school.

“Did you see that girlfriend of yours today, sweetie?” Tracy eyed her handsome son as he ate at the kitchen table. “What was her name?”

“Mom.” Brad put down his sandwich and took a big gulp of water. “You know her name is Becky.”

“Right, sorry.” Tracy nodded, trying to seem disinterested. “Did you see her today?”

“Yeah. The last couple days she was home sick. But she was back at school today.” Brad finished his sandwich and pushed his chair back from the table. “Actually, I’m going over to her house today. I might be late for dinner.”

“Oh.” Tracy’s tummy felt warm and unsettled. What was she feeling? Was it ... jealousy? “Well, don’t forget you promised to help your father with the new shed.”

“I’ll be back in time, Mom. I promise.” Brad stood, kissed his mother on the cheek, and left.

In the early evening, Becky straddled her boyfriend on her bed. They were both trying to catch their breath. “Wow ... that was ... fun.” She leaned down and kissed Brad on the lips. The two eighteen-year-olds had been going at it for hours. “I have ... one more condom ... you game?” She dismounted him and watched his strapping, masculine body move about her room, throwing away the old condom. He was so different than his mother. Becky was infatuated with both.

“Yeah ... sure.” Brad nodded. “But I’m late to help my dad with something. We’ll have to be quick.”

“I was thinking.” Becky rolled onto her back and spread her legs. She watched him roll the last condom onto his large cock. “Maybe we should have a threesome sometime.”

Brad stopped what he was doing and looked over at his girlfriend with a frown. “I don’t want to share you with some dude.”

“I was talking about another woman.” Becky smiled sweetly as she held her legs open. “I already have her picked out. She’s gorgeous. I know you’ll love her.” She tried not to giggle.

“Oh.” Brad smiled and finished putting on the condom. “Yeah, that sounds great.” He jumped back into bed and mounted Becky. “My parents would freak if they knew I was dating such a bad girl.”

This time, Becky couldn’t hold back the giggle. “I don’t know about that.” She grabbed his cock and guided him in. “Now give it to me, you big dummy.” She squealed with delight when his hips slammed into her.

Back at the Potter home, Tracy was forced to help her husband with the shed. She awkwardly held the door, while her husband fumbled with the screws.

“Do you know where Brad is?” Her husband sounded aggravated.

"I don't know where he is, dear. He's not answering any of my texts." Tracy knew exactly where her son was and what he was doing. Her stomach did cartwheels as she tried not to picture the teenagers humping the afternoon away.

Brad didn't return home until after nine. His father let him have it, while his mother sat nearby with a severe look on her face. Brad apologized and went to his room without dinner. He hated disappointing his mother. But it was worth it. Becky was awesome.

The next day, Tracy forbade Brad from seeing his girlfriend. He was grounded. She wasn't sure if she was doing this as a mother or as a jealous lover. Her feelings about Brad had become a lot trickier to navigate since Becky had seduced her.

The day was light on work, so Tracy stayed home. She drew a bath for herself and tried to relax. But as she soaked, her mind kept coming back to Becky and Brad and the afternoon they must have spent together. She had promised herself she wouldn't masturbate again. She wanted to channel all her sexual feelings toward her husband. But he wasn't doing it for her anymore. She rubbed herself to three massive orgasms. Her fingers and toes were pruned by the time she got out.

When Brad got home, he almost caught her naked in her bedroom, but she closed the door when she heard him walking down the hall. Tracy thought that would have been horrifying for both of them. What son wants to see his mother naked?

When it was time for bed that night, Tracy had still received no word from Becky. She didn't know if the young woman even had her phone number, or what she would do if Becky texted. Sexual frustration was new to Tracy. Sex had never been all that important before. Tracy jumped her husband when he got into bed, but it was five minutes of boring missionary sex again. And then he was snoring. When she fingered herself that night, she made no promises to herself that she wouldn't do it again.

The next morning, Tracy's husband, remembering his teenage years, ungrounded Brad. After their son had left for school, her husband turned to her. "You can't expect a man his age not to get lost in pussy sometimes."

Tracy just stared at her husband, her mouth hanging open. Men could be pigs. Then she thought of Becky. Women could be pigs, too. Perhaps Tracy had a thing for pigs.

Tracy had more house showings that day. She got home just before dinner with takeout and was happy when Brad arrived soon after. So, he hadn't completely lost himself in "pussy." Tracy tried very hard not to imagine her son's hard body intertwined with Becky's. She couldn't admit to herself that the pairing had become a fantasy that was burning up her brain.

More days passed. And then a week. And another one. Just when Tracy thought Becky had abandoned her, the young woman showed up on her doorstep, blowing bubbles with her gum. The cool morning air swept into the house. Tracy stared at her seducer, her vagina gushing. It was a Friday, and she thanked God she didn't have any plans she couldn't break. She ran her hands over the hips of her yoga pants, embarrassed to be wearing such a casual outfit in front of Becky.

"Miss me?" Becky held out her left hand. She smiled when a look of understanding entered Tracy's eyes, and the wife took off her wedding ring and placed it on Becky's finger. "I've got something special planned for you today. Can I come in?"

There were two reasons Becky had left Tracy alone for so long. She wanted to ratchet up the tension on the poor wife, so that Tracy would be near desperate when Becky returned. Judging from the look in Tracy's eyes, that had worked. And, Becky wanted to work on Brad. It wasn't easy to convince her strait-laced boyfriend that he could and should smash his mother. But she had convinced him in the end.

"Yeah, come in." Tracy looked around outside, but the street was empty. No one was watching. She stepped aside and let Becky into her house. Tracy quickly closed the door. "After Lover's Point, I thought you'd lost interest."

