

# What Michael Knows

TabooTales1

**Author's note:** This story will not be a straight-forward read nor will it be a quick stroke story. The first chapter will give you a taste of my approach in this story to tell both the current events and the events in the past that got us here. In the first chapter, I'm not going to be as specific with the timeline as I think it's important to not give too much of the story away too quickly. In future chapters, the timeline will be a little more clear when I bounce through time periods. Hopefully, the story is still clear despite that.

How many chapters will be there be? Currently, I'm in Chapter 8. My gut says there will probably be ten total chapters. I also have, if this story has enough interest, a sequel of sorts I have a loose idea of that could be written. My hope is to release a chapter every week, which will hopefully give me enough time to finish up before a long period of inactivity hits. Thank you for reading and please comment/rate.

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# Chapter 1

*I know?*

Stephanie Bell shook her head, trying to figure out what her youngest son was referring to. What did he know? Maybe it was that his father was planning to surprise him and his older brother with a fishing trip when the latter returned home from college next month? Stephanie was well aware that Michael was not a fan of fishing, but the seriousness in his voice told her that the mild annoyance of a day fishing on the lake couldn't have been that big of a deal to him. Besides, time bonding with his father was rarely something that bothered Michael.

She replayed the scene in her mind. She was carrying laundry to the living room, the baby monitor clipped to her robe, as her son grabbed his bookbag and headed for the door to for the short drive to his high school. He'd only need to make the minor journey for little more than a month before he

graduated. Then, a few short months after that, he would be off to William & Mary.

Sighing, Stephanie was slightly depressed about that last fact. Her oldest son, Jacob, was at the University of Virginia, with one more year remaining. Her daughter, Melissa (or Lyssa), was working and attending class at the local community college. She was only taking two classes - likely just to appease her parents. Thinking of her reminded Stephanie that Lyssa would be waking up soon.

Back to the scene that had her perplexed, her son ducked his head into the living room. She plopped the laundry basket down, feeling strangely aware of her son's eyes on her. It made her rather self-conscious. Her robe was thick, yet she had the unshakable feeling like her son was looking at her ass. It was the same feeling she often had when accompanying her husband to his yearly office party where his drunken co-workers would eye-fuck her. Depending on their ability to feel shame, would either avert their eyes when she saw them or, worse, eye-fuck her harder now that she was looking. She

never let Nathan know that she experienced a minor high from the episodes.

Though she had celebrated her third 39th birthday in October, Stephanie was not yet ready to let age win in her battle to keep her looks. Dark, straight hair - she made sure to pluck out any stray white ones - was meticulously cared for. She used a nightly regimen of creams and lotions to keep her skin smooth and retain the face of a girl in her 30's. Her body showed the typical signs of multiple births and it increasingly became difficult to work off those last few pesky pounds, but she still turned heads wherever she went as her pear-shaped ass swung back-and-forth with each step. She had to admit her breasts weren't where she wanted, but for men who loved a woman with plenty of ass and tits, she was their ideal choice. Luckily, she had a husband who enjoyed both.

He often laughed about how many of his co-workers were ogling her as they drove back from office parties. She joined in the laughter when he told her, "they don't often envy the IT guy, but then they see you and they wonder what secrets I

must know about a woman's body to get such a beautiful vixen to myself."

She didn't receive as many looks at the most-recent office party. Being bloated with a bun in the oven doesn't attract quite as much attention. She was still two months away from popping out little Isabella, who must have thought it was hilarious to show up a week after her due date. Her mother was not all that amused. Having a child at 42 was never the plan to begin with. She thought her baby-making days had ended around the turn of the millennium when she had three children in a condensed time period.

Speaking of which, she heard Bella beginning to babble, letting Stephanie know the little munchkin was awake. They had yet to transition her to a crib so she slept in a bassinet in the same room as her parents. When Jacob returned home, the plan was to condense down his stuff and move Jacob in with his younger brother. After all, by the time mid-August hit, both would be gone anyway. That would open a room for Bella and Stephanie, though she loved her surprise baby with

all her heart, wanted the space she had been used to for years. Back to just Nathan and her.

I know.

As she put the laundry aside and made her way to go see Bella for her morning change and feeding, the comment still confused her. He said it, waited a tick, and then left the house. Bent over, Stephanie straightened and looked back at where he was supposed to be, but only saw him walking to the door. The comment had bewildered her so much that she didn't even ask what her son knew.

She changed Bella while her mind was still on her youngest boy. Maybe she should text him? She could ask him to clarify, but then, she worried that he would be dumb and have his phone both on and with sound on. The teacher might hear it, confiscate it, and it'd be a whole different thing.

Taking Bella to the living room with her, she loosened her robe and let it fall to the couch. Dressed in just her underwear

and a nursing bra, she unclasped one of the cups to free her breast. She had worried for months that, at her age, she wouldn't produce enough milk to feed her baby. On the contrary, she was often hurting because her breasts felt almost engorged. Luckily, this morning, they just felt heavy and Bella immediately latched onto her nipple as Stephanie propped herself up against the pillows on the couch and grabbed the remote.

I know.

What did he know? And why did he say it like he was aware of her involvement in a conspiracy to steal the Mona Lisa?

Or did he...?

She shook her head furiously, not wanting to let herself even consider where her mind wanted to take that question. No. He didn't know about that, she said to herself assuredly.

No way.

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The Past

It started out with a kiss,

how did it end up like this?

She chuckled at The Killers' tune that filled the room from his computer speakers. He also gave a small chuckle and she looked up at him with a smile. He was still trying to catch his breath. She loved to rest her head on his chest after sex. His heart raced so fast. It had been months since the last time they were able to get this kind of quiet moment with no interruptions.

"Well," he whispered as the music continued to play. "I meant to pull out."

She laughed again.

They used to be more careful. Or, to be more exact, they used to not worry. That was until she stopped taking her birth control a few months before. A year-a-half before this moment in time, her husband, Nathan, had a vasectomy. He had done it for the exact reason she considered no longer using birth control. She felt the pill was keeping her libido low and she read a lot of literature about mood changes. As a result, Nathan tried to do her a solid. He was such a good husband. The vasectomy was easier than her taking monthly pills after all.

She remained on the pill, though, for a few more months after the procedure until he found out.

"Why did I get the snip?" he asked, holding the package of birth control that she was half-through. He looked, much to her dismay, more sad than angry at finding out his wife had hidden that fact from him. "Are you on it because...?"

She wouldn't let him finish the sentence. Of course, she wasn't cheating on him. She would never do that.

It was a lie. One of the many lies she had told. Once you start with a big lie, you often have to build more lies to keep the original lie from being discovered. Her next lie: she wasn't cheating - she was worried about the vasectomy reversing itself. But it was a bad lie because she could no longer use it to explain why she was still getting birth control. The chances of re-canalization, they learned, were extremely rare. And after all, he had, as he eloquently put it, got "the snip" for the exact reason that she no longer would need the birth control.

It was just bad timing, she thought. The affair, that is. It took a few months after the decision to get a vasectomy for the procedure to be performed. A couple of months in which she fell into the bed of another man. She never meant to cheat on Nathan. She had never strayed in nearly twenty years of marriage. But she felt more alive than ever. It wasn't really the birth control that had killed her libido, though she felt it go up a bit more once she stopped the pill. It was the lack of

excitement with her marriage and the sex life she shared with her husband. The affair brought her renewed excitement and new, fresh desires.

She still loved Nathan. Still had sex with him - more when her other man was out of town than when he was. She had no desire to hurt Nathan or destroy her family. Her extramarital relationship had an expiration date. She understood that. It couldn't go on indefinitely.

In the meantime, she stopped birth control. Now, her affair included condoms during sex. But this time, they chanced it after he looked in his nightstand and noticed he didn't have any extra rubbers. She laughed when he said it would pull out.

"Didn't your father ever teach you about how pulling out doesn't really do much?"

He joined her in laughing. It was a rare day where they had time to truly enjoy one another. Her husband and daughter were both working - they wouldn't be wondering why she

wasn't taking care of the house like she typically did on days like this. Michael was out of school by this point, but he was spending the week at the beach with friends.

Even though his cum was leaking from her pussy, he still brought his hand down to touch her there - his fingers sliding into her cunt where their combined juices made for a warm and sticking cocktail. Stephanie looked at him slightly amused. She forgot just how quickly a younger man could rebound after sex.

He kissed her. Like the song said, it started out with a kiss. Not this one. This kiss was one of thousands they shared since last winter.

Something did start that day, though. Isabella was born a little more than nine months later.

That is how it ended up like this.

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## Present Day

She was asleep when Michael arrived home from school. Next to the couch where she had cuddled into a ball was a rocker, where Isabella slept peacefully. The noise of Michael opening the door and closed it woke up his mother, who noticed that Netflix wanted to know if she wished to continue watching Parks and Rec. She was on her fourth re-watch of the entire series.

Noticing her son, she held up a finger to her lips as he ducked his head into the living room. She was trying to tell him to be quiet. She wasn't sure if it was subconscious - she hoped that it was - but he licked his lips at the sight of her. She had changed into a loose blouse and a skirt. She liked the blouse because the v-neck was stretched out and easily allowed her to get access to one of her milk-filled breasts for feeding time. It was the kind of shirt she no longer could wear in public. And the way her son gawked her, she wondered if she could

even wear it in the house. She wasn't showing anything too salacious - just her ample cleavage. But he was making it abundantly clear that he liked the view.

Smiling, Michael left her and headed to the kitchen for something to drink. A package of chicken was defrosting in the sink.

Moments later, his mother joined him as he poured some juice. He again gave her a once-over and wasn't very subtle about it. She wondered what has gotten into him. First this morning and now this? She understood hormones could wreck havoc on the brains of teenage boys, but he had never openly gawked her like this.

"How was school?" she asked, trying to shake the mood of the encounter.

He shrugged, but didn't respond. After putting the juice back in its rightful place, he turned and again stared at her body as if she was just a common whore rather than his mother.

Michael was different than his older brother in many ways. Whereas Jacob was a bit of an introvert, a writer, and more likely to be at home in front of his computer playing Minecraft than at a party, Michael was rambunctious and wild. He was one of the most popular kids in school. In fact, the previous fall, he had been named Homecoming King. He wasn't a star athlete, but good enough to play football, basketball, and baseball the last four years. His final season of high school baseball was probably his last year of competitive sports - unless he opted to try to walk-on at William & Mary.

Like his brother, he made all the grades he was supposed to make. But he didn't stick in his room studying by himself like Jacob. Michael had study groups and plenty of cute girls who loved to help him. And he was smart enough to let them help him even when he didn't need it.

That was another big difference between the two siblings. Jacob didn't have a steady girlfriend throughout high school or even the first couple of years of college. On the other hand, Michael rarely was single and Stephanie was quite aware he

was sexually active. She had caught him twice red-handed and several other times, it was clear she had just missed him and his girlfriend-of-the-week engaged in some kind of sexual moment judging by their flush faces and tendency to be out of breath after she entered the room.

He was no sex-starved virgin. So, why was he looking at her like she was the next piece of ass?

"Well, I should get started on homework," he said. She smiled back at him. She wanted to bring up the whole "I know" thing, but she had worried herself by considering how controversial the knowledge that he knew could be. Maybe he found one of those pictures she forgot to quickly delete off her phone? Sometimes, the phone didn't seem to power down after she placed it down and instead of requiring someone unlock the phone, it would be ready to use by whoever picked it up. That's why she often deleted the pics and the conversations on facebook messenger. But maybe he picked up her phone and found it before they were deleted.

Her nightmare scenario was usually that her husband would find out. She hadn't considered if it was Michael.

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## The Past

"So, I'm pregnant," she whispered to him.

He looked at her like she was speaking a foreign language. The room was dark outside of the light spilling in from the outside power pole. The light was split by the blinds, creating streaks across the room and his bed. She had stealthy entered the bedroom after four in the morning.

"Say something, dammit."

"Is it...?" He pointed to himself.

"Yes, you blockhead," she hissed back at him. "There is less than a 1% chance it would be Nathan's. Nearly zero. Trust me, I looked up the odds."

Later on, he would wish like hell he never said what next came out of his mouth. The look of hurt and disgust would be something he could not shake.

"And," he said. "There are no others?"

She didn't slap him. She didn't yell. She didn't react like most women he had angered reacted. Instead, she clocked him with a punch that rocked his jaw. Almost immediately, she felt pain radiate through her hand and she worried she had broken it. Nathan would later ask about the bruising, but she laughed it off. She clipped her foot on a leg of the coffee table and hit her hand on the way down like a clutz.

Another lie.

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## **Present Day**

Dinner was nearly ready by the time Nathan came home. He kissed his wife and went upstairs to change out of his suit. He worked in IT at an accounting firm and things at the firm were ramping up hard as tax day was nearly here. Nathan was only given a part-time employee to help him as he worked to keep everyone up-and-running through this stressful time - often receiving the brunt of negative comments.

Stephanie was finishing up the gravy, whisking in the cornstarch, as she felt a presence behind her.

"You got changed quick," she said. "Hungry?"

"Very," he said. The he, though, was not her husband. It was Michael. His hands moved to her waist and she jumped at the touch.

"Oh!" Stephanie yelled. Trying to catch her breath, she turned her head and, almost by instinct to a man holding her from behind, she smiled. "Sorry, thought you were Nathan."

She went back to finishing the gravy - a bit unnerved by her son's grip on her hips. She felt him move closer and then she felt it. She gasped in response and a worried look overtook her face. Not only was her son gripping her hard, he was also hard. His bulge rubbed against the top of her ass as she tried to breathe.

Stephanie wanted to tell him to back off. That she was his mother and he was not to touch her like that - especially with his filthy penis. She wasn't just some grade-school slut and he wasn't to treat her like she was just because he had screwed half of his school, and, according to one rumor, an English teacher. She was a woman and she would be respected.

At the same time, she felt frozen in fear. Everything about this day had befuddled her. It rocked her off her axis. She didn't know which way was up.

Fortunately, he moved away. Not out of some knowledge of how wrong he was to touch his mother like that, but because they both could hear Nathan's footsteps as he came back downstairs. Before her son left, though, he grabbed her ass.

She stared at him with her mouth open. He merely grinned back as he sat down at the table.

Stephanie turned back to the gravy, watching it bubble. She took it off the burner. All the while, she was thinking of just how to approach Michael. She definitely couldn't ignore his bold approach to grab at his mother. Further, she had to figure out just what her son "knew."

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## The Past

"So, what are you going to do?"

Stephanie had her head in her hands and was holding back tears. Her hand hurt, her heart ached, and she felt like the walls were closing in on her. Having an affair was one thing. Now, she was pregnant? It had to be the one time they had sex in his bedroom when they didn't have a condom. She was sure, at her age, there was no way her luck would be that shitty.

He eyed her carefully, afraid to push her. Afraid to press her for more answers. His jaw still ached from the punch, but he wanted nothing more than to console her.

"I'll support whatever you decide. I'm all in."

She looked up, finally catching his eyes. There were a million reasons why they would never be a couple, but when he said

things like that, it gave her a momentary pause and she considered the possibility of being his girlfriend - his partner in life. Maybe even his wife? It would never happen. But the dream was nice.

Stephanie grabbed his hand, squeezed it tightly. Pulled him back into his own bed. She curled away from him, holding his hand the entire time, until the two were in the perfect spooning position. The need to cry faded. The fear of it all did as well. If she could just stay like this, things would be okay. But she couldn't stay here with him. She would have to get back to her husband before his alarm.

"I don't know yet," she whispered, reveling in his smell. "If I keep the baby, I'll have to convince Nathan that his vasectomy failed. I once read about it. If I don't keep it, I'll have to hide an abortion, which could be difficult."

He shifted behind her. Without fail, anytime Stephanie was in his arms in this position, he inevitably got hard. Even with this incredibly serious moment, he could feel his cock rising. He tried to think about anything else. This was not the right time

to want to do naughty things with her. But his tool wouldn't listen.

Stephanie felt it and chuckled. "Really?"

"Sorry," he said. Well, the cat was out of the bag so he tried to refocus the conversation. "We could, ya know, raise the baby together."

She turned with a look of confusion. Noticing how serious he looked back at her - despite the cock that was poking into her ass - her look turned from puzzlement to pity. "Baby," she whispered, turning over to face him. "You know that's not possible, right?"

"But we can! I'm serious. Listen, I know it won't be easy, but I can get a job. I'll almost be done with my junior year once the baby comes. I could split up the rest of the my classes over two or so years and work full time and..."

He had been thinking about it and that was clear. This didn't just come from the idea of raising a child together. He wanted to make it work with them. She felt bad for him. She would never allow him to deal with all of this. He had his whole life ahead of him.

Stephanie put her hands on each side of his face and kissed him. He was in the middle of still trying to appeal to her that he could be a provider, but he was never one to ignore a beautiful woman kissing him. She remembered how he had been so tentative at this before. Now, he took over with confidence. That was her work, she was not so humble to admit. I did that.

Pushing against her shoulder, Stephanie fell flat against the bed as he moved on top of her. A growl escaped his throat, which only made her purr in response. Her arms slid under his upper torso to move around his slim midsection, hooking themselves onto his back as her legs widened. She had left her husband to go see him, scared of what he might say about the fetus that was maybe the size of a lentil bean. She was no more

sure of what she would do than she had been when she woke up, but his response still calmed her.

Their tongues slid into one another's mouth, playing mischievously with the other while she could feel his arousal pressing against her. She moaned into his mouth - trying to stifle herself the best she could because his shared walls were not nearly as thick as they needed to be. Nevertheless, she wanted nothing more than to let go. Like she had the day he likely impregnated her. She yelled and screamed that day, saying all the nasty, dirty things she typically only told him a hushed whisper or through a Facebook message. Maybe she could do that again soon.

He broke the kiss, earning a disappointed whimper from Stephanie. Both breathed heavily through their mouths. His cock pressed even harder against her, almost dry-humping her. She licked her lips and grinned.

"Can we...?" he asked - seemingly struggling with the right way to pose his question. "I mean, with you pregnant..."

Stephanie didn't mean to laugh, but couldn't hold it back. God, I sometimes forget how young and dumb he is.

"Sweetie, it's fine. I can't get more pregnant. You'll be fine."

He nodded his head and kissed her again. One of his hands moved down to push his boxers down, the material struggling a bit to free his steel-like rod, before falling down his thighs. Stephanie was still in her night gown, having left in a hurry when she went to see him. She pulled it up, the fabric balling up on her tummy. After consideration was given to pushing her panties down, she merely pulled them to the side.

"Fuck me," she whispered. "Fuck your slut."

That was another difference. With Nathan, she was much more reserved. But her younger partner loved her dirty mouth. He couldn't give enough and she got considerable thrills each time she let harsher vulgarities escape her mouth.

The kind of things even if she felt loosened up by alcohol, she still couldn't say to her husband.

"Stick that cock in me. Make me cum," she said, her nails digging into his bag. He winced, but wasn't surprised. He loved when she was like this.

Grabbing his cock by the root, he slid it up and down her folds, earning a hiss from her. She trembled in anticipation. Still, he teased, slapping her pussy with his hard dick. The second slap landed perfectly against her throbbing clit and she stifled a moan by crushing her mouth against his broad shoulder, biting slightly.

As she rested her head back, he gave her a shit-eating grin he would have never felt capable of giving a woman only a year before. That was even more true with a woman as beautiful as Stephanie Ball. But she didn't want teasing. She wanted his impressive cock inside her shaven cunt and his efforts so far were merely torture.

"When I give you an order, young man," she said, adopting a motherly tone that often turned him on even more. Stephanie followed by capturing his right nipple between her thumb and forefinger. She twisted the nub prompting him to bite his lip and moan. "I expect you to follow it. Now, fuck me!"

Her command was made in a harsh whisper, yet he nodded in response. Stephanie relaxed her grip on his nipple and prepared for one of her favorite feelings - of his cock pushing slowly into her. She hated to admit it - she wouldn't even tell him no matter how many times he asked. But he was not only bigger by at least an two inches (Stephanie felt that was a conservative estimate) but also much wider than her husband. She tried not to compare the two, but there was simply no denying that her husband simply couldn't satisfy her like this. Not with just his penis.

One of his arms was to the right of her head and she turned and tried to lower the volume of the moan that was impossible to contain as it traveled out of her throat. She tried not to bite, but likely left an impression as his cock slowly, but

purposely, bottomed out in her waiting honeypot. She felt so full with him back where he belonged.

He looked like a strong God to Stephanie hovering over her as he started to move his tight ass up-and-down, sliding deep within her with each downward movement. They locked eyes, his baby blues piercing into her. His mouth opened, not to say anything, but to let small moans and grunts escape. He was still a few months away from being legally allowed to drink - nearly exactly half her age. Stephanie had laughed at the idea that she could attract a man so young even if she was, as they say, a MILF. But she had been wrong.

They both were fully aware of the time crunch they saw themselves in. He wanted nothing more than to take his time, to explore Stephanie's body. On particular interest was the way she would beg him "please" as he drank from the growing pool of her own juices. He never could tell if she was begging him to not stop or to move up to mount her.

But they had no time for that. Nor how she could expertly suck his cock. She spent months watching pornography focused on deep-throating. She scoured the internet for articles on advice. When he was away, she even practiced on a dildo that she hid from her husband. He wasn't upset she had sex toys - they sometimes involved them during sex. But she worried what Nathan might think if he saw the nine-inch, thick dong she had bought privately.

But her improved technique and his penchant for coaxing multiple orgasms with his tongue and fingers would have to wait. The sun would start to rise in minutes, brightening the bedroom where her husband slept.

"Fuck me, baby," she whispered. "I need your cum. Fill me!"

He reacted by quickening his motion, sawing back-and-forth into her slit. The veins of his dick rubbed against the velvety walls so deliciously, driving her wild.

Grabbing the heels of each of her feet, she spread her legs as wide as her 40+ year old body would allow. His hands slipped from the bed to her upper thighs as he sat up straight. He drove into her hard like that, meeting each stroke of his body by pulling her to him at the same time. The slaps of flesh filled the room and normally, she would worry about being discovered. Now, Stephanie only wanted to orgasm hard on his cock. Wanted his seed to spurt deep within her.

"Yes, do it! Fuck me! Take me! I'm yours!"

Sweat started to trickle from his shaggy hair, the drops flying everywhere as he fucked her hard. Some of his salty sweat fell on her and it almost made her want to be covered in his juice once more. That, like so many things, would have to wait. She still needed to get back to her husband.

"I'm so...so close...so fucking close!"

She felt the tremors. Her orgasm was building to a crescendo. Soon, it would break through and set her whole body alive.

She grabbed a pillow and bit down on it. Seeing her so ready to pop made him frantic, grabbing her legs rougher and drilling her whole with long, quick, and oh-so-hard strokes of eight-and-a-quarter inches of cock.

For a moment, Stephanie wondered what noises she was hearing. They sounded like two animals fighting outside his window. Then it dawned on her that she was making those noises through clinched teeth, muffled by the pillow. I'm sorry, Nathan, she thought to herself. I wish the sex was bad. I wish he didn't make me cum harder than you. I wish he wasn't bigger than you. I wish my body didn't feel like it was more alive with him than it ever was with you.

The dam broke.

A wave rocked her body violently before it was followed by tremors that seemed to radiate from her pussy throughout her whole body down to her toes and all the way through the few gray hairs on her head that gave her so much anxiety. She didn't know how much sound was actually muffled by the

pillow because she made plenty, even as she told herself to keep it quiet. Her body thrashed and convulsed as her orgasm overtook every sense of consciousness.

She could see white in her eyes as she bit down harder. He kept fucking her, his own orgasm pending as the walls of her cunt shut tighter around him, begging him to join this orgasmic bliss. He couldn't hold back, though she had trained him to be a better lover over the last several months. He stroked into her forcefully, holding onto her legs as the rest of her body shifted to the left and right on his bed.

Finally, with a grunt, the hot liquid could no longer be held back. Cum spurted from his cock in sharp waves, each explosion also getting a grunt to accompany them.

Her eyes shut open as she felt him blow inside of her. She missed how much he could fill her - not just with his length, but with his load. The condoms had not been enjoyed by either party, but with her pregnant, he could again fill his impressive volume fill her to the brim. The feeling of his

orgasm and thought of just how much cum was being delivered rocked her body with yet another tremor.

His cock continued to slosh into her in spastic strokes, the spurts trickling to just a few drops by this point. His eyes had closed tightly once the orgasm began. Finally, they opened slowly as his dick made shallower stabs into her boiling cunt.

He made a half-smile that warmed Stephanie's heart before slipping from her body. He moved back to allow her to drop her legs, tired from being stretched like they were. She nodded toward the other side of the bed and he laid next to her. His arm came around her midsection as she remained flat against the bed, hyper-aware that a wet circle was almost certainly developing beneath her rump as their combines juices leaked from her pussy.

They caught their breath as their hearts slowed and their genitals stopped rocking. She turned her head to view the clock radio from the nightstand. Nearly 5:30. Her husband's alarm would sound off in just a half-an-hour.

"I need to get back," she said. She wasn't really panicked. Part of her was actually annoyed. She wanted nothing to curl up next to the younger man, his arm over her. Holding her. Protecting her. Claiming her.

Immediately, Stephanie admonished herself. Nathan was a great man and an even greater husband and father. He had done nothing wrong here and never deserved his status as a cuckold. He loved her and she loved him. I have already fucked up so much. The least I could do is not be bothered by the idea of sharing bed with the man who has supported and loved me for over twenty years.

"I wish you could stay," he said while his hand moved up to lift her large, still heaving breast through her nightgown.

"Believe me," she whispered. She looked at him and kissed him warmly on the lips. "I want that, too, but it's not possible. Nathan will be waking up soon."

She slipped from his grasp and pushed herself off the bed. Stephanie's knees seem to buckle as her legs felt like jelly. She fiddled with her panties, getting them in the right place and noticing that they were, predictably, absolutely drenched. She rubbed her now sticky hands against her nightgown and turned back to the bed.

Immediately, Stephanie had to fight the temptation to crawl back into bed with him. He was still laying on his side. He didn't have Nathan's beer belly. His body didn't show any signs of sag. And his fat tool was no longer hard, but was still quite enticing - especially with the way the helmet shined due to the light hitting the still damp juices on his cock.

But the urge was defeated and Stephanie moved to the door.

"Maybe I'll bring you some breakfast after everyone leaves," she said as she reached the door and looked back.

"Can't wait."

It took everything in her body to not skip away from his door.

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## **The Present**

She knocked on Michael's door softly. It was just after 9:00. Her husband had first fell asleep in his recliner after dinner. Minutes before, she had stirred him awake long enough to get him to bed. Bella was sleeping peacefully in her bassinet a few feet away from their bed.

Down the hall, she prayed that Lyssa stayed in her room. She arrived home about an hour before after her shift at a local restaurant. While it wasn't the most unusual thing - a mother talking to her son before bed - Stephanie still wanted to make sure she controlled just how many people knew about this secret meeting.

Michael gave her the all-clear to enter and she quickly, but silently, slid into his room and closed the door behind her. He was playing Fortnite, an annoying common occurrence over the last several months. His friends would often all be on at the same time and would team up, trying to beat the other teams and get another sought-after victory royale. All of these little useless facts had been drilled into her head by her youngest son and likely pushed out more important knowledge from her limited brain-space. Between Jacob's World of Warcraft character information and Michael's Fortnite "strats," she was more versed in video game knowledge that she had ever wanted to be.

"Dropping Tilted again? Fuck, let's try something new," he said through the microphone from the gaming headset. It was a gift from Christmas - a far-more expensive replacement to the simple headset he had.

Stephanie didn't approve of the language, but wasn't going to push that issue right now. She sat down at his unmade bed as he played yet another round. She had seen the game enough to know that this was just the beginning of a round and she

didn't want to frustrate him by forcing him to end a round prematurely.

"Taking hits," he hissed. "Fuck, Zach, where are you?"

She couldn't help but roll her eyes. Getting so upset about a dumb video game.

"Shit!"

