

## The Stuff of a Mother's Dreams by Walt\_Whitman

*[spiced up a bit with some art from the late Japanese fetish artist, Namio Harukawa].*

My name is Angela. I'm a 44-year-old widow and the mother of a wonderful boy, Michael, who has become the object of all of my darkest, most wicked desires. I have a tale to tell – a confession of sorts – of a mother's awakening to very primal desires; desires that could only be quenched by the debauching and profaning of the tender relationship she shares with her beloved son. Always, it was important to me that I entice Michael not simply to participate in, but to be an accomplice in our descent into incestuous depravity. I would introduce him to the exuberant joys of the gutter where we would wallow together in carnal bliss. I have no regrets and neither does my son.

Despite my age (but perhaps to many, even because of it), I am a very attractive, sensuous woman – a MILF, I guess. I'm 5'7" 140 lbs., 38D –27-39. My father was Vietnamese and my mom a voluptuous hot-blooded Italian. I have long shiny black hair that falls to 3" or 4" below my shoulders where it curls into a nice wave. I'm blessed with a very pretty face: full lips, high cheekbones and dark brown, seductive, faintly Asian eyes. I'm certainly no slender model, but I know from happy experience that most men and boys would not trade a woman of my voluptuous charms for a thousand skinny models. I don't mean to boast, but honestly, I look very much like one of the late Japanese artist, Namio Harukawa's, buxom femdom beauties.....



As long as I have had sexual feelings, I have fantasized and yearned for pleasures that are not simply taboo - many would call them unholy – not because they were/are violent, mean or dangerous in any way, but because, in the minds of “normal”, respectable Christian folks, they are primal, bestial, filthy and depraved. Alas, fears of disapproval and my consequent avoidance of real opportunity has frustrated my more wanton desires. Although my husband had been a good man and a decent lover, he had always been vanilla to the bone. I tried reading some mildly perverse erotica to him on several occasions but his response had always been uncomprehending. He simply wasn't able to imagine sex beyond missionary with one's wife or lover. Once when I summoned the courage to share some of my erotic dreams with him, he was clearly repulsed and suggested that maybe I should see a therapist. Sadly, that just made me screw the lid down tighter on my more dissolute wants. But still they remained in my subconscious, occasionally breaking free in my wonderfully erotic dreams.

Thankfully, the shackles of puritanical repression that strangled my most indecent desires began to fall away not long after my husband's untimely and tragic death 3 years ago in an accident with a drunk driver. A year after his death, I started dating and continued for another short year, but my lovers, though physically attractive and sexually accomplished, were far too tame for my erotic needs. None would even consider taboo role-playing, much less actually indulging themselves in the sorts of debauchery that haunted my dreams. So a year ago, I gave up the dating scene and abandoned myself to my dreams and the masturbatory release of my wicked fantasies.

Did you ever wonder why it is that the most common sexual fantasy of girls is sex with their fathers? It's so common that surely this forbidden lust must be innate (though stridently suppressed). I believe it's only the powerful energy of emergent primal pubescent lust that liberates it – at least to the point that many young girls allow themselves to feel it and welcome it in their fantasies. Though most women will admit to it, one rarely hears of boys or men owning up to such illicit oedipal desires. But those taboo urges must be there, don't you think? How else can you explain the immense popularity with men of mother-son erotica? I believe the stigma attached to being a “mama's boy” and all the related machismo bullshit leads to so much shame, that boys never admit to feeling it (even to themselves), much less acting on it. But in my house, I have for all the most wholesome of reasons (or so I have always told myself), encouraged Michael to be open and affectionate with his mother.

Still, it was only during this past year of unfettered masturbatory fantasy and resigned celibacy that my son began to move me in surprising and disturbing ways. Perhaps it was the recent noticeable changes to Michael's body? He is only a week into his 14<sup>th</sup> year and though his innocent boyish face shows no trace of whiskers, his voice is deepening and he has grown to stand 5'9” and weigh 130 pounds. Skinny to be sure, but the beginnings of muscular definition

in his chest and the muscles of his flat belly have become obvious to his discerning mother. Last month, I peeked while he was showering and was instantly aroused to see the first sprouts of curly pubic hair – a sure sign that the cum machine was starting to hum in his ripe pubescent balls. I imagine that I see the outlines of a more distinct bulge in his shorts and have continually fought the urge to slide my hand down them and cradle and fondle his young cock and balls.

It has now been nearly a year since I have had sexual thoughts or feelings about anyone but Michael. Having ceased to fight against them, my subconscious has been liberated to arouse and disturb me with increasingly perverted dreams. In the past few weeks, my nights have been haunted by dreams with the same incestuous themes, each an intensely erotic fantasy that violates the innocent bonds of mother and child. In each of my dreams, an intensely painful conflict within Michael and me builds inexorably into the irrepressible sexual tsunami that sweeps us to prurient paradise. Each of us loves the other, but each is tormented by complementary primal desires; one to defile the innocent child and the other to tempt the virtuous mother into defiling him.

Oh such wonderfully free, sensual and utterly perverse dreams! How I have luxuriated in them. But what of Michael? Surely, he must have sexual thoughts and perhaps dreams of his own? Could he have a girlfriend? The reality is that although Michael is boyishly cute, a decent athlete and is well-liked by his male classmates, he is socially awkward around the girls in his 8<sup>th</sup> grade class. He's often tongue-tied when they try to speak with him and embarrassed at his awkwardness. In contrast, he has very warm and natural relationships with three "older" women on his newspaper route who have been especially kind to him since his father's tragic death. They are all old enough to be his mother and, like me, are quite attractive, each in their own way. So, out of curiosity, I asked Michael a few weeks ago if he thought his three older "girlfriends" were sexy.

"What do you mean mom?"

"I mean Michael, do you ever think of them or dream about any of them in a naughty way?"

"You mean do I think about having sex with them?"

"Well not necessarily intercourse – I'm sure at your age and shy as you are, you are totally inexperienced and wouldn't know what to do. But still, I'm sure boys your age *do* have sexual fantasies"

"Well yeah, I guess I have had some dreams"

"Of course you have! I wonder though, do you have any such dreams about girls your own age?"

"No, I only have the sex kind of dreams about Mrs. Bernier and Mrs. Germaine and Mrs. Walsh"

"That's SOOO interesting Michael! Why do you think you only fantasize about women who are nearly my age?"

“I guess because they are really nice to me and they don’t make me feel self-conscious and... “

He gives me a sheepish grin.