"I've been busy putting something awesome together. You're still the best piece of ass I've had in a long time, Mrs. Potter." Becky made sure the front door was unlocked and then followed her boyfriend's mom into the living room. It thrilled Becky to see the older woman look so nervous. "You're adorable. No fancy suit today, so I'm guessing there's no demanding client to get to?" Becky spun Tracy around, admiring the curves of her yoga pants.

"No ... I mean, I was going to the gym, but ..." Tracy bit her lip. Her whole body vibrated. She could almost taste the pleasure that was coming.

"Well, take off your clothes then." Becky started to undress.

"Here? The window over there is —"

"Take off your clothes, Mrs. Potter. I hate to ask for things twice." Becky tossed her clothes onto the floor. She watched Tracy disrobe and neatly fold everything, placing it on the coffee table. "Great, now turn around. Good. Now stick out your ass. God damn, you're beautiful."

"This is an embarrassing position." Tracy put her hands on her knees and stuck her ass out as commanded. "I don't think I look very beautiful with my ass hanging out in the ... ooooohhhhhhhhh." The teenager slipped to her knees behind Tracy and buried her face in Tracy's vagina. Magical sensations spread through Tracy. "Oh ... gosh ... ohhhh ... mmmmyyyyyyyyy ..."

Brad quietly opened the front door and snuck into his own house. His heart beat like a drum in his chest, and his palms were clammy. He hated cutting school. But how could he pass up Becky's offer? He hadn't really believed her until she'd shown him the pictures. And now that he heard his mom moaning in obvious ecstasy, he had no doubt that Becky's offer was genuine. He undressed as Becky had instructed and moved toward the mewling and slurping sounds in the living room. He had never been harder in his life.

"You're ... ugh ... doing it ... Becky ... you're making meeeeeeeeeee ..." The last vowel became one continuous high note for Tracy. Her climax soared. When she returned to earth, Becky's face was no longer pressed to her behind. Tracy turned around, ready to do as the teenager bid. She froze when she saw Becky and Brad standing arm in arm. Both were naked, and Brad had the biggest erection Tracy had ever seen. Her brain tried and failed repeatedly to process this new information. "I ... um ... I ... um ... what are you ...? um ..." She covered her vagina with one hand and her boobs with her other arm. "What are you doing home, sweetie?" It may have been the stupidest thing she'd ever said.

"Well, that is the stupidest thing I've ever heard." Becky smiled, leaned up on her tippy-toes, and kissed Brad on the cheek. "I told you I had something special planned. I've offered you to my boyfriend, and he said yes. Isn't that exciting?"

"No?" Tracy's knees trembled. It *was* exciting. She hated herself for it, but seeing Brad naked made her even wetter than before. He was more beautiful than she'd imagined in her ongoing dirty fantasies about her son with his girlfriend. "I ... I have to go." She moved across the room.

"Hold on, Mrs. Potter. Stop right there." Becky was pleased when the wife and mother froze by the door. "I'm not asking you to do anything crazy here. Just a blowjob. You can do a little blowjob, can't you?"

Tracy shook her head. The next ten minutes whirled in her mind. Somehow, she found herself on her knees in front of her son with her lips wrapped around the head of his penis. He tasted salty and vibrant. Her belly had gone from turning cartwheels to launching double pikes.

"Nice, Mrs. Potter. We need to work on your technique, but ..." Becky slapped her boyfriend's ass. "You're the one that knows for sure. How is she?"

"Awesome," was all Brad could say. Becky gave way better blowjobs, but his mother was sucking his cock. His sweet mother, whom he would die for, was trying her darndest to pleasure him.

"Now, Mrs. Potter, take one of your hands and stroke his dick. Yeah, like that." Becky nodded thoughtfully. "And get a little deeper." She put her hand on the back of Tracy's head and steadily pushed, easing up whenever the woman gagged. It took a long time, but eventually Tracy was stroking him about halfway down the shaft with her mouth, covering the other half with her hand. It was working out perfectly. Tracy had created a totem pole with herself at the top. And the totems below her seemed to be very happy with their new positions. She could see Brad was getting close to cumming. Becky pulled Tracy's mouth off his cock and held her hair, making sure her face stayed inches from the nearing explosion. She put her other hand on Brad's dick. Mother and girlfriend jerked him together.

"I ... can't believe ... I can't ... I can ... I'm ..." Brad stared at his mother's pretty face as he came. She closed her eyes and looked shocked when the first jet of cum hit her forehead. He guessed that he was the first guy to cum on her like that. Becky had been right. His mom was willing and ready. His thoughts spun away in a storm of pleasure.

Later, Brad sat on the sofa, fapping while he watched his mother and girlfriend grind together. He would have never guessed that his sweet mom could move her hips like that. Not only that, she still had his cum on her face as she convulsed in ecstasy. He was convinced that dating Becky was the best decision he'd ever made. When the time of his father's return neared, they stopped their games. Brad and his mother stood before Becky like soldiers awaiting orders. Tracy covered her boobs and pussy, but Brad just stood there naked and happy, his dick dangling between his legs.

"We had fun today, right?" Becky gave them a smile. Her boyfriend nodded his head off. Her temporary wife looked at the floor. "I don't want you two to do anything without me. Got it?" She took off Tracy's ring and handed it back to her. Tracy took it and slid it back on her finger.

"Yes," Brad said.

"Okay," Tracy mumbled. The young woman was crazy if she thought anything like that would happen with Brad again.

“Okay, go hit the showers.” Becky slapped Tracy’s bare butt as the wife hustled away. She grabbed her boyfriend’s arm. “Hold on, hot shot. I have some homework for you. You game?”

“Anything.” Brad nodded his head earnestly. “Whatever you want.”

“Okay, great.” Becky leaned in and whispered in his ear. She then kissed him on the cheek. “Who’s the best?”