"God dammit, I need help!"

"Fuck me. Thanks for landing at Tilted with the entire fucking server guys. Super smart plan!"

She sighed, prompting Michael to turn to see her "Mom stare." He shrugged his shoulders, but gave a small smile.

"Sorry, just pissed off. I'm going to log off, calm down, and get some sleep."

He grabbed his headset to take it off, but stopped in mid-motion as if he was listening to something intently. The chuckle that followed made Stephanie feel better. At least he wouldn't take his anger out on her.

"Good advice, Billy. Maybe I'll do that. You got any pics of your Mom from the beach trip to help me along?"

Moments later, he finally exited the game and placed his headset on the desk. Turning to face his mom, he stood up and stretched. She tried to not do it, but Stephanie couldn't help but marvel at how put together he was. He was a couple of inches shorter than his brother, but years of high-competitive sports had shaped Michael's body. Jacob was certainly in shape and liked to jog nearly every day, but Michael's body was muscular. He was wearing a "wifebeater," a horrendous name for the white tank top that clung to his upper torso. Yet, she couldn't help but admire the ripples

from his strong arms. Nor could she ignore the abs that the shirt did little to hide.

She looked back up, noticing her looking down at her with that shit-eating grin that she was convinced would get him punched one day. Turning her head away as she willed herself to not blush, she took a deep breath before saying, "I would like to address a couple of things from today."

Stephanie dared to look back at him and he was still grinning. But he played ball and took a seat next to her. His presence, along with his bold moves throughout the day, both made her uneasy and excited her. The last fact worried her tremendously.

"First off, I don't think it's appropriate for you-"

"I'll stop you there, Mom," Michael said.

Unlike with her other son, Stephanie could tell she was not going to control things quite so easily. Jacob often was willing to do whatever she wanted. If she wanted to talk, he would listen. If she wanted him to explain his feelings, he would do his best to do just that. Jacob had become more confident in himself since going to college, but he was still putty in his mother's hands.. Michael, though, he was different.

"Sure, I touched you 'inappropriately.'" The finger-quotes were unappreciated by Stephanie, but she was happy that he understood that what he did in grabbing her was wrong. "But you're here for the other reason, right?"

She didn't know if the question was rhetorical so she didn't ask him to clarify.

"You're here because you just need to know what I meant earlier."

Softly, in an almost whispered, she repeated the phrase that had rocked her day with feelings of fear, regret, and worse. "I know."

"That's right," he replied with a cockiness in his voice. "What do I know?"

Again, there was little for her to say so Stephanie let this moment play out.

"What did I mean? I bet you spent all damn day thinking about it, didn't you, Mom?"

She didn't give him the satisfaction of even nodding, but Stephanie was also keenly aware that he didn't need her to verify anything.

"It must be something big, right? Something huge? Something - perhaps - potentially life-altering?"

Stephanie stopped breathing and her color disappeared from her face. He does know.

"I won't beat around the bush anymore, Mom. When I said that 'I know,' I simply meant that I know you have been fucking around on your husband. On my father. You've been a very bad girl, Mom."

Tears almost immediately flooded her eyes. She was fucked, that much she was sure of. None of her children were closer to Nathan than Michael. Nathan dreamed of being Michael when he was younger - the cocksure athlete with girlfriends by the bushel and the whole town wrapped around his finger. Her husband got along fine with Jacob and while she had outgrown her Daddy's Girl phase, Lyssa and Nathan rarely were at odds. But Michael was the apple in his eye. He could live vicariously through his son. And for his part, Michael adored his father.

And now he knew she had been unfaithful.

"I also know that it's ridiculous that you tried to pretend Bella came from Dad," he added with a chuckle. "I mean, seriously, his snip got reversed? Maybe Dad was gullible enough to buy it, but I know bullshit and that's Grade-A, smelly-as-hell bullshit, Mom."

She wanted to argue the point - mainly because she wanted to hold out some hope that Bella was indeed Nathan's. Yes, it was almost certainly a product of her affair. Even if Nathan's vasectomy had reversed on its own, she knew from researching the topic extensively how unlikely it was for a man who had a vasectomy to get a woman pregnant. His sperm count was diminished greatly from the procedure regardless of how successful it was.

It then dawned on Stephanie that Michael called it an affair. That seemed to be the bigger problem here. She had fucked around on his father, right? But the headline wasn't the adultery, but who it was with. Maybe she could weather this, recommit to Nathan, and do the counselling that would be needed. All the while, she could keep the exact facts of her

transgressions separate. As bad as this could be, it could be much worse.

"And I know something else," he said, shaking her from her premature celebration of silver linings. Her youngest son looked her in the eye. "She's Jacob's. You have been fucking your son. You made my brother into a man and he gave you a child. Ain't that right, Mommy?"

*Just fucking kill me now.*

# Chapter 2

## Present Day

"That's preposterous," Stephanie said. "Jacob is not the father of Bella. You have some perverse thoughts, Michael."

It took every fibre of self-control in her body to not punch him for the grin he gave her after he heard her denial. She wondered why she was bothering with even denying the accusation. This wasn't the kind of thing you suggest someone did without having a pretty good sense that they did it. Maybe something in her wanted to hold out hope she could explain this way. She was having an affair, but maybe she could convince him that he was deluded.

"Mom, don't bother," Michael said so confidently. Shrugging, he continued, "It's not my thoughts that are perverse. I mean, they definitely are, but that doesn't change the facts. You had an affair with your son and now, I have a sister that's also my

niece? Pretty common on the West Virginia side of Dad's family, I guess."

The tears that rained down her face before seemed to boil away. The hesitation as he pondered the sister/niece connection was one thing, but how could he dare make jokes about this?

"You're disgusting," she hissed as she climbed back to her feet. "And I don't have to listen to your filthy mind anymore."

She started to move to his door, desperate to escape the situation only minutes after actively trying to clear up things with her son. He had gawked at her and grabbed her earlier in the day, making her feel less like his mother and more like some brainless slut there for his enjoyment. Now she wanted to simply run from the situation and never think about it anymore.

How could she had been so stupid?

"I'm sure if we told Dad", he started. Her body stopped in place as her son brought up her husband. "Told him about the affair, the love child that isn't biologically his, and the fact that his wife has been fucking his first-born son. Yeah, I'm sure if we told him about that, his disgust wouldn't be directed at me."

Slowly, she looked at her son meekly. What did he have in mind?

"You want to know how I found out about the affair?" She turned to look at him, fighting off more tears. "It's a fun little story. It's the day I found out my Mommy is a woman. A woman who gets turned on. And more - she is a naughty, naughty lady."

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## Last September

"I fucking miss you, Jacob," she said into the phone. It was a warm early fall day and she had the house to herself for just one more hour. Her pussy still throbbed from her orgasm only a few minutes before he called.

"Yeah, you do? I kind of noticed."

He was between classes and back at the apartment he shared with two other guys. One of his roommates was still in the apartment so he had to keep his volume low. His door was locked, his shorts were in a pile in the floor, and his hand was lightly stroking his cock. The pregnancy had his Mom a bit hornier than usual and he was quite thrilled to help her deal with it.

Nearly two hours before she called, she sent him a series of pictures during his Abnormal Psychology class. Checking his phone, he quickly put it away and feared that a neighbor near where he sat in class saw one of the pictures she had sent. As

his professor continued with the lecture, he barely could think about anything but his mother. She was only beginning to show so she barely had a tummy, which didn't bother him anyway. And what he saw - with the promise of more - had rendered him incapable of sticking with the material his professor droned on about.

After he returned to his room, he quickly stroked himself to a powerful orgasm cycling through the five pictures. The more explicit picture-sharing was a new thing for the incestuous lovers. For a couple of months following their winter tryst, she denied his pleas after he returned to school, informing him that their relationship only worked if it remained a secret. The more chances they took, the more likely their relationship wouldn't remain secretive for long. But he wore her down slowly, prompting her to send selfies and body shots of her wearing just regular clothes. When he asked for something sexier, she tried tighter clothing first, feeling like a teenager as she giggled before snapping pictures for her son.

Then came the bathing suit pictures. First, the one-piece. She almost looked like one of those Baywatch ladies in her red suit. Hearing her son describe in graphic detail how he came to that image both made her pussy drip and also pushed her to go out of her comfort zone and buy a bikini.

A mother of three at the time - and just a few weeks until Bella was conceived - Stephanie Ball definitely knew she wasn't in the best shape of her life. While not quite as bad as her husband, she let life become comfortable. She fast-walked with a few of the ladies in her subdivision every morning and when she compared herself to them, she felt like she was in wonderful shape. But when she compared her pictures to ones from her younger 20's, she knew she had packed a few pounds on and her stomach lacked tone compared the young girls who wore bikinis had.

Of course, very few of them had 34D breasts to deal with, wide hips from three natural births (well, with a little help from an epidural), and a penchant for joining her husband at all-you-can eat buffets. Wearing a bikini seemed like one of those

things she had long ago given up on. Why subject the world to that?

But her son kept pushing her to show more-and-more of her body to him. He had already seen and explored every inch of her body, yet still wanted to see it. She thought of Jacob, surrounded by hot college girls, rushing back to his room to jack off his huge cock to the quite tame pictures she was already sending. It made her feel alive. Her husband said he found her still sexy. He still fucked her. But it was different with Jacob. The raw "I must have you" mentality drove her crazy and made her quite willing to try new things.

She remembered trying on the bikini and looking at herself in the mirror. Yes, her body sagged in places and her heavy breasts hung lower on her chest every year. But she still had flawless skin, vibrant (mostly) brown hair, and a smile that could light up any room no matter her age. She nervously took a few photos and sent them to Jacob. He responded with a picture of his cock. Her mouth watered at the sight.

From there on, shots of her in sexy lingerie seemed like the natural step before it seemed pointless to prolong the inevitable. Stephanie looked up articles on how best to take naked photos for your boyfriend. She smiled wickedly at the term boyfriend. Buying a selfie stick to help with her new habit, she tried to ignore all the times she made fun of people for having one of those dumb things. To be fair, she wasn't buying one to take pictures of gatherings. She was buying it to get better angles as she took dirty pictures for her son. That was something, right?

Even during the summer, her new penchant for taking pictures didn't end despite the return of Jacob. She particularly enjoyed the thrill of taking a picture of her pussy spread open for her son and then sending him the picture as they sat down as a family and watched a movie. His phone would buzz and she tried, but couldn't avoid, looking his way. Watching his eyes open wide, his mouth slightly part, and his tongue wet his lips - those were the things she lived for.

Once he returned to college in the fall, the oversexed now-pregnant woman took it into overdrive. The last five pictures

were a prime example of that. The first was tame - Stephanie was merely biting her lip as her bra straps hung loosely on her arm. That was the one Jacob saw in class that had him worried others also saw it. She took many more than she sent, but really liked the allure of that one. However, she immediately wanted to make him drip precum with her next shot. She set the timer on the phone and hoisted up her heavy breasts - the bra thrown on the bed visibly behind her. Stephanie was on her knees and she had to admit that she was thrilled to look like a porn star. Sure, she had a little bit more weight to her, but this was the blowjob angle he particularly loved. Not only that, her tits were quite inviting as she smashed them together. She wondered if his first thought would be how amazing it would be to fuck those huge mounds. Or maybe he'd skip to the end and flash back to the few times she happily took a large load on her breasts.

The third photo also got down to business. She shucked her panties. It amused Stephanie tremendously that just taking pictures for her oldest boy had her dripping wet. Attaching the phone to the selfie stick, she tried to find the right mix of natural light pouring in from the windows. Again, many

pictures were snapped. Finally, she had just the right one. The boy was right, she had to admit. Her pussy just looked better completely shaven. The moistness was captured so enticingly. Her own mouth watered at the sight.

The fourth and fifth pictures were taken one after another. In the fourth picture, a flesh-covered dildo was in her hand, pushed mid-way into her waiting cunt. It was the same dildo she secretly bought because she wanted a "Jacob-like" cock at her beck and call. At first, the dildo only improved her skills at sucking his huge tool. Now? It fucked her hard when her baby couldn't.

The final picture was taken only a few seconds later. The dildo was still shoved inside her dripping cunt, convulsing around the fake penis. She stretched out her leg and it pointed to the sky. Meanwhile, she moved around a bit to slip a hand under her rump. With her tongue licking her top lip, her pussy filled with fake cock, and her body contorted, Stephanie pushed a wet finger into her anus.

Her son had started to hint that he wanted to fuck her ass next. The suggestion was first clear during sex over the summer. He often wanted to slam into her from behind. She didn't mind. In fact, it was her preferred position. But if he thought he was sneaky as he placed his thumb in the crevice of her ass, he was kidding herself. At first, it worried Stephanie. She was no anal virgin, but the few times she had tried with her husband, neither seemed to enjoy it. He was skittish, too afraid of hurting her. For her part, she couldn't relax and she was only doing it just to try things out. And her husband's cock didn't reach the depths his oldest son's hard tool did, nor was it comparable in terms of girth.

But the more he hinted, the more she considered it. She started to read more about it. The two lovebirds shared an account on a porn website - both loving the history feature on the website so they could watch what the other enjoyed. He was definitely watching a good deal of MILF anal porn. As she read through material - always in incognito mode - she learned about the dangers of ass-to-mouth and how they did it in porn. She read how women worked up to enjoying the action.

She planned to surprise him during Fall Break. She was still working on the first of three glass butt plugs she had bought at a sex boutique about an hour away. Much like her largest dildo, she hid this from her husband. She also hid the buttplugs from her son. Didn't want to waste the surprise.

Yet, Stephanie couldn't hold back from teasing him with a "taste" of what was to come. It made her feel like such a slut to train her ass in hopes of enjoying the feeling of her son's cock splitting her into two. She also couldn't wait for it.

"That last pic, Mom," Jacob said as they continued their conversation on the phone. He was working himself into a second orgasm. "It turned me on so fucking much."

"Language, honey." They both shared a laugh about her using the motherly tone despite dropping a f-bomb only seconds before. Not to mention the pictures she recently sent that Jacob now had loaded up on his Google Drive. She checked the time and tried to figure out if she could chance one more

masturbation session before her youngest son arrived back home.

Her son wasn't having that dilemma. It only took him a matter of seconds before his cock was out and his pants were in a heap at his ankles. His hidden folder on his Drive, stashed away inside three additional folders related to his Earth Sciences course last year, was growing seemingly by the day. He particularly loved sitting back and starting a slideshow of her pics. Jacob used to beg for sexy pics while he was away at college. Now, they arrived in droves.

The screen changed to a picture from July 4th. It was one of his favourites.

"Fuck, Mom, I got the slideshow going again," he said.

At first, the idea of him keeping the pictures she sent bothered her. After all, it's not like he hadn't got in trouble before for material on his Drive. But her pussy overruled her brain. It was a certain thrill to know that despite all the options around

him, that he chose her and his hand over a drunken one-night fling. She was slightly conflicted about it as well. After all, she didn't want him to shut himself off from finding the woman of his dreams. At the same time, it made her pussy moisten at the thought of him returning to his room and firing up a stream of photos depicting her at her most slutty.

"Oh, you do, baby?" she replied with a smile. "Is that all you're doing, Jacob? Are you just looking at Mommy?"

"Of course not. How could I not have my cock out? I stopped the slideshow at that picture from July 4th. You know the one."

She did, indeed. She took it while in the bathroom at Chili's, slightly crouched with her cell phone pointing up to capture both her mischievous grin and her shaven slit. Without thinking of the potential dangers, she immediately sent the picture to her oldest son. No caption. Instead, she washed her hands and came back to the table. Sitting down next to her husband with her other two kids, she looked at Jacob. He

looked like he was trying to catch his breath and his eyes darted to his father nervously. She smiled at him.

A few minutes later, she started to sing "Happy Birthday" to her husband with her kids joining. Even others in the busy restaurant joined in. It was slightly early - his birthday was on the sixth. But he would be working that day so they doubled up with not only America's birthday, but her husband's.

"You seem to love that picture, Jacob. Kind of one of my more normal ones nowadays. No toys, lighting was poor, and I'm just separating my fat pussy lips."

She knew what he would say before he even said yet. Nevertheless, her pussy leaked in anticipation. She couldn't help but shove a hand between her thighs, rubbing herself through her yoga pants and drenched panties. She'd probably have to change into some new clothes before Michael got home.

"We've talked about this before," he replied, knowing this game and willingly playing along. "The idea of you being so fucking into me that you would snap a shot of your pussy to send to me as we sat in a public restaurant just does things to me."

Stephanie felt her body go warm and her tongue slipped out to lick at her lips. They always avoided saying that the other part that truly turned them on was the fact that her husband was so close. Once, he started to mention it, but she quickly hushed him. They both knew the dangerous game they were playing and both got off because of it. Acknowledging that she was cheating on her husband hurt that game. She loved Nathan. She was sure of it. But the guilt? It wrecked her if she let it.

Her answer was to ignore it and that worked most days. Her son liked to push the issue, though. He was starting to figure out that when he had his dick inside her, she was more likely to say the dirty things she felt the most guilt about.

"Your brother will be home soon," she said, looking at the clock to once again try to figure out if she had enough time to get off again. Sighing, she removed her hand from her crotch. She would take care of her pussy later. Or maybe Nathan would be up for some fun later this evening?

"I'm so close, Mom."

All of her other considerations quickly vanished and she slid into her sexiest voice. "What can I do to help?"

"Tell me...tell me what you would do if you could magically teleport here right now."

She chuckled to herself, but was already putting the pieces together for a story.

"Okay, baby. Imagine I'm there. I just walked into your apartment - earning looks of astonishment from your roommates. I'm not messing around, Jacob. No, not at all. I'm

clad in just a black coat. Far too warm for it, but they have a good bet why I'm dressed that way as I head to your bedroom."

"Because you don't have much on underneath?" her son asked through loud breaths as he stroked his cock.

"Anything, honey. I don't have anything underneath." She paused for a second and bit her lip as if she was telling the story to him in person. Rubbing her legs together, the pussy of the hyper-aroused mother demanded attention. Stephanie took a breath to compose herself and continued. "I close the door behind me and lock it. Your look of confusion turns to only desire as I undo the buttons on my coat and drop it to the floor. I let you take in the vision. My pussy is shaven just the way you like it. My tits are begging for your hands. And I'm ready to pounce on you - ready to fuck my son once again."

"God damn, I miss your body," her son interjected.

"And I miss yours, baby. So much," she replied, dropping the pretense of the story for a moment before jumping right back into it. "You're barely able to push back away from the desk before I reach you. I kiss you - hard. My tongue aggressively licks at your lips, inside your mouth, against your tongue. I need you, baby. I grab at your dick, restrained in pants. I can feel it getting hard under my touch. You always get so hard for me."

A few seconds later, her phone vibrated with a new message notification. Opening it, she saw just how hard Jacob was getting for her. She marveled at the veins that traveled up his cock and the ridges they created. The boy was never good with lighting, she thought, but Stephanie desperately wanted him back in her mouth and her cunt.

"Mmmm, baby, Mommy likes. Back to the story, I pull you up from the chair and practically throw you down on your bed. You're surprised by the aggression but also excited by this side of your mom. I eye you hungrily before going to the button and zipper of your pants. I'm a mad woman and I claw at the contraptions before finally undoing them completely. I then

begin to drag down your pants roughly, pulling at them forcefully. I drop all pretense of a slow, methodical fuck and take down your boxers with your pants. I don't even bother to completely remove the clothes, baby. As soon as your cock is free, I engulf every inch I can. You're bumping against the back of my throat before I even allow you to get a word in."

"You're so fucking sexy," he says into the receiver. Jacob has slowed his stroking. He doesn't want to orgasm too quickly, but every part of his body screams for release.

"I want you so fucking bad, baby. I gag on your cock, trying to take all of the monster. I struggle, but still can't help myself. I grab one of your hands and put it on the back of my head. It takes you a moment to figure out what I'm asking and I can't exactly tell you what to do with your meat stuffed into my mouth, but you get what I want. What does Mommy need, baby?"

Jacob loved when his mom got like this. After a bout of wild fucking one day when they had the house to themselves, she

confided in him that she was almost scared by the animal she became with him. "I've never been like that with anyone - not even your father," she told him. It didn't happen every time they had sex or messed around, but when it did, it was like she was taken over by some spirit that could never be completely satisfied. But, as Jacob would also tell her, he loved to try.

"My mommy needs her face fucked," he replied, closing in on an orgasm.

"Yes, she does, baby," she said. She was tempted to go grab her dildo just so her boy could hear her try to deep throat it. But that would require her to leave her spot that overlooked the front yard from Michael's room. That couldn't happen right now. She was already pressing her luck. Her younger boy would be home anytime.

"You fuck my mouth, Jacob. You really give it to me. I gag, choking on your fat cock as you force-feed me every inch that I can take. It burns my throat, but I only want more. My eyes water and I'm going nuts with need."

Jacob couldn't hold back anymore. He wanted the whole story, but he had to blow. "Mom, can we put a pin in the story?"

She was a little taken aback by his question. "I thought you were enjoying it, honey."

"I am. I definitely am. But I gotta cum and I want to hear one thing before that happens."

She grinned. "As you wish, Jacob."

Only a few minutes before, she had told herself not to let things spill over during her phone sex with Jacob. She needed to keep her wits about her. Her other son would be home soon and she had some chores that needed tending. But Jacob had a way - even though he was too oblivious to even really know - of making his mother do things she wouldn't do otherwise. And as he asked her to embrace her slutty side even more, she knew it was pointless to deny him. He'd get exactly what he wanted no matter what.

Of the many things that turned her son on, he explained that one of the most enjoyable ones was the sounds her pussy made when she played with it. He was enthralled with the sounds of her moans, but it was the wet, sloshy noises of her toying with her clit or fucking her cunt that really drove him to a next level.

Standing up, Stephanie pushed her yoga pants and drenched panties down to her knees. From her position, she could still see out the window and if anyone did notice her from the outside, they would only see her from the chest up. With the phone held firmly in one hand, she placed her dominant right hand at her slit and began to toy with herself. Dripping juices, the sounds of her playing quickly filled the room.

She hadn't planned on orgasming again. In fact, she had staved off the thought. Leave that for later, when it would be safer. Michael could be home anytime. But she couldn't deny Jacob. Worse, she both encouraged him to take over and got off to it. He had been so worried their first time. Now, he had no problem telling her what he wanted and she found the

change - which she made happen - so sexy. Along the way to her self-confidence building because of her relationship with her son, his confidence was doing the same.

"Fuck, Jacob," she said, letting herself moan louder. Her knees were already so weak and felt like jelly. She took one last look outside, noticing that Michael was still not home, and let herself close her eyes. Stephanie's head fell back as she focused on staying upright and giving her son everything he wanted.

"I am so close, Mom," he hissed. He opened his eyes slightly to focus on a picture she had sent a month before. Jacob was in this one - or at least, his cock was. His mother had handed him her phone and told him to take a few pictures as she sucked his cock. She was dressed for warm weather in her "Mom-wear" - a sleeveless white blouse. He could also hear his dad calling from the living room. Jacob, you ready to get going? Ten minutes later, they were on the road, heading back to his apartment about three hours away for the beginning of his junior year of college. His mom was chewing some minty

gum. She had popped in a piece after swallowing every ounce of his juice.

"Yes, baby, cum for Mommy," she whispered, getting close to an orgasm herself. She willed herself to look outside and her eyes went wide at the sight of Michael getting out of his Honda Civic. She went in overdrive, rubbing her clit more often and plunging slick fingers deep within her depths.

"Fuck...fuck...Oh, fuck, Mom!"

She closed her eyes as she imagined him blowing his load all over his chest. "Yes, baby, I want to feel it!" The horny housewife continued to tease her cunt while keeping her eyes on her younger son. She told him in her mind to not look up. Don't look up. Don't you dare look up.

The orgasm started to overtake her as she listened to her son grunt, his load exploding from his cock with rockets of juice. It didn't drench his chest as his mother was picturing - he had

a few paper towels at the ready. But she didn't have to know that part.

The orgasm forced the mother to put her phone down on a nearby desk and prop herself up against the corner of the piece of furniture. Her cunt spasmed sharply as the waves of euphoria resonated throughout her whole body. It was the fourth time she had cum already that day and the hyper-sexed mother felt like this one was the biggest yet. She stifled the moans that tried to escape from her throat even though her body wanted her to fully let go and enjoy everything the orgasm was putting her through.

Her eyes, which had closed tightly as the orgasm hit her body, jerked open in a flash as she heard the front door close. With wobbly knees, she grabbed her phone and shuffled out of her son's room down the hall. She prayed that he went to the kitchen first as she made her way to her room. She closed the door behind her softly and turned the lock.

"Mom?"

It was Jacob, whose voice was distant until she brought the phone to her ear. Her heart was pounding and her cunt seemed to as well.

"Yes, honey?"

"Oh, I was worried for a second," he replied, making Stephanie smile. She felt like she floated over to bed, where she sat down. With her feet, she pushed the yoga pants and underwear off of her legs.

"No worries, baby," she replied. Lowering her voice in case her other son got noisy, she whispered, "Just another ho-hum, regular orgasm that has made it nearly impossible for me to function properly. Ya know, the usual."

He laughed loudly.

"But I need to go," she softly said. "I'll text you later when I'm able, okay?"

He sat up, tossing the soiled paper towels in the trash. "Okay, Mom, I look forward to it."

"Me, too, my big boy."

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## **Present Day**

"Let me say, though," Michael replied, eyeing his mom lewdly. "I don't blame Jacob in the slightest. I didn't really see you for so long. Like really see you. You were just a mom."

Stephanie shifted her weight nervously. She searched her brain for plausible denials to the accusation of incest. She felt like it was impossible for her to avoid the truth that she had been unfaithful. But unless Michael actually knew about her

and Jacob, maybe she could deny that part of the story. Maybe, still, there was a chance to move him away from the belief that Jacob was the other man. Maybe.

"I'm still a mom," she replied softly. "Specifically, I am your mother."

"Exactly," he agreed with a grin she found unsettling. "My mother! I never even thought of you as a woman, ya know. Especially not a hot woman with a great ass. You were just a mom. And then, I see the weirdest damn thing."

Her heart raced. Had he seen them together? What did he have? She both feared the answer to that question and needed to know.

"There I am, coming back to my house after a boring ass day at school. I had lifted after school that day because the field was a mess. I remember these stupid fucking facts like it was yesterday." He stopped and stood up, walking over to his mom who instinctually took a step back. "I remember how my

arms ached as I grabbed my book-bag from the passenger seat after parking the car out there."

He pointed out the window. Stephanie's fears only spiked. That was the same window she had been standing in front of one early fall day when she engaged in phone sex with Jacob.

"I saw movement at my window so I look up and there you are, Mother." No weird thing. Maybe you were putting my clothes away? So, I waved, but you didn't wave back. I looked closer and you had your eyes closed and were, like, swaying. Weird, right?"

The mother dared not to look at her youngest son in the face.

"But whatever, I come in, grab some water, and come up to my room. But you're not there. Weird, but again, whatever. And I come right here to go to my desk and then bam, it hits me."

She fought the urge to cry as he walked toward the desk, mimicking his actions from last September.

"I know that smell," Michael said in a matter-of-factly manner. "Your son is no virgin, Mom. I've been around a few-"

The teenager seemed to stop for a second as if trying to choose his words.

"Oh fuck it. I don't know why I'm trying to avoid saying shit like this to you anymore." He moved closer to her. Again, she shuffled her feet, moving slightly away. This time, though, he aggressively stepped toward her again, coming within inches. "As I was saying, I've been around a few pussies to know what one smells like when a woman is super turned on. Especially if she has been playing with herself. It smelled like sex, but no one else was here but you. But why would you be playing with yourself in my room? I went back down the hall and could hear you talking. But not exactly what you were saying. It was a little muffled."

He held her by the waist so she couldn't move away. Meanwhile, he moved his head to the side of hers so that his mouth was at her left ear. She could feel his hot breath and she was petrified.