“..And they smell really nice and they look like – well they DON’T look like the girls in my class. They are grown-up – they have sexy bodies.”

“Really??? What’s so sexy about their bodies, Michael?”

“Well they have nice butts and boobs - much bigger than the girls at school. They are a lot like you mom. Maybe that’s why I feel so good and comfortable with them.”

“Mmmm, very nice”, I thought. I was sorely tempted to ask him if he had any of “those dreams” about me. But I caught myself.

“You flatter me, Michael. Actually, I think your paper route sweeties are all younger than I am, but they certainly are mature curvaceous women and *not* girls. I must say, young man, you have precociously good taste in women.”

That left us both grinning.

As you might imagine, the revelation of Michael’s lust for mother-figures, (perhaps even me?), was gasoline on the smoldering coals of his mother’s illicit lust. I wondered was he having wet dreams and/or masturbating to his fantasies? I began to look for evidence – cum stains on his sheets and underwear. Then a month ago, in going through our dirty laundry, separating my panties, etc. from Michael’s underwear, I was shocked to find a pair of my panties that were encrusted with dried boy cum; so much of it that it was obvious he had cummed in them several times. Oh my fucking God! I rolled them between my palms savoring their crustiness and held them to my nose and inhaled our comingled scents. Oh this was too, too good to be true!

I wondered, could he be stashing my panties somewhere in his bedroom to be retrieved at night to enliven his incestuous fantasies? I did a quick inventory of my underthings and, sure enough, the only pair of lilac-colored bikini panties I owned was missing. I went to Michael’s bedroom straightaway. A quick survey turned up the purloined panties – hidden in a plastic baggie among his boxers in his underwear drawer. With trembling hands, I opened the baggy and pulled them out. This morning’s cum was not yet dried on them. I couldn’t help myself -I licked and sucked every bit of my sweet boy’s cum out of them (unavoidably tasting my quim and pee). Oh what heavenly aromas!

“Mom!?!” Jesus Christ! Where did the time go? Michael’s home from school already! I quickly stuffed the panties into my jeans pocket, closed the drawer and slipped out of his bedroom before he could catch me. For the rest of the evening, I puzzled over what I should do. Surely, he would go looking for his cum-soaked treasure as soon as he retired for the night. I would have to return the pair that were stuffed into my pocket - all my other panties were sitting clean in the dryer. And then in a moment of devilish inspiration, I had 2 ideas...

“Michael, we seem to be out of coffee and cereal. Can you please run down to the store and pick some up. I can feel a migraine coming on and need to lay down for a bit.”

“Sure mom – Can I buy ice cream while I’m there?”

“Of course, honey”

So off he went. It was just under a mile to the nearest corner grocery. As he was more than a year short of the minimum age for an NC driver’s license, he would have to walk, so I would have plenty of time to implement my second idea. I stripped except for my panties and held the stolen panties with our comingled flavors to my nose and mouth and rubbed my clit through the panties I was wearing. I stretched the cotton, pushing it between my cunt lips. In no time, the crotch was drenched with my thick fragrant cunt cream – and I was still not done cumming! When I was finally sated, I grabbed a baggie from the kitchen and slipped out of my sopping panties. Holding them, I was horrified to see they had a thick brown smear in the crotch. Damn! I should have changed after all that sweaty work in the garden! Well, too late now. I sealed them into the baggie and buried it under a mound of boxers in Michael’s dresser.

Now of course Michael would notice these were not the same panties that he had anointed that morning. And, of course, he would realize that I must have replaced those with these new more fragrant ones. I was sure this mystery would excite *and* worry him. What would he do, I wondered?

Because I’m a nurse, I work 36 hours on and the rest of each week off. As luck would have it, I had the next morning off; so after Michael had left for school, I was able to retrieve the panties. They were dripping with semen and reeked of that bleachy boy-cum scent, an unmistakable odor, even among my own scents....And Oh My God! – the brown stain was nearly all gone – licked clean, for sure. What a wonderful boy!!! This must continue!

From then on, every 2 or 3 days, I would exchange a freshly “perfumed” pair of my panties for the semen-encrusted pair that Michael had been emptying his still hairless, but cum-swollen balls into. As time passed I got less and less inhibited, at times not wiping completely after relieving myself (front or rear) and always wearing cotton panties – less sexy but so much more absorbent than thongs and other Victoria’s Secret panties. We never spoke to each other about what obviously was a shared joyful anticipation of my soiled panties. The sexual tension in our house was wound tighter than a coiled spring. The pump was primed.

And then one evening seemingly out of the blue....

I went into Michael’s bedroom where I knew he was doing his homework (or so I had been led to believe) and found him lying in his bed, on his stomach, reading “Silas Marner”, a terribly boring book his teacher had assigned the class.

“Hi sweetie I see you are still struggling with that awful book.”

Michael immediately slid something under “Silas Marner” and snapped his head around, obviously startled. I could see his face was flushed and radiated guilt. It was then that I noticed the randy bouquet of aroused cunt and asshole hanging heavily in the air and realized it was the soiled panties I had left for him that afternoon that he was hiding under his book. I pretended not to notice; my juice factory immediately oozed into production.

“Is something wrong Michael. Is that book upsetting you?”

“Um..no mom. Actually I was daydreaming about something else”

“I see” I said sitting down beside him on the bed, “I hope it was a pleasant fantasy – I’m sure whatever you have been daydreaming about was a lot more interesting than “Silas Marner”.”

Michael grinned sheepishly, “Oh yeah, waaay more interesting.”

“Oh really? Would you like to share with your curious mom?”

“I don’t know mom; you might get mad at me. I was remembering something I did, that you wouldn’t approve of.”

“Well try me sweetie. You know I’m softie where you’re concerned – I tend to let you get away with murder”

“Umm... well it was about my spying on you a few times when you were with your old boyfriends.”

It would have been easy for him to make up something far less incriminating. Clearly, he was testing the waters.

“Oh my! You *are* a bad boy! Well I hope whatever it was you saw didn’t upset you too much. Come on now, you can’t leave me hanging. Roll over and look me in the eyes while you make your confession.”

As Michael rolls to his side, to his mother’s delight, an incriminating bulge in his pants is revealed. I smile reassuringly and absentmindedly begin running my fingers through his hair and massaging his scalp.

“OK, dear boy, calm down, you have nothing to fear. You’ve done nothing wrong, but you have thoroughly intrigued your mother. I await your erotic memoir with bated breath”

“Well it was over a year ago – in the summer when it was really hot. I couldn’t sleep. I could see and hear you and your boyfriend moaning in your bedroom. I know it’s been nearly a year since you broke up with him, but I still can’t forget it”

“What do you mean you could “see and hear”? How could you see, if you were in your bedroom?”