“You are, Becky.” Brad stared at her in awe of what she’d accomplished.

“And don’t you forget it.” Becky finished dressing. “Let’s talk later tonight. I’ve got a busy weekend planned.”

“Sure.” Brad followed her to the door. He had forgotten he was naked and anyone might look in through the sidelight. He let his girlfriend out, they said their goodbyes, and he rushed off to shower.

Chapter 5

"Oh, my God, Brad. What are you doing?" Tracy was in the middle of her yoga routine when her son walked by, completely naked. "Have you gone crazy?"

"Just letting everything breathe, Mom." Brad turned to face her. He was soft, but even so he was proud of how he it was hanging. He wiggled his hips and watched his mother's eyes follow the pendulum of his cockhead.

"Get out of here with that." She shooed him out of the living room, watching his toned butt bounce away. Had she really put his thing in her mouth? It seemed like a strange dream. Twice more on that Saturday, Brad accidentally ran into his mother while wearing nothing at all. She became quite angry the third time, because her husband was due home any minute. "Yesterday didn't happen, okay? You're my sweet Bradley, and nothing more."

"I'm sorry." Brad wiped the sweat from his palms onto his bare thighs. He hated making his mom mad. "I didn't really want to." That was a lie. "But Becky gave me homework. She wanted me to 'show-off' for you a bit."

"Oh, she did, did she?" Tracy frowned. "I don't think we should be seeing anymore of her. I'm sorry I let her do ... those things. This is my fault as much as anybody's."

"But Mom ..."

"I don't want to discuss it." She could hear her husband's car pulling into the driveway. "I'm your mother, and it's time I started acting like it."

"We're supposed to see her tomorrow at two. Her parents are going out of town." Brad let out a long sigh. He was completely deflated. He had let Becky down, for sure.

"Well, you're breaking up with her tomorrow. And I'm going to have a talk with her, too." Tracy put her hands on her hips. "Now go get dressed before your father comes in. I don't want to see your penis again unless it's an emergency."

"Okay." Brad plodded upstairs.

The next day, there was a knock on Brad's door. "Come in." He was still in bed, heartbroken over Becky, and despondent over upsetting his mother.

Tracy entered her son's room. "What are you still doing in bed?"

"I'm sorry about yesterday, Mom. Can I still see Becky? I promise we won't do anything weird."

"We're going to see her right now." Tracy threw open his curtains and sun streamed into the room. "Don't look all excited. I'm going to have a talk with her about something. And you're going to break up with her like we talked about." Tracy had spent a sleepless night thinking about all the pictures Becky had taken of her. She had to get the eighteen-year-old to delete them before she broke it off.

"Oh, shit." Brad pulled the covers over his head.

“Get up, Brad. I’ll see you downstairs in ten minutes.” Tracy left the room.

Brad, ever the dutiful son, dragged himself out of bed and got dressed.

They spent the drive over to Becky’s house in silence. Brad could see his mom’s knuckles turning white on the steering wheel. “It’s over there, Mom.” Brad pointed to Becky’s driveway.

“Her house is huge.” Tracy gaped at it. Becky’s behavior was beginning to make sense. She was a spoiled brat. They parked in the circular drive and walked up to a wide double door. Tracy rang the doorbell.

Becky opened the door wearing nothing but lingerie. “There you two are.” She eyed them both. “You look frumpy and angry, Mrs. Potter. And you, Brad, look like someone just stole your lunch money. What’s going on?”

“May we come in, Becky?” Tracy folded her arms and tapped her foot.

“Yeah, sure.” Becky stepped out of the way and let them inside. She closed the door after them. “I’ve got some fun things planned. Are you two into edibles? Because —”

“We need to talk.” Tracy spoke over Becky. She could see the teenager’s eyes widen in surprise. Becky was so used to having the upper hand. The teenager had pushed Tracy too far, and enough was enough. “Brad, you wait here. Becky and I are going to have a little talk. You can say what you have to say when I get back.”

“Okay, Mom.” Brad walked into the first living room. Or at least that’s what he called it. The floor had three living rooms, and they probably all had their own names. This one had a great view of the woods to the side of the house. He listened to Becky and his mom until their voices were extinguished by a door closing. He sighed heavily and watched some squirrels run up and down a tree. He rehearsed the breakup speech in his head. An old grandfather clock in the second living room ticked away, the only sound to break the silence.

How many times had he run through his speech while waiting? Too many. He expected his mom to come storming out from wherever she was any minute, demanding that he dump Becky immediately. But she didn’t show. Brad gave it about a half hour before he went looking for her. Something had gone wrong, for sure. He walked through the other living rooms, past the kitchen, toward the back of the house. The door to Becky’s dad’s study was closed. He pressed his ear to the solid maple door. He thought he could hear someone talking inside. He didn’t want to interrupt them, so he leaned against the wall and waited some more.

The muffled voices got louder. It sounded like his mom was screaming. She must have been furious. Brad could guess what all this was about. It was the pictures. That was a dirty thing for Becky to do, he had to admit. He probably should have asked her to delete them so it didn’t ever have to come to this. But he really liked looking at them, so he hadn’t. Wait ... His mom wasn’t screaming in anger. Brad put his hand to the knob and opened the door a crack. He was assailed by his mother’s guttural orgasmic cries.

A very naked Tracy sat on the study’s desk. She was holding Becky’s phone for some reason. Becky was between Tracy’s legs, noisily slurping at the older woman’s pussy. Brad could see that Becky wore his mom’s wedding ring where her left hand gripped Tracy’s right thigh. Neither woman saw Brad. Becky’s

face was buried in pussy. Tracy was looking at the ceiling, coming down from her high and muttering "Oh gosh" over and over again. Brad stood there dumbfounded. His cock strained his pants.