"Either you were talking to yourself or, and I'll put my college fund on this, you were talking to him. I could have sworn I even heard his name. Jacob."

Shocking her, he licked at her ear. In response, she moved her head away, but a strong hand went from her waist to the back of her head, holding her in place.

"And that, Mom, is when I started my journey to find out what was going on. That," he again said before slowly and deliberately licking up the edge of her ear once more. She trembled in response. "That is how I know. All because on that day you stopped being just a mom. You became a woman. A woman I want to fuck."

He released the grip on her head and she immediately moved away from him once again. Staring in disbelief, she wanted to tell him he didn't know half of what he was talking about. That it wasn't Jacob she was talking to. But she needed to leave the room instead. She wanted to escape the situation. But at this point, Stephanie knew it was pointless. She could continue to lie to him and to herself, but she knew it would be a waste of time for both of them. Like he said, he knew. And there was no explaining it away or convincing him otherwise.

As she headed down the hall, back to her bedroom, her mind was racing with what had transpired. One of the thoughts that was shaking her psyche the most, however, was the fact that her pussy seemed to moisten as Michael told her he wanted her.

*How did that happen? And why?*

# Chapter 3

## Present Day

"I have a question about Jacob and you."

Stephanie Bell looked up from her tablet. A few minutes before on lazy weekend day, she escaped into a world of fantasy, shape-shifters, and sex via the latest novel from one of her favorite writers. It was roughly two weeks after Michael informed her he knew about her illicit affair with her first-born son, Jacob. More than that, Michael had made it clear he would be all too thrilled about the idea of also engaging in sex with his mother. The knowledge had shaken the mother with some confusing dreams since.

"I thought I told you that subject was off limits," Stephanie said. And she had done so the next day, taking Michael aside and telling him that she didn't want to speak another word about Jacob and the affair. Further, she angrily told him that he was not to touch and gawk at her like she was a common

whore. Michael didn't exactly agree to those terms, but she took his lack of arguing as a sign he would do as his mother told him.

That was until today. "Yeah, I'm tired of that," he said, moving to sit down next to her on the couch. Outside, his father, Nathan, was mowing the lawn - a nice escape from all of the pressures at work he faced every April. Lyssa, Michael's older sister, was working while Bella was laying in a nearby playpen, enjoying the sounds and feel of the soft blocks with different textures that she was playing with.

"Too bad, son," the mother told him. Stephanie tried to find her place in the story once more, but Michael insisted on her attention.

"How did it start?" he asked. "How did you guys go from normal mother/son to him being a motherfucker."

She sharply slapped at his arm. "Watch your language, Michael!" She nodded Bella's way, though the child was far too

young to remember such vulgar remarks. More, she just wanted Michael to leave well enough alone.

But he didn't. "Mom, you've essentially shot down my interest in you, but the least you could do for keeping your secret is answer a few of my questions. How did it start? How did this happen?"

When he said this, he gestured at Bella.

Stephanie sighed. Putting the tablet down, she looked outside and saw her husband. And then she started to explain to her son how she found out about Jacob and why his girlfriend suddenly broke up with him.

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## Winter Break, Over a Year Ago

"What do you mean Paula's not coming?"

The cell phone sat on the counter as she chopped vegetables for the roast she was making for tonight's dinner. She had specially got a roast a bit bigger than usual to feed not just her son, returning for his winter break from college, but also his new girlfriend, Paula.

For a few years now, she wondered if Jacob was gay. Not that there would be anything wrong with that! In fact, Stephanie tried to play the role of a super progressive parent who only wanted her child to be happy. She changed her profile picture during Pride Month to a rainbow with the words, "LGBTQ Ally." She even openly argued on social media with her husband's brother, who was big into his church's Bible Study and felt gay people shouldn't be able to adopt children. It wasn't that she didn't already feel that LGBTQ individuals should be treated like everyone else. But part of the reason

she made a show of it was to help her son know that she was there for him if he decided to come out of the closet.

But he never did. Nor did he ever have a real girlfriend. She read about how some people were asexual and wondered if her son just simply had no interest having a romantic relationship with another person. She was far more terrified that he simply lacked the confidence to reach out.

That's why she was so thrilled when he shyly admitted at Fall Break over a month before that he had been seeing this girl named Paula. Stephanie had to know everything.

Jacob and Paula met the previous spring in a class they shared. By sheer luck, they were part of a four-person group project and kept in touch throughout the summer, chatting on twitter and even texting from time-to-time. When school started back up, they hung out two or three times a week. And then it was nearly every day - even if it was just to catch lunch. Finally, probably tired that her hints weren't being picked up on, she told him that she liked him. He said that he liked her

as well. And just like that, at the age of nearly 20, he had his first serious girlfriend.

The girl even befriended Stephanie on Facebook around Thanksgiving, which was about the same time Jacob expressed an interest in inviting Paula to stay with them for some of winter break.

Her husband asked to see a picture of her so Jacob navigated to one he particularly liked and handed over his phone. Nathan slapped Jacob on the back and told him how proud he was of his son for attracting such a "hottie." Both Stephanie and Jacob cringed at the term, though Nathan wasn't wrong. Paula had long, dark hair that often was pulled back in a ponytail or behind a hair clip. From the pics she shared on a variety of social media outlets, she carried a few extra pounds, but not in a bad way. She tweeted a lot about body positivity, which Stephanie respected. It helped that some of those extra pounds were located in a pair of large breasts - larger than Stephanie's at that age before three pregnancies helped increase them. And she had, as Nathan told her privately, an ass that just doesn't quit. That remark was in response to a

picture from her Instagram. She was at a beach with friends and all five girls posed with their bodies turned away from the camera, but were looking back.

She elbowed her husband for his inappropriate remark and he laughed. "Seriously, look at that ass. Got two skinny, boney butts to both sides and then her thick and juicy behind in the middle. Guess our boy's an ass man like his pop."

That also earned an elbow.

But now, just a few hours before they were due back from college, Paula wasn't coming along?

"What happened, Jacob?"

He took a moment before responding, "We decided to take a break."

"What?" She had to put the knife down that she was using to chop up a few carrots. "Since when?"

"Since last night. We were hanging out and, well, things just went bad."

The mother rolled her eyes. "What did you do?"

"Nothing!" he appealed. "Things just spiraled out-of-control and I couldn't stop them from getting worse. So, she's not coming. I'm leaving right now, though."

The mother let the conversation die and wished her son a safe drive back. With that finished, she brought Paula up on her Facebook. Still friends there. The girl rarely used Facebook - more of a Instagram and Twitter person. Checking those apps, she noticed nothing had been said about the "break." She did mention how she couldn't wait to see some friends back home, but nothing else of relevance.

Stephanie pushed herself to stay out of it, but after a couple of days of seeing her son mope around the house, she made the decision to try to help. After all, she told herself, her son was new at this relationship stuff. Maybe Stephanie could bridge the gap and get her son to realize what he did wrong. Nathan pleaded for her to stay out of it, but seeing her introverted and sensitive boy upset was difficult for Stephanie.

She read the message she sent to Paula five times just to be sure she was conveying exactly what she meant to.

"Paula, I know my son is an adult and that I should stay out of this, but because you are really his first real girlfriend, I figured maybe he needed a little extra help. Is there anything that I can do? Jacob really likes you and I was looking so forward to meeting you. If he hasn't messed up too bad, maybe there is still hope here. Let me know if I can be of any assistance."

As soon as she sent it, she immediately wanted to take it back. She knew she overstepped her bounds and Jacob would be furious with her. But only a few seconds after the message was sent, it was read by Paula. A few chat bubbles popped up and Stephanie waited patiently, but no response followed. The bubbles disappeared and Stephanie was left worrying if she simply did more damage than anything.

She was Christmas shopping with the family at the mall later that week when Paula finally responded.

"Mrs. bell I looked forward to meeting u 2 but Im not sure theres any hope for Jacob and me. Tbh, not sure I want to talk 2 him ever again. Found out some shit abt him that threw me 4 a loop. He got some mommy issues bad. Thought it was just weird we look alike but theres more 2 it than that. U may not want to read this story Im sending you. But u deserve to know abt it. Its abt a dude and his mom. Sorry we wont be making cookies together as planned. Hope u have a great xmas. Bye."

Below the message was a icon for a document she could download. She saved it the cloud and went about the rest of her day.

With everything going on right before Christmas, the story became a distant thought for her until the night of her husband's office party.

"...what secrets I must know about a woman's body to get such a beautiful vixen to myself." Stephanie smiled at her husband's joke and curled up next to him as he drove them back. She felt warm - buzzed off the champagne. She rarely drank, but Nathan wanted her to let loose a little - "you deserve a night off!" - and offered to be the designated driver this time. And by her standards, she did let loose. She drank four times her usual one glass, danced with multiple people, and even let her husband feel her up in public.

She let her night of craziness continue as she snaked a hand between her husband's thighs.

"Steph?" he whispered in surprise.

"Yes?" she replied, rubbing firmly against his crotch as he drove back. She couldn't recall the last time she had done something this daring. Her sex was fairly satisfying, but had grown largely predictable over two decades of marriage. She counted her blessings, though. Many of her friends had worse stories. Her husband still made her cum most times and made the effort to make her feel like he wanted her.

They came to a stop sign and he looked down at her hand. "I'm going to have to get you drunk more often," he joked.

She laughed and resumed coaxing a hard-on from her husband. She felt his penis grow under her hand until she could make out the indentation of his tool against his dress slacks. Curling her fingers around him, Stephanie stroked his dick slightly. The center console, which uncomfortably dug into her side, kept her from getting too close.

"You remember the Oldsmobile?" she said, her hand squeezing the tip of her husband's cock.

"That ugly thing?" he said, laughing. "What on Earth made you think of that?"

"I just remember us in the front seat. It had none of this crap in the middle. I loved curling up next to you in the dark as you'd drive me back to my dorm or the apartment we had when I was pregnant with Jacob." It was a different time then. Before her husband had a good job, he got from Point A to Point B in a '93 Cutlass Ciera. It often broke down, but Stephanie had fond memories of the old girl.

"Haven't thought about that piece of shit in years," he replied.

"It wasn't a piece of shit," she hissed back, squeezing his cock harder. "I still think we conceived Jacob in it. Remember? At the lake?"

"If you say so." He chuckled, looking her way for a moment.

"And I do. And, if you recall, it was much easier to give you road head in that wonderful car."

They both laughed and she resumed a slow stroke of his cock through his pants as they neared their house. They quickly retired to their room once home, passing Jacob on the way. Nathan fingered her - a rarity - as they kissed. She went down on him - another rarity - before moving on top of him. She rode him slow as he played with her tits until he turned her over and fucked her harder. She came only seconds before he did, his cum rocketing into her hungry cunt.

Pushing much of he load into the toilet with a little effort, she prepped for bed. The buzz was beginning to fade, but the smile on the woman's face that looked back at her made her feel good. Yeah, her husband wasn't that adventurous in bed and the frequency of their sexual fun was decreasing, but she couldn't complain.

She curled up beside him, wearing just a night shirt, but she had trouble sleeping. Usually, one orgasm satisfied her cravings. Not tonight, though. Tonight, Stephanie Ball wanted more. Her dwindling buzz must have been the reason. Or the shockingly good sex she had with her husband. Or her wandering hand in the car. Maybe even the thoughts of their younger days when they had sex all the time - more than a few times in that boxy Oldsmobile.

She contemplated waking him up and see if she could inspire his libido for a second round. Fat chance, Stephanie thought. She also thought of going to the living room and seeing if a trashy movie was on, but she'd probably be discovered and that would be tremendously embarrassing.

Instead, she grabbed her tablet. She was about to click on one of the Laurell K. Hamilton stories with all the sex in it. Or, as her husband put it, every damn one of them. For whatever reason, though, she paused and remembered Paula mentioning a story her son had written. Part of her brain - and her entire pussy - balked at her to ignore that until the morning and get off now, but even though she was still horny,

she was also a worried mother. She had forgotten about the story once and didn't want to do it again. The vision of passing Jacob when she arrived back home with her husband around an hour ago flashed through her mind. He looked so sad. So disappointed.

The story was saved to the cloud. The file name wasn't noteworthy. Part of his efforts to hide this story was to make the filename sound like anything but what it actually was. But "Ch3Notes" was not points to remember from the third chapter of whatever textbook to whichever class.

She sat back and read the story. Things would never be the same.

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I Need You, Mom

By Jake B.

I couldn't take it any longer. She couldn't keep doing this to me. Something had to happen and I would have to be the one to make it happen.

She was doing the laundry when I found her that day. The short shorts rode up on her, revealing the bottom of her ass that I needed to touch. To kiss. To lick. It was summer so she paired the shorts with a pink tank-top. Visible were the white spaghetti straps of the bra underneath.

So many times, I found her this way. Doing the dishes. Maybe in the garden, dealing with the weeds. Every time, I fought against my impulse to take her. To touch her. To taste her and fuck her and have her cum on my cock. But I couldn't that day. I couldn't stop this avalanche of need. I had to have her and it could no longer wait.

She didn't know I was there. She bent down, throwing some wet clothes into the dryer. That's when I touched her, grabbing her hips as I moved my hard cock against her. She

gasped in surprise and tried to move away, but I wouldn't let her. Instead, I humped against her ass.

"What? What are you doing? Son?" She asked of me, but I was too far gone. I could no longer pretend like everything was okay. Like my mother wasn't the sexiest woman I had ever seen. I let my grip move to her the top of her shorts, my fingers curling around the fabric as I moved my hard cock against her.

"You can't do this, Jacob!"

"Watch me, Mom." Part of me was loving this dry-fuck, loving the way my cock slammed against the crevice in her ass and then slid up.

Daring to remove my other hand from her waist, I slid my shorts and boxers to the floor in one quick action. Now, my tool could slide against her much easier. But the shorts were rough and if I'm being honest, I also didn't risk everything just

to rub against the fabric of her shorts. I was going to take my mom.

I tried to roughly pull the shorts down, but with her feet wide apart and the shorts buttoned, it proved unsuccessful. She tensed up as she felt my hands move around her hips, to the front. She pleaded for me to stop, but those pleas fell on deaf ears. Unbuttoning the shorts, I pushed them south. My mom was dressed in a tight, little white thong underneath the shorts. I probably leaked precum on her ass.

I could only get the shorts down to her thighs, but that was plenty for me.

"Fuck, Mom, you're so sexy,"

"Honey, think about what you're doing," she said. "You do this and you can never go back."

I smiled. "Worth it."

She was still trying to move away, but her fighting became less frantic as she accepted her fate. Mom turned her head and for the first time, I did consider stopping this. There were tears on her face. But then her hips swayed as she tried to move away, her ass rubbing against my dick and my hesitation faded. Whatever happens, so be it. I needed this.

I spit in my hand, trying to lube up my dick. Then, I moved my wet hand to her backside, pulling on the little string that rode through her ass crack. Pulling her thong to the side, I pushed forward, my dick rubbing against her pussy. She gasped and I gripped my tool, finding the opening of her vagina, and beginning to push.

"Oh, fuck!" we both said, nearly at the same time.

Mom added, "Just go slow. You're much bigger than your father."

I may have not followed every one of Mom's wishes, but this one, I definitely could. Feeling her pussy open up reluctantly and accept my cock was a dream come true. She was so incredibly tight despite three kids and her age. Her pussy milked my cock, wanting my cum even if my Mom was fighting against this.

Finally, I had slid every inch home. My thighs were pressed against her.

"Oh, Mom, this feels so perfect."

She didn't answer me. Instead, her hands gripped the bottom of the opening for the dryer and raised her ass ever-so-slightly. I didn't need the invitation, if it was one, but I was still happy to receive it. Grabbing her roughly by the hips, I reared back and drove home again. And again. Her ass rippled with every plunge forward as I fucked my mother in a long, deep strokes. Her pussy was getting more wet by the second as I sawed my cock back-and-forth.

For her part, Mom stopped talking. Stopped fighting completely. She just took it in an almost emotionless way. But the more I continued my assault, the more her body betrayed her. I felt her hips start to meet my thrusts. For several minutes as I slid every inch of my rock hard tool in her, she stayed quiet, but finally, she couldn't hold back anymore. Small grunts led to louder moans.

"Yes, Mom!" I cried out, boldly slapping her ass. She yelped, but only slammed her hips back faster. I did it again, seeing my hand-print develop in red on the meaty cheek.

My orgasm was imminent. Part of me started to think about where I should cum. Maybe I would pull out and blow all over her ass, watching lines of cream run down her skin. Perhaps I would turn her around, moving her to the floor, and practically rip the tank top from her and pull her breasts out of the bra cups. Covering those huge breasts with my seed had long been a fantasy. Or, maybe, I would slide my dick, wet with her juices, into her mouth and have her swallow my load. I wanted all three.

But Mom made my decision for me in a way. She started to convulse and shake, her whole body seemingly moving like an electric current was going through her. Was she...?

"You cumming for me, Mom?" She wouldn't answer or look at me. So, I got more forceful. "Tell me! TELL ME! Are you cumming like a slut on your son's cock? SAY IT!"

"YES!" she cried out, her head again moving to the side to look back at me. This time, if she had any tears, they were from the intensity of our coupling. There was even a half-smile in there as she gulped air in. "KEEP FUCKING ME!!"

I slammed every inch back in her, giving her exactly what she wanted. Her moans filled the basement as she pushed me to fuck her even harder. I gave her every last bit I had before it was too much. In the end, I didn't get my porn ending. I got something more personal. The first jet of cum erupted into her cunt. I stopped moving, but she kept fucking me, trying to orgasm again as I pumped my load into her welcoming pussy.

After what seemed like a gallon, I bent over and rested my head on her back. My cock was still lodged in her.

She spoke first. "You shouldn't have done that."

"I know," I replied. My passion and my need were finally satisfied - at least for a little while. Guilt was beginning to rise in me. "I couldn't control it."

She started to push up and I moved off of her to let her get vertical again. My cock fell from her pussy's grasp. She turned and looked at me. I prepared to be slapped. Or yelled at. Or for her to knee me in the groin and call the police.

But she eyed me for a few seconds before saying, "I meant you shouldn't have cum in me. I got work to do and now you're leaking from my cunt. Tell me before you cum next time and I'll swallow."

...next time?

I couldn't wait.

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### **Winter Break, Over a Year Ago**

In her bed with darkness surrounding her as she held onto the tablet, Stephanie Bell was stunned. Not only had her oldest son wrote a sex story, he had written it about a mother and a son. And while he never used her name in the story, the details were damning. During the summer, she often wore short shorts and tank-tops. More than a few were pink. The shorts could ride up as well. On a couple occasions, Nathan commented on how her ass was hanging out. She told him to enjoy the view, but he mentioned "our two impressionable boys." Stephanie laughed that off. Now, she wasn't laughing so much.

And she thought she recalled days where she was doing laundry in the basement and Jacob would come down and watch her. Usually, they'd make small talk, but now, she considered what he may have seen. His mother bent over, ass in the air, shorts hiked up and revealing more flesh than she should have felt comfortable with her son seeing.

But the worst thing about the story wasn't even that he had written it. The worst thing, Stephanie felt, was how it was effecting her and he wrote about practically raping her. Well, maybe that was a bit of a stretch. In addition to the fiction she usually read, she was no erotica virgin. In fact, she had read a few stories like this where the woman is reluctant, but moves toward loving it because, apparently, a good dick does that. She often found these stories ridiculous, but now, she was turned on beyond belief.

As she read the document's last word. she became keenly aware that her hand had traveled between her thighs and was rubbing her wet pussy. The fact that her cunt still had a bit of her husband's cum inside gave her a little pause. Here she was, thinking about a tale of fictional assault perpetrated by her

son and, she was 99% convinced, her. And worse, as she obscenely licked her fingers clean of any mixed juices on it, she was incredibly horny and needed to cum as a result of her son's words and the images they put her in her head.

The mother of three tried to convince herself that she was already turned on from the office party, her husband fucking her, and she was trying to orgasm before she even read the story. It wasn't the story itself, it was her mood that put her in a place where she was vulnerable to any story like that. But it was useless. She was rubbing her pussy and driving two fingers deep inside her dripping cunt because the story had prompted her to.

She felt like the biggest slut in the world, but as she put the tablet down - remembering to close her virtual drive app - she closed her eyes and pictured the scene again.

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Her son's cum running down her legs.

Sweat dripping down his face after drilling his formerly reluctant mother.

In her mind, Stephanie would drop her to knees. Her son's cock was huge - even as it softened after what seemed like a gallon of cum he released inside her. Sunlight poured in from outside and she considered tabling what she had in mind. After all, her husband could return at any time. As could her other two kids. But she was like a firecracker, ready to explode again.

She ducked her head and captured the soft helmet of her son's tasty tool in her mouth. She reveled in the mix of her cum and his. Swirling her tongue around the head, she captured every last drop before sliding more of him into her mouth. Taking advantage of his still fairly soft state, she swallowed all of him into her waiting mouth. It would be far-more-difficult when he was hard.

"Oh, Mom..."

Hearing her boy say her name with his cock embedded in her mouth made her pussy throb. She pulled back, enjoying how he thickened in her mouth, before taking almost all of him back in her wet mouth. Her tongue glided against the bottom of his cock, sliding from side-to-side against the flesh.

He cried out again and wrapped his hand around her head. He had taken an incredible risk. What he did could have landed him in jail and ruined his family. But the reward was just as incredible. Jacob had pictured his mother sucking his cock so many times and he had to admit that he never did her justice.

She wanted him hard again. She wanted him to fuck her once more, but this time, she would face him. He wouldn't just take her. They would have sex together.

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"Honey, you okay?"

Her eyes ripped open at her husband's question. The surroundings slowly came into focus. Their dark bedroom, the tablet next to her on one side, her husband on the other. She was toying with her hard little clit while another hand was pinching and playing with her nipple.

"Honey?"

She didn't move her hand from her pussy, only slowing. She did remove her hand from her breast as Nathan rolled over. She searched for a plausible answer, but her brain was already preoccupied with the dirty thoughts she couldn't tell her husband.

"Babes?" he asked. She turned to look at her. If the light was on, he'd see her flush face.

"Sorry," she whispered, licking her dry lips. "Did I wake you?"

"The bed was shaking. Was worried you were having a bad dream." He moved closer to drape an arm around her. "You're sweating!"

He moved his hand to her right arm and rode the arm south. As Nathan's hand moved between her thighs, he grinned and laughed. Inside, Stephanie felt so awful. She was fantasizing about another man inches away from her husband. She woke him up by playing with herself. And worst of all, the other man she was thinking of was his own son.

But she was also incredibly aroused. Her body was simply reacting differently in a way that was shocking the woman.

"So, we didn't get enough earlier, huh?" Nathan said in a joking manner. Stephanie smiled and shrugged her shoulders. She was preciously close. "Need some help?"

She wanted to tell her husband no. After all, it was bad enough what she was thinking about. But it was a new level of wrong for her husband to help her orgasm while she pictured her son on top of her - her legs wrapped around his waist - while his big, fat cock reached depths that her husband's still-decently-sized penis could not.

But as he brushed her hand away and slid two fingers into her dripping snatch, she made zero effort to stop him. Instead, she spread her legs wider and arched her back. Her eyes shut slowly and she pictured her son once again. His broad shoulders above her. His face contorted in pleasure. Jacob's mouth was open, though no words were coming out.

She balanced the real life actions her husband was doing to her with the images in her head. She was aware enough not to say Jacob's name, but didn't stop the words that escaped her mouth.

"Yes! Fuck your slut! Pound her! Make her cum!"

Stephanie desperately wanted more than Nathan's fingers inside her. She wanted even more than his cock. Even though she had not seen her son's penis in years since he stopped getting baths from his mother, she could picture his now-adult cock in her mind. How it split her just perfectly. How it fit just right.

More than her husband ever could...

The guilt over those last thoughts were fleeting - likely something that would wreck her brain the next day. Instead, she focused on the pleasure. She was vaguely aware of her husband craning his neck to suck at her fat nipple and lick at the bud.

"So...fucking...close...go faster..."

She closed her eyes tighter, holding onto the image for as long as she could. Her son was frantically pounding her pussy with each inch of his dick, plunging deeper into her with increased force. He was so close. Stephanie wanted him to flood her

insides with his seed once more. She wanted to be filled more than she ever had been before.

In her mind, she smiled up at her son and implored him to finish.

"Cum! Cum, baby!"

Her husband thought that line was curious. He was only fingering her and sucking her tit. But he shook it off. Cum brain, he thought.

He couldn't see the image Stephanie could. Of her son cocking his head back as he exploded inside her. Her own orgasm rocketing through her body, driving her to violently jerk next to her husband and, at least in her mind, under her son. Waves of electricity rolled through her body as her seemingly every inch of her tingled. The intense pleasure was almost too much as her body shook and jerked almost at random. She didn't have much control.

She became keenly aware as her body calmed slightly that she was in a bit of pain. Her back was arched so much that the top of her head was pressed against the bed. Her large breasts sagged up her body a bit for a change. Her feet were curled with her toes against the bed uncomfortably.

Finally, she slowly fell back to the bed. Her husband's fingers, very much dripping in her juices, slipped from her cunt. She tried to catch her breath as her eyes flickered. She could almost see stars.

He spoke first. "Wow."

She could only agree. Turning away from her husband, she grabbed his arm and pulled it around her. As he settled in behind her, she closed her eyes. In her mind, it was Jacob behind her.

She smiled.

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## Present

Michael made a mock yawning motion. "You're stretching out this story, Mom. I don't need chapter-and-verse of how you and Jacob ended up in bed."

Stephanie smiled at her younger son. Bella was stirring and getting hungry. As she reached for her baby, she told Michael, "Sorry, dear. Either you want to know the story or you don't."

He sighed and said he'd be back in a second with some drink and a snack. She asked for a water before he left for the kitchen. Freeing her breast, she moved Bella in position to suckle. All the while, she couldn't ignore one thing. It turned her on to tell the story of how it all happened with Jacob. More specifically, recalling the sordid details to Michael was driving her pussy crazy. With all of her recent dreams about him and

now this, she found herself picturing her other son replacing Jacob.

The image didn't scare her anymore.

It downright excited her.

## Chapter 4

### Present Day

As it turned out, Stephanie Ball was interrupted by a storm. That brought her husband in from mowing before she could get to the next part in her story. Michael didn't hide his frustration, eventually retiring to his room in a huff. Her youngest son wanted to know how her affair started. To this point, he knew Stephanie was sent a sex story that starred her and was written by Jacob. Michael was also aware that Stephanie had played with herself after reading the story,

accidentally waking her husband who helped her orgasm while she was picturing her oldest son.

But he wanted more and a few texts from his room made that clear.

"you should finish your story"

And:

"give me more info now"

Stephanie rolled her eyes and went about her usual everyday activities. She fed Bella, made dinner, and fed everyone else in the family with her "award-winning" meatloaf. That award came from her husband, but she wasn't complaining.

Later, while cleaning the dishes and listening to one of her favorite true crime podcasts, Michael was suddenly beside

her, startling his mother. Taking out the earbuds, she exclaimed, "Good gracious, you scared the bejessus outta me!"

"I want more," he said in a low tone. Something told the mother that he hadn't changed his mind on wanting a second helping of meatloaf.

With her ears free of the podcast, she could hear her husband watching baseball in the living room. Her daughter, Lyssa, was likely in her room.

"More what, darling?" She asked. She wondered why she was playing with Michael, but a part of her quite liked it. While she would love for it not to be the truth, Stephanie found herself moving away from the anger and disgust she originally had for Michael after he told her he wanted to be a "motherfucker" like his brother and now was enthralled with the flirtation. She also had to admit that her attraction toward her younger son was growing daily.

His frustration boiled over. "You know exactly what I want, dammit." His arm moved around her waist, pulling her closer. While she enjoyed playing with his need for more, the handsy stuff made her feel a little uneasy about being caught. She tried not to think that her primary worry wasn't that her son was doing this stuff to her and her concern was solely related to being caught. "Maybe if I got a bit louder when I ask, it would hurry this process up."