"I used to sneak outside and peek in your bedroom window and watch and listen to you and your old boyfriend in your bed. You were kissing each other while he was grabbing your butt. Your tongues were in each other's mouths, and it looked like you were drooling on each other. Mom, you can't imagine how badly I ached when I heard you all moaning and I saw you all humping and kissing in your bed. I was so horny – I tried to beat off but nothing would come out – I was too young – it hurt mom."

Now I was the one who was startled. "What else did you see us doing in my bed?"

"I saw lots of stuff mom - lots of things I knew you would never do with me. But those things didn't hurt me – they just made me *really* horny. But I *was* jealous of how you kissed him – you never kissed me *that* way! I wished you would kiss me like you kissed him. I wished I could make you feel like he did....I wish it even more now, mom. That's what I was just daydreaming about."

The combined effects on me of the scent of my orifices perfuming my son's bedroom, Michael's wanting me to kiss him like he was one of my former lovers and the realization that I had been cuckolding my little boy all those nights with my old boyfriend were electric. I could feel my cunt cream oozing from my labia. I *know* my voice was trembling.

"My what astonishing revelations from my own son! To think, at your tender age, you were aroused by the sight of your beloved mother having sex with other men. In my wildest, wettest dreams I never imagined pleasuring them would make my son try to ejaculate cum he didn't yet have. Had I known how wickedly what I was doing with them excited you Michael, I might never have broken up with any of them." I admitted, winking at him.

"But this other surprise.....the kiss..... You say you would have your mother kiss you like she kissed a man – more than one man actually - 3 times your age; men who were lusting to fill me with their seed? Is that what you want Michael?"

Now I was testing the waters and it was Michael's turn to again be caught off guard. "I know it's wrong, wrong, wrong, but please Mom just this once please kiss me the way I saw you kissing your boyfriends"

Those words! THOSE WORDS! My dear boy wants me to kiss him with wicked intent; to kiss him not like a mother, but like an insatiable woman hungry for his seed – the way I have ached to kiss him myself but have so far been able to stifle. Damn! I'm starting to lose control.

[2+paragraphs have been deleted here]

"Silas Marner, my ass!" I smile, "I know what you were doing with my panties when I came into your room just now, Michael. In fact, your beautiful face is still sticky with my cunt nectar and reeks of my asshole! And now you would tempt your loving mother into violating her chaste relationship with you. You wicked little man! Come let me kiss you, my lovely child. Let your mother kiss you like a grown woman with lust in her heart!" [A bunch of text was deleted here]

Michael's hard cock is tenting his shorts. There is a clear wet spot on them where his precum is seeping through. A thousand thoughts and visions are exploding in my head – each and every one of them lascivious, warped and filthy. Oh how I want this boy! Oh what I want to do to him and with him.

“Please mom, Please...” Michael's face is contorted in want as he moves it mere inches from mine. I can feel his warm moist breath on my lips. But his inexperience is obvious - he has no idea how to kiss a woman deeply. It will be his mother's great pleasure to tutor him.

It is said that a deep passionate kiss is more intimate than fucking – I intend to prove the saying right. I kiss his lips lightly at first, but then I begin to flick my tongue over and finally between his yearning lips. Michael, compliant, aroused and oh so eager, opens to me. He inhales my moist warm breath and allows me to entwine my tongue with his. The kissing that follows is volcanic. We devour each other; his face is covered with my saliva. I pull at his tongue and lips with my teeth, we share our breath together, his saliva pours into my mouth and runs over my cheeks like an oral ejaculation. I crush my lips against his; I pour my soul into my son through his eager pubescent lips.

My hands find their way to the waistband of his shorts, tunneling under it to massage the swells of his delicious young asscheeks. Oh God, but they have a firmness unlike any I've felt from any of my past male lovers.

The raging excitement that our mouths have incited has spread to cunt and cock and, nature taking its course, they now seek to join each other. We hump each other obscenely – I'm sure Michael can feel the throbbing wetness of my cunt as it presses against the bulge of his cock in his shorts. Suddenly Michael breaks our kiss and begins to moan and scream as if in mortal pain. He is cumming and cumming HARD. But still, I hold him to me and grind my cunt into him. I slip my hand between us, inside the front of his shorts and let the last thick dollops of his cum ooze into my cupped hand. I hold Michael there until at last he relaxes and rolls on to his back, beside me. I withdraw my hand from his shorts and lick his savory cum from my palm and fingers.

Teetering as we are, on the verge of the unthinkable, I am suddenly seized with the fear of what we might have unleashed and its consequences. We are sooooo close, so very, very close.

“Michael, Michael, Michael, I am so glad I was finally able to give you the kisses you have yearned for all these past months. But honey, we must *never* do this again. It's wrong for mothers to take such pleasures with their boys. It's dangerous and could lead us to terrible unhappiness. Promise me sweetheart that you will not try kiss me that way again”

“Mom it felt so good – way better than I dreamed. Please don't make me promise that. I'll never forget this – I'll always want it”

“Nor will I forget it darling – of course we will hold on to this memory and cherish it. I wouldn't have it any other way. But darling, you *must* promise me!”

“Can’t we just promise not to let it lead us into bad stuff, Mom? How can something that feels so good be a bad thing?”

“Michael, you’ll just have to trust your mother’s experience. It tells me that if we continue with this kind of kissing, it will lead to things we will regret.”

“OK, but if I promise, will you still leave me your panties so I can take them to bed with me?”

“Well, I guess that would be OK. I mean – I would just throw them in the dirty laundry otherwise. It can’t hurt anything for you to have them for a couple of days before they are washed. I know lots of boys go through what you are going through. I’m happy that I can make it a little easier for you”

“OK, then I promise. I never want to make you feel bad, Mom. I hope it really does make you happy to give your dirty panties to me.”

“Honestly son, it makes me VERY happy. But we must not let our illicit pleasures go any further than that.”

I spoke these words bravely and with great difficulty. I knew it would be hard for me to keep my word – to try and keep our relationship, if not completely within the bounds of Christian chastity, at least to keep it short of outright incest. As it happened, despite my best intentions, I could not keep my word for even two full weeks.