Becky leaned back and wiped her mouth. "I knew you'd see it my way, Mrs. Potter. Can I have my phone back?"

"Okay." Tracy's body was rocked by an aftershock, shaking all over. When her nerves had quieted, she handed the phone back to Becky. Instead of deleting the pictures, she had taken more with a focus on Becky's work between her legs. "Oh, no ... Brad."

"Brad?" Becky turned around and smiled at her boyfriend. "Your mother tells me that you want to break up with me." She put an exaggerated frown on her face. "Is that true?"

"Well ... I ... um ... I ... um ..." He looked to his mom for help, but all he could see was her sopping pussy, until she closed her legs. When he met her eyes, her petrified face was no more help than her vagina had been.

"You two are slippery little fishes, aren't you?" Becky stood and walked toward Brad, her hips swaying in the lingerie. She began undressing her boyfriend.

"Um ... no?" Brad still stared at his naked, sweating mother.

"Yes, you are." Becky freed his cock and playfully bounced it with her fingers. "One innocent blowjob, and you're both freaking out." She pulled off his shirt. "Have you heard of immersion therapy, Mrs. Potter?"

"What?" Tracy started to remove herself from the desk.

"Stay there, Mrs. Potter." Becky's voice was commanding. Both Brad and Tracy froze when she spoke.

"Spread your legs again." Becky bent down and removed Brad's socks.

"Please ... Becky. Brad and I have a special relationship." Tracy reluctantly spread her legs. She had no idea why she treated this girl with respect and deference. "I don't want to do anything else that would make things —"

"We need something to take the edge off." Becky slapped Brad's bare butt. "I'll be right back. Don't either of you move."

Brad and Tracy stayed right where they were. Tracy covered her boobs with her arm as she watched her son. She covered her vagina with her other hand. Why wasn't she getting dressed and getting the hell out of that McMansion? Because Becky had told her not to. "No, Brad. Don't get hard." She released her boobs and her hand went to her mouth as she watched his proud tool rise. "No, no, no. Stop it."

"I can't help it, Mom." Brad tried to think straight. He found that very difficult. "I'm sorry."

"Here we are." Becky marched back into the room carrying three glasses with clear liquid. She handed one to Brad and one to Tracy, keeping the other for herself.

"What's this?" Tracy sniffed her drink, remembering what Becky had put into her coffee all those weeks ago. It had no odor.

"Mostly water." Becky smiled.

"Mostly?" Brad wasn't sure. He loved Becky, but she was a little wild and he frowned on drugs.

"Don't be such babies. Here, Mrs. Potter, I'll trade with you." Becky exchanged her glass for the one in Tracy's hand. "Bottoms up." Becky downed the contents of the glass in one gulp. She smiled at Tracy.

"You next."

"I came here to end things with you." Tracy stared at the confident teenager. And then at her son, standing and waiting to see what his mother would do.

"Nobody's perfect, Mrs. Potter." Becky's eyes shone bright in anticipation. "But you are wonderfully photogenic, aren't you?"

"I'm going to regret this." Tracy gulped down her drink. It tasted just like water. She put the glass down on the desk. "Brad, you don't have to ..." But she could see he was already drinking it.

"Great. Now we can have some fun. Not exactly how I planned it, but whatever." Becky walked over to Brad and stood next to him facing Tracy. She took hold of his stiff dick and stroked slowly. "Did you know that I've trained your son to eat pussy with the best of them?"

Tracy shook her head slowly. The room vibrated around her. Her heart opened with an inexplicable outpouring of love and joy. Whatever Becky had given them, it wasn't the same stuff she had put in her coffee.

"Go get her, champ." Becky pushed Brad toward his mother. He stumbled at first, but caught his balance. He dropped to his knees in front of the desk and took hold of his mother's thighs.

"Oh ... my sweet Bradley. You look so handsome. Are you really going to ... oooooohhhhhhhhhhh." Tracy leaned back, gripping the desk with both hands. Only one other person had ever put their mouth down there, and Becky was a tough act to follow. But Tracy had to admit, Brad was almost as good. His girlfriend had taught him well. "Oooohhhhhh ... gosh ... sweetie ... it's already ... happening ... eeeeeiiiiiiiiiii." Her hips jerked as her son sucked on her clit. Whatever Becky had given them, Tracy already knew she wanted more. When she came down from an explosive orgasm, she grabbed the back of her son's head and pressed him hard into the V between her legs. She came again almost instantly.

After about ten minutes, Becky stepped in. "Okay, okay. Don't be a hog, Mrs. P." It took some effort to get Tracy to relinquish her grip on Brad's hair. "Time for Brad and me to have some fun." She pulled Tracy off the desk and positioned her on all fours. Becky pulled off her own panties, and sat in front of her sweet wife. "Don't be bashful."

Tracy's overflow of love and bliss somehow included Becky. She desperately wanted to make the young woman happy. She lowered her face and tasted Becky's sweet tang.

"Oh, shit ... that's right ... that's my slutty wife." Becky looked up at Brad and nodded to Tracy's ass as it waved back and forth in the air.

"You want me to eat her again?" Brad wiped his chin.

"No ... dude ... it's time. I promised you ... ugh ... didn't I?" Becky wound her fingers in Tracy's hair. She didn't think Tracy would flee when her son got behind her, but she wanted to be sure.

Even in his mentally compromised state, Brad knew to wear a condom. He ran out of the room, raced upstairs, and found the box he and Becky used under her bed. He rolled the condom on, and raced back downstairs. The walls pulsed and thundered in time with his own heartbeat. He didn't remember the walls pulsing on his other visits to the house, but he decided not to worry about it. When he got back to the study, his mom was still in the same position, face in Becky's pussy and ass in the air. He dropped to his knees behind her.