Stephanie turned to look at her youngest son. She gave him her patented "Mom eye" to let him know she was not playing. "Michael, I will tell you the perverted details you wish to know. But only when we have time, not when you decide you need to get your rocks off."

Yep, she thought. That gone that little grin going for her him.

Michael looked at the living room where Nathan was engrossed in the Braves' game. Turning back, he leaned forward and with his hot breath sliding over her skin, said, "It better happen soon." Then, as if he was on a dare, he pushed

forward quickly, capturing his Mother's lips with his own. She was used to giving her son little pecks on the cheek, though with much less frequency as he aged and didn't want his mother kissing him. But this...this was not a peck.

She tried to not make any noises beyond the surprised squeal she made when he first moved forward - afraid of attracting any attention. He had pushed her against a corner on the kitchen counter and with his hands on both sides, she felt trapped. His mouth parted and his tongue pushed against her lips, but she kept them closed. But it wasn't because she didn't want to partake. In fact, she felt it was odd that she wasn't worried or scared. She was more annoyed by his brazen attitude than anything.

Pulling away, Michael smiled at her and said good night. The mother narrowed her brow at him as he moved away. When he turned, she couldn't help but notice the bulge in his pants.

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For a few more days, Michael continued to sneak kisses when he had the chance. The two were nearly caught the day Lyssa came down the steps quickly on her way out to work, but were able to move away just in time. The mother was relieved that Lyssa didn't linger and start to wonder why both Stephanie and her son's faces were flushed or Michael was obviously hard.

She had to admit - even if she tried so hard not to - that she enjoyed the attention of another young man wanting to do naughty things to her. Michael was so different from Jacob. Even after their first time as lovers, Jacob was very hesitant to make moves on her or cop a feel when no one was looking. Much later, he opened up a little, but even when Jacob got a bit handsy or bold, he remained cautiously cognitive of the chances they would get caught. Michael just went for it, which was reckless but also exciting.

And his confidence that his mother was into him just as much was driving him to be even bolder. Stephanie cursed the way her body was reacting. She also cursed the fact that as uneasy as he made her feel when he moved on her for a kiss or to

grobe her, it also made her so horny. Her sex life with Nathan was picking up as a result. And she couldn't deny that her fantasies were becoming more Michael-centric every day.

Michael was the process of groping her as he kissed her neck while she tended to laundry on a Thursday morning. To this point, he focused his attention on her ass and never moved underneath whatever she was wearing while groping her. She had shivered on a few occasions as his hands on her sides seemed to move up and she waited for them to find their way to her swollen breasts, but he didn't make the move. Not for lack of confidence, she felt. Because he was testing her. It worried her how fast he was moving. She also knew - as he did - that she was no longer telling him no.

"I was thinking," she said quietly. Lyssa was asleep upstairs and Nathan had already gone to work. "Perhaps I'd come to your game later in Beckersville."

It wasn't that unusual for her to catch one of Michael's baseball games, though this season, because of Bella, she hadn't been

to one of his road games yet. Before the baby, at least two or three times a year, she'd head out around noon to wherever Michael was playing and get some shopping in at places she couldn't visit at home before Michael's game. It was a nice "me-time" exercise for her.

But with Bella, that was too much. However, she had already cleared it with Nathan and pumped extra milk for her little bundle of joy. Nathan would get off work early and take care of the tyke and give his wife a much-needed break from life.

"Why do you want to drive all the way to Peckersville?"

She elbowed him slightly before adding, "So maybe I could drive you back. Perhaps we could talk."

Stephanie swore she could almost feel him smile. "That sounds like a great idea."

He gave her neck one final kiss before making her whole body involuntarily shake as he moved up to lick her ear and tell her he'd see her later. And then he was off.

Stephanie considered the fire she was so dangerously playing with and wondered where her resolve had retreated to. Michael's moves on her since informing her of what he knew about her affair with Jacob had started with little-to-no receptiveness on her end. When he tried to grab at her before, she proactively pulled away. When his eyes lingered on her body, she admonished him firmly. But now, she was enjoying the attention too much.

She tried to reason that the guilt she felt was misplaced. In a weird way, she felt more guilty about "cheating" on Jacob than she did her own husband. In another way, she had to admit that this was fun. Another young, handsome boy was attracted to her. Wanted her. Desired her. Would do anything to fuck her.

So, what if it was also her son? That clearly didn't stop her before.

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Stephanie took stock in the image that she saw. The clock in the corner of her eye said 12:41. Nathan would be getting off work shortly. He couldn't find her like this. He'd wonder what prompted her to give her pussy a fresh shave. He'd question why that pair of bra and panties were on the bed. They were from the "super-sexy" collection as he called it. She wore them only for date night, something they hadn't had since the baby. Well, at least those were the only times he saw them. Jacob, too, got to see them many times either in person or in pictures. Jacob had never lived with a woman that was openly his lover so he thought the sexy stuff was pretty commonplace. But for Nathan, a veteran, it was ultra-special in his eyes.

"When you're married as long as we have been," he said to her one time while watching her put a pair of similar bra and

panties on. "When you see your wife dig into the Super-Sexy Collection, you know if you just don't screw up, it's going to be a good evening."

But she wasn't going to slide them on for a date with her husband. She was going to go shopping, maybe walk through the nice park they had in Beckersville, and see her youngest son play high school baseball. If Nathan saw her putting that on, he'd wonder. And what could she say? That she wanted to feel sexy while watching her son play baseball before coming home to fuck her husband? What kind of backwards logic would that be?

No, she needed to get a move on and get dressed. She did snap a few pics for Jacob, sending them to her son.

Checking the clock again, she didn't give into the temptation to touch herself. Much like the first time she realized just how much Jacob wanted her - via a story he had wrote - images kept popping into her brain and turning her on. Not of Jacob so much, though it still happened. But of Michael.

Michael again trapping her in that same corner where two sides of the kitchen counter met like he did a few nights ago. But this time, he wouldn't only be kissing her. His pants would be at his ankles, her legs wrapped around him, while his cock was slamming into her. And just to add to the nastiness, there was Nathan watching baseball in the other room. He didn't see them. But he had to hear it. Right?

Another time, Michael confidently strolled into their bedroom as his parents slept and she woke up with him on top of her, pushing his hard dick deep inside her waiting cunt. Again, her husband was there. Again, he seemed to not hear their tryst. Or feel the bed shake. But how?

But the fantasy she let herself dive into most recently was the one she had to avoid at all costs because if she again allowed herself the pleasure of thinking about it too much, she couldn't stop the fantasy. Like a snowball, it would just keep rolling down that hill and get bigger and bigger. There she was sitting on the couch. Lyssa was curled up on the floor. Her husband was in the recliner. Both of her sons were seated next

to her and vying for her attention. Michael would rub her thigh while Jacob kissed her hand. Things continued to progress from there with Michael's hand curving between her legs, rubbing at her pussy while Jacob grabbed at her breast under her shirt and made out with her.

All the while, her daughter and husband remained thoroughly focused on whatever movie was on the television. Even as she pushed her sons off of her, took each of their cocks out, and stroked them. No response from the other people in the room. Still no response as she fell to the floor and they stood above her. As she took turns sucking one delicious dick and the next, nothing from the other half of the room. Nor when Jacob laid back on the couch, his mother sucking on his balls, while his younger brother fucked her.

Back in real life, Stephanie shivered and tweaked her nipple, forgetting for a moment that milk could - and did - expel as a result. She wanted to masturbate, but needed to get ready, so she pulled on her lingerie. Making sure she placed some breast pads just right in her bra, Stephanie made it back down to the living room just before her husband arrived. She was

dressed appropriately, though she knew just how well the jeans shaped her ass. She wore a short-sleeve top with a generous v-neck, but also had a button-up cardigan for the cooler early spring weather. The cleavage was for the ride home, she thought nastily to herself.

After a few minutes with her husband, she was off. Beckersville was one of the longest trips of the season for her son's team - a good 90-minute or more drive. Predictably, she chose this road game to have the discussion she had been preparing for because it gave her more time.

She was nervous, though she tried quite hard not to be. She was releasing her biggest secret - the one she was petrified of anyone knowing. Not only that, but to her son of all people. She reasoned with herself that he already had the basic facts of the story. He only wanted the details. The big reveal wasn't much to fear. Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling of trepidation.

After spending a few hours shopping at local boutiques and exploring Beckersville, she parked her car near the high school ball-field. On a lark, as she exited the car, she removed the cardigan. It was a cool spring day, one of the warmest of the year so far. Still, the cardigan was the more sensible choice considering the weather and the atmosphere. Yet, for reasons she neither wanted to explore or could explain, she not only took off the garment, but left it in the car. Surely, the weather would cool further as the sun set.

Of course, she knew the main reason. She looked hotter in the white blouse with the neckline that dipped low to flash some of the top of her breasts. The cardigan was Mom Wear. The blouse was more of Date Wear. The kind of thing you wear when you want someone's undivided attention.

She caught herself smirking as she took her seat. Michael noticed her almost immediately. He was taking some grounders at shortstop with a couple of other teammates. The sight of his mother made him bobble an easy ground ball before recovering and throwing to first.

Is she fucking with me or is she into me? he thought to himself as he got back into position.

After warm-ups, Michael was hitting leadoff and playing shortstop. As he strolled to the plate to open the game, his mom wildly cheered. Part of him felt embarrassed - the kind of awkwardness one feels when their parent is making a bit too much noise. Another part of him had to admit that it felt good to have the hottest MILF in the world passing on encouragements.

Michael tried to focus on the matter at hand, but the right-hand hitter could see the white of his mom's blouse out of the corner of his eye as she sat in the stands. He cursed giving up switch-hitting in middle school at that moment. He knew the pitcher on the mound - Casey Wilson. Like Michael, Casey was a senior and the two had played against one another for years. Casey had a partial scholarship awaiting him to continue pitching in college and there was some talk that he might get drafted in June.

To put it mildly, Michael already had a lot to think about without considering his mother's bouncing breasts as she clapped and told him to hit a homer.

He was late on the first pitch, a fastball that caught the edge of the plate. Taking a deep breath, Michael settled in for another pitch and again, saw the heater. Swinging furiously, he barely nipped the pitch and it was fouled to the backstop. Backing out of the box, he took a few more swings before climbing back in. His mother loudly cried, "let's go, Michael!"

The teenager knew he had fucked up almost immediately. It was only after he committed to a swing did he even think that the 0-2 pitch would probably be off-speed after starting him with two fastballs. He was early and missed awkwardly on the breaking pitch. It was a hanger, too.

"Fuck!" he grunted to himself. The umpire told him to watch his language as Michael walked back to the dugout.

Michael's second at-bat was a similar story, though this time Casey got ahead of him on a curve that sliced over the plate and an ugly changeup that Michael didn't recognize. Going back to the fastball, Michael swung through one at the belt. He also bobbled a sure double-play in the fifth. Beckersville later took the lead - the run unearned because of Michael's error that extended the inning.

Stephanie couldn't help but believe she was causing her son some problems. He was normally as sure-handed as anyone else on the field - a big reason he was moved to shortstop to start over a returning senior when Michael was still just a sophomore. She was always struck by how graceful he looked in the field. Now, he looked like a different person and the only real difference was the fact that his mother had her tits nearly on display and was going to share some salacious details of her sex life with his brother after the game.

It was probably the worst game of the year for Michael, but his teammates held serve. Their pitcher, Frankie Sanderson, gave up no more runs and the defense made plays behind

him - aside from his shortstop who was hoping the ball didn't come his way.

With the score still 1-0, Michael's teammates got a one-out rally going at the bottom of the order in the sixth inning. A rare walk was coaxed by one while the next hitter smacked a single. A wild pitch advanced both runners into scoring position. Michael was on deck when his light-hitting double play partner, second baseman Kelvin Persons, swung through strike three.

Michael strolled to the plate with a chance to at least tie the game and potentially put his squad ahead. Taking a deep breath, he climbed into the box and noticed something immediately. There was no visible white shirt out of the corner of his eye. He called for time and was granted. Pretending he had something in his eye, he brushed his arm against his eyes and looked at the crowd again.

He thought she left, which bothered him even more. The first pitch was a fastball away that Michael vaguely even saw.

Luckily, it was a ball. He stepped back out and surveyed the crowd again. This time, he saw her. She had moved to the other side of the bleachers. Hunched over, she was quiet as she watched - hopeful that she didn't distract her son.

She smiled at him and gave him a thumbs up when he saw her. He smiled back and stepped back again, feeling a lot more loose than he had during the entire game. Over the next several pitches, he battled Casey, who was laboring in his sixth-inning of work. After eleven pitches, the count was full at 3-2. Michael had spoiled some of Casey's best breaking balls of the day, fouling them away to stay alive. On the last foul ball, Michael squared up a fastball and nearly homered to left field.

Casey peered in for the catcher's sign. Michael gripped his bat loosely, wagging it back-and-forth above his shoulder. When Casey shook his head at the first offering the catcher gave him, a light bulb turned on in Michael's head. He's afraid to give me another fastball, he thought. He'll go back to the curve. Be smart here. Quick bat, quick bat, quick bat, quick-

Michael's bat sliced through the air and connected on the spinner. The ball rocketed off his bat and flew through the air toward the left-center gap. Splitting the outfielders, it landed 15 feet from the wall and rolled the rest of the way. By the time Beckersville got the ball in, Michael was standing on second base pumping his fist as his team celebrated their 2-1 lead.

It was a curve ball, by the way. A hanger. This time, Michael didn't miss.

In the bottom of the seventh, Michael made a nifty play ranging to his left to get to a ball before doing a 360 and firing to first base to get a would-be base-runner. The 2-1 lead remained in tact and they got a big win over one of the best pitchers in the conference. Free to cheer for her boy, Stephanie moved back to her town's side of the bleachers and loudly clapped and whooo'd after the last out was recorded.

Several minutes later, her son emerged from the locker-room after a quick shower. Shaking hands with a few of his teammates, he walked over to his Mom's vehicle and climbed in.

"Great job!," she said, hugging her boy tightly. "You won the game!"

"Mom, we won the game," he said. Then, with a smirk, he added, "But I did help."

Laughing as she put the car in drive and guided the vehicle back onto the access road that led to the highway, Stephanie said, "Yeah, I'd say driving in both points definitely helped."

"Runs, Mom!" Michael corrected, though he knew she was merely pulling his chain.

"Not touchdowns? Wait, no, it's field goals, right?" Stephanie joked. She was as knowledgeable as any woman she knew when it came to sports. Years of watching her family, mostly Michael, play soccer, football, basketball, volleyball, and baseball and gave her quite a wealth of information should

she ever be on Jeopardy. But she still loved to play dumb since it irritated Michael and her husband relentlessly.

Once back on the highway, the awkwardness set in. While she had been pondering exactly what to say for a few days now, the opening to the discussion remained a difficult part to deal with. How do you approach the subject? She even found herself joking in her head, adding her own take on some famous lyrics. "Now this is the story all about how my life got flipped turned upside down. And I'd like to take a minute, just sit right there. I'll tell you how I started to fuck your brother completely bare."

She thought better of that icebreaker.

Her son's icebreaker was not much better, though. "So, tell me how you jumped on Jacob's cock for the first time."

She gave him a dirty look even though the evening was making it more difficult for the two to see one another.

Stephanie said, "don't be such a crude boy."

Nevertheless, she told her story.

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### **Winter Break, Over a Year Ago**

She had been over this several times in her head. She looked up information related to it - while always cognitive to only do so with incognito mode engaged. But she remained as stumped on how to deal with this obsession since the day she read Jacob's story. She was at a terrible crossroads. Part of her wanted to admonish him for writing it. The other part wanted to know if he had written any other filth related to her. And could she read it?

That's why, when she considered the "obsession," she not only meant his obsession for her, but increasingly her own. She

wanted more information. She wanted more details. She wanted it all.

But the hardest part about the obsession was the fantasies that played in her head seemingly every day. At first, the fantasies remained faithful to the story her son had written, but more-and-more, the fantasies were warping into moments during the day where things could have gone from perfectly mundane to perverse. All it took, at least in her mind, was the right push. If she caught her son looking at her a little too much, rather than try to ignore it, perhaps she should encourage it. Flash him some lingerie. Maybe even the bare skin. Tease him until he couldn't take it anymore.

She felt like the world's worst slut, let alone mother, for even thinking about it.

That's not right, she had to contend. She wasn't just "thinking" about it. She was wanting it.

Fortunately, she was rarely in his presence alone. The long winter break meant Michael was out of school, Nathan took some extra time off, and Lyssa was around often as well. But a perfect storm hit the Ball household a few days before New Year's Day. Part of it was an actual snow storm. Lyssa had visited some friends the day before, but the strong winter storm quickly pushed south and snowed her in.

At home, the Balls only saw a few inches of snow - spared from the worst the storm dumped on Lyssa a few hours away. That's why Nathan and Michael didn't cancel their plans to travel to North Carolina for one of the college bowl games taking place. Stephanie was an educated woman, but she couldn't figure out why they played, what seemed like, 100 bowl games each year.

With her daughter two hours away and her husband and younger son five hours away, it left Stephanie at home with Jacob for likely the next 48 hours uninterrupted.

"Don't bring it up," she told herself in the mirror.

She knew it was a pipe-dream.

Throughout the day, the two didn't see much of one another. Stephanie curled up with one of her new gifts, a new novel Nathan had found from a promising writer with all of the supernatural and sex she was fond of. On the other side of the house, her son was also busy with a new video game he bought with all of the Steam gift cards he got for Christmas - the only thing he really asked for. They only crossed paths briefly as Stephanie left the kitchen with some leftover Christmas cookies while Jacob came down to make a ham sandwich.

Around 5, Stephanie got started on dinner. They couldn't just subsist on leftovers and takeout. She hadn't made a real dinner since Christmas anyway. She prepared a pair of bone-in chicken breasts, seasoning the duo and tossing them in the oven. While it cooked, she moved on to peeling potatoes for some homemade mash with dinner.

The meal was complete by 6:15 when she called for Jacob. Saving his progress, he exited out of his game and joined his mother for dinner. It was delicious as her meals normally were. He had to admit he missed her cooking when away at college. Along with other things. But he couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. With Jacob a homebody, it wasn't unusual for the two to share a dinner with the rest of the family out of the house for the evening. But she always sat next to him and asked about his day. This time, she sat in her husband's usual chair at the end of the table while cycling through her tablet - despite her rule about no electronics at the dinner table.

But more, Jacob sensed that something was just not right with his mother. On a few occasions, he caught her staring at him - but not really looking at him. More, she looked a million miles away. Every time he entered the room, she seemed ready to bolt if the two were alone. She didn't make eye contact when they passed earlier, just mumbling something about needing a snack. It was so unlike her. Normally, she was so warm. He missed that. Missed her hugs. Missed her

closeness. Not just because he was thoroughly in love with her as a woman he wanted, but also because he loved his mother.

Stephanie was sidetracked. She never brought the tablet to the dinner table while eating. She pulled up another book, this time electronically, to pass the time. It, too, had the supernatural - its central character was a man with telekinetic powers who could also shape-shift into a jaguar. But, unbeknownst to her, its sexual scenes were not just especially graphic, but quite taboo. One scene in particular had her slightly squirming in her chair. The young man was engaged in an orgy with multiple partners. He slid behind a woman, who was going down on another woman, and slipped his cock inside of her. As he edged closer to orgasm, she turned to tell him to do it harder. But their eyes locked and both stopped as they realized that the woman he was fucking was, in fact, his mother. His cock twitched inside of her and after accepting they had already done the deed and might as well enjoy it, she rocked her tush against him and he fucked back.

Fuck, Stephanie thought in a panic. I'm so turned on. So wet. I need to cum.

Her mind was a mix of the scene from the book and the scene of her son taking her hard from behind in the laundry room just like his story. Stephanie needed to get out of the room.

She was trying to finish her meal in a hurry when she heard the question, "good story?"

Many times, life just happens and no matter how hard you try to stop it, things are just going to fall as they may. That's how Stephanie would explain what happened next. She didn't look up at Jacob. Her eyes were focused on a portion of the book. The line read, "Plunging his manhood into her waiting honeypot one final time, the werejaguar released a roar as his seed unloaded into the same womb he once resided."

Maybe that's why she said what she said. After a beat, she answered his question in a shaky voice. "Very good." After another beat and without being prompted, she added, "he just came inside his mother."

It was almost an afterthought. She didn't make a conscious choice to add that unneeded fact or be so graphic in her description. At first, it didn't even register that she had let that sentence escape. Once it did, her hand left the tablet and went right to her mouth. Slowly, her eyes moved up to see her son. His mouth was open and his jaw was as low as it would go. With mashed potatoes on his fork about a foot away from his mouth, he looked frozen in place as his wide eyes stared at his mother. Without Jacob even acknowledging it, the mashed potatoes fell from the fork and into his lap.

Stephanie's brain went into hyperactive mode. She wanted to say, "please forgive me for saying that." She wanted to run away until she could run no more. But for several seconds that led to minutes, the two sides didn't share a word. They both regained movement and eventually went back to their meals, finishing them silently. Every once and while, their eyes would lock awkwardly before shamefully looking away.

Stephanie took a breath and pushed the last bit of chicken into her mouth. As she was chewing, she accepted a new truth. She had to come clean. She could no longer pretend that they

were a normal mother and son again. Even if she could excuse her comment before, it would happen again. She knew Jacob wanted her and while it turned her on and she rather enjoyed the knowledge, she had to put a stop to this. She'd slip up again. And again.

He finished his plate, excused himself, and after placing his dishes in the sink, he retired to his room. He was gobsmacked by his mother's admission - not just the fact she openly talked about a sex scene in her book, but that including a mother and a son. He tried to search for any explanation that could be logical that also wasn't the obvious thought that was running through his brain. Maybe, the plot was a take on that movie he once watched where people were shrunk in some kind of ship and went into somebody's body? Maybe there wasn't any sex at all.

But even he couldn't pretend this was anything but the obvious. His mother was into incest stories.

As he brushed his teeth, he stopped to talk quietly, but openly in the bathroom. "Maybe she'd like one of my stories?"

In the kitchen, Stephanie turned on the dishwasher and poured another glass of wine. With how her son ran away from awkward situations, she began to ponder if she could let this whole thing die down. Could she not address the elephant in the room?

With nobody around, she said in a hushed whisper between gulps. "It'll just happen again. Let's be adults and talk about it." Finishing off the glass, she moved to the steps and climbed them hurriedly. So much so that she was a little light-headed as she reached the top. After a moment to collect her thoughts, she made a bee line for his room.

She didn't knock, which was unusual for her. She found a 20-year-old man in his boxers as he fiddled on his phone in bed.

"Mom!" he said, startled by her sudden arrival.

For a second, Stephanie had to again settle everything as her had felt both light and heavy at the same time. She swayed and seeing his bed, she shakily moved over to it and sat down. Her son sat on the other side, putting his phone down on the nightstand.

"I think," she said - deliberately saying everything slowly and with as much thought as her brain could give to her. "We need to discuss earlier. And Paula. And some other stuff."

"Paula?"

"Yes, her. You see, your mother did a bad thing. With the best intentions, but still a bad thing." She took a moment. "I reached out to her, ya know."

His eyes went wide. His mind flashed-back to the last time he saw Paula. The last words she said to him before break were, "Go away, you motherfucker." In the minutes before, she told

him that she knew about his "secret shame." He later sent her a message, telling her it was just a dumb fantasy and that, while he understood her anger, was hopeful that she'd keep it between the two of them. She never answered back.

"I liked her," Stephanie pointed out. Then, she clarified. "Like her. She seems like a fun girl and the type of girl who can really get you to come out of your shell some. So, it was hard to not get involved, son. You seemed sad and I wanted to help."

"What did you-?"

"I contacted her on Facebook," the mother replied, cutting off her son. "At first, she said nothing. And then, she sent me a message."

Jacob braced for the worst. Maybe this is why his mother had been acting off?

"And a file," Stephanie added.

He felt so stupid. He normally wasn't so casual to leave his stuff open for others to find.

"Fuck," escaped Jacob's mouth. He could count on one hand the number of times he had cussed in front of his mother. It was one of those things he never felt comfortable doing.

His mother didn't seem to mind the comment, though. She rolled on. "And it probably goes without saying, but the file was a story." After a moment, she added, "Written by you."

She paused for another moment. Not really for suspense, but because the information was a struggle to say. "About me." She summed up. "You wrote a story - a sex story - about me."

Jacob had never thought she'd see one of the stories he wrote about her. As his forum friends pushed for more and more content, he had an increasing selection of smut stories that he

had written over the last few months. Almost every story was the same, he had to admit. A reluctant mother is taken by the son that wanted her. Sometimes, the boy was aggressive. Other times, he went the seduction route. But by the end, his cum was sliding out of her pussy and he was smiling.

But he knew exactly what story Paula had sent his mother.

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Less Than Two Weeks Before Winter Break, Over a Year Ago

Paula's hand on his cock was driving him mad. The way she growled into his mouth as her tongue toyed with his only made him harder.

He knew that this couldn't progress any further. After all, he had class at 3 and it was finals review so he couldn't blow it off. But he wanted to just say "fuck it."

Or perhaps he just wanted to fuck Paula.

Their connection had thrown him for a loop. He was as much awkward and nervous as she was confident. Whereas he was timid with his hands as they made out, she was aggressive. Jacob was inexperienced and while he was too worried to ask Paula how experienced she was - afraid the answer would intimidate him further - it was obvious that she knew what she was doing far more than Jacob.

He wanted her. She was the only girl he fantasized about. Other than his own mother, of course.

His thoughts went to his mother. Before Paula showed up unannounced that afternoon, he had been reading through his first story about his mom. "I Need You, Mom" still retained a 4.52 rating out of five stars, which made him happy considering it was probably his worst work so far. There was little build-up - just an average stroke story. But the response on a variety of story sites excited him and prompted him to write more. Now part of a forum of incest lovers, he had a

little community that "got" him. Seven stories followed "I Need You, Mom." A few more were in the works. In each story, his mother was the primary muse.

As Paula gripped him harder through his slacks, he thought to himself, "Maybe I should do a girlfriend/mother/son story."

He let his mind picture the possibilities and nearly came as a result. Paula between his mother's legs as he plunged his cock deep into her mouth - her moans vibrating his tool. Then maybe he could fuck Paula from behind, his balls sliding over his mother's forehead as she licked his girlfriend's dripping pussy. Yes, there was definitely potential for a story there. Just had to work on the set-up.

As Paula moved to suck at his neck, he saw the time. He had only a matter of minutes to get to class.

"I gotta go," he reluctantly said.

"Mmm, fine." She pulled away while pouting. Quickly, though, she smiled at her new boyfriend. "Mind if I take a nap? When you come back, you can wake me up and I'll take care of what I started."

He didn't love the idea of her being in his room without him, but he did love the idea that she wanted to make him cum after class. His former roommate had left campus because of an emergency back home about a month ago. While he would probably get a new roommate for spring semester, he enjoyed his privacy for now.

"Okay," he said, grabbing his book-bag and trying to ignore how hard his cock was. Kissing his girlfriend, he said, "see you soon."

She smiled and looked down at his dick. "And I'll see - and taste - you soon."

Laughing, he was out of the room and rushing to class.

Jacob never knew exactly how the next part happened.

He didn't notice that when he grabbed his book-bag, it bumped his chair. That shook his desk slightly, which made the mouse move enough to shake his monitor out of its low-power mode. That made it clear that his computer was not locked when, a few minutes later, a horny and bored Paula decided to find some porn to take the edge off so that she could nap. Stripping her pants and wet thong off, she sat down at the computer. Looking over at the table, she saw a few family pictures. She couldn't remember Jacob's father's name, but he looked pretty good for his age. As did his younger brother. All-in-all, it was an attractive family, but truly, the mother was the real hot one. Of course, she tried to ignore her roommate's insistence that his mother looked a lot like Paula. Though, she had to admit, there was a striking resemblance. She could even pass off as a bit of a younger version.