Last week, my period started and, as usual, my flow was torrential. What Should I do? I could hold off on the panty exchange for 3 or 4 days, until I stopped, but the thought of missing the taste of Michael’s cum on my panties and the exquisite pleasure of further corrupting him were much too great a price to pay. I folded the panties, the crotch literally dripping with the strawberry jam of my uterus, into a clean baggie and placed it in Michael’s underwear drawer. When I retrieved them 2 days later they were encrusted with Michael’s cum AND they were torn in the crotch where Michael had obviously chewed through them, leaving no trace of strawberry jam behind.

Oh Sweet Jesus! I lost all control and pulled down my jeans, feverishly rubbed my clit with my torn and soiled panties and came within 2 minutes. In that instant, I knew I was forever lost. I simply didn’t have the will to delay, any longer, taking the depraved pleasures I had been craving since Michael first entered puberty. It was time. I began to hatch my plot.

A week later, on a sweltering Indian summer Saturday, knowing full well that Michael will be returning soon from practice with his junior high school’s soccer team, I begin to lay my devious trap. I don my sexiest black lacy half-bra uplifting my 38D breasts, allowing my nipples and the tops of my puffy pink areolae to sit up, firm and uncovered. I put on a silken white blouse, open to my cleavage. My nipples and areolae are nicely outlined by the sheer, clinging material. I don’t bother to change my cotton bikini panties that, as usual, are stretched to near tearing by my prodigious globular asscheeks. A pair of coffee-colored thigh-highs and a loose-fitting, high-

waisted dark skirt that falls a couple of inches below my knees and a pair of red pumps complete my anything-but-maternal outfit.

I head into Michael's bedroom and wait. When I hear the backdoor open, I pull open his underwear drawer and dig through the pile of clean boxers, seeking the soiled, cum -soaked treasure I am confident is hiding within. Ahh here they are, my dirty panties licked nearly clean but dripping thick ropes of congealed boy cum!

As my son's footsteps approach his bedroom door, I raise the anointed panties to my face. As he opens the door, I close my eyes and begin to cat-lick them, filling my nostrils with their musky aroma.

"Mom! What are you...."

I spin around, holding my cum-stained panties, still dripping Michael's semen, to my nose and mouth and faint shock and embarrassment.

"Oh Michael! I didn't expect you so soon. I hope I haven't shocked you – in a *bad* way, I mean. If I have, please forgive me darling. I was coming to pick up my old dirty panties and leave you a fresh pair, and...and.., I -I just got carried away. I never meant for you to find me this way", I lied.

Michael's eyes are wide, wide, wide and his mouth agape. He's trying to say something, but can't find any words

"Oh honey, that's not quite true. I have a confession to make. After weeks and weeks of fantasizing about what you were doing with my panties, I couldn't resist anymore. So last night I snuck back after you had gone to bed. I pushed your door open just enough to be able to hear you and to peek in. It was dark of course, but I could still see well enough to know that you were masturbating while sniffing and licking my panties. When you were nearly finished, I could see you wrap my panties round your hard little cock and pump your cum into them, moaning "Mom, oh mom! Pleaseeeee!" I had to hold my hand over my face so you couldn't hear *my* moans. Instantly, my panties were sopping. My pussy is still throbbing and oozing, just thinking about it. I'm dripping just talking with you about all of this - it is SOOO arousing to me. I hope it is for you too."

"Oh God, yes it is! But mom, I thought – I mean- You made me promise not to even try to kiss you again. And now you are – I'm so mixed-up mom."

"Darling forget those foolish promises. I mean it Michael, don't ever mention them again – Forget I ever asked you to promise such a terrible, unnatural thing. Tell me now Michael, do you like the smell of your mother's dirty panties?"

"Oh God yes, mom"

"They don't smell nasty to you?"

“Well um.... yes they do .... but nasty in a *very* good way, mom. I love smelling them. I love tasting them even more”

“You like licking them clean, Michael?”

“Yes! Yes! -“

“Even the pee and the brown streaks?”

“I’m so ashamed mom – you must think I’m really sick – but I can’t stop myself. The nastier your panties are, the more I want to smell and taste them. Even though I want so badly to cum in them, sometimes I can’t bring myself to stop sniffing and eating them, so I just cum on my belly and chest and then wipe it up with your panties. I wish that you could leave me two dirty pairs so I could cum in one while I licked the other pair.

“Oh Michael! That’s so erotic! You don’t know what it does to your poor mother to hear these things. You shouldn’t be ashamed to love the taste of your mother’s body fluids; after all I nourished you from my body for nearly 2 years. Shameful or not, it is oh so exciting for me to know; maybe even more exciting for me imagine it than it is for you to do it. If I knew your fantasies, I’m sure they would drive me wild with the desire to consummate them.

Michael remains rooted, mouth still agape – confusion and wonder radiating from his innocent face. So I move to him, swaying seductively, across the floor of his bedroom stopping inches from his trembling body.

“Do you like how your mother looks, Michael? I dressed this way just for you - to make you think filthy thoughts.” Smiling, I confess, “Are you having indecent thoughts about me, Michael - I sure hope so, honey”.

“Jeez mom you are the most beautiful and sexy woman I’ve ever seen. I can’t believe that you have dressed so sexy just for me. But, but mom, I’m afraid...”

“Shhhhh”, I wrap my hands around both his wrists.

“Michael, Isn’t this a pretty blouse? It feels so silky. Here feel how it hugs my breasts. Rub the material over my nipples Michael. I want you to feel how nice it is – don’t be afraid, darling”

I move my son’s hands to my breasts.

“Cup them in your hands Michael. Squeeze them. Massage my nipples through the silk. Tell me what you feel – I want to know.”

Michael’s fingers spread around each of my breasts, cupping them in his palms. For the first time ever, he feels their delicious heft. His hands open and close rhythmically as he fondles and squeezes my breasts and pulls on my erect nipples. So sweet, so arousing, but not nearly as rough as I want and need.

Though Michael wrestles with fears of disapproval and rejection, his hands are busy doing his mother's bidding; I'm quite sure I must be making him very hard. My nipples and my areolae are turgid and, even covered in silk, so very sensitive. I can feel the excitement all the way down to my clit – my cunt is drooling.

"Michael, let go of your fears. Go to the place in your head that you go to when you take my dirty panties to bed with you....Take me to that place with you, Michael."

"I want to go there, but, but ...Mom when I taste and smell your panties, I want to do even nastier things – things that I know you would think are filthy, wrong and disgusting."