"Mmmpppphhhhh." Tracy was in such a frenzy, that she didn't think twice when something hard and thick pushed into her vagina from behind. Even when Brad's strong hands gripped her hips and she realized what was happening, she didn't put a stop to things. She didn't want the feelings surging through her to ever stop. She moaned and hummed into Becky's vagina while her son took her as he pleased.

"Yes ... fuck her ... Brad ... I told you ... I fucking told you ... eeeeeiiiiiii." Becky shook violently as she came. The three of them humped in their little train for a long time. The steely-eyed feral intensity on her boyfriend's face melted her insides. His customary repose and intelligence were gone. He was a fucking machine. When the night was done, Becky knew she would completely own Brad and his mother. Becky came again, releasing Tracy's hair.

"Oh ... Mom ... oh ... Mom ... I'm going to ... cum." Brad couldn't believe how tight her pussy was. He could feel the whole world winding up to a massive eruption. Or maybe it was just him. He couldn't tell.

Her head now free, Tracy looked over her shoulder. Her son could not truthfully be called sweet anymore. He looked ferocious, and she loved it. "Yes ... yes ... yeessssss." She didn't know or care if he was wearing a condom, she just wanted him to be happy. The outpouring of love and bliss continued.

"Aaaaahhhhhhh." Brad threw his head back and exploded. Somewhere far away, he could hear his mother howling.

A little while later, the three of them lay on the study floor. Brad's condom was still on his penis, now bloated with cum. "Are the walls of your house beating with my heart?"

"No." Becky giggled.

"We have to go." Tracy sat up. "Your father will wonder where —" She was cut off by Becky's lips on hers. They kissed for a while and then Becky released her. "Oh, my," Tracy whispered.

"We're going to have a sleepover," Becky said matter-of-factly. "Immersion therapy, remember?" She rolled Tracy onto her back and beckoned Brad over. "We're going to go all night."

Chapter 6

"Hi ... honey ..." Tracy held the phone to her ear while lying on her back. Her son was on top of her. He moved his hips at a slow, steady pace so she could concentrate on the phone call. Tracy glanced at Becky watching them from her desk chair. The young woman gave her a thumbs-up with one hand, while she rubbed her clit with the other. "Yes ... I'm here," Tracy said into the phone. "Uhhhhh ... Bradley and I ... are going to stay out tonight ... yes ... all night. We'll be home in the ... ugh ... morning." She put her hand over the receiver. "He doesn't believe I'm with Bradley."

"Well, put Brad on the call," Becky whispered. This was maybe her favorite moment yet. Becky was totally in charge, while Tracy looked so lost with her wide eyes and running mascara. Even though Brad moved slowly, his mother's whole body tensed every time he sank all the way inside her. Becky owned mother and son.

Tracy nodded. "Here, Bradley wants ... to speak with you." She put the phone up to Brad's face.

"Hi, Dad." Brad watched sweat drip from his nose and collect on his mother's delicate clavicle. She looked so wonderfully disheveled and gorgeous. The walls had stopped pulsing with his heartbeat, so he wasn't sure how much his feelings could be attributed to the drugs, and how much was ... reality. "Yeah ... Dad ... Becky's here, too. I thought it would be good ... for Becky and Mom ... to bond. Oh ... we're staying ... out by the lake. We're hiking ... right now." He saw his mom trying to get his attention by shaking her head. "Oh ... yeah ... of course I know ... it's dark. We're on a ... night walk."

Becky snickered. They should have let her do the talking.

"Okay ... we'll be safe. Uh ... he wants to say hello, Becky." Brad held the phone out in Becky's direction.

"Hello, Mr. Potter," Becky yelled at the phone. "Don't worry, I'm taking good care of your family." She giggled.

Tracy took the phone back. "Yes ... tomorrow morning ... we'll be home. I'll tell you all ... about our ... little adventure. Bye ... love you, too." She disconnected with a sigh.

"I feel bad ... lying to him." Brad's hips sped up now that the coast was clear.

"Oh ... gosh ... I do ... too ... sweetie. But ... ugh ... it can't be helped." She squeezed her son's butt, relishing the way it clenched with every thrust.

"You could stop fucking your son, Mrs. Potter." Becky moved over to her bed and climbed on. She lay next to them, still working her pussy.

"The ... ugh ... drugs ... won't let me." Tracy looked over at her temporary wife. It seemed like a century ago that she had stormed into the house with every intention of breaking it off with her.

"The drugs wore off ... hours ago." Becky winked at Tracy. She tried to catch her boyfriend's eye, but Brad was too focused on rutting with his mother. "You're just ... a slut."

"No ... that's ... not true." But Tracy knew it was true. She was a slut. The truth of it seared into her brain and sent her mind spiraling toward another soul-smashing orgasm. She gritted her teeth and stared up

at her son's handsome face. They made eye contact and her enraptured gaze was met by his look of desperate intensity.

"Look at your mom, Brad. She's not so perfect now, is she?" Becky smiled. This was her crowning moment of victory. She had turned the picturesque wife and mother into a floozy. "She pretended to be so wholesome, but she was really a slut underneath."

Brad looked Becky's way. His eyebrows furrowed with annoyance. "She's ... uh ... uh ... uh ... more perfect ... like this. I love her ... more than ever." He turned his focus back to his mother, watching her eyelids flutter. "I ... love you ... Mom ... more than ... anything."

"Ooohhhh ... Bradley ... what we have ... ugghhhh ... is so special." Tracy's climax came roaring at her like a runaway train. "I ... love you ... toooooooooooooo." She convulsed and pulled him toward her. When the wave of pleasure passed, Tracy found that her son had stopped moving and was panting on top of her. "Did you ... finish ... sweetie?" She ran her fingers along his sweaty back.