She focused on the computer. Minimizing the first window that had some YouTube gaming video paused, another window was visible. She was merely trying to get back to the

desktop so that she could open a completely separate window - one that she could easily close when she was done. Instead, she was looking at a window in Incognito Mode. What she saw looked like the control panel of a website called Literotica. She wasn't familiar with it, but she also wasn't big on reading porn when she could watch it instead. On the left side of the screen was a name - "JakeB." It didn't take more than a moment to realize this was Jacob's profile. So, he wrote sex stories? She grinned before saying, "And you seemed like such an innocent boy."

But that's when she noticed a common theme developing for every story in the "Works" section.

"Fuck Me, Mom"

"I Need You, Mom"

"Mother's Choice Ch. 1"

And so on. Each story was posted in a category called "Incest/Taboo."

She didn't know what to do. Without thinking, she opened one of the stories and it quickly became apparent that not only was he writing from his own point-of-view, he was describing and talking about his own mother. The same woman she was Facebook friends with who talked about she couldn't wait to get to know Paula better during Winter Break. Paula minimized the window to stop looking at it. That's when she saw another page - this time in Google Drive. It was a document for "I Need You, Mom."

She wasn't sure why she did it. Only that she shared "Ch3Notes.docx" with herself. Then, she minimized everything, put her pants back on - with the thong in her pocket - and left the room. She would break up with Jacob later that evening.

## Winter Break, Over a Year Ago

"So, this story...is fairly explicit."

"I'm sorry, Mom," he said without attempting to look at her.  
"It was just a fantasy. Nothing more."

Nodding, Stephanie swayed slightly - a mixture of the moment and the wine. Part of her wanted to get up from the bed and leave, yet she stayed in place. She needed to get through this. However, she was having trouble focusing on what "this" she needed to get through might be.

"What did you say?" Stephanie asked her son.

"That the story was just a dumb fantasy."

She thought about it for a few moments. "I don't believe that's true, Jacob. Everyone has fantasies. Some you really don't want to have. But you wrote a story out of it," she pointed out.

"You wanted to, um, indulge in the fantasy. To think more about it. And what you wrote - it was really graphic."

Her son wanted to crawl into a hole and die.

"I want to say, though." She turned to him and kept staring at him until he finally gave in and locked eyes with her. "I'm not mad. Surprised, yes. But I'm not mad at you."

Her features softened as she stared at her son. She hated to see him feel so embarrassed or sad about being found out. It quite literally hurt her to see him hurt. She had always felt a stronger bond with him than any of other children. Her husband thought it was because Jacob was her first child and she was so scared to death of everything when he was a baby or an infant. The experience gave her the knowledge and confidence to be a bit less worried about Lyssa and Michael. But the bond that the hyper-concerned mother had for Jacob made the bond between the two significantly stronger.

It was that bond that led her to say, for his benefit, "Truth be told, I'm a little flattered. It's not every day that a young man writes a sexy story for an aging mother. Even if it happens to be his own mother."

She smiled, which helped to make her son a little more comfortable. His mind was racing, but kept coming back to a central question. He only needed to get the courage to ask it.

"I'm not saying that you should write those kinds of stories, Jacob." She said softly. "But if you do something like that, you need to do a better job hiding it."

For all of the times that Stephanie had considered how to approach this particular subject, this one was not a method she considered. Where was the admonishing? Where was the disappointment? How did she quickly move to not only accept that her son wrote incestuous stories, but that she wasn't even upset about it and was only worried about him being caught? She couldn't explain that. She also didn't think

it was only the wine that was making her feel so warm in her son's presence.

An alarm seemed to ring in her head. She had lost control of the situation and needed to get out of there. She was about to say goodnight when her son, after working up the balls to say it, took advantage of his mom's bumbling of the moment.

"Why did you read it?" he asked. "I mean, my stories are pretty clear what they are about. Why did you read the whole thing?"

Blood rushed to her face. "I, uh..." She searched for the words, but had none.

"And why were you reading incest tonight at the dinner table?"

"Um..."

It was her turn to be afraid to look at him. She had entered the room believing she could just excuse everything - even

momentarily forgetting about her admission at dinner. But now, she was at a loss. How could she get out of this and save a little bit of dignity in the process?

"Well," she said carefully. "I didn't know exactly what I was reading at first. And when I figured it out, I just kept hoping that I was wrong." She prayed that he would buy that. "As for tonight, your mother sometimes reads smutty stories. And this one had a certain scene in it that was a bit different. And, uh, yeah. I'm sorry I said what I did, but it just surprised me. That's all."

She took a deep breath.

"Did the story..." Her son paused for his own deep breath. "How did the story - my story - effect you?"

Stephanie wasn't remotely prepared for such a question. Worse, she didn't even think - just responded. "It was a bit shocking. And, uh, surprising. And, uh...I guess..."

Her responses weren't exactly what Jacob was hoping for. He had talked to a few of the "moms" at the forum he frequented. They gave him detailed, graphic answers to his questions, not this meandering mess his mother was on. And the desire to get more out of her - along with her sudden nervousness - led him to be more aggressive and direct. "Didn't you say you thought it was sexy?"

"I did." She knew that she shouldn't respond affirmatively, but yet, the words were out of her mouth before she could stop them.

"Did you like the way I wrote you?"

"A little unrealistic, but yes."

He grinned, which also set her slightly at ease.

"What was your favourite part?"

"The ending," she replied. Part of her screamed to stop this. Part of her screamed to let loose. That side won. "When the 'mom' says he should orgasm in her mouth next time."

"Holy fuck, Mom," he said - astonished by her admission. "One more question."

"Shoot," she said with a shrug. She had come this far. "And then I go bed."

I gotta make this count, then. "Did my story - about you - make you wet?"

Deafening red alerts sounded in her brain. There was no way could let herself answer such a question. She simply couldn't be honest. And yet...

"Yes."

Jacob decided to go for it.

"Are you wet right now?"

She opened her mouth, but stopped herself from revealing that. She was dripping - she could tell.

"I only said one more question. Goodnight, son."

She got up, but wobbled immediately. She sat back down, falling to the side slightly. Placing a hand down to hold herself up, she grabbed her son's knee. Looking down, she looked at her hand. Her eyes drifted up, observing the bulge in his pajama pants. Her cunt throbbed at the sight. She was quite aware she was lingering too much and there was no way she could explain this. The bulge appeared to grow the longer she stared at it. Stephanie's breath was labored and staggered. The bulge seemed to flex and she could have sworn her pussy leaked in response.

Once again, she tried to get to her feet, but stumbled again. Rolling to her left, she fell onto her son's chest.

"Oooooooooffffff!"

His hands grabbed at her to steady her and hold her still. She looked up at him, less than a foot away from his face.

"Sorry about that, Jacob," she whispered. "Mommy's a *clutz* when she drinks."

"It's okay, Mommy," he said with a slight mocking voice at her use of 'Mommy' in the third person. "You can stay here as long as you'd like."

She grinned at him and replied. "I don't think that'd be appropriate. With him all awake and everything." She nodded her head toward his groin area and kept grinning. "I should leave you to it."

In hindsight, she didn't mean to give him the impression that she was kissing him goodnight. She steadied herself against the headboard of the bed and moved her head down slightly to push against the wood and get to her feet. Before she could do that, however, he kissed her as her head ducked down - his own bridging off the bed. It was unlike any kiss the two had ever shared. For one thing, it definitely wasn't a peck. Neither moved away immediately. Second, when he pushed his tongue against her lips, she was neither shocked nor disgusted, but accepting. She let the moment wash over her.

For a moment, that is. Pulling away, she stared back into her son's eyes. He had been wanting to do that for some time. A sick part of her had been wanting him to do that since she read his story.

Shaking the cobwebs, she pushed herself to her feet and shuffled away - not bothering to even look at her son's face. He watched her with a sense of confidence he found unusual. He wasn't used to being desired. That was even more apparent when it involved someone he wanted. Pushing his pants

down, he released his cock nearly the second he heard the door click shut. With a smile on his face, he began to stroke.

Outside the door, the beleaguered woman took a moment to collect her thoughts. Clearly, everything had got out of hand. She considered once again entering the room and trying to clear up things, but thought better of it. More, she thought it was a lie she was telling herself that she would head back into the room for that reason. No, she felt the truth was she wanted to see her son again. The bulge. More - what was underneath it.

She was trying to catch her breath and focus on the hallway that seemed to be moving when she heard a moan from the other side of the door. She stopped breathing, closed her eyes, and listened harder. There was a rhythmic sound coming from her son's room. It took her just a few seconds to understand what the noise was. Her son was masturbating. And worse, he left no mistake who he was thinking about.

"Yes, Mom," she heard through the door. "Suck me!"

Her mouth felt watery. She licked her lips while her cunt throbbed for attention.

She moved to her room, closing the door behind her and locking it. Nathan and her only used the lock if they were having sex and even then, only if they bothered to get up from the bed to do so. She stripped off her clothes and fell into bed. Her pussy was warm, wet, and demanding, but she didn't let it win. Soon, sleep would hit her.

Or, at least, that would have all happened had she chose Option A. She did incorporate one part of Option A - stripping off her nightwear in the hallway. In the near-dark of the corridor, she turned and looked at the door. On the other side, she knew her son was playing with his cock. He was thinking about her. He wanted her.

He was about to have her.

Reaching for the door, she released a breath and turned the knob.

In a panic, Jacob grabbed his pajama pants and pulled them up, painfully trapping his cock. The lamp on his desk was still on and the light washed over his mother's body. His heart began to beat louder as he looked at her in the doorway. Her clothes rested in a heap behind her. She looked at him with a little bit of vulnerability and incredible amounts of desire. He returned the want.

She slowly moved toward him as he took mental pictures the entire time. He wanted to remember every single second. The soft sounds of her feet as they pressed into the carpet with each step. Her breathing - shallow and irregular. The way her breasts slightly moved as she walked deliberately toward him.

Jacob was so fixated on the vision in front of him that he didn't have time to consider the situation. Had he done so, he likely would have gotten exceptionally nervous. This was not his forte. Confidence around women was something his

brother flashed so easily, but Jacob lacked completely. But all of his neurosis stayed tucked to the side as his mother eyed his bulge hungrily.

She was way past ready. While a voice continued to scream for her to escape the room, run to her bedroom, lock the door, and hide in the master room's bathroom, more voices urged her on to give into the desires she was still struggling to get used to. It was quite clear which side was winning the debate. With a trembling hand, she reached for the top of his pajama pants and tugged.

Her son took a second to before pushing his behind off the bed. As Stephanie pulled on the left side of the soft pants, he pushed the right side down. His cock sprung up, looking like a rocket in the final moments before launch.

"God damn," she whispered. Typically, she would admonish herself for such a comment. She wasn't religious, but her parents were and they would be massively disappointed in her for pulling out the GD. Of course, they probably would

be more disappointed that their daughter was about to cross a bridge only few mothers ever dream of.

Her eyes moved up to his for a moment and he waited for her next move. She looked back at his dick and again said, "God damn."

While it seemed like an eternity for her to walk from the still-opened door to his bedroom to where he laid on his bed, it took only a matter of a few seconds. The virgin boy she had long ago gave birth to waited for Stephanie's next move. She wasn't completely positive of what she should do next. She wanted his cock to fill her and fill her completely, but she wasn't naive to think her boy wasn't already primed and ready to blow.

She sat softly on the bed - her skin decorated by scores of goosebumps. She looked at him and, reaching for the waistband of his pajama pants to remove them completely, she quietly said, "you need to tell me if I do anything you don't absolutely want me to do."

He was gobsmacked by such a comment, but remained quiet as she pulled the pants all the way down.

Methodically, she removed the garment, even folding them absentmindedly and putting him on a near-by chair. Her son discarded his shirt as well, leaving the two completely nude. She took a deep breath before sliding between his legs.

She almost asked him to turn the nightstand light on as well so she could see her son's cock a little bit better. It had been years since she had been this close to another man's cock who wasn't her husband - not counting the raunchy bridal shower her friend Brittney had a few years ago where a stripper was flopping his tool all around. Other women, even married ones, touched the dancer's dick - even tasted it - but she wouldn't.

Yet, as she reached for her son's cock, she moved deliberately and decisively. Curling her small hand around his immense cock, she slowly stroked the hard tool. "God damn," she

uttered again. He replied with the same two words and she looked up. The two smiled at one another before she gave up holding anything back. She moved her head forward, opened her mouth, and slid her lips over the spongy warm head, tasting precum immediately. She moaned involuntarily, holding him firmly in one hand while moving her head lower. She quickly confirmed her previous thought - he was definitely bigger than Nathan.

Gripping the sheets tightly, her son closed his eyes and thanked his lucky stars. It wasn't the first blow job of his life. He was quite convinced it may be the shortest one yet with how her mouth and tongue were driving every synapse in his body to explode with electricity. Within seconds, he was already feeling a need to blow.

With deepening movement each time, Stephanie tried to take her son's cock all the way down her throat. It wasn't easy. She was used to a very particular size and not only was her son bigger, he was wider. Pridefully, she wanted to give her son the same kind of blowjob she so easily could give her husband - enjoying the feeling of her chin against her husband's balls

as every inch disappeared from view. She thought to herself, "with a little practice, I can deep throat this sucker next time."

Then she thought, "next time?"

A sick smile appeared on her face.

Moving faster, she bobbed her head with less depth but increased speed. Her hand, wet with her own saliva, moved down to toy with Jacob's balls - rolling the cum-filled sacs between her fingers. She could tell by how tense her boy was that he was going to explode soon.

And she couldn't wait to taste him.

She didn't often swallow for her husband. Blowjobs were a means to an end in most cases - a nice part of foreplay, but not meant to be the whole show. Yet, she was already looking forward to showing Jacob what a wanton slut she could be. She wanted him to grab her head and force his cock into her

throat. But he was too distracted by the sheer weight of what they were doing to be so aggressive and even if he wasn't, he was too inexperienced to take over.

"That'll come later," she thought.

Until then, she was in the driver's seat. Not that she wasn't happy with that. Her son's cock tasted delicious as he leaked precum into her wet mouth. Each time her tongue swirled over the head, he shivered and had a sharp intake of air. Stephanie hadn't sucked a teenage cock in over two decades and she couldn't be happier that it was her son's. In the span of just over a week, she had went from the type of mother who never considered her children sexually to the kind that couldn't wait to taste her son's sperm.

Her pussy seemed to throb at the thought and she considered jumping on his cock once more, but again came to the same conclusion as before. She needed to make her son cum in her mouth so that he could last long enough for her to cum on his cock.

Finally, her son had exhausted every bit of willpower to hold off the inevitable. Worried he may never get a chance to fuck her - worried still that if he asked, she would tell him the blowjob was all he would get - Jacob had tried every trick teenage boys try to avoid cumming too soon. But the experienced mouth and hyperactive tongue of his mother tore down his defenses.

He wanted to tell her he was about to cum, but couldn't seem to find his voice.

She didn't need to be told, though. She was not only ready, but wanting. "Cum," she tried to tell him telepathically. "Give it to me. Drown me in it. Make me eat it!"

The first spurt hit the back of her mouth with force. She moved her hand up from his balls to his cock, stroking him firmly as she kept a seal over the head of his dick as he delivered more hot juice into her waiting mouth. Spurt-after-spurt of the liquid filled her mouth in a matter of a few

seconds. As she swallowed, more filled her mouth until she could no longer keep up with the volume. Letting some leak from her mouth as she also tried to breathe, she continued to stroke him - the cum now covering her hand - until he finally finished.

The mother only gave him the briefest reprieve as her son let his body, which had bridged up during his orgasm, settled back on the bed. He was practically seeing stars as he looked up at the ceiling - barely lit in the room. It was then he noticed that his mom kept sucking him. Looking down, she was staring up at him.

Sliding his softening cock from her mouth, she said, "think you can get hard again? Mommy needs to fuck."

Immediately, he started to feel recharged. The fears he had that he had wasted an opportunity to fuck his favorite MILF by cumming into her mouth faded. She wanted him hard again. She was going to get just that.

Moving his dick to the side while stroking the tool that firmed up in her hand seemingly more every stroke, she licked at the cum that she had lost. Most of it pooled in the curly mess of his pubic hair. She was proud of him for keeping it pretty neat. His balls were also shaven. When he finally fucks another girl, at least he won't look like a boy who has never heard of manscaping, she thought to herself with a smile.

And his good diet led to some delicious-tasting cum. The mother had to admit that she rather enjoyed cum play, but quite often, it wasn't so much for her benefit as it was Nathan's. He loved blowing his load on her face or her tits or her ass and she was happy to let him, reveling in how he looked as he witnessed his slutty wife with cum dripping off her nipples. But Nathan often ate fast food and other crappy items when in a hurry, which he often was. Jacob had a much better diet and thus much tastier cum.

Satisfied, she moved his dick back into her mouth and sucked him harder. It didn't take long to get him primed again. She also smiled as her son reached down to first move the hair from her face - a gesture she always appreciated - and then

slid his hand under her. She moved around a little, letting him grab her breast and play with the nipple.

He's starting to get bolder, she thought. Good.

The nipple tweaking was almost too hard, but it sent a jolt south to her cunt which barked for her to do something to deal with it. She squeezed his dick a few times and felt he was ready to fuck. Moving up, she straddled him.

She later thought to herself that she should have said something. Should have made sure he was sure. Asked if he truly was ready to lose his virginity like this.

But she didn't ask a single question. Didn't even utter one word. She kept a firm grip on his wet cock as she moved into place and expertly moved up, placed him just right, and started to descend with his tool disappearing back inside of her.

Jacob wished the lighting in the room was better and/or he had a camera. It was still an amazing sight as his mother's pussy took him in, inch-by-inch. The tight, velvety walls of her slick cunt rubbing against the intruding penis, squeezing him firmly. He thought back to something his younger brother, Michael, had said. "A mouth is amazing, but a pussy? That's next-level." Jacob thought it was dumb that his younger brother had given him sex advice, but he had to concur. He thought his mother's mouth was Heaven, but as his cock completely disappeared from view, he was quite convinced it was only a teaser to what was within the gates of paradise.

She had never felt so full.

The thought made her shake, but it was true. Of the five men that came before Jacob - her husband included - none had ever made her feel just like this. She kept trying to shake that thought and ignore it, drive it down deep inside of her, but it kept coming back like a jack-in-the-box telling her every few seconds that she had never felt so perfectly filled by a man's dick before her son.

Looking down at him, she saw her boy. The same boy she helped practice his speech on a proposed Constitutional amendment for Mock Congress. The same boy she hugged so tightly as she left him that first day at UVA. Part of her still screamed how wrong this was, but an overwhelming sense in her explained how perfect it was.

Once again, Jacob tried to ignore the familiar feelings that were stirring in his balls. He couldn't orgasm again so quickly. He had to hold off. Let her cum on his cock. Give her something to come back for.

But his fears were unfounded. Stephanie was sure this was the start of something that she didn't want to end for a long time. Reaching down, she pressed her palms against his, interlocking their fingers.

"Okay," she whispered. "I think my pussy is used to you now. Let me take care of you, baby."

He was speechless. Even if he had been able to formulate something witty, it would have disappeared as she began to bounce her ass up-and-down in his lap - those sticky walls sliding against his dick so deliciously. Looking up at her, he was struck by two things. The way she looked with her eyes closed as she rode him with increasing speed - her mouth opening and closing though no sound was escaping. The other was impossible to miss. Her breasts bounced hard as she slammed against his cock. He wanted to grab them, but she was using his hands to give herself leverage.

She felt it wash over her quicker than usual. Logically, she was already well on her way to an orgasm before she started to ride him like the *mommystlut* she was rapidly becoming, but it still shocked her how quickly her pussy seemed to explode around his cock.

"OH, FUCK YES!"

Her whole body shook in waves as her pussy throbbed. It was one of the strongest orgasms of her life - potentially the

strongest. She almost never felt her whole body just seem to go lifeless. She would have fell over had her son not kept her upright. His cock was deeply embedded in her and her pussy contracted around it.

It took her many seconds to recapture her bearings. Looking down at her son, he seemed to glowed. She smiled and moved down to kiss him tenderly. His tongue immediately slid into her mouth while a hand escaped her grasp to reach down and grab her ass roughly. She wanted a more loving embrace, but she wasn't exactly unhappy to be grabbed like a whore. Swirling her tongue against his, she picked up speed once more. Her ass, including the cheek that he roughly held onto, slid up and then back down. Almost absentmindedly, he helped her by slamming her down harder each time she descended.

Breaking the kiss, she eyed him hungrily and he did the same.

"You like this?" she asked, though she knew the answer. "Like Mommy riding your cock? Like turning her into your personal slut?"

"Yes," he replied breathlessly.

"Wanna cum inside me? Inside the same hole you came from?" She grinned and licked his top lip.

"Yes, Mom."

Her pussy swelled when he called her Mom, but she still preferred another name. It sounded more perverse. More naughty. "Call me, Mommy."

He grinned and smacked her ass, earning a loud moan. "Yes, Mommy."

She could feel herself closing on another orgasm the more times he said that. Hooking her arm around his shoulder, she

pulled up - a silent command for him to get on top. As they rolled, they nearly fell off his twin-sized bed. She hadn't fucked on a bed that small in ages. He shuffled her over to the middle. The entire time, his cock never escaped the tight grip of her cunt.

Putting a hand flat on each side of her upper rib cage so that he could use the bed for leverage, he bridged up some - her nipples barely tickling his chest. From that angle, he slammed into her hard and she gasped. Another gasp followed the second time he did it as his balls clapped against the bottom of her asscheeks.

His eyes were closed so she couldn't make eye contact with him, but still felt the strangest sense of being secure with her lover as his broad shoulders towered over her. For the first time, she felt small compared to her son, who had always seemed a bit smaller than his stature because he seemed more boyish. Now, he was a man.

She came around his cock yet again, her body bridging up - smashing her tits against his chest as he continued to quickly push every inch of his rock hard dick deep within her in long strokes. As he felt her pussy grip him tighter, he knew he couldn't wait any longer. For the second time, he felt cum beginning to leave his balls. Picking up speed, he plowed into her waiting cunt with shallower but more frequent strokes as he closed his eyes tightly.

Stephanie urged him on. "Cum for me, baby. Fill your mommy's hole. She needs it!"

"God damn!"

This time, it was Jacob saying it. With one final push, he unloaded shot-after-shot of his cream into her cunt. While not as impressive in volume as the one he delivered in her mouth, it was still enough to give his mother exactly what she begged for.

As he pulled away, her cum-filled cunt leaked some juice. She knew she should have gotten up, moved to the bathroom before she made a bigger mess.

Yet, she curled up next to him instead.

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## **Present**

"We fell asleep," Stephanie said to her younger son, Michael. "It was a perfect end to our first time."

Michael grinned at her. He had openly stroked his dick to its current hard state inside his shorts as she told her story.

She chuckled at him in the now fairly dark car as they got closer to home. She was already praying that Nathan was not too tired to satisfy her. The story had her ready to blow herself.

And then, a sick thought entered her head. She tried to push it away. She had been trying to do that a lot to the sick thoughts she had of late. But instead of pushing it away, she found herself pulling off the road near the park that was about five minutes away from home. Michael asked her why, but she remained quiet as she drove the car down the S-curves that brought them closer to where she wanted to be. All the while, a voice screamed at her to turn around and not continue with this. Yet, a much stronger voice - connected with the warmth between her legs - told her to indulge herself and let her newfound fantasies win out. She decided to compromise instead of letting herself go over the cliff completely.

Even though she knew that was likely inevitable at this point.

Bronson Lake was a man-made reservoir that Michael and his friends often spent much of the summer at. It was still early in the spring, but Stephanie worried that the lake would still attract too much attention and hoped that wouldn't be the case. As she pulled into a parking lot, she saw that it was empty

and it didn't seem like anyone was fishing on the lake that she could see. Putting the vehicle into park, she moved her seat back and reached behind Michael's seat. To this point, she hadn't said anything in a few minutes. Finding what she wanted, she ripped off and tossed a few paper towels to him.

"Better deal with that, honey."

She nodded toward his cock. Michael looked at her oddly for a moment before laughing. "Really? Here?"

Shrugging, she responded, "Can't walk into the house with your dick all hard. Might be some questions."

He wondered if she was trying to call him on his shit. Sure, he played the confidence angle, but would he really just pull out his dick and masturbate here? With her so close?

"Get on with it," she said impatiently. "Or maybe you need Mommy to leave so you don't get embarrassed."

Shaking his head, Michael replied, "Nah, stay. Bet you want to see what my dick looks like anyway."

"Oh, that reminds me." Reaching up, she hit the two reading lights above them. "So I can see better."

It was a surreal moment for Michael. He was far more used to women who played the innocent angle and wouldn't let their "freak flag" fly until much later. But here was his own mother flying her flag so casually. Yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that she was simply playing him and trying to push him to the edge to make him back off.

He wasn't about to do that. He had made a commitment to himself that he would have his mother before Jacob returned from college and was not about to back out of that.

Giving her yet another grin, he undid his shorts and, while keeping his eyes on her, started to push them down. Her eyes

moved from his increasingly revealed package to making eye contact with her youngest son, though the former was keeping her attention a bit more. His hard cock sprung up as soon as the waistband moved down enough and she gasped.

She wasn't sure he was bigger or thicker than Jacob - she wagered slightly bigger, but Jacob had the edge in thickness. She was enthralled, however, that she had given birth to a pair of boys with great cocks that would satisfy their wives and potential lovers for years. She had taught Jacob the finer points of being a good lover. Could she teach Michael, too?

The thought made her shiver. She didn't know when she started down the hill toward depravity. It only seemed like yesterday that Michael made it clear he knew about Jacob and expressed a not-so-subtle interest in her as well. She had been disgusted or so she was convinced she was. Yet, the more she went down this road with Michael, the more she found herself losing control. She had been so sure - so positive - that Jacob would be the only man she would ever stray with. But now? It was taking all of her willpower not to jump on her younger son's magnificent cock and ride it until he came inside her.

She battled her desires and kept some element of control, though. But a little fun never hurt anyone. Right? But it's just a fix, she told herself.

"Well, get on with it," she told her son.

He laughed and did as asked, moving his hand to his dick and slowly stroking the tool while staring at his mother. She returned his grin and openly gawked at his dick - even licking her lips. She wondered if he tasted as good as Jacob. Was his cum as sweet as her other son's? Sweeter, maybe?

Unlike Jacob, though, Michael was quick to interject a comment into the mix. "You look at it like you want to suck it, Mom."

The way he said "mom" made her pussy ache.

She tried to keep her voice steady and composed when she responded to her son's observation by replying, "You have a nice penis, I'll give you that."

"Nice?" Michael replied with a chuckle while rubbing his thumb over the tip of his cock. He added a mocking tone to the word she chose when he added, "Nicer than Jacob's?"

Boys, she thought. Always a dick-measuring contest.

"I do not have all night to talk penis sizes with you, Michael," she replied with a sigh. "Do what you need to and let's get home before your father starts to worry."

She nearly laughed at her own words. She sounded like he a mother pestering her child about something like taking too long in the bathroom or on a playground, but she was watching her teenage child masturbate instead. But the words were carefully chosen. She didn't want to encourage Michael too much. He was far too impulsive in the way he grabbed her and kissed her with little concern of the danger of being

caught. She couldn't deny it made her pussy quickly drench in response, but it also worried her. Jacob was almost too cautious - it was often Stephanie who had to push the issue. Michael was the complete opposite and she needed to reign him in.

His boldness, though, was even stronger in the car with no one else around. He openly gawked her breasts - the generous neckline making such a move even easier for him. She was comfortable with that - not only would it make him cum quicker, but it made her feel good. She tensed up as he moved to face her more. It allowed him to reach out and grab her breast, squeezing the flesh in his hand. It wasn't the first time he copped a feel, but his hand lingering without her smacking it away was new.

The milk-filled orbs leaked. They were tender and his touch almost hurt, but it also forced her to close her eyes briefly and bite her lip. Her own desire seemed to go into hyper-drive as she cried out.