"Of course you feel as you do, Michael, because what you want *is* so very wrong and so degenerate. But's that's what makes it all so exciting – so irresistible. If anyone knew what we were doing, we would be total social outcasts. But Michael, I don't care what they think. I know I love you and I know you love me and I know that you ache for me to give you all the "disgusting" pleasures you have ever fantasized about sharing with me. And Michael, I *need* to give them to you, no matter how filthy they are – the filthier, the better. Michael, I know I can't stop myself. Do you want me to stop, Michael?"

"No mom – never ..."

"Good! Mommie is about to exploit all your pubescent sexual vulnerabilities. Just talking with you about it sends thrills through my body. Look what you've done to me – look at my nipples how big they've gotten, feel how hard they are. I promise you I will do things that will make you feel much filthier than the things you fantasized about. I will do them with you Michael and I know you will love them.

Now it's time Michael – it's time for you to take from me what I ache so badly to give you and to take it shamelessly. I want *you* to undress your mother. Kneel down Michael"

Trembling, Michael kneels slowly in front of me, never taking his wide eyes from mine. I move even closer to him. His face is still upturned looking at me, his chin grazing the material of my skirt.

"Keep looking at me Michael – I want you to see and feel your mother's lust. Reach behind my ankles and massage my calves with your fingertips – very lightly, up and down my calves. Now slowly, very slowly, move your hands over my calves and up the backs of my knees, under my skirt. I don't think you've ever touched them before. At least not the way I want you to touch them. When you do the things I'm going to ask of you Michael, I want you to understand you are seducing me into being a very bad mom – the perverted mom of your masturbatory fantasies"

I feel my son's trembling fingers caressing my legs. They are moving very lightly along the contours of my calves. When they reach the sensitive skin just behind my knees, I let out a gasp and a sigh– it's heavenly!

“Ahh, yes that feels sooo good Michael. You are making your mother so wet! Now a little higher - Yes!!! Feel the backs of my thighs. Oh God, Michael! YOU are making me wet! Make me wetter Michael! reach up a little higher so you can feel my juices – but slowly Michael, don’t rush – the anticipation is sublime.”

Michael is breathing very hard now. I feel his hands roaming over the backs and sides of my thighs. They are now are at the top of my thigh-highs. I know his fingers must be getting wet and sticky from the juices that continue to ooze from my panties and drip down my thighs. Oh how sweet the anticipation!

“Go higher Michael, there’s more of it.” He does and begins to caress the sopping gusset of my panties with his fingertips....

“Mmmmm. Now with your other hand caress my panties in back too –can you feel mommy’s asshole through my panties? ....Mmmm oh yessss, yesss you can! Caress my cunt and my asshole together. Oh Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh Michael, you are making your mother feel sooo nasty! Dear God, Michael! The things I want to do with you!.”

I’m moaning – it doesn’t matter that Michael doesn’t know exactly how to rub my clit or even how to find it – the very idea of my son’s fingering me through my sopping panties has me gushing. I thrust my ass back into Michael’s pantied finger forcing it to push just inside my sphincter. I undulate forcing my cunt against the fingers of his one hand and, on the backstroke enveloping his fingertip with my sphincter. The pleasure of the dual teasing of my orifices through my wet panties has me on the verge of cumming. As I undulate, I give Michael another permission...

“Now Michael, I will give you things that are so much better than dirty panties. Take one of your hands out and smell your fingers. Keep looking at me while you do it, sweetheart. I love the feeling I get when you look into my eyes while I am corrupting you.”

Michael draws his right hand out from under my skirt and holds it up to his nose. My cunt-cum is viscous and thick and it hangs between his fingers like snot.

“Lick your fingers for me, Michael, lick them clean”

Oh God I’m so close to cumming just watching what I’m doing to my sweet boy. I’m sure his heart is beating out of his chest.

“Am I making you hard Michael? Do you like how I smell and taste when my juices are fresh?”

“I do mom, I love how strong it is! I want you to rub it all over my face. I want to inhale it and taste more of it”

“Now grab the waistband of my panties on each hip and slowly pull them down until they are at my knees then take your hands out from under my skirt.”

When I feel my panties at my knees, I turn around so that my ass is just above the level of Michael's face. I pull the back of my skirt up to my waist.

Michael moves his hands up to the place where my thighs flare into the magnificent globes of my ass. His hands linger there caressing, cupping and fondling my sumptuous mommy meat.

"Dig your fingers into them Michael. I have a big strong ass – I like it man-handled or should I say boy-handled?"

Michael kneads the swells of my sensuous, muscular asscheeks – roughly, the way I like it-spreading my cheeks apart as he does.

"Michael let me feel your warm lips on my naked asscheeks"

The first moist kiss of Michael's lips on my butt cheek is electric. Trembling with lust, I let the folds of my uplifted skirt fall over his head and down his back, trapping his sweet face, the center of all his senses, in the enclosed world of his mother's orifices. He moans plaintively.

"Rub your nose slowly up and down my asscrack and breathe in my aromas, Michael – but no licking – just immerse yourself in the musk of your mother's ass and let the aromas work their magic."

I love the feeling of my son's nose in my butt crack. I undulate my ass until his nose is nudging my tight sphincter. This is so lascivious, so perverse – it feels incredible, and Michael is nearly out of his mind with lust and want. What an indecent mother I am!

"Do you like the smell of your mother's asshole Michael?"

Michael's answer is muffled because his face is clamped between the swells of my bountiful booty which I am energetically grinding into his face. Though it does sound like he might be running out of air, I'm quite sure his answer is positive.

Without my instruction and apparently unable to tolerate their obstructive presence any longer, Michael reluctantly pries his face from between my cheeks and pulls my panties down to my ankles. As I step out of them, Michael struggles to his feet, the sopping pair of panties clutched in his trembling hands. Michael's eyes – full of desperate desire – are locked on mine. He seems hardly to notice that I am unfastening my skirt and letting it fall to the floor. He steps toward me, his fingers still clutching the quim-drenched panties that moments ago had ensheathed my oozing cunt. On impulse, I take my reeking panties from his grasp and gently wipe them across his face, teasing him with their randyness. I pull Michael against me, forcing his turgid cock against the bare flesh at the tops of my thigh-highs (damn his shorts!). Tilting his head back, I kiss him deeply, passionately, savoring the randy scents of my cunt and asshole on his lips. I delight in the look of longing on his face, now covered with our saliva and poised mere inches from mine, warming my cheeks and lips with breaths that fall just short of panting.

Michael isn't just shaking, he is shuddering. I reach down and take his cock in my hand, rolling the foreskin back and forth over his naturally lubed glans. Michael gasps. He knows what his body and mine are telling him. But still, I'm his mother and we are now so close to the most taboo of all taboos: he is on the verge of fucking his mother.