"Yeah ... Mom. That was ... the ... best ... ever." Brad looked over at his girlfriend with a dreamy smile. He had not expected to see Becky frowning at them. Why wasn't she happy?

"Maybe we should eat something." Becky crawled off the bed and threw on a large shirt. "I'll order pizza." She went over to her phone, chewing on her bottom lip. Once Tracy revealed her depravity to Brad, he was supposed to lose respect for her. He was supposed to see her in a whole new light. But instead, he was gazing into his mother's eyes with the same nauseating adoration he always had. Except, now it was even more intense. Becky had miscalculated. "Well, are you two going to stare at each other all night, or are you going to get up?"

"Sorry, Becky." Brad rolled off his mom, and pulled the bloated condom off his dick. He got up and hustled to the bathroom to throw it away.

"Is this what you wanted all along?" Tracy propped herself up on an elbow and watched Becky order the pizza.

"Not exactly." Becky looked down at the borrowed wedding ring on her finger. "Come over here and eat me out while I order."

"Can't we take a break?" Tracy was so tired.

"Get over here, Mrs. Potter." Becky's eyes narrowed.

Dutifully, Tracy moved over to Becky, spread the eighteen-year-old's legs, and started licking.

When Brad walked back into the room and saw what they were doing, he was instantly hard again. He remembered those commercials about erections lasting longer than four hours. "Do you think I should call a doctor? Because ..." He caught Becky's expression and stopped. "Never mind." He sat, watched them, and fapped. The pizza wouldn't arrive for a while anyway.

~~

“What do you two think about something mind-altering?” Becky picked a billiard cue off the wall and stroked it slowly with her hand. They were in the family game room, dressed only in oversized shirts. An empty pizza box lay on the ping-pong table. Tracy and Brad were holding hands and staring at each other in the most annoying lovey-dovey way. She was playfully feeding him the last slice of pizza. Becky wanted to gag, or maybe hit them over the head with the cue. She sighed. No need for violence, drugs could get the party back on track. “Drugs?”

“What ... oh ... sure.” After their last experience with drugs, Tracy had come to trust Becky’s stash. “Do you have any more of what you gave us earlier?”

“Yeah, that was awesome.” Brad smiled at her and took a bite of the pizza his mother offered him.

“Too much of that stuff can be ... not good.” Becky frowned, put the cue down, and turned for the door. “I have just the thing. I’ll be back in a few minutes.” She looked over her shoulder at them. “Don’t do anything while I’m gone.”

“Okay, Becky,” Brad said enthusiastically.

“Right.” Becky hurried up to her room. It took her a while to find what she was looking for. Brad was always telling her to get more organized. Finally, she got the right stuff. She went to the kitchen to get some juice to disguise the taste, put three glasses on a tray, and hustled back to the game room. A slapping sound accompanied by frenzied moans greeted her ears out in the hall. Were they ...? She walked into the doorway. They were indeed fucking again. Becky stared at the mating pair. Tracy was bent over the billiard table, Brad pounding away at her from behind. “You’re ... um ... not wearing a condom.”

Brad glanced at his girlfriend, barely aware that she had returned. “Mom ... thought that ... it was okay ... this one time.” He stared at his mom’s ass, holding tight to her hips.

“You always ... wear a condom with me.” Becky’s frown deepened. What had she created? She put the tray down on the ping-pong table. “Okay, you two. Cut it out. It’s time for some more fun.” She poured the juice into each cup. The fucking continued. Becky put more authority in her voice. “Brad, pull out of her right now.”

“I can’t ... ugh ... ugh ... it’s too ... good.” Brad went right on pummeling his mother’s backside.

“Mrs. Potter, your son doesn’t have a condom on. You’re not safe.” Becky put her hands on her hips. “Stop it right now.”

“Eeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii,” Tracy screamed.

“Really?” Becky sat down and watched them. She looked down at Tracy’s wedding ring on her own hand. If Tracy was her wife when they got together, then ... a dark realization hit Becky. *I’m getting cucked*, she thought. Her wife was falling for someone else. “You two do look ... really hot.” Becky drank her juice and fingered herself as she watched. She didn’t bother giving the drugs to her guests. They didn’t need it. She listened to Tracy run through a series of explosive orgasms. Eventually, Brad trembled all over. Becky could see he was almost ready. “No ... condom ... Brad,” she warned them.

“I don’t care ... oooooohhhhhhhh ... I don’t ... ugh ... ugh ... care.” Tracy looked like a woman possessed as she gripped the table, practically frothing at the mouth. She was literally frothing elsewhere.

“Cumming ... Mom.” Brad’s hips fell out of rhythm. He jerked wildly. “Uuuugggghhhhhhh.” He hunched forward and came in his mother.

Becky watched with wide eyes. The pair had such chemistry together. This was not what she had planned.

Mother and son either slept or humped most of the night, mostly the latter. They still listened to Becky, so long as she wasn’t trying to separate them. But Becky could tell her spell was broken.

By the time the sun rose, Brad had emptied himself into his mother’s unprotected pussy three times. That didn’t include the first two times he’d used a condom.

At around ten in the morning, Tracy roused herself and checked her phone. There were three missed calls from her husband. “Oh ... my.” Tracy shook her head. “We have to get up.” The three of them were all tangled up in Becky’s bed. Tracy dragged herself to her feet. She was incredibly sore. She prayed she hadn’t broken Brad’s penis with all that sex. She imagined trying to explain to the doctor what was wrong with her son. “Brad, sweetie? Get up. We have to go.”

“Mom?” Brad blinked. He slowly rose.

“Is your penis okay, Bradley?” Tracy helped him out of bed and stared at his thing. It was finally soft and looked normal enough.