"Let me see them," he said in a hoarse whisper.

She wanted to tell him no, but as she squeezed her thighs together while her pussy screamed for attention, her will was beginning to erode. She made another internal compromise. Moving his hand away, she tried to calm down. Her skin felt on fire and he had only touched her breast through clothes. Looking again at his cock, which seemed to leak a bit of precum, she said in a small voice, "You can look, but no touch."

Wildly, she looked around just to make sure once again that they were alone. Satisfied, she gripped the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up. She didn't remove the garment completely, but it was successfully out of the way. Then, she pulled her heavy tits from the bra which was feeling much too tight now. They fell from their confines, sagging a bit on her chest.

With the new baby, it wasn't like Michael hadn't seen his mom topless recently. But this was different. This was completely sexual. To emphasize that, she put both of her hands under

her engorged breasts and pushed them up. Milk was visible at the ends of her large nipples. Part of him wanted to suck from them, but he respected his mom's wishes.

"God, you are so fucking hot," he said as he stroked faster. "I want you so bad."

She smiled. Both her heart and her pussy seemed to flutter. Stephanie desperately wanted to stick a hand into her pants and take care of her cunt, but she knew if she crossed that bridge, other bridges would be far too easy to cross and she wasn't quite ready for that.

Michael was close and tried to slow down to prolong this, but his mother told him to stroke faster. "Don't hold off. Cum..." She stopped herself from completing the sentence. It was one Michael's older brother loved to hear her say. "Cum for Mommy."

Both had forgotten about the paper towels. They rested on Michael's left thigh, but as he neared orgasm, his leg moved

and shook more. They fell between the center console and his leg. His orgasm was pending and he was ready to blow when he said, "paper...towels..."

Stephanie looked down and saw them. In a hurry, she reached for them and tried to lay them flat on her son's tummy - the splashzone. Curling the top of the paper towels to catch the jets that would soon explode from his cock, she hunched over the center console as she waited.

In retrospect, part of her felt like Michael spoiled her experience, but mostly, she enjoyed that he grabbed the back of her neck with his free hand and pulled her in for a kiss as his cum began to rocket, saturating the paper towels and even hitting his mother's hand and wrist. His tongue pushed into her mouth and she quickly kissed him back. She moaned into his mouth as his cream splashed against her hand and he growled back, his tongue swirling around hers in a wet dance.

As he finished spurting his juice, she moved away slowly. She left the paper towels for him to clean up. She had to chuckle

because the volume quickly turned the paper towels into a soggy mess. Reaching behind, she grabbed for more paper towels and didn't admonish her son as he reached for her ass and squeezed. Rather, she smiled and was still smiling after sitting up and handing him more paper towels. She ripped off a few for herself. As she wiped away the cum from her hand and wrist, she longed to taste the cream before cleaning the fluid away, but she didn't want Michael to see her do that.

After stopping by a near-by trash can, where they got rid of the used paper towels, the two were back on the road. On one side of the car, Michael was in his post-orgasmic bliss - happy to have enjoyed yet another experience with his mother that he didn't even know he wanted until the day he found out about her and his brother. Meanwhile, his mom was happy, but far more frustrated. Both with herself for not having more willpower, but also more pressing was the need to cum.

"Nathan," she thought to herself. "You better be ready to give me a good, hard fucking."

# Chapter 5

## Present Day

Stephanie Ball laid her nearly three-month-old daughter, Bella, in the bassinet and smiled. The knowledge that she was pregnant with Bella had scared her to her core, but the result was the most beautiful child in the world. In her early forties, the woman felt rejuvenated by the pregnancy and birth. She was given new purpose in the world at exactly the moment she would likely lose all of her other children as they aged, went to college, and/or found places of their own. And while the child was likely - almost certainly, to be honest - a product of an illicit affair with her oldest son, it was almost the perfect affair. The kind that no one wants to talk about. The kind in which there is an end point to the affair and neither party wants to further pursue a real relationship.

Occasionally, her lover talked about a future that she could share with him. But the simple truth was that they both knew their affair would not transition into a life together. She wasn't going to break her husband, Nathan's, heart and destroy her

family. Nor was she about to stop her lover from living out his life. He deserved the opportunity to marry someone twenty years younger than she was and start a family of his own.

While she loved him, she also looked forward to that day. She was going to be a kickass Grandmother after all. She didn't even worry about how old being a grandmother might make her feel. After all, she was a new mother. She was still young.

Picking up her phone, she sent a text to Jacob, her lover and son.

"Thinking of you. Miss you."

Throwing the phone on the bed, she found some PJ's to wear. The April weather was warming things up, but it still got cool at night and she preferred some pajama pants with a long shirt for nights like this. Unfortunately for Stephanie, she'd have to keep herself warm by herself. Her husband would be gone for the next couple of nights.

She hated when Nathan was forced to travel for work. He was an IT consultant - a valuable one. He rarely had to leave the local area, but occasionally, high-paying clients wanted him on site to help. Fortunately, this assignment would not be a long one. Nathan had already done most of the work remotely. His job now was to make sure all the plans he had help craft were being enacted properly.

Still, she missed her husband. And her son. She wanted someone to hold her.

*\*Ting, Ting\**

She had not slipped into her shirt and was still topless when she got a notification.

"Oh? miss me? how much?"

Stephanie grinned and rolled her eyes. Boys, she thought.

"So much. I miss you holding me. Touching me. Miss tasting you. Miss having you inside of my wet kitty."

She sent the message and then turned her camera on. She often wondered if he would tire of seeing her body. That was a big reason she tried new things in pictures for him. Things she never considered doing for her husband - nor did he ever ask.

But she was too tired to get all - in her own words - "slutty." Rather, she put her arm under her large breasts, propping them up just perfectly and held the camera slightly at an angle. She called it the "blowjob" angle. Snapping a few pics, she cycled through quickly and chose the best one. She attached that to a new message and sent it to her son. Immediately, she went back into her pics folder and deleted the pics. She learned quickly that one common error people make when having sex on the side was a failure to delete pics. Stephanie's answer was folders. For pics she wanted to keep, she put them in appropriate folders (Bella, family, etc.). That

way, she could easily delete the pics in the main folder in a hurry.

Another \*ting, ting\* and the mother grabbed her phone.

"fuck. i miss you, too. cant wait until next month."

She couldn't either. The last time she saw her boy was spring break last month. It was only a few weeks after she gave birth to Bella and getting the private time was hard enough, but she not really in the mood. All she felt up to was some making out and petting. She did give him one hand job, but that was about her limit during his spring break. She only recently started to have sex again with Nathan. The last time she had sex with Jacob? Their one-year anniversary.

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## Winter Break, Four Months Ago

She waved goodbye at Nathan and her kids as they backed out of the driveway for a trip to his mother's. Well, not all of the kids. Jacob had offered to stay and take care of his mother. Nearly eight months pregnant, Stephanie felt like a whale and Thanksgiving and Christmas didn't help with pumpkin pies and Christmas tree cookies seemingly always available. She thought she had fed the monster inside her with more food than a small village needed. And she still felt hungry.

Stephanie moved to the living room and sat down. Comparing her four pregnancies, she found little solace in how all four were different. With Jacob, she could eat anything and barely gained 15 pounds. He didn't kick a bunch or move around like a jackrabbit and rarely hit the eject button on the food she ate. Lyssa, on the other hand, loved to hit the eject button and force her poor mother to throw up. Michael continued that theme, but added a lovely mix of moving around at all hours and bouncing on her bladder like it was a fucking trampoline. She swelled and never felt fatter. That is until this new parasite. Now, Stephanie had all the

swelling, all the morning sickness, all the hormones, and she was always hungry.

She flipped off her belly and the child inside before turning on the television. Jacob soon walked in and the woman was taken aback. She expected a little fun with her oldest son, but he wouldn't want to fuck her in her current state. Still, he was a good kisser and she'd enjoy a little making out and getting handsy with him.

Except he clearly had other ideas as he strolled into the living room naked with a cock ring helping to support his hard cock.

"Wanna get nasty?" he asked with a smile.

She chuckled for a second before saying, "Really? You'd want to fuck this old pregnant cow?"

"One, you're not old," Jacob said with a finger in the air to indicate the number one. He put a second finger up as he

continued. "Second, you're not a cow. And third, fuck yeah, I want some of my pregnant mommy."

She laughed at him, but also didn't stop as he started to pull at her maternity pants, dragging them off of her. She couldn't take her eyes off his dick as it stayed hard throughout. It made her mouth water as she imagined sucking it once more. It had been a year since she read that dirty story he wrote. A year since they kissed. And so much more. And in a year's time, she had explored every single bit of her son's fat cock with her tongue, her hands, her tits, and her dripping wet pussy. Only college and finding time at home had kept their sexual exploits from spiralling completely out of control.

On second thought, the mother conceded that there wasn't much more out of control they could get than for her to have his child while pretending it was his husband's.

Slipping the pants off, he moved back to complete the job of baring her cunt. She panicked for a second as he reached for her plain, white underwear.

"Jacob, wait," she said, holding the panties up. "I should tell you that, uh, things aren't quite as maintained down there as I would like."

He gave her a look of confusion. Rather than try to explain any further, she let him pull the underwear down. It had been weeks since she last bothered with upkeep for her pubic hair. Her husband didn't mind or at least said he didn't. But he also wasn't anxious to fuck her, it seemed. Not that she often was in the mood with the pregnancy. So, she let things grow, telling herself she'd give it a good trim before she had the baby.

But now her son wanted to fuck her and for the first time in weeks, she felt quite horny. She cursed her laziness, worried he might be turned off. He seemed to prefer the completely shaven look or, at least, a well-trimmed area. The mother looked up at her son with a bit of worry.

Yet seeing her like that gave him zero hesitation. Pulling on her legs to get her better situated, he said, "fuck that, Mom. You do you." After a beat, he laughed and added, "Actually, right now, I'm going to do you."

She rolled her eyes at maybe the dirtiest, corniest joke she had ever heard. He would make a good father...

Shaking her head to clear that thought, she watched her son spit in his hand and lubricate the head of his hard dick. She would have been quite happy if she could spit on it as well. And suck it. And lick his balls.

The mother grinned nastily as her son held his cock, the helmet glistening from the sunlight flooding into the room, and pushed into her slowly. For the first time in over a month, she was filled by a hard dick and as much as she tried to ignore the thought, she was glad it was her son's larger penis doing the filling than her husband's respectable one.

"Fuck, I've missed this," she said with a low, guttural tone. "You fuck me so good."

Her son looked down at her with a grin of his own. While he was no longer an one-woman man - he had sex with a couple of coeds since returning to college last August - his mother's cunt was still his favorite. Once, while fucking Maggie, the speech pathology major, he wondered if there was anything biologically different about his mother's pussy that attracted him more than any other woman.

He left open the possibility. The simpler answer was that it was his mother and the extra bit of wrongness made it better.

Jacob gripped the bottom of her thighs, pushing them down to open her body to him even more. He didn't want to go at it too hard, afraid of hurting his daughter and sister that grew in her tummy. He had done some Googling on the subject and knew, logically, that his dick, however impressive as it might be, wouldn't get close. Yet, he still couldn't shake the worry.

He wasn't so worried to avoid plunging his cock inside his mom, mind you. Her pussy clinched around him tightly, perhaps tighter than ever before, as he slid deeper inside. Pulling back, he watched as he again disappeared inside of her. The mess of hair was different and he wasn't so sure he liked it. But he wanted his juicy mother just the same and very little could turn him off.

Stephanie watched as her son stared at where they connected intensely, wondering what things were going on his sex-charged brain. Then she tensed up as he pushed the sweater that she wore up her stomach. She worried about what he would think. Sure, he knew she was pregnant. She wasn't exactly hiding that fact. Or, rather, she couldn't. But seeing her stomach and all the imperfections the pregnancy had created on her skin worried her just the same.

But not him. He kept a hand on her belly with the other on the bottom of her thigh, near the knee, as he built up a little speed. Her body was reacting even as her brain dealt with her insecurities and she was so wet as her pussy continued to try

to squeezed his penis as if her body could milk him for more sperm to impregnate her another time.

"God damn, you're so fucking..." His voice trailed off slightly and she tensed, worried the next word might be "fat." Or "huge." Or "ugly and fat and huge and revolting and..."

"Beautiful!" he yelled, pushing deep within her. It warmed her heart and, she would contend, made her pussy gush.

"I am?" She said, grabbing the top of her feet and stretching her legs closer to her body. She gave her body over to him completely. She smiled as she thought that this was her prenatal yoga for the day!

"Oh, fuck yes, Mom," he replied, letting both hands move to her belly now as he rocked his hips. His flesh slapping against her flesh filled the room. The harder he fucked her, the more she moaned and the more confident he became that she could take it. "No woman is more beautiful than my mother. Not a single one. Fuck, I want you all the God damn time."

"All...UH!...the time?"

He tried not to pull on her tummy as he pushed his cock into her cunt, still cautious of the baby. Rather, he pushed the sweater up her body, uncovering her engorged breasts. Grabbing the larger tits by the side, he sawed his cock back-and-forth into her.

"You're mine," he whispered, a bead of sweat dripping down his face.

Stephanie both worried when he talked like this and also got off on it. He almost never said things like unless he was in her mouth or in her pussy. He knew the score. But during sex, it was different and a part of her really enjoyed his claim over her. She never considered herself dominant nor submissive, but she came to know a part of her really loved to submit to her big son.

"I am?"

He couldn't tell if she was agreeing or questioning him. Sliding his right hand up her breast, he played with her nipple. As he tweaked the bud, milk was visible.

"Fuck, baby!" she cried out, grabbing his wrist, but not pulling him away as he continued to toy with the sensitive bud.

"Yeah, all mine," he replied, still playing with her nipple. He longed to duck his head and suck at his mother's breast again like he was child, but didn't want to put too much pressure on her tummy. Not that he could complain too much with how tightly his mother's cunt was as he sawed his dick back-and-forth. His other hand slid back down to her thigh, but this time the top of her leg. That gave him better leverage as he fucked her just about as hard as he could.

Her legs were cramping, but her pussy was close to cumming. That delicious pain was joined by his pinching of her nipple. The milk at first just bubbled to the top, but the more he

played with her breast, the more force came from it. Eventually, little spurts of milk flew up into the air and fell back to her chest and on his hand. When it did, his hand left her breast, but not because he was turned off by the liquid. Instead, he licked the back of his hand.

It only made her more turned on. What a couple of freaks, she said to herself. Reaching down, she started to play with her breasts. It was mostly for his benefit, but it was also sending jolts of lightning to her cunt. Milk flew from both nipples at time, wetting her chest with sprinkles of creamy white colostrum.

Her pussy was on fire and she was almost there. She needed just one more thing.

"Talk dirty to me," she breathlessly whispered. "Do it for Momma."

He had worked hard to get better at this. Time to shine.

"You want to cum, Mom? Want to be my little slut Mommy? Want my cock all to yourself," he said, punctuating every sentence with a hard slam of his dick deep inside her tightening cunt.

"Yes!" Crying out, she kept toying with her breasts for him.  
"Love my son's cock!"

"What kind of mother loves her son's cock?"

Looking up at him, she replied, "A whore. A whore who gets pregnant from her son's big, fat cock."

"God, you feel so fucking good, Mom," he said as he drove deeper inside of her. "So fucking good. You're the perfect whore, Mom. Perfect."

"So close, baby," she said. "I'm going to cum on your dick again. God damn, yes!"

"I have one more question for you and then I want you to...oh, fuck...I want you to cum," he said as he felt his own balls boiling with cum and ready to release. She looked up at him with pleading eyes. "Is it better than Dad's? Do you love my cock more than Dad's?"

She hated the question and it wasn't the first time he asked it. She hated to think of her poor husband. He had done nothing to deserve being cuckolded by his son. It wasn't his fault his son was better looking, in better shape, and had a bigger cock that made her cum harder. Nathan was such a good husband.

In response to the question, she often changed the subject.

But she was too far gone and her son knew it.

"Yes!" Her body rocked. "Your cock is bigger! Wider! Harder! Better! OH, FUCK!"

He nearly repeated her, crying out, "FUCK, MOM!"

The orgasm rocketed through her body, seemingly making every nerve explode like fireworks as her pussy clamped down on his cock. It erupted inside Stephanie, blowing white cream deep into her cunt as he closed his eyes tightly, pulling back an inch and pushing forward every time a shot of juice left his body. Her pregnant tummy moved up as she arched her back. She let go of her feet as the pressure on her hamstrings and calf muscles were screaming. Her legs slid down slightly against his body, giving her less restrictions to enjoy the pleasure that has pussy spasming well after he stopped cumming.

She could barely open her eyes and when she did, it took her a few seconds to focus on her son. His dick was softening, though still felt thick, inside of her.

In that moment, she felt guilt for admitting how much she preferred his tool to her husband's. She also wondered if he wanted to fuck again soon.

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## **Present**

Soft knocking at the door took her away from her reverie of the last time she had seen her eldest child. Her pussy was quite wet and she was already looking forward to a fun trip to her bathroom, fucking herself as she tried to keep quiet in order to not wake up Bella.

In a hurry, she pulled on her pajama top as more knocking annoyed her. Opening the door, she saw her younger son, Michael. Despite her recent big reveal of how things with Jacob really kicked off, when the two were alone, he would push her for even more information about her affair. Because of that, his opening question surprised her none.

"Don't you want to know how I know about Jacob?"

Worried, she looked down at the hall at her daughter Lyssa's room. The door was open and she could hear her daughter watching television. Grabbing her son's arm, she pulled him into the room and closed the door. Flipping the lock, she turned back to face him. He was dressed in shorts and a white sleeveless top, which showed off muscles that she dared not to look at. She also tried - as she had been desperately trying to do over the last several days - to ignore the memory of his hard cock as he stroked it while hungrily staring at her breasts in the front seat of her car.

Stephanie didn't regret telling Michael about Jacob. After all, he already knew. But she had profound regret from encouraging him to masturbate in front of her. She kicked herself for being so stupid and knowing that it would only embolden him more. But nothing was worse than the feeling of need coming from her pussy every time she thought back to being in the car with him as he stroked his magnificent

cock, stealing a kiss that she soon returned as he exploded his yummy cum that she regretted not tasting.

It made it hard to keep her Mom mode turned on all the time around him. But she still tried.

"Are you out of your damn mind?" she asked in a low tone. "Just because you know doesn't mean she needs to know."

Michael gave her a confident smile, which annoyed her more. Instead of taking her favorite vibrator to her bathroom as she had planned, she took her son by the hand and brought him with her to the bathroom for extra privacy. Closing the door behind her, she saw her son sit down on the toilet with the seat down.

"Now, what were you babbling about?" she said in a rush.

He looked up at his mother. "How I found out? I knew you were fucking around behind Dad's back, but at first, I didn't

know who you were giving your prime pussy to. Don't you want to know how I found about Jacob, I mean?"

She sighed. Stephanie had spent so much time leading up to the story of her and Jacob and how their first time was more incredible than anything she could ever imagine that she never stopped to wonder how this all started between Michael and her. After all, it wasn't until he said those magical two words - "I know" - that her new normal with the new baby that she had settled into was rocked to its core.

"Well?" Michael asked.

It was an interesting change. She definitely wondered what set him off. What did she do wrong? Or was it just a really good guess that her denials were abysmal at hiding? What really made him so sure it was Jacob?

"Sure," she replied with a sigh. "Let me have it."

Michael looked at his mother with a smirk. "I'll make you a deal. I'll tell you if you get naked for me."

Again, boys, Stephanie thought. "No deal," she said, moving to the door. "Good night, young man."

Michael beat her to the bathroom door. "Okay, okay, okay. I bluffed and you called me out."

Stephanie had to laugh. She didn't think his attempt was a bluff, to be honest. She thought he was trying to leverage a story into a free peak at the goods and she wasn't having that. While she had to admit that she got a bit aroused seeing Michael's eyes light up as she revealed to him dirty details of her illicit affair, she wasn't about to jump her younger son's bones.

She had to draw the line somewhere.

Even if, she had to admit, Michael had entered a few recent fantasies in her mind. As she fingered her asshole with a vibe deeply embedded between her vagina lips a few nights ago, the image of her riding Jacob while Michael took her ass prompted a significant orgasm. She had renewed guilt when it was over. Guilt she hadn't felt since the early moments of her affair with Jacob.

"So, here's how I found out. About you and Jacob."

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## Last August

"You're pregnant?" Michael said.

Lyssa added, "What the fuck, Mom?"

"I thought Dad got the snip, snip."

That was Michael again. For a second, Stephanie's eyes went to Jacob, who followed with a, "Yeah, how's that possible?"

Stephanie wanted to cry. It had been over a month since she realized she was late. Pregnancy tests suggested she was pregnant, but she read about how aging women on the onset of menopause could sometimes get a false positive drug test so maybe she wasn't late, she was just old. But a trip to the doctor confirmed the fact she was pregnant.

She immediately scoured the web, trying to find as much information as she could on men who had a vasectomy, but

still got a woman pregnant. It was exceedingly rare, but theoretically possible. On the other hand, Stephanie looked up information on abortion and birth defects as a result of incest. For two weeks, she went over all of her (limited) options and circled back to her first instinct. She'd bring her husband into the mix, tell him that his vasectomy must have reversed, and hope like hell he wasn't immediately convinced she had strayed even if that was the more likely option.

But first, she told everything to Jacob. It gave her a pang of guilt - not only for actually straying, but seeking counsel with the biological parent before the husband she sought to fool into believing her story.

A week later, after she explained the current state of affairs to her husband, Stephanie prepared for the worst. Instead, Nathan took her hand, kissed her, and they made love that night. Afterwards, in his arms, she wiped away a tear as he softly snored.

Now a few days later, it was time to tell the kids. She followed the advice of her mother during her first three pregnancies - only telling Nathan and no one else until at least 3 months into the pregnancy. But this time, she made an exception for her children. Soon, Jacob would be back at college so she wanted to go ahead and get this out on the table.

"So, were you tempted by the fruit of another?" Lyssa asked, laughing at her own joke.

"Enough of that," her husband sternly said.

Turning to smile at him, Stephanie took his hand in hers. "No, I haven't...been gallivanting around town with another man." Technically, it was true. She fucked her son mostly around the house. "And yes, your father did get the ol' snip, snip. However, it's still possible for the tube to get unsnipped on its own and with me no longer on birth control, I guess it just kind of happened."

She looked around the table at her three children. Jacob avoided her eyes while Lyssa looked at her questionably. Michael, on the other hand, had that damn smirk on his face. He always looked like he knew more about a situation than he was letting on.

"Anyway, we wanted to let you guys know about this," she softly added.

It went, surprisingly, well. At least, that's what Stephanie told her husband later that evening. Yet, she could not sleep even as Nathan drifted off. She found herself staring at her bedroom door. She knew that she shouldn't keep chancing her luck, yet she also couldn't help it. Slowly, she moved to her feet, grabbing her robe. She didn't put it on, but had it close in case she needed to throw it on over her nightshirt.

She didn't need to do that if Jacob saw her, though. She stealthily opened-and-closed the bedroom door and moved down the hall toward her oldest son's room. She had made this quiet run several times before. She knew she was playing

with fire, yet she continued to do it. She counted this and frappuccinos as her two unhealthy addictions. One was a bit more socially acceptable than the other.

Her move down the hall forced her to walk by Lyssa's room along with Michael's. Carefully, she listened for any sign of life, but heard none other than the air conditioner that clicked on during the muggy heat of late summer. She checked the bottom of their closed doors. No lights. No nothing.

She moved into her oldest son's bedroom. He always left the door unlocked just in case she wanted to come in. Turning the lever, she locked it behind her. Putting down the robe, she slipped her nightshirt off and moved to the bed. Jacob hadn't woken up yet and didn't even stir at first as she pulled the sheet up to give her room to slide next to him. He was dressed only in boxers.

"*Mmmmm?*" He mumbled as he came to.

"Hey baby," she said softly, hugging him from behind. He felt so perfect in her arms. "Sorry to wake you."

"Sssssss.....okay," he said before yawning.

"I thought earlier went about as well as can be expected." Jacob moved to lay on his back and his mother put her head on his chest as she continued to talk. "I mean, you could have done a better job pretending to be surprised by the news."

"Sorry," he mumbled, kissing the top of her head.

She smiled, kissing the middle of his chest. "You were never much of an actor, I suppose. That's why you played a cow that moos in your fifth grade play."

"Moo."

Capturing his far nipple with her tongue, she chuckled both at his sad cow noise and the way he shook as he licked at his

nipple. Moving her hand to his inner thigh, she glided her hand against the fabric of his boxers. "So, are you okay with my decision? I mean, we talked about it before, but I just want to make sure you understand everything."

She moved on top of Jacob, straddling him while her legs went to each side of her son. She could feel the beginning of a stiffening penis against her pelvis and tried to stay on subject even as her own desires began to shake her own focus.

"You won't ever act toward this child as a father, but as the oldest brother. I understand that will be difficult," Stephanie said softly, looking her son in the eye. "Can you handle that? Because if not, I need to think about another option."

Jacob looked up at her mother for a few moments. He didn't know if he would ever be ready to be a father. That thought didn't even get into the other problems with cuckolding his own father, getting his mother pregnant, and still being in college. But he felt something he could not truly explain at the news that his mother was keeping his child. As if he had

been robbed of his rights so that life as normal could continue (or close to it). Yet, as he stared into his mother's eyes, he also couldn't shake the idea that this was best for everyone.

Reaching up, he kissed her softly on her lips. A second kiss soon followed. The kisses grew in intensity as the two shared their passion for one another. Stephanie wanted to melt into him completely, but still needed to deal with the matter at hand. Moving away, she pushed herself up to look down at her first-born once more - her heavy breasts pressed against him.

"I'm going to need to hear you say it," she replied. "This only works if we both are on board with it. And I don't blame you if you aren't. This is-"

"I'm okay with it," he said, interrupting her. "I'm this child's brother. And I'll be the best big brother ever."

Her heart skipped a beat or something pretty close to it. She kissed his head in a motherly way despite their current

predicament of only a pair of boxers separating their naked bodies. "I know you will," she said softly.

Stephanie found it strange just how it didn't feel strange at all to flip between mother and lover so seamlessly with Jacob. No sooner had she felt so much pride in her boy for doing the right thing that she found herself kissing her way down his chest, her breasts gliding against his stomach and upper legs. She licked through the treasure trail that led to his cock, pulling down his boxers a little with every inch her mouth conquered.

Jacob smiled as he put his hands behind his head. Sure, he would be dog-tired tomorrow, but knew he'd be able to get a nap in on the drive to go see his father's favorite baseball team, the Braves, play the Nationals in D.C. It was a bit of a drive so they would be starting early for their guy's night out with Michael coming as well. Jacob didn't mind the bonding time with his father, though part of him wanted to cancel and stay home with his mother. But she pushed him to not only spend time with her. It would look too weird, she said.

"A mother knows best," he thought to himself as Stephanie pushed the boxers down enough to uncover his hardening cock. Once sluggish as he woke up, he was now wide awake and waiting for his mother's wet mouth. He didn't have to wait long. She took him in nearly completely as she swallowed inch-after-inch. But he was quite aware that this was just a preview. She long ago conquered the art of deep-throating his immense cock - no longer gagging as it butted against the back of her mouth.

The young man thought of grabbing the back of her head and forcing her to suck him down to his well-kept pubes - something he had found out she rather enjoyed - but tried to remain content to let her handle things. For now, at least. He couldn't take much more of this.

Stephanie was torn. Part of her wanted him to splash rich, yummy cum against the back of her mouth before she swallowed. Another part wanted him to mount her, slamming his hard cock inside of her. As she tried to consider the best option, she rolled his cum-filled sack in her fingers, revelling

in how the little hidden orbs felt. All of that juice is mine, she couldn't help but think. But where will it go?