"Oh mom! Oh God!" My boy is shaking uncontrollably. His voice is cracking, quacking. His eyes are pleading and tearing all at once. "I want to do dirtiest things with you. Awful things! Things that are wrong. I'm afraid of what will happen if we do them. What if anybody finds out - what would happen to us? We have to stop - don't we?"

With wickedly carnal intent and with Michael still in my arms, and I naked from the waist down except for my thigh highs, in answer to his quams, I guide my son's hands to the first button of my blouse.

"Shhh darling. Let your mother help you let go of your silly fears. Finish undressing me, Michael. Take what your mother offers you. Come make your nasty dreams come true, Michael - I want you to - be bold." I reassure him, again moving his hands to the buttons of my blouse.

"Unbutton me, Michael. I want to be naked for you"

Michael fumbles with my buttons, unable to still his trembling hands long enough to slip even one button through its buttonhole.

"Michael Please! - I can't bear this any longer - I need to feel your hands on my bare tits!"

To my happy surprise, Michael simply rips my blouse open, sending buttons flying through the air. He yanks the torn blouse off me and gasps at the sight of the twin beauties of his mother's full, uplifted breasts. My puffy nipples sit proudly atop my breasts like a pair of pink sunny-side up eggs, each large enough to fill Michael's yearning mouth.

I take Michael's wide-eyed, innocent face in my hands and stroke his forehead. Running my fingers through his lovely curls, I guide his face to my breasts. I pull urgently at his hair, tilting his head so that his lips are just brushing the taut tips of my erect nipples. "Michael, my darling boy, don't be ashamed. Don't be afraid. Think your most filthy thoughts, feel them, embrace them! Surrender to them Michael - I want you to! Suck my nipples! Suck them like you did when you were a baby."

I feel the luscious pleasure of Michael's lips encompassing my turgid areolae, sucking as much of each as he can into his warm juvenile mouth. I massage the back of his head as he suckles first one, then the other. Michael moans and gasps; his saliva begins to drip over the swells of my tits. Memories of Michael breastfeeding at those very same nipples and the pleasures I felt from it come flooding back to me; only now instead of nutrition, I am infusing him with his mother's lust. The pull of his lips, the insistent, urgent flicking of his moist tongue on my nipple, the tantalizing friction of his teeth on the fleshy bumps of my areolae and the music of his coos

and moans are rapturous. This is my beloved pubescent son who has my cunt dripping and the last vestiges of my moral qualms evaporating – Jesus fucking Christ, how I love this!

“Harder Michael! Chew them! Bite them! Don’t be afraid. I want to feel you devouring me! Let your mother feel your lust!”

Michael clutches both of my breasts, one in each of his trembling hands as he pulls at my nipples and areolae, nibbling and pinching them between his front teeth.

“Squeeze my tits harder Michael! Bite my nipples! Bite them! Bite them hard!”

I shudder and moan from the pain/pleasure in my nipples.

While Michael is assaulting my tits, my hands find their way into his gym shorts, grasping his ass cheeks. I am frantically yanking down Michael’s gym shorts. I want – I must feel the fountainhead of his cum and his lust in my hands. He helps me by quickly wriggling out of them, freeing his slender, fully erect 5-inch penis. I feel his little virgin cock against me and stroke it’s full pulsing length. Exquisite jolts of erotic electricity shoot from my abused, near to bleeding, nipples, coursing straight to my clit. My cunt is oozing like a split melon. I am nearly out of my mind with incestuous lust.

As intense as the pleasure of Michaels’ delightfully painful attention to my nipples is, I long to feel ecstasies that are far darker, far more bestial and primal. I ache for something no decent mother would ever dream of sharing with her beloved son. Yet I do dream of it, waking to find the sheet soaked through with my cunt drool, trembling with degenerate desire. I ache to defile him in the filthiest way. His innocent sweetness and adoration and unconditional affection for me, make the desires unbearably intense: you can only defile that which is chaste, pure and innocent. The deep maternal love I feel for Michael only intensifies the erotic power of the unholy pleasures I crave. I will shamelessly exploit and manipulate his love for me and the lust for the scents and tastes of my orifices that I have nurtured in him these past weeks. He will have neither the desire nor the will to deny me.

Gently, I lift Michaels face from my tortured tits, “Come behind me Michael”, I say as I step away from him and slide into the narrow space between his bed and the bedroom wall. I brace myself with both hands on the wall and press my face and breasts against it. I bend back slightly at my knees so that my ass fills most of the space between the wall and Michael’s bed. Michael squeezes himself in behind me and runs his trembling hands over the warm flesh of my ass. I sigh and moan softly.

I arch my back, offering him my sumptuous, fragrant ass. As Michael kneels, I present him with a view of his mother whose vulgarity is exceeded only by its erotic power. The engorged lips of my oozing cunt are parted slightly revealing the moist clinging pink folds of my vagina - an organ that he last glimpsed, felt and tasted at his birth. His long awaited and anticipated return to its moist pleasures beckons him. My puckered coffee-colored asshole is winking obscenely at him; nestled between the supple mounds of my buttocks.

“Michael, I want you - I - I - I want to give you something – I want to feed you, Michael. I want this so badly, darling – you must not deny your mother this forbidden pleasure – I crave it, Micheal. You must give it to me! Taste me, Michael! Let me feel your hunger for what my panties teased you and tormented you with. Taste your mother’s asshole! Taste your mother’s shit! Michael, let me fill you with it.”

Michael reaches around me and clutches the front of my thighs and draws his mewling mother’s gorgeous ass into his face, breathing in the randy aromas of my asshole. Driven on by the earthy allure of my asshole and by his aching need to please his mother – to satisfy her darkest desires – he once more rubs his nose into my pungent sphincter, moaning with pleasure and excited anticipation as he does.

Michael’s tongue journeys up and down my asscrack, flicking and slathering the tender flesh with his warm saliva, tasting the pungent flavors and musk he finds there. Waves of intense pleasure and anticipation sweep over me while his tongue dances and probes insistently. After maddeningly long minutes of shuddering ecstasy, Michael’s as yet unspoiled tongue finds my tight sphincter. He kisses it tenderly, then swirls his tongue in tiny circles around it, covering it with spit. He is moaning and I can feel his aching want for the taboo intimacy I am primed to give him - all he has ever imagined and then some. I press back against him, pinning his head on the edge of the mattress. Michael’s hands are now flat on the floor steadying himself as his head and neck are bent back on to the mattress by the force and weight of my plump meaty ass. I’m half-sitting, half-squatting on his beautiful face. With both my hands, I once again reach back behind me and spread my cheeks wide for him.