“What?” Brad yawned. “Oh, yeah. It’s fine, thanks,” he said awkwardly.

“It smells like a brothel in here. We need to shower first thing.” Tracy looked around the giant bedroom. She saw the door to the bathroom.

“No.” Becky opened her eyes and looked up at them. “You can’t use my shower. Just go.” It was petty revenge sending them back to Mr. Potter looking and smelling like they did. But it gave Becky a little satisfaction.

“What? We have to use —” Tracy’s mouth hung open.

“My parents are going to be home any minute.” As always, Becky lied with ease. “You need to leave.” With a broad smile, she watched Tracy and Brad hurriedly dress. They had such delightful fear in their eyes. They acted like a T-rex was coming home, not her parents.

Once dressed, Tracy took her son’s hand. “Do you know the way to the front door, Bradley?”

“Sure, Mom.” Brad led her to the bedroom door, and looked back at his naked girlfriend. “Thank you for this. That was the best night of my life.”

“Don’t mention it.” Becky waved her left hand at them.

“Wait.” Tracy ran over to the girl and removed her wedding ring from Becky’s hand. She slid it onto her own finger. “Goodbye, Becky. That was ... um ... a wonderful night.” She walked back to her son with a bow-legged gait and took his hand.

“Whatever.” Becky rolled over in bed. She heard them leave. She thought about the way they had looked into each other’s eyes. Her hand snaked down between her legs. She masturbated while the Potters drove home.

Chapter 7

Texts went unanswered. Calls were not returned. Becky could sense that her boyfriend and his mother were slipping through her fingers. Her plan had been to assert control by driving them together. Exposing their base instincts was supposed to degrade them and sap their will.

It hadn't worked.

To her twenty-three messages sent, she'd only received one reply. It was from Brad and it read *can't talk, too busy with Mom*. Becky had made a mistake. Her plan should have been to divide and conquer. She should have kept them separate. But it was too late. A deep melancholy fell over Becky.

On Monday, Brad wasn't at school. He never cut classes. They were both eighteen and could sanction their own absences, but Brad was too much of a goody-goody to do that. Becky had no such qualms. She marched right down to the school office, handed the secretary a note, and hustled to her car. It was time she paid Brad and Tracy a visit.

~~

When they returned home on Sunday after spending the night at Becky's, mother and son agreed that it had been temporary insanity induced by the drugs. What happened at Becky's house would stay at Becky's house. Without the drugs, everything would return to normal.

That lasted about two hours. Brad couldn't forget a second that he'd spent inside his mom. He stared at her constantly as they helped his dad with the shed. Whenever she caught him staring at her, she blushed profusely. Despite how many times he'd cum in the last twenty-four hours, his erection wouldn't quit. When his dad crawled under the shed to do some wiring, Brad felt his willpower snap.

"Let's go into the house, Mom," Brad whispered. He stepped up behind her, placed one hand on her belly, one on her boob, and rubbed himself against her ass.

"Oh, my." Tracy was staring at her husband's feet as they poked out from the crawl space. When her son grabbed her, her brain went into shock. It took her a moment to realize her vagina had flooded in response. She didn't move away, but instead wiggled her butt back into her son.

"What was that, dear?" Her husband's voice was muffled by the tight space.

"Nothing ... nothing." She put her hand on Brad's and pressed his grip into her breast. Tracy knew what she was about to do, and it astounded her. The seductive power of Becky's drugs paled in comparison to the primal power she felt toward Brad. "Brad and I have to go. You finish the shed on your own, dear." She cut off her husband before he could complain. "Take your time with the project." She removed Brad's hand from her boob, held it tight, and dragged him back toward the house. "We'll check on you later."

Five minutes later, Brad had his mother bent over the bathroom sink. He held tightly to her hips. His pelvis was a blur. "I'm sorry ... Mom. I didn't mean to be ... disrespectful ... I ... just ... uh ... uh ... uh ... can't help myself."

"That ... makes ... two of us ... Bradley." Tracy made eye contact with her son through the mirror.

Brad's pants were pooled around his ankles. His phone beeped at him from a pocket down there.

"That's probably ... Becky ... again."

"We ... agreed ... we wouldn't ... ugh ... answer her." Tracy glanced from her son's reflection to hers. She looked like such a slut that she barely recognized herself. She quickly looked back at Brad's face. He was red from exertion and breathing hard, but she had never seen him look so happy.

"We agreed ... we wouldn't do this either ... ugh ... ugh ... ugh ... but I don't ever want to ... take it out of you."

"Oooohhhhhhhh ... Bradley." Tracy climaxed, her son's words sending her over the edge. Not long after, he emptied himself deep inside her. It was heaven on earth for Tracy.

The dam holding back their animal instincts had collapsed. Before an hour had passed, with her husband still working on the shed, Tracy dragged her son to the car, and they left the house. There was a vacant home that had sat on the market for a long time. There were no showings scheduled for that day. And it had a hot tub.

"You're speeding, Mom. You never speed." Brad's face paled as he clutched the armrests, pressing himself against the backrest.

"I ... just ... really need it ... Bradley." In the driver's seat, Tracy had a steely grip on the steering wheel, her eyes staring down the road ahead. When they arrived, she screeched the car to a halt. They were barely inside the home before their lips locked in a deep kiss. Tracy's phone beeped from her purse. Brad's phone beeped a minute later from his pocket. The alerts fell on deaf ears.

"Gosh ... Mom ... you're so hot." Brad said between kisses. They stripped as they moved across the house toward the hot tub in back, leaving a trail of clothes.

"Hotter ... than ... Becky?" Tracy hadn't meant to ask this. She had experienced Becky first hand, so she knew that probably no woman was hotter than Becky.