Ducking her head, she alternated between sucking them and licking. All the while, she stroked his cock, moving it down so that she could look up at her lover. At first, his eyes weren't locked with hers, but when he did look down, he saw his slutty mother in all of her glory. Her ass was high in the air as her mouth sucked on one of his balls. The two shared a smile. He wondered if she might even consider letting her tongue travel further down. Some of the stories he still wrote about his mom were reflecting a new interest of his - rimming. But he constantly battled between confident and concern his mother would balk at his desires. So, he dared not to try to hike his butt up or push her head further down. He only went as far as his mom first showed an interest in him going.

But he had to do something because his mother was driving him mad. Grabbing her arm, he pulled her up.

"On all fours in the floor," he growled. She chuckled, but did as he said. He tossed down a couple of pillows to save her hands and knees while keeping her ass primed up for her son. She had to admit it did frustrate her some that he never pushed her to try new things. She had to put his hand on her head and push it down to prompt him to fuck her mouth. She had to move onto all fours the first time for him to get the idea that she loved to be fucked that way. But once she opened the door for him once, he never thought twice about going through again. Yet, she wondered just what else he hadn't yet shared with her that he wanted to do.

Her thoughts were put on hold as he started to push inside of her.

"Fuck, yes," she said in a whisper as she moved her head down to where her arms sat crossed on the pillow. It was a preemptive move. She knew she would need something to block her mouth when her son started to fuck her harder.

Jacob loved the visual of watching every inch of his penis disappear into his Mom and it was especially good from this angle. Grabbing her hip, he pushed the last remaining few inches into her with a rush, earning a low moan. The only thing he hated about their sex life often coming at night time was the lack of great lighting. He wanted to see the pussy juice on his cock as he pulled back. But, as he grabbed her other hip, he couldn't complain too much. This was his dream girl after all. Dreams often come at night and he was grateful for having her.

Pulling back, he slid into her again and again, watching her ass ripple with each strike. She cried out, muffled by her arms, but enjoying every second of her son's plowing into her. He wasn't going at it hard enough, but she knew it was coming soon. Soon, his balls would strike her clit with force as he pounded into her. Even though both were well aware that they should stay quiet and keep things on low power during their night-time hook-ups, they were also both quite cognitive that they would soon throw that to the side. Eventually, the need to orgasm would overtake both. Fuck the noise they would make.

But play with fire too much and you're bound to get burned.

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## **Present**

"I heard you walk passed my room," Michael told her. "I was struggling with sleep that night. I knew you were having an affair, but not with who. And now you were pregnant? I was seriously considering telling Dad at the Nats game. It was a lot to deal with."

She nodded. She remembered the fear that she would be found out. Would whoever found out tell her husband before she could talk to them? What if it was Michael? Lyssa? What if her husband walked in on her with Jacob? The fears were sometimes paralyzing. Logically, there was zero reason to continue down that road with Jacob. So many things could go wrong. She continued, though, because her connection with

her son was more than just sex. It had always been more than that.

"In a way, had I fell asleep before you walked passed," he said. "Everything may have gone actually worse. I wouldn't have found out who you were fucking after all."

He was right oddly enough.

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## **Last August**

As he sat in his bed, trying to figure out why his mother had walked passed his room, he wondered what the noises he was hearing. Mumbled talking? Moving around? He knew the two of them were close - closer than he had ever been with his mother. Maybe she was seeking his input on the whole baby thing. Maybe he knew about the affair, too, and had already confronted her. That would be such a Jacob-thing to do, after

all. Hide his mother's adultery from their father like the momma's boy that he is. But the more he listened to the noises, the less sure he was that they were just talking. He could have sworn he was hearing moans.

On his floor, Jacob was plowing into his mom with increasing force. Stephanie could feel what she had longed to be on the receiving end of - his heavy balls slapping against her cunt and especially her clit. It sent a jolt of lightning through her body each time. She had already orgasmed once around his cock and another was soon to follow. Good Lord, she thought, this boy has gotten so good since December. But she was hyper-aware of the time. They could only enjoy this for so long.

"Give it to me," she said as controlled and quietly as she could.  
"Cum for Mommy."

Stephanie knew just how much it got him going for her to say naughty things in connection with the word, "Mommy." It did the same thing to her. "Fuck Mommy." "Lick Mommy." "Let

Mommy suck you." It was so incredibly perverse that it got her off just as much as it did him. So, she wasn't surprised when he started to fuck her harder. If she had been even remotely aware of her surroundings, she would have said something about the loud popping noises that followed each collision of her flesh against his. But she didn't care one bit. She wanted it more-and-more. Give me all of your cum, she thought to herself. Every fucking drop.

Michael could no longer push away the thought that was festering. It was clear as day at this point. No other action could explain the noises he heard even muffled through the wall. His mother and his brother were...fucking? But that can't be right. They couldn't be...

Yet, they were doing just that. Harder and harder, her son plowed into Stephanie. Sweat began to drip from his hair down his shoulders. And her boy was having the worst little thought.

It started as an image. Then the rationale started - a filmsy one, he'd later concede - but one that didn't go away. His mother couldn't be his girlfriend. Or his wife. Or even the mother of his child because his child couldn't be thought of in that way. His brother or sister was in his mother's womb, not his child. She made that very clear. So, if she couldn't be one of his girlfriend, wife, or the person he shared a child with, what could she be?

His *slut*.

His *mommyslut*.

"Are you my mommyslut?" he asked. He knew the answer, but loved to hear her admit to it.

"Abso-fucking-lutely," she hissed back.

How do you treat a *mommyslut*?

He could feel the cum rising - ready to boil over. Since she found out she was pregnant, they stopped bothering with condoms and he went back to cumming inside her during sex. But you don't always cum inside your mommyslut. To truly appreciate your Mommyslut, sometimes you have to reward her in other ways. Maybe you cum in her mouth? Or maybe you do what Jacob decided to do.

Waves of pleasure were travelling through the mother as she came down from another orgasm. It took her a few seconds to even notice that her son had pulled out of her pussy and was moving around. She went along with his direction when she was pulled up so that she was sitting up on her knees. She was already looking forward to tasting herself on his cock before he came down her throat. That's when the first jet of cum hit the side of her face. She opened her mouth in protest as the cum kept slicing through the air and hitting her forcefully. It wasn't the first cum shower she had been given by her son, but it wasn't exactly the best moment. Yet, she resigned herself to the fact that she could no longer do anything about it and as he held her head in place, she simply let herself enjoy it. More and more cum erupted from the

cockhead and some went right toward her right eye, stinging her and forcing her to close them. Her mouth was still open, but he didn't direct cum there. Merely, he was trying to cover as much as her as he could. She only prayed he was keeping her hair clear of his wrath.

She looked beautiful to him, sitting on her knees with a coat of cum nearly covering her whole pretty face. The juice left streaks as it moved down her body. Her tits were next to be covered by his cream. He wanted to take pictures of her. He had cum a gallon and she pretty much got every drop on her. As he squeezed the last drop out, he pushed his dick forcefully into her mouth. She sucked that drop and anymore she could find from him as he softened into her mouth. His grip on her head loosened and he suddenly felt very tired.

As he moved away, Stephanie tried to clear the cum from her eyes, though the right one was still stinging. Part of her was furious with her boy, but she couldn't lie. She loved when he took over and treated her like a slut.

Nevertheless, she did say, "you asshole." There was a bit of a joking tone in her voice which kept him from thinking she

was actually mad at him. "I still need to go back to your father, dammit."

"My apologies," he said with a smirk. Handing a dirty shirt to her, she wiped the cum away and started to stand up.

"I'm going to get you back for this. Somehow." She wasn't sure what that even meant, but she would figure that out later.

"Can't wait."

Seconds later, she grabbed her nightgown and robe, but didn't put them on. Opening his door a crack, she looked into the hallway. She saw nothing, nor any lights. Quietly, she made a quick bee line to the bathroom. She almost never used this bathroom - her three children shared it. She had her own master bathroom in her room and the downstairs half bathroom was where she did her 1's and 2's as the day progressed when she was too far away from her bedroom. But she didn't dare chance trying to sneak into her master bath right now. Hoping the towels that were hanging were

relatively clean, she turned the water on and took a quick shower to clean herself of the remaining cum. The stinging in her eye started to subside as well. Luckily, her hair looked fairly cum-free so she didn't bother wetting it, nor washing it.

Within 15 minutes, she was dry and sneaking back in bed. Her husband stirred, but didn't wake up. She felt that typical guilt that followed every disgusting fuckfest she completed with Jacob before crawling into bed with her husband.

She also had a nasty grin on her face. That boy, she thought. What am I going to do with that boy?

She had some plans.

## Present

Michael looked up at Stephanie. "You didn't notice I opened my door at about the same time you opened Jacob's. I didn't know if I was going to confront you or what. Ultimately, I chickened out. But I now had the door open a crack. I heard you walking. And then you came into my vision. It was the first time I had seen you naked that I could remember."

She blushed slightly, which surprised her.

"I only saw a glimpse," he added. "You got into that bathroom and looked back to turn the light on while closing the door. The light came on and for a second, I saw a generous helping of side boob. They were covered in cum."

"Fuck," Stephanie said under her breath.

"You clearly had," Michael quipped. "Everything came into focus. You were having an affair. I knew that from the day I

heard you talking on the phone to someone after leaving an obvious smell of your turned on pussy in my room. Not just that, but you had been fucking your son. And now, I was almost completely sure you were pregnant with his seed."

She felt a tear fall from her eye. She had been so worried about an impulsive young man slipping up, but it was her who fucked up royally and got caught with her pants not just down, but nowhere in sight.

"I still considered telling Dad," he started. "But ultimately, I decided not to. For two reasons, I guess. The first reason was that you weren't going to leave Dad for Jacob. I didn't understand at the time why you chose to fuck him, but I didn't worry you were going to run off with him. Jacob's going to get a nice job, move out, get married, and all that jazz. So, whatever started between the two of you won't end with our family being destroyed by a dark secret as long as you don't get caught by someone else."

She tried to ignore that it hurt in some way that, one day, Jacob would leave her and probably have a hot wife and a great career and never think about his mother again. A big part of her enjoyed most of that fantasy because it would mean she did a good job as a mother, but it also hurt a bit and more, she knew the day was coming. She even expressed to Jacob that she knew the day would arrive on the occasions that he got fixated on the idea of them being together. It was inevitable. Yet, it still pained her to think about. And she knew it wasn't all because he was her lover, but also because a mother hates to see her son move out and no longer need her.

After a beat, she asked, "And the second reason you didn't tell Nathan about Jacob?"

"Because that night, I found out something else that I never really knew I wanted before." He got up from the toilet in her master bathroom. Moving over to the vanity she was leaned against, he put his hands on both sides of the marble counter - trapping her. Her heart beat faster and she was once again keenly aware of the differences between her two sons. Jacob would never push her like this. Michael was brimming from

confidence and he probably should be. After all, it's not like she was giving him too many reasons to think she wasn't enjoying this.

"What was that?" she asked nervously as she hoped her nipples weren't pushing through the pajamas. In a hurry to get dressed, she hadn't even put on a new nursing bra.

"I realized that I wanted to be just like Jacob for once," he said. "I wanted my mother. I wanted to be a real motherfucker."

She hated that word, but didn't stop him as he moved to kiss her. She kept finding herself in these positions and continuously trying to tell herself she hated it. Yet, she found herself overly excited by her younger son. So, when his lips touched hers, she quickly found herself returning his kiss. When his tongue entered her mouth, she rubbed her own against it.

By this point, Stephanie was an expert on guilt. She had felt plenty of it throughout her affair with Jacob. Bella's birth only

brought that guilt to an extreme. Never enough to push her to end her fun with Jacob, but something she dealt with on a regular basis. It was like an affliction in some ways - a disease that was part of her new normal. But the guilt she felt now as Michael kissed her and rubbed his hard bulge against her was different.

She felt guilty as if she was cheating on Jacob.

Poor Nathan. He doesn't deserve his whore of a wife.

Stephanie wasn't sure how far she would go with Michael. Would she fuck him? He wasn't like Jacob. He didn't need her to control the action. That much was quite clear as his hand moved up her pajama shirt and reached for her breast. Her nipples leaked milk and ached - almost too painfully. Not so painful that she made even the first move to stop him. Rather, she encouraged him with an involuntary moan. Her shirt continued to saturate as her son molested her, moving his mouth to her neck and licking and sucking at her. She prayed that he didn't leave any marks that would make it difficult to

explain to her husband when he returned, but again, she did nothing to stop him. Her mind was a jumbled mess of desire, guilt, confusion, and curiosity. As he rubbed his shorts-covered cock against her thigh, she couldn't help but picture it slamming into her.

She let her desires start to take over as her hand moved down, grabbing the hem of her shirt and pulling it up. He got the memo and broke away to pull the shirt from her. Grabbing him by the neck, she forced him to her breast with the strangest animal need for him to drink from her like he once did when he was much younger. His tentative licking showed that he was a little unsure, but he got more into it with a helpful push on the back of his head from his mother. Her pussy throbbed as he captured a nipple, sucking some of the milk that was supposed to go to his baby sister. The oversexed mother sighed and couldn't believe her actions at first. She didn't really know that this was a fetish of hers, but now she an intense desire to see both of her boys sucking from her milk-filled tits.

Stephanie felt - and shocked herself by not tensing up - when his hand went between her legs.

"Fuck, yes," she said - also surprising herself. This boy of hers didn't need permission. Michael knew what he wanted and God dammit, he was going to fucking take it.

He quickly grew tired of dealing with the pajamas themselves and pushed them down roughly. Her rump against the vanity was the only thing really combating his actions and she pushed away from the counter enough to let him push the pants down all the way. With his mouth still on one of her nipples, she pushed herself up onto the vanity - ignoring the uncomfortable feeling against her bare ass - and opened her legs for her son. All she could think about anymore was her need to cum. Grabbing Michael's hand, she pushed it against her cunt. Pulling him off her nipple, she kissed him hard.

As his fingers began to play with her dripping pussy, she smiled not only because of the feeling but because Michael knew what he was doing. And with the way he kissed her, she

was already looking forward to seeing how hard he could make her cum before pushing his rock-hard cock deep inside of her. Reaching down, she grabbed the engorged tool through his shorts. Soon, she thought, this will be mine.

Michael moaned into her mouth and had to hold back a smile of his own. He was shocked by how easily he had gone from a mother disgusted by his advances to his new slutty mommy that was close to cumming on his fingers. Pushing a second finger into her to join the first finger he plunged into her, he diddled her clit with his thumb. He tried to play up all the tricks he had learned from the women he had slept with. Not the teenage girls, but the women. Jackson's mom. Mrs. Flowers. Those two taught him more than a hundred Candy's and Cindy's could ever hope to teach him about how to pleasure a woman. He had looked at them as accomplishments - the mom of a teammate on his football team or his former Trig. teacher. But now? They were like levels he needed to pass to get to this moment.

She broke the kiss to whisper that she was about to cum and crushed her face against his broad, strong shoulder. She bit

down on the shirt-covered flesh, causing him to hiss in response, but he never stopped fucking her pussy as it tried to milk his two fingers. His sleeveless shirt was getting wet from the milk that continued to expel from his mother. She gripped his cock hard - the blood pulsating. He wanted to lick her. He wanted her to suck him. But he absolutely had to fuck her.

As she was coming down from her orgasm, she could hear it. She didn't know how long Bella had been bawling, but it brought her back to reality. After releasing her grip on his dick, she saw her son push his shorts down. A huge amount of panic developed in her. Bella's continued crying would attract the attention of Lyssa. She would knock and try to come in, worried about why her mom wasn't taking care of her sister. The door would be locked, though. She'd wonder why - maybe even try to ask Michael for help, but he'd be gone from his room. And...

While she did have a split-second of hesitation as he rubbed the cockhead against her pussy - he actually couldn't hear Bella's cries through the shut bathroom door like his mom

could - his mother pushed him away. Confused, he nearly fell over his shorts. Hopping down and grabbing her pants, she pulled them up and left the bathroom without a word. As she opened the door, the baby's cries became more evident.

Nervously, she picked up the child from the bassinet. She quickly changed her and sat down on the bed, moving a pillow in place and presented a leaking nipple to her baby.

In the bathroom, Michael cursed his baby sister for already being a cockblocker. He grabbed his shorts and pulled them up, covering his painfully-hard cock. Throwing some cold water on his face, he tried to collect his thoughts. He had been so close.

For her part, Stephanie tried hard to catch her breath. Part of her wanted Michael to stay in the bathroom indefinitely. If he did that, she wouldn't have to face him. Wouldn't have to know he was looking at her. Wouldn't have to think about how close they came to fucking. But he only stayed about two minutes in the bathroom before entering the master

bedroom. She was thankful that he had put away his cock. For several moments the two occasionally shared eye contact while Bella got her fill.

"Well," he started.

His mother quickly cut him off. "You should go to bed, Michael. Good night."

He was taken aback and was about the protest when his mother again told him, "good night" with a firm voice. Nodding, moved to the door and tried to quietly unlock it. Opening the door a bit, he peered out into the hallway looking for signs of his other sister. He didn't look back as he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Stephanie took a deep breath and released it. She finished up a late feeding for Bella, burped the youngin', and put her back down. Once asleep, she went back to the bathroom where she pumped extra breast milk while fighting off the occasional tear. Every few minutes, she looked down at the bathroom

floor where her shirt - still wet with breastmilk - was in a crumbled ball. With her mind clear of the desire, she wondered if she had fucked up too much now. Could she walk this back? Stop it from getting any worse?

After quietly leaving her bedroom to store the breast milk in the fridge and grab some water, she tip-toed back to her room. She'd talk to Michael another time. Closing the door, she uncharacteristically locked it. She never did that when alone, but worried Michael might try to force the issue later. While gulping down water, she checked her phone. She had two messages - one from Nathan and another from Jacob.

Nathan: "God, I miss you, babe. And Bella. Oh, and I guess I like the rest of the kids, too. lol - I'm working hard here and I'll be home ASAP. I love you."

Jacob: "nite mom. cant wait to see you soon. give bella a kiss for me."

She sat back down on the bed and wondered how she could put a stop to a situation that was rapidly losing control. She had nearly fucked her second son. She had already been caught fucking her first. Could she really keep chancing her luck?

# Chapter 6

## Present

Stephanie Ball felt like a prisoner in her own home and of her own making.

In the 48 hours since nearing fucking her younger son, Michael, in her bathroom - saved only by the cries of her baby daughter, Bella - Stephanie avoided any one-on-one moments with Michael. She locked her door at night, didn't venture out of the room during the morning as her son prepared and left for school, and had some extra one-on-one time with her daughter, Lyssa, when Michael was home to provide for needed distance. The mother tried to not compare it to a similar situation that happened well over a year ago after finding out her older son, Jacob, rather enjoyed writing smutty sex stories about her. She tried to keep her distance that time, too. She slipped up and went down a road with Jacob that she felt helpless to detour from. She was trying to keep the same thing from happening with Michael.

And then Friday night came.

Michael clearly got the memo from his mother's actions. She was ashamed, couldn't look him in the eye, and every time he tried to speak with her, she made sure to get out of the situation as quickly as humanly possible. His father was due back on Saturday. Stephanie had openly pleaded for him to return earlier, but he couldn't get an earlier flight and was far too exhausted from the long week to get a rental and drive home. Once his dad was back, his mother could far more easily hide from him - challenging him to give up. He considered forcing the issue, but decided to go in a different direction.

He was going to turn a minus into a plus. If she was going to act like a ghost anytime he was around, that meant she wouldn't stop him from enjoying himself without her.

That's where Emma Sampson came in. Emma wasn't the most beautiful girl at Springfield High in Michael's opinion and

certainly, she wasn't as sexy as his mother, but she had two things going for her that Michael could, for lack of a better word, exploit. For one thing, she was straight to the point. Michael had known Emma for a long time and she was as straight of a shooter as you can come across. She didn't promise something she wouldn't deliver on or get nervous later. She didn't beat around the bush, nor expect men to be overly romantic like it was a teenage love flick starring Elle Fanning.

So, when Michael asked her out for Friday night, they both were perfectly aware that dinner and hanging out meant Michael would pay for dinner and they'd definitely have sex as long as he interested her and didn't fuck things up. Not to say Emma was "easy," but she also wasn't a prude. Treat her well and be rewarded if she was into you. And that was the second thing Michael liked about her - she was definitely into him.

The truth was she had been for a number of years. They briefly "dated" in middle school as much as you can really date in middle school. She was his first kiss with tongue. They

broke up a few weeks later when he kissed another girl. Despite that, over the years, they developed a kinship. A flirtation. Occasionally, a night of sexting and pictures. But for whatever reason, a relationship never blossomed.

Emma chalked it up to not being Michael's kind of woman. He often dated or hooked up with girls - she didn't know about his pairings with older women - who all seemed to be recycled versions of the one another.

Popular? Check.

Very little body fat? Check.

Push-up bras? Absolutely a check.

Perfect smiles, perfect faces, and perfectly thin bodies? Check, check, and check.

Emma didn't measure up to those standards, which made the sexting weird. She hated to feel he took advantage of her interest in him, but it was hard not to think so when he would merely nod her way in the hallway while his arm was around some cheerleader's shoulders. Emma wasn't fat, but she definitely carried a few extra pounds. She dealt with bullying and body image issues during her early teen years, but felt more comfortable with her body in the last few years and that's why her approach to sex had opened up. She figured she may as well gets hers if nobody was beating down her door asking to be her boyfriend. She made sure no one - save for maybe Michael - took advantage of her sudden promiscuity. In fact, to help keep the power, Emma blogged about her experiences underneath a pseudonym and had started to cultivate an active following.

She was already wondering what her fans would think about Michael. She normally called her sexual partners by the first letter of their name to preserve her anonymity and any potential complaints from her conquests. She had already used "M." for a football teammate of Michael's named Martellus. That was one of her most popular posts and was

titled: M. - My First Black Cock. Maybe she'd use B. for Michael Ball, though. She hadn't decided.

After dinner, Emma wondered how Michael would play things. Would he ask if her mom were home? To be honest, her mom was, but that rarely stopped Emma. Or maybe he'd take them some place and they'd hook up in his car. She hated car sex and if it wasn't Michael, she'd probably protest. But she had to admit she was shocked when he invited her over to his house.

"It'll be empty?" she asked.

"No, not exactly," he replied with a smile she found adorable. "But don't worry. It'll be fine."

She went along with it. Part of her felt a sense of excitement. Michael liked her enough to bring her back to his place after all.

Michael typed out a quick text and sent it while his date freshened up in the restroom. Drinking the rest of his soda, he wondered how tonight would go. Not in regards to Emma - she clearly wanted him and was ready to have some fun. But with Lyssa working late, the only people at home would be his mother and Bella. He wasn't planning on hiding that he brought a girl home this late to clearly hook up. How would his mother take it?

The text he sent to her was simple - "bringing my date back to the house"

Stephanie read the words a few times. At first, she thought he was asking for permission, which was laughable. He was not about to get it from her. But the more she read it, the clearer it became. He was telling her he was bringing a girl over. Her eyes darted to the clock and it was 9:31. The fucking gall, she thought. But she didn't tell him that he couldn't. Rather, she retreated to her room where Bella was sleeping soundly. She changing into a long nightshirt - keeping her panties and nursing bra on. She implored herself to go back downstairs. To blow this whole thing up. Yet, she couldn't force herself to

do so and she couldn't explain why. Perhaps, she wanted him to get his fill from another source? Or, maybe, she wondered if it was merely a bluff. He'd bring over a girl and they'd watch some dumb thing on Netflix. Maybe make out a little. And then he'd take her home. Surely, he wouldn't bring home a girl just to fuck her with his mother there.

She cursed her older daughter's work schedule and did leave her bedroom, but only to make a quiet beeline to Michael's room. There she waited for her son's car to park in the driveway.

She didn't have to wait too long. Michael picked a food joint that was a mere handful of minutes away from his house for the date. And with Emma's hand on his thigh as they listened to Drake's new music - his choice, not hers - Michael made it back in record time. He thanked the heavens a cop hadn't been running radar. Parking the car, he observed the house. Most of the lights downstairs were turned off, which was a bit unusual for this time in the evening. He couldn't see his parents' room from the front of the house, though.

The mother got a decent look at her son's date before ducking away from the windows in the darkness of her son's room. She quickly moved back to her room and closed the door. Backing away from it, she sat down on the bed. The baby's mobile continued to move, giving the room some light. Stephanie listened closely.

Emma was a little surprised with how freely Michael moved into the house without trying to keep sound at a minimum. He explained in the car that his mother and baby sister were probably home, but again stressed that Emma shouldn't be worried. Then, he grabbed her busty tush on the way up the stairs. Emma laughed, letting herself not worry so much about being heard. Perhaps his mom was in another part of the house or something.

Once they reached the second floor landed, he led her down the hallway to his bedroom. It was a typical boy's room in her experience. Pictures of sports stars, but also pictures of hot actresses and pop singers decorated the walls. A nice computer, television, and a couple of game systems were also in the room along with some medium-quality furniture. A

bunch of trophies were neatly placed on shelves on the far wall. But she didn't have much time to look at her surroundings. He flipped on a light at his desk and nearly tackled her onto the bed. She laughed until her mouth was swallowed by his, her tongue quickly being found by Michael's. She was slightly taken aback by the aggressiveness, but also turned on. So many "boys" try to be aggressive, but it comes off very fake. Michael was genuine. He knew what he wanted and he was going to take it if she left him. And she was pretty sure she was open to going down most roads with him.

Michael was moving fast - faster than he planned. But he was amped up. His mother could be listening and he wanted to give her something of interest to keep her attention. He had only kissed Emma for a short while before he pulled away. Sliding off his shirt, she ran a hand over his abs and grinned. She couldn't wait to run her tongue over them. But he had an idea for his tongue first. He moved south, his hands sliding up her bare legs underneath her skirt. She fought the urge to slow him down and instead bridged her lower trunk off the bed when he started to pull on her thong. This was really fast, she thought. But this was Michael, she also considered. Emma

expected Michael to strip off his pants and boxers, but instead, he pushed her skirt up to reveal her pussy and his head quickly fell. She was about to say, "no!" when his tongue slid against her folds.

Emma had been eaten out a few times, but never this quickly with a boy. Yet, with every swipe of his tongue from her pussy hole all the way up between the lips to her clit, the apprehensiveness started to fade. She closed her eyes, letting the moment sweep over her. And she moaned. Loudly.

From her room, the mother heard the duo move past her door and down the hallway. Shortly after, she could hear what sounded like throaty moans. She admonished herself for how much hearing this filthy girl with her son was making her cunt throb. The more she heard the cries move down the hallway and invade her ears, the more she told herself to not listen. To not get up. To not walk over to the door. To definitely not twist the doorknob quietly and open it up. But she did all those things like a mind-controlled subject.

Though he tried to focus on Emma, Michael couldn't help but look at the door. He had specifically left it open a crack and hoped he kept Emma distracted well enough for her to not notice. From his vantage point, he could see down the hall just enough to witness his mother's bedroom and the door that was closed leading to it. Gripping Emma's thighs tightly as she reflexively squeezed against his head, he continued to lick the tasty shaven cunt, though never with his full and undivided attention. Emma didn't seem to care - she was getting closer to the first of what could be multiple orgasms if Michael continued to play her clit like a violin. Out of the corner of his eye, Michael saw his mother's door open. Hungrily, he ate Emma's pussy faster.

Stephanie didn't move into the hallway. Rather, she opened her door a tiny bit - the light from the overhead lights in the hallway immediately brightening up her room. Emma's moans became clearer without a door muffling the sound any. But from her position, her view was far too obscured. She could see down the hallway. She could vaguely see Emma's blue shirt that she was still wearing. But Stephanie would have to leave the room if she wanted to see more. She wasn't sure

she truly wanted that. She also wasn't entirely sure what to do with her emotions. She was angry at her son for bringing this girl to her house. She was also horny listening to the girl get satisfied by her son.