Michael plunges his tongue repeatedly and deeply through the tight pucker of my asshole. Oh, how badly he wants this! Oh, how badly I need to feel my waste passing from the depths of my bowels into his yearning mouth. Relaxing my sphincter, I take his eager young tongue in as deeply I can.

“Deeper Michael! Deep as your tongue can reach. Pull your sweet face into me! Feed from me, Michael! I want you to! I need you to!

Spreading his lips over my asshole, Michael buries his face nearly up to his ears between my firm buttocks. My asshole begins to twitch and pulsate and finally to relax. I reward him with the taste of his mother’s shit; I shudder with the exquisite sensation of my shit passing slowly from my throbbing asshole into his urgently sucking lips. It fills his mouth with the most erotic and foul flavors. Dear God! I am feeding my son his mother’s shit! The emotions are so intense, so degenerate, so delectably unholy.

“Savor its foulness before you swallow it! Feast on it, darling!”

Michael responds more eagerly than he did as an infant at my breast. Infused with the vile pleasure of my shit, he licks and devours it with such fervor that his saliva runs down the valley between my ass cheeks and covers my cunt and the luxuriously curled thatch of my pubic hair with a slick film that lubricates and arouses me all at once. I rub Michael’s spit into the hard nub of my throbbing clitoris before frigging two of my fingers into my sopping cunt. The intensity of my impending orgasm overtakes me.

“Eat it Michael! Goddamn! I’m going to cum! Suck my Asshole Michael! Kiss it, bathe it with your spit, clean me with your tongue!”

As Michael’s tongue spirals in and out of my taut asshole, rimming me deliciously, I begin to cum....

“OH Fuck! OH Michael Don’t stop! Eat your mother’s ass! Eat my shit! Jesuuuuss Fucking Christ – I’m cumming!!!”

I’m squirting now, blasting Michael’s neck and chin with my ejaculate ...I can’t stop screaming and wiping my dripping cunt and ass up and down Michael’s face. Though I have cum, Michael is still trembling, aching and begging for his own release. He crawls up onto his bed and lays on his back, erect and looking up at me with desperate, pleading eyes.

Kneeling beside his bed, I lean over and take his little boner in my mouth. While I slowly stroke his trembling shaft, I lick his peehole, plying its tiny opening with the flicking tip of my tongue – evoking a violent shudder and a cry of pain and pleasure. I slide my nibbling mouth up and down his hard shaft, from his frenulum to his balls, like a flutist playing her instrument. Small as his cock is, the boy has exceptionally large balls – the pair of them, hot and cum-laden, are too big to fit together in the palm of my hand. Pulling and tugging gently on them, I squeeze and twist his ball sack while still stroking his weenie with my other hand. I take each testicle into my

mouth, one at a time, and suck them while caressing the other and the taut sensitive area between his balls and his asshole.

Michael's hips move involuntarily in an urgent, undulating, fucking motion while he pleads with me, "Mom----Mommie please...."

"Shhhh baby, mommy has something very special for you. Be patient – you'll get your reward.

I work my index finger, lubed with boy-spittle and mommy-cum, through Michael's clenched sphincter and immediately find the bulge of the firm nut of his prostate. I begin to flick the tip of my finger, pressing lightly on his prostate while continuing to hum his flute. As Michael groans and moans, I can feel his spunk rising to the base of his cock.

"Almost there, honey."

I increase the intensity of my fingering before deftly and gently scratching and tickling his swollen prostate with my half-inch index fingernail. I dance my tongue up and down his frenulum, coaxing the first thick dollop of semen to ooze from his peehole. Like hot candle wax, the curdled wad drips down his pulsing cock and into my waiting lips. Michael is wailing. He wants to explode, but like slowly letting the air out of a ballon, my agonizingly steady tickling of his prostate provides just enough relief to prevent it. With practiced skill, I bring him repeatedly – 3 times - to the edge of orgasm; each time, allowing only a single drop of thick boy cream to ooze from his peehole. Oh how lovely to hear the music of his wails and to feel the feverish trembling of his slender pubescent body against mine and his testicles throbbing in my hand. Michael has never felt pleasure as intense as this.

"Mom - make me cum please PLEAAAAAASSSSSEEEEE! I can't stand it anymore.

Oh sweet Jesus! I have him sooooo close!

I smile at my boy, his beautiful, full lips glistening with the cinnamon-colored lipstick of his mother's asshole. I hesitate. Should I mount that lovely face, cum on it, tease and torture him some more or - No! – No, I can't wait any longer! I must take his virginity and take it, NOW!

Still looking down into my boy's pleading eyes, I mount him and hover my oozing cunt just above his cock, standing straight and rigid in all its teenaged glory. At that very moment, I want nothing more than to feel my cunt stroking and wringing every last drop of my son's virginal spunk out of his engorged, throbbing balls. Yet still I tease him and remind him of the oedipal depravity of what he is about to do in his mother's womb.

"Michael, are you sure you want this? Are you sure you want to do this most forbidden of all taboo deeds? To usurp your dead father's realm of intimate pleasure and to take it for your own and desecrate it with your manly seed? And it is manly now isn't it Michael? – capable of impregnating me? Will you risk impregnating your beloved mother?

“Yes! Yes, I do mom! I want what he had! Mom Please! Please! I think I’ll die if you don’t make love to me”

“Make Love? No Michael I will not make love to you - not now or ever. But I don’t believe that’s what you really want. Tell me what you *really* want – Don’t be afraid. Tell me in the crudest language – its OK sweetie. I want to hear it from your lips, Michael”

“Mom...you mean....?”

“Yes, darling I do mean *that* – I know it’s what you really want – its what mommy wants to give you. And Michael...”