"A million ... times ... yes." He saw her panties fall to the floor, and his hand found her slit. They paused to let him finger her in the middle of the empty living room.

"Ohhhhhhhh ... honey ... I can't believe that's true." But she could believe it. She'd always had a sixth sense for when Brad was lying. He really thought his mother was the hottest.

They humped in the hot tub for a long while, all twenty fingers and twenty toes thoroughly pruned by the time they finally got out and air-dried. Naked and leaking sperm, Tracy found her phone. Her husband and Becky made up all the myriad missed messages. She texted her husband to let him know that she had had to show a house at the last minute and that Brad had tagged along. She continued to ignore Becky. "Your father expects us home soon. We should get dressed." She saw the feral look in his eyes. "No Brad, we should really wrap this up. We can do it more tomorrow. Your father will wonder ...

mmmmmmpppppphhhhhh.” She opened her arms when he rushed her. She kissed him with passion. She took one more load from behind while gripping the mantelpiece.

That night, both Tracy and Brad went to bed early. They were utterly exhausted.

~~

On Monday morning, Tracy’s husband woke her bright and early. Groggily, she put on a robe and helped him get ready for work and saw him off. She let Brad sleep in. He needed his rest. She called his school to let them know he wouldn’t come in. She waited and waited for him to wake up, but eventually her need became too great. Like a woman lost in the desert, she burst into the oasis of Brad’s room. She woke him with her lips wrapped around his cock.

“Good morning, Mom.” Brad met the world with a smile. He placed a hand on the back of her head, pushing his cock deeper into her throat. He eased up when she gagged.

“Gggggpppphhhhhhhh.” Tracy pulled herself off his penis and stared at him with thirst. Saliva dripped down her chin. “You’re not going to school.” She discarded the robe and climbed on top of him. “You’re going to be inside Mommy all day. Sound good?”

“Heck yeah.” Brad held up his hand palm out. His mother looked at it like this was some new sexual maneuver. He laughed. “I just want a high five.”

Tracy’s laugh was soft and self-deprecating. “Oh, sure.” She gave him an awkward high five and settled on his penis. She humped him so hard that the bed began to scoot away from the wall. She didn’t care. Nothing mattered but his long rod deep inside her. Completely ignored, Brad’s phone beeped at them. Tracy was somewhere between her fourth and fifth orgasms when the doorbell rang. Her hips stopped and she looked down at her son’s sweaty face in a panic. “I ... um ... wasn’t expecting ... anyone.”

“It ... has to be ... Becky.” Brad rested his hands behind his head. He was incredibly comfortable and had no notion of leaving his bed. “Ignore her. We agreed ... we’d ignore ... her.”

“Okay.” Tracy started her hips again and tried not to think about the young woman standing right outside. But the doorbell kept ringing. After a few minutes, she quickly dismounted Brad. “I can’t ... have her ... lean on the doorbell ... all day,” she panted. She slipped on her robe. “Stay here. I’ll send her away.” She kissed Brad on the forehead and left him with his tool standing straight up.

Downstairs, Tracy hesitated in the front hall. She brushed her hair with her fingers and took a deep breath. When she opened the door, she saw Brad was right.

“Really, Mrs. Potter.” Becky stood with her hands on her hips looking very cross. “I thought I trained you better than that. You *have* to answer my messages. Do you understand? You can’t ignore me or there will be *consequences*.”

Tracy held the door slightly open. Confronted, she lost all courage. She regarded her bare toes. “Um ... sorry ... Becky. We’ve just been ... busy.”

"I can fucking guess what you've been busy with. Look at you. You're a filthy, sweaty mess." Becky made a great show of sniffing the air. "And you reek of sex."

"Sorry." Tracy looked up and scanned the road. Thankfully, there was no one about.

"Now let me in so we can discuss your punishment." Becky moved toward the door, but stopped when Brad appeared behind his mother. "There you are, Brad. What were you thinking? We love each other. You can't lose yourself in this bitch's snatch."

Anger surged inside Brad. His face flushed with rage. He stepped up protectively behind his mother and put an arm around her. "Shut it, Becky. You ... you ..." He tried to think clearly. His ex-girlfriend's mocking smile pushed him over the edge. "I don't love you. You aren't kind. You ... you ... manipulate people. I love Mom." He lifted his mom's robe above her ass without any idea of what he was doing. He was following the urge to mark his territory in front of this conniving woman.

Tracy was so cowed by the situation that she stood in the doorway unmoving, praying that Becky would somehow go away.

"How dare you." Becky pushed at the door, but Brad had his foot wedged behind it. "You can't leave me. I'll tell everyone about you two." She could feel this was the last gasp with the Potters. There was no other card left to play.

"I don't think so." Brad shook his head slowly. "And if you do, I'll tell your parents about all the stuff you've been up to. They'll kick you out and cut you off."

"I ... I ..." Becky put a hand to her chest. She looked at Tracy, trying to gain some traction on the situation. "You're my wife. Give me your ring."

"No." Tracy did not hand over the ring as she'd done all those other times. Instead, she opened her eyes wide in surprise as her son entered her from behind. She bit her lip and braced herself as he lunged into her with slow, steady strokes.

"It's ... ugh ... over ... Becky." Brad stared her down. "I love ... my mom. And she loves ... uh ... uh ... me. Go home." He guided his mom by the hip so that she stepped to the side. He slammed the door in Becky's face.

Becky stood on the front step for a long time, staring at the Potters' stupid door. She could hear Tracy's orgasmic wailing from the other side. She was wet, angry, and completely confused. No one had ever said no to her before. Eventually, she turned around and walked back to her car. It really was over. She supposed she would have to find herself another boyfriend. Preferably one with a hot mom.

THE END