“Yes? Oh God mom, I think I will explode if you don’t”

“...And Michael, whenever you ask me for this, you must call me “Mommie” and you must call me “Mommie” as long as you are inside me. Now Michael, ask me the way a bad boy like you would ask his mother”

“Mommie please fuck me. FUCK ME, mommy! Fuck me like you used to fuck daddy! FUCK ME NOW”

At those lovely words, I lower myself until the head of Michael’s cock is fully clasped by my cunt lips. Slowly, rhythmically, in abbreviated strokes, I raise and lower myself repeatedly, moving up and down over Michael’s cockshead, allowing it to penetrate my inner lips, but not enter me any deeper. As I fuck the head of Michaels’ cock with my pussy lips, I squeeze it with my kegel muscles, milking him of the precum that drips from him like juice from a split grape. Though I ache to take the full length of him, I can’t quite bring myself to give up the exquisite pleasure of continually being entered and reentered by my virgin boy – deflowering him repeatedly, hungrily. I am fucking my sweet son! The boy that not so long ago caused me to scream in the agony of natural childbirth has returned 14 years later to pay for his original sin, with his virginity. It is his mother’s great pleasure to accept payment.

While Michael is shuddering, begging and pleading for me take *all* of his penis inside of me, I finally reach the limits of my self-control. The intensity of my own arousal now demands the whole 5 inches of him; so, at last, I lower myself until the curls of my pubic hair are crushed against Michael’s belly, fully encunting my virgin son. The walls of my vagina hold tight to Michael’s cock, encasing it in the warm honey of his mother’s cunt. No cock has ever sent such thrills of ecstasy into me as this little one is sending. I lean forward bracing myself with both hands on Michaels shoulders.

“Look into my eyes Michael – don’t you dare take your eyes from mine or close them, no matter what. Hold still; let your mother fuck you”

Returning his fevered gaze, I see a boy who just short months ago was not yet able to produce semen, now in the grip of taboo pleasures beyond any he has ever imagined, writhing rapturously in the musky cavern of his mother’s cunt. The perverse pleasure and excitement

this gives me is indescribable. I begin to bounce up and down “in the saddle” vigorously, greasing his young pole with my thick vaginal secretions. At the end of each downstroke, I grind my ample ass into his pubes, pinching his cum-laden balls. His yelps are divine music to his mother’s ears. Gradually I increase the pace of my wicked ride. I can feel my 2<sup>nd</sup> orgasm approaching, the pulsing electricity radiating from my clit and G-spot. I am nearly out of my mind with frenzied lust.

“Michael! Fuck your mother! Bury your beautiful young cock in me! Claim your mother’s cunt for yourself Michael! Jesus Christ! Fill me with my own child’s seed! Breach my cervix! Fill my womb! Impregnant me, Michael!”

The vulgarity of my words, the fire of the unholy lust in his mother’s eyes as I ride his throbbing penis and the ecstatic sensations of my pulsating, oozing cunt work their carnal magic on my boy. Michael catches the rhythm of my movements and matches it with his own. Michael’s rigid little rod, enveloped in the moist textures and clinging contours of my vagina, responds to its warm wet caresses, conducting the ecstatic sensations of my cunt into the core of pleasure deep in his pulsating prostate. With each stroke, the tight embrace and warm wetness of my vagina milks Michael into violent, fitful spasms of orgasmic release. Howling in primal triumph and ecstasy, Michael fills the womb that birthed him with his own seed. As the first hot jets of Michael’s semen splash against my cervix, I again squirt prodigiously.

When at last, the tempo of the strokes of my cunt subsides, I sit astride Michael’s still erect cock, slowly rocking and, for the moment, sated. Boy cum, mommy’s viscous cunt juices and her watery ejaculate, now drip down Michael’s shaft. The look we see in each other’s faces is now one of joy and contentment. In the relaxing calmness of our afterglow, with Michael still inside me, I give in finally to the urgency of my bladder. I pour the golden stream of my piss down the shaft of his cock.

“Mom! What are you doing?”

Smiling, I confess “I’m pissing on my little boy’s cock. Don’t you like it, Michael?”

A new warmth envelopes Michael as he watches in aroused surprise as my soothing bath flows from the base of his cock down his chest and pools around his navel before washing over his waist and down into the sheets. Still smiling, I raise my cunt from Michael’s wilting cock and slide myself toward his face, slowing only to let the curls of my cunt hair linger briefly in the warm pool of piss on his belly. When my cunt is poised just over his beautiful angelic face, I hover, my hairy twat, dripping warm urine, just above his lips.

“Open for me. Lick me, Michael”

I brush Michaels’ lips with my sopping cunt hair and treat his thirsty mouth to the last feeble squirts of my piss. He swallows with all the eagerness that he ate from his mother’s ass. I press my cunt into my boy’s mouth and feel his warm tongue tunneling into my vagina, feasting on my cum and his semen. I sway my hips and paint his lips, nose and cheeks with my piss and our

cum. Oh what a sight he is for his mother! God but he is a beautiful irresistible mess. In a rush of perverse affection, I lay full length on top him and taking his befouled face in my hands, I kiss him deeply, tasting all our juices. Oh what a kiss! How it reeks of our filthy sex!

We are humping while locked in our vile kiss. While we kiss and share saliva, Michael's cock is resurrected. Michael is desperate to enter me again – I can feel his helpless urgency and understand that there is no act of debauchery too depraved for my beloved son- and that his appetite and capacity for their forbidden pleasures will only grow under my guidance. He will look to me to introduce him to the joys of new and ever more taboo debaucheries. I am my sons' carnal muse. I feel like a gifted conductor who has the skill to make him sing me an aria. Oh this is all so gloriously wrong and so exquisitely delicious!

As the saying goes, "once the cake is cut, another piece is seldom missed". What he has just tasted is a mere beginning. There will be no end to the forbidden pleasures we shall share. Some might think me cruel and unfit as a mother – but they would be wrong. I once heard that the best lovers are selfish lovers; lovers who in their own fevered arousal, drag their more timid partners along with them into realms of sexual excess and depravity that a more "vanilla" lover would never dare to take them to. I know my son – he is of my flesh and I know I am giving him what he aches for but could never give himself. I promise myself I will debauch him many more times in new and wonderfully indecent ways before he leaves our home for his journey into adulthood.

In the remaining years of his adolescence, he will fill his mother with his seed again and again. Soon I will fill his mouth with my clotted menstrual blood. When, as I must, I will date again, I will take Michael into my bed and he will devour the cum of my lovers still fresh in my vagina before I grant him the pleasure of replacing it with his own. Michael will be nourished from and will cum into every orifice in his sensuous mother's body and our howls of defiant ecstasy will echo through our home. There are no limits to the carnal depravities we'll lead each other into – no act too taboo, no joy too primal, no intimacy too filthy for us; pleasure, pleasure and still more pleasure will be our only quest and our reward. Through his mother's patient manipulation, encouragement and seduction, my son will learn carnal artistry that will forever reward him and all his future lovers with the stuff of his mother's dreams.