Frustrated with the lack of movement from the clearly-opened door, Michael redoubled his focus on Emma, sucking down her juices as she came in his mouth. All of a sudden, as his tongue touched her hypersensitive clit, she squeezed her legs together again - painfully pressing on both sides of his head. He got the memo as he removed his tongue from her burning cunt to let her calm down. Emma felt like her heart was beating so fast that Michael could probably hear it. Relaxing her legs, they fell to the side and she shivered at his breath against her pussy. It was one of the best orgasms of her life and she waited patiently for Michael to tell her what to do next. Shockingly, she gasped as he continued to lick her, sucking and tasting the rest of her creamy girl juice.

"Oh, fuck, Michael," she said in a low, raspy voice. "Baby, I want you. Want your big dick."

With another long swipe of his tongue to capture any more juices, he finally moved back. She looked up at him as he smiled down on her with confidence that bordered on cocky. His chin was glistening in the light. He stood up on the bed, looking like a fucking God to her, and unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. Pushing them and his boxers to the bed, his cock proudly stood erect, seemingly towering over her.

"Mmm, I want that," she replied with a smile.

Sitting, he chucked off his clothes and reached for his nightstand, pulling out a condom.

As he moved to put it on, he directed Emma onto her hands and knees. She wasn't surprised by the ask. Men loved the way her thick ass shook as they took her from behind. As she moved into position, she eyed the open drawer he had grabbed a condom from. Seeing a big bottle of lube, she made a promise to herself. If he asks for anal, he's fucking earned it.

Michael settled in behind her, aiming his hard cock toward her dripping cunt. Looking up, he saw movement out of the corner of his eyes. Looking toward the door, he saw his mother in a pink night shirt. She looked at him with the strangest expression that he could not place as she stood in place about two feet away from his store. With his eyes locked on her own baby blues, he pushed forward, his dick splitting Emma's pulsating pussy lips and disappearing deep within her. She grabbed a pillow and bit down on it in hopes of stifling the loud moan that had to escape her body. It worked somewhat, though unbeknownst to her, Michael's mother was too close not to hear her moans even as she tried to keep them a little quieter.

He never took his eyes off Stephanie. It unnerved her slightly that he was so focused on her while fucking someone else. It also had another effect on her - one that was driving her pussy to become wetter by the second. He's fucking her because I won't let him fuck me, she thought to herself. And there was something else about that girl, she realized. She had a real woman's body, Stephanie felt. Bigger than Stephanie's when his mother was that age, but closer to comparable to her

current body after four kids. Now, she had a bigger ass than maybe she wanted. Her tits gave her the label of busty and weren't as perky as they once were. While certainly not a BBW, Stephanie wasn't a twig either. This girl, who Stephanie hadn't seen before, had a beautiful and sexy body and she was convinced that her son wanted to fuck that body because it reminded him so much of his mother's.

Her boy raised a hand and blew a kiss to his mom. Then he let his hand crash down and smack one of Emma's large ass-cheeks. She moaned loudly and then said, "harder!" After a second smack echoed off the walls, she cried out, "yes!"

Feisty, Stephanie thought. From her position, she couldn't see everything she wanted, but she dared not to move any closer. The girl's long dark hair was covering up her face, which did give Stephanie some confidence that she wouldn't be so easily seen. Her pussy was begging for attention, but she tried to avoid touching it. She didn't want to give Michael the satisfaction. She longed to change places with the youthful girl taking a pounding from her son's cock. Truth be told, he seemed to long for a switch as well.

Grabbing Emma's hips, Michael continued to slam his cock into his friend's pussy. He considered the fact that he should feel bad - after all, he was using Emma. But judging by the way Emma kept cumming on his cock, perhaps she wouldn't be that upset by the fact that he wished he was fucking someone else.

"Fuck, baby," Emma whispered through moans. "I love your big cock!"

"Do you?" he asked with a smirk that was meant for his mother.

"Absolutely! Fuck me harder!"

Another smirk spread over his face as he roughly held onto Emma and pounded her pussy with all of his might. Her face was driven into the bed while her ass rippled each time Michael sawed into her. From her vantage point, Stephanie

was still trying to ignore her needy cunt. She told herself to retreat to her room, lock the door, and get a sweaty fuck session with her dildo. Instead, she kept squeezing her legs together and placed a hand on the nearby wall to keep herself in place. The smell of sex was also overwhelming her - the sweet mix of sweat and pussy juices. She kept fantasizing about a scenario she once saw in a porn. The mother helps her son fuck his girlfriend better. By the end, he was fucking the mother while the girlfriend squatted over the mother's face to have her pussy ate. She shivered as the image overtook her senses. She gripped her outer thighs roughly as she closed her eyes tightly.

Michael laughed to himself as he watched what his mother was going through. He half-expected her to demand he stop fucking Emma and come fuck her. She wanted him and, to him, it was only a matter of time. If not tonight, some other night. And, if he was a betting man, he wagered it would be soon.

Holding Emma tightly, he found another gear and fucked the poor girl harder. She was a mess of orgasms and drool as she

felt better-fucked than any of her previous partners - combined. Her brain wasn't working very well, but she did have one thought. She hoped this wasn't the only time Michael would fuck her this well.

The smacks of their flesh colliding drove Stephanie mad. Not so much for the anger, nor frustration, she still had under the surface for her son's bold actions, but for how crazy she felt wanting to replace the girl her son was pounding. Or join them. Or whatever Michael wanted as long as his cock fucked her the same way he was giving it to this little minx. She had to admit - the experience and stamina he showed was enticing. Not that she truly needed to be enticed any further.

For really the first time since plunging his cock into Emma, Michael stopped thinking so much about his mother and stopped looking his way. Focusing on Emma, he slammed his full weight into her, nearly pounding her into the bed with each push forward. Her shapely ass was no longer in the air and his cock curved into her each time he slid into her deeply. It was more comfortable to have her in a normal position, but he was too far-gone to care. Continuing to fuck the teenage

girl as sweat dripped from his hair onto her back, he moaned loudly. Emma could not formulate any words as she drooled onto the bed and moaned back at him, but if she could speak, she would have begged him to cum - to release his cream into the condom he wore.

And he did just that, filling the latex fully as he flooded the barrier - grunting and sucking in air as he continued to saw back-and-forth into Emma. She cried out, aware that he was cumming, falsely believing it was all for her.

In the hallway, Stephanie's pussy clinched tightly as she desperately wanted to feel Michael cum - though with no condom. She wanted to be filled with his juice until he was leaking out. Wanted his softening cock to be dripping with their combined cocktail of juices. Wanted to taste it, even. She moved away softly, but swiftly, retreating to her bedroom and closing the door softly with a quiet flip of the lock. Bella was sleeping so the horny mother moved to her nightstand and grabbed her vibrating dildo from underneath the magazines that hid it. She typically grabbed lube, too, but laughed at the idea she might need it. Instead, she seemingly floated to the bathroom where she could hide the sounds a bit better.

Within seconds, she was laying on her bathroom floor on the soft rug, thrusting up to meet the dildo that she was pushing deep into her cunt. Her eyes were closed as she kept imagining first Michael, then Jacob, and then both using her body for their enjoyment. She cursed not grabbing her bigger dildo from its hiding place - wishing she could suck on one while fucking her cunt with the other.

Instead, she quickly reached orgasm, trying desperately to control her volume as she did. It didn't take much, which was of no surprise. But she wasn't yet satisfied. She rarely sought multiple orgasms from masturbation, but this was a special situation.

Once finished, she had left a nice little puddle of cum on the rug. Rolling her eyes, she balled it up and threw it in the hamper. She would be sure to wash it before Nathan returned the next day. The dildo was a creamy mess. With a naughty thought, she retrieved her phone from the other room and took a few pictures of it - both centering on the dildo and of her sucking juices from it. She then moved to send the pictures to her son - Jacob, that is. Though, her finger did

hover over Michael's name for a few moments. Shaking her head of the idea, she sent the pair of pictures to Jacob with the caption, "God, Mommy needs to be fucked."

After cleaning up, she drained her breasts from the excess milk. Slipping on a pair of new panties and a less-cum-smelling night shirt, she opened her bedroom door. Looking down the hallway, she saw Michael's light was off. She quietly moved toward the room, finding it empty. Looking out front, his car was gone, indicating that he must have drove the girl home after he finished with her. Stephanie, after putting the breast milk in the fridge, was in the middle of eating a small bowl of ice cream when her son returned. Checking the clock, she knew Lyssa should be home soon. That didn't stop her from confronting Michael before he reached the steps to go upstairs.

"That was just wrong," she said in a stern voice.

He turned and smiled back at her. "What was, Mommy?"

Resisting the urge to smack the smile off his face, she replied, "Bringing home some random girl to fuck her? You would never pull such a move with your father home."

"Probably not," he said with a shrug. He walked toward the kitchen and the mother followed him there. Grabbing a water from the fridge, he turned and looked at her while unscrewing the top. "But you and I have a different kind of understanding in our relationship, don't we?"

"If you think for one second that you can just blackmail me-"

"Blackmail?" he asked with a, in her judgement, surprising sense of outrage in his voice. "I'm not blackmailing you, Mother. I made it clear what I wanted, but I never said I was going to tell Dad if you didn't fuck me, did I?"

She was forced to admit that he hadn't tried to force her to do anything she didn't want to. When she pushed his hands away, he always respected it. When she explicitly told him, "no," he never pushed her to change her mind. While he was more

aggressive than his brother, he never lost respect for her ability to end things. It was her that chose to use, "no," less and less as he grabbed her butt, stole kisses with Lyssa or father near by, or moved his cock against her suggestively. She had been so strong only a few weeks ago. Now, she longed for his touch.

"That's right," he replied before drinking down a few gulps of cold water. "You're my mother, not some random slut. And you raised me better than to blackmail someone for sex, let alone someone I care so much about. I want you and I want you to let yourself act on how much you want me. I hope it happens soon. But if you won't be willing to suck my cock or even fuck it, than God damn, I'm going to get it elsewhere. As the song goes, I'm only human after all."

"You're disgusting," his mother replied. In truth, however, she felt a measure of pride that her son's immediate thoughts had never been to use his knowledge of his mother's transgressions in a way that benefited him. He considered telling Nathan, but passed because he wanted her. And now, even as she became dangerously close to completely crossing

the barrier between inappropriate relations and fullblown incest, he still didn't push her.

But she still didn't particularly enjoy the fact he brought a girl over to fuck - even if the sight was so delicious. As she turned to leave, he stopped Stephanie in her tracks by saying, "If I'm so disgusting, why were you getting off watching us?"

She stared at the stairs that were just a few steps away. She could be back in her room in a matter of seconds, hidden and secured behind a locked door. All she had to do was move that way. Instead, she turned to look at him. His grin made her both want to hit him and wrestle him to the floor so she could ride his cock.

"Hmm?" he pressed as he took a few steps toward her. Near the steps was a couch that was turned the other way toward the television in the living room. He rested his ass against the back of the couch. "If you're so disgusted with me - with what I did with Emma - why were you watching as I ate her pussy out? As I fucked her? As she came all over my cock."

She hesitated. She hadn't been thinking - just reacting to the show Michael wanted her to see. She had been so powerless.

"In fact, I bet if you took my dick out right now, you'd want it in your mouth, Mom," he started with the sickest of grins. "Shame I used a condom, though. Bet you'd taste her cunt on it if I hadn't."

Stephanie stopped herself from admitting to him that she had already considered that. Taking a deep breathe, she finally said, "Pass."

With a shrug, Michael replied, "Your loss. But don't call me disgusting for something you quite enjoyed seeing. Bet you came all over your fingers after you left the hallway."

She didn't understand why she continued to encourage the boy. She had started this conversation with the hope that she would stress how much she hated what Michael did, yet she

couldn't help herself as she walked over to him. Partly, it was the bravery the flash of headlights from the window gave her, which meant her daughter Lyssa was home from work. She could get a last zinger in and retreat to her room. But she knew that Michael had quickly wore down her anger with him. She couldn't pretend that he hadn't. Now, she found herself wanting him to remember that it was really his mom he wanted, not some teenager named Emma.

"Actually," she said as she closed the remaining distance. Both of them heard Lyssa's car door slam shut. "It was a dildo that I came all over."

She leaned forward. He thought she was going to kiss him, but she merely licked his top lip, gave him a sexy grin of her own, and sashayed away - knowing full well his eyes were glued on her ass. She got to her room shortly after hearing Lyssa enter the house.

After grabbing her other dildo - the larger one she originally practiced deep-throating on to surprise Jacob - and retreating

to her bathroom, she looked at herself in the mirror. She smiled back at the reflection as she stripped down.

The guilt would come soon, she knew. Probably in the moments after she came.

But as she sat in the floor, watching the woman still visible in the full-length mirror behind the door shove a large dildo deep in her dripping cunt, she let herself enjoy the vision of Michael's cock replacing the dildo. She was cumming within minutes.

It wouldn't be her last orgasm of the night.

# Chapter 7

## Present

"Harder!" Stephanie cried out. "HARDER!"

He did his best to fulfill her wishes, slamming his cock deep into Stephanie with as much force as he could muster despite his body's objections for him to slow down.

To aid his thrusts, she pushed her ass back hard to meet his forward-movement, forcing him to even slide away before she moved forward and continued the act. She pushed him to smack her ass, to call her a "slut," to own her pussy. She even would have let him fuck her ass - which nearly happened on a few occasions as his cock slipped from her pussy in the midst of their frantic movements and nearly pushed into her asshole.

It was enjoyable for her, but she had to admit that she only was this into it because it helped with her guilt.

Nathan came inside of her pussy and almost immediately fell to the bed beside her. Like she was in heat, she slid down his body and took his softening cock inside of her mouth, sucking their combined juices from his dick with a moan.

"Christ," he whispered. "You really did miss me, huh?"

In the darkness of the room, she thought she might cry with his cock in her mouth.

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Stephanie couldn't take her eyes off the calendar. In two weeks, Jacob would be finished with his third year at the University of Virginia and would return to the house. A week later, Michael would graduate from high school. The anxiety was ramping up. She had to come clean to Jacob, but before

she could do that, she had to figure out what to do about Michael.

In the days since their last sexual encounter in which she nearly went over the edge, the truth was that she couldn't just ignore the draw she felt toward her younger son. She felt it in her bones, in her heart, and quite definitely in her cunt. She was both a little afraid of the attraction and need she felt around him and so very turned on as well. She couldn't just try to scratch an itch by fucking her husband, though Nathan wasn't complaining. She had two weeks - fifteen days to be exact - to decide. And the truth of the matter is the decision seemed already made.

And then she would have to break the news of her betrayal to Jacob.

The fact that she was keeping Nathan out of this completely wasn't lost on her. She had already betrayed him for nearly 18 months. But she built up the rationales to deal with that. She cheated, yes, but it was controlled cheating. She never

seriously considered leaving her husband for some new life with a young and sexy boy. She even delivered to her husband a new baby daughter, who he loved immediately and with zero hesitation. It would rob Bella of a wonderful father if she told him the truth, wouldn't it?

Shaking her head, she tried to focus again at the matter at hand. What to do with Michael?

Sighing, she knew exactly what must be done. In a matter of days and weeks, everything in her life had changed. She had been so sure that she could keep Michael at an arm's length and ignore the attraction. But hadn't she been so sure that Jacob's infatuation was just a phase he was going through? It only took a short amount of time for her to go from the unbelievable to the very real consequences of her lust and connection to her older son. Would the same happen with Michael?

She nearly laughed at her inner "dilemma." She could fight it, push back against it, or ignore it, but in the end, she would

only be postponing the inevitable. Whether it happened tomorrow or the next day or next week didn't change the truth.

She would fuck Michael.

Or, to be more exact - she needed to fuck her younger son.

The horny mother checked Bella to make sure she was still napping before, while checking twice that she had grabbed the baby monitor, shuffled up the steps in the empty house. Her husband was at work and her daughter was hanging with a friend. Nevertheless, she remembered to lock her bedroom door before slipping into her bed - stripping down in the process. Her sheets still smelled like sex.

Seconds later, she was driving a dildo into her needy pussy while sticking a spit-covered finger into her asshole. Her eyes were shut tight.

"Fuck me, Michael," she said aloud.

It felt good to say the words - to let the fantasy get released from just her head.

And then, "Fuck your mommy's ass, Jacob! Mmmm, yes, make your mommy cum, boys!"

Before moving to the bathroom, she took a couple of pics of the dildo full of pussy juices - including one where she took it into her mouth. Sending them to Jacob, she went about cleaning the dildo. She considered sending the pics to Michael as well, but thought better of it. He would have left school and came home early if she did.

As she climbed into the shower, she said to herself, "would that really be so bad?"

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Michael had been lulling over a message to Jacob he wanted to send as well.

He had started the DM a few different ways, but each time, the paragraph quickly disappeared as he erased the words in one prolonged deletion. It typically went like something like this: "Hey, I just wanted to let you know that I know about you and mom. I'm okay with it." He would then try to crack a joke about being "Eskimo brothers" or "any tips on how she likes to be fucked?" But there was no real way of putting it that made a lot of sense.

What he did know was that he couldn't hear his father take advantage of the state his mother was in much longer without getting his fun as well. He didn't feel resentment toward his father, but it didn't seem right. Over the last few days, while they tried to keep the noise down, it was quite clear that his mother was fucking his father like crazy. He tried not to be jealous. After all, they were married. But she was so amped up to fuck because of him, Michael said to himself. Why should he get none of the fun?

In another time in his life, he simply would have chuckled at hearing his parents having sex, put his earphones on, and listen to some music. The idea of his mother being a sexual creature gave him the heebie jeebies. It was simply something that everyone knew happened, but nobody acknowledged. Of course, now, things were a little different. When he heard his mother, he could only imagine how she would look riding his cock. When his father grunted, Michael saw himself filling his mother's mouth with his seed. And he couldn't shake the thought that as his mother got off, she was imagining that it was her youngest son who she was bouncing on. It was driving him mad.

Putting his phone away, he pissed away the rest of study hall by talking to his friends. Some tried to ask him about his date with "Easy" Emma, but with a grin, he explained that a "gentleman never kisses and tells."

Outside, the wind was picking up and the sky was scheduled to open any minute now. Right before the last bell, an announcement came over the P.A. speaker that baseball practice would be cancelled. Michael wondered if he would

finally have a moment with his mother alone for the first time in what seemed like days.

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Stephanie could not understand people who immediately dressed as soon as they could after a shower. She loved the slight chill of water dripping and drying on her warm skin after a scorching hot shower. She knew she didn't have a huge amount of time, but she took a chance that no one had gotten home during her shower as she checked her baby. Soon, Bella would be awake, but not just yet as she rested - making her mother smile with pride at the sight.

She skipped back up the stairs and through the open door into her room. As she moved to her dresser to pick out some clothes for the rest of the evening, she briefly considered whether she should "slut it up" with some skimpy lingerie. Maybe give her a husband a bit of a striptease later before jumping on his cock once more. She chuckled to herself and thought, "yeah, technically, I'm the worst wife/mother in the

world, but at least my husband is still getting plenty of benefits."

The more she looked through some of the lingerie - much of which was bought to tease Jacob - her mind started to race. She let a new fantasy image start burning in her head. She wanted Jacob's cock in her mouth and Michael's cock in her ass. And in her pussy? That would be Nathan's cock.

It was a ridiculous thought. There was no way her husband would not only accept that she was sleeping with Jacob and quite convinced she soon would be fucking her other son, but actively engage in the act. But fantasies could be ridiculous. They could be absurd. And the idea of cum leaking from all three orifices as she smiled and enjoyed all three of the men in her life was just as hot as it was new. Rapidly, she found herself getting hornier and hornier.

She tried to ignore the feelings creeping up inside of her - quite knowledgeable that time would be a factor. She didn't even consider if practice would be cancelled, but even if it

was, she wanted to fuck Michael in a controlled setting where they wouldn't have to worry about his sister returning home from her friend's or Nathan surprising her by getting home early.

The oversexed mother, however, was not having much luck ignoring her cravings. She had been like a volcano ever since he not only told her he liked the fact she was fucking Jacob - that he wanted to be a "mother fucker," too. Since that moment in time, she felt like a slave to her desires. Oh, at first, she was able to hold off the urge to give in. She nearly let things go overboard in the car as he masturbated for her or in the bathroom as his fingers slid into her warm pussy, but now, she was ready to burst. Until she could truly let go completely, she would have to make due with what opportunities we're at her disposal - her husband, sexting with Jacob, and fucking herself often. Checking the time again, she cried out, "fuck it."

Still nude, she grabbed her vibrating dildo from her nightstand and slipped into bed. She had probably an hour before Lyssa came home to get ready for work. Nathan would probably arrive at the same time while, in her mind, Michael

would be much later. She had to scratch this itch before it consumed her.

She considered grabbing the phone and seeing if her older son was busy. She loved to have phone sex with him, but he had been swamped of late with finals looming so she didn't want to distract him too much. Stephanie was well aware that if Jacob knew she was naked, wet, horny, and desperate for attention, the poor boy would drop everything and focus on her. That excited her, but also worried her. She'd hate to be the real reason why he explained a poor final grade.

She ultimately did grab her phone and found the sexy playlist Jacob had made one time to listen to while they have sex. Most of the music was new to her and she liked it that way. She didn't have any reminders of songs that played during experiences with Nathan. Rather, they were attached only to memories with Jacob. She laid back on her still-damp hair, spread her legs, and started to glide her hands over her trembling skin. The whole last few weeks had her skin constantly on fire.

She let a fantasy develop in her mind and it was, again, the fantasy that she couldn't shake. Having Michael to herself was certainly exciting, but having both of her boys at the same time continued to send jolts of electricity throughout her already trembling body. Stephanie couldn't stop visualizing the different scenarios she found herself bouncing between. In her close to 43 years on the planet, she had never been involved in a threesome, let alone a threesome with her two sons and their thick cocks.

As she played with her sensitive clit before pushing the vibrating dildo inside of her pussy, both a little sore from too much action of late, she pushed through any nagging pain as she closed in on yet another orgasm while imagining her two sons, naked, and standing proudly in front of her. Her Jacob, lean and tall. Her Michael, strong and just nearly as tall. Both of their fat dicks at attention. Stephanie's mouth watered as she saw herself grabbing Michael's in her hand while moving her mouth over Jacob's, giving her first-born the first shot at her mouth.

"Oh, fuck, boys," she said in the dark room. "Give Mommy your cocks. Let me taste you."

Back in her mind, she relished in the first drops of precum Jacob gave to her before moving over to slip Michael into her mouth. He'd probably grab her head and force-fuck her mouth with a few strokes. Not too far to make her gag with disgusting consequences, but enough to appeal to the submissive side of her that longed to be used as a slut.

She could feel the orgasm climbing so the foreplay would have to be closed off there as she moved to her favorite new image. Straddling Jacob, she gripped his cock in her dainty hand. Sliding him into her, she sunk every rock-hard inch into her juicy pussy. Her tits mashed against his chest and she moved down to kiss him on the lips, moaning as his tongue entered her mouth. She moaned again as she felt Michael position himself behind her.

Breaking the kiss, she looked over her shoulder and grinned at him. The facial expression was returned. She turned her head back to look at Jacob, who also grinned.

"You ready, Mom?" he said. Unknowingly, she repeated the sentence in a darker voice in her bedroom. She was alone, naked, and bridging off the bed.

But in her head, she was telling Jacob - and again, repeating out-loud - "I'm ready to get filled up by my boys."

To join the image in her head, she wet a finger in her mouth before moving it south. Sliding her hand over her ass, Stephanie found her asshole and pressed.

Michael's cock would be much bigger. It would challenge her willingness, but as turned on as she was, she would fight through any reservations. Hissing, she pushed herself to relax and take his cock slowly into her waiting ass. She had never felt better. This was nirvana.

She came. Not on Jacob's cock, though she longed for it. Not with Michael's dick in her ass, but only her own finger. Powerful waves of pleasure soared through her body as she bridged off the bed. A pair of slick, drenched fingers toyed

with her clit while the dildo hummed in her pussy. The room was filled with squishy, wet sounds.

And within seconds, the orgasm was over. Slowly, she fell back to the bed, increasingly aware of how uncomfortable it felt as she put so much of her weight on the top of her toes that had laid flat against the bed. Letting her body relax, she allowed her hand to remain at her pussy. She could hear the music from the mix once more - still playing songs she barely knew. Slowly, she turned and placed the dildo, now turned off, on the nightstand. She also grabbed the baby monitor, pulling it close. She would have to get up soon. Put her "good mother" hat back on. But for now, she gave herself a few moments to rest her muscles that had tensed up so strongly during her orgasm. She was smiling.

Minutes passed. She heard Bella start to babble to herself, which warmed her body. Still nude, she tried to will herself to climb to her feet. Lyssa and Nathan should be back soon. She had indulged herself quite enough for now. "Get dressed, you son-fucking slut," she thought to herself. It made her grin.

"What do we have here?"

Her moment of tranquillity was broken by the question. She moved one hand to try, with little luck, to cover her breasts while keeping a hand over her pussy as she looked to the door. It was Michael. She must have not heard him come in.

"Wha...what are you doing here?"

Michael took a moment to drink everything in. When he had arrived at the house, he was excited to see that no other cars other than his mother's were there. Might he get a few moments of his mother's attention all to himself? He thanked the heavens for making it rain. Slipping into the house, he saw no signs of his mother outside of muffled music from the stairs that led to the second floor. Placing his book-bag down, he climbed those stairs slowly.

The music was definitely not her type. Too modern and too much of a Killer's vibe. Had to be influenced by his brother. Michael made a note to remember to give her improved

music choices. Maybe some Kendrick Lamar. Meek Mill. Of course, some Eminem.

He couldn't hear any voices. Only the music. Was she sleeping?

And that's when he came to the door and saw her. He almost had to remind himself to breathe. His gorgeous mother was laying naked atop the covers, her hand between her legs. She wasn't really playing with herself - he must have missed the show - but just the sight of his naked mother with her hand between her legs made his blood race and warmth covered his body. His dick began to grow and pulsate in his pants.

Her eyes were closed, which helped to give him enough time to compose himself and sound his usual cocky self when he said, "what do we have here?" But deep down, all he wanted was to beg her to fuck him. He desperately wanted her. Wanted what his brother had.

She had asked, while desperately - and comically - trying to cover her busty body with her hands, what he was doing there. While never letting her eyes move away from lingering on his oversexed mother, Michael leaned against the door jam and replied, "Haven't you looked outside? Practice was cancelled."

During her masturbatory episode, the music covered the sound of the wind and rain that had picked up over the last several minutes. Even without the music, she doubted she would have heard Michael enter in her current state. She needed to cum after all. Worse, the orgasm only scratched an itch that still remained. Her body continued to feel like it was on fire and the way her son stared at her was only making that fire burn hotter.

It was that mindset that had her thinking things she shouldn't. She didn't want it this way. Or did she? Maybe it was the thrill of potentially getting caught? Whatever the case, she knew she had precious little time, but found herself moving her hands away from covering her tits and pussy. She eyed her son hungrily. And despite her better judgement, she said, "Well,

this wasn't how I envisioned this going - I thought we would have more time - but God dammit, Mommy needs to cum. You ready to back up that smart mouth of yours?"

Michael was shocked. Not only by her words, but by her willingness to let him see all of her. His cock hardened even more in his pants, making a silent plea to be released from its restrictions.

"You want me to..." He gulped, which made Stephanie chuckle. "...go down on you?"

She laughed, which made Michael feel a sense of intimidation he wasn't quite used to.

"No, dummy," she replied. "I want you to fuck me. Hard. Fast. Until I cum all over your cock. Think you can handle that?"

This wasn't his mother, Michael thought. This wasn't the way she talked, nor the way she acted. She looked just like her,

though. Her hands no longer attempting to limit his view. Rather, she moved her leg up and let a finger split her pussy lips as his mouth grew wetter from desire. Her big tits and hard nipples begged to be touched. Maybe this was a pod person, but he couldn't say no.

Or anything for that matter. He silently stared at his naked mother with desire. She was growing impatient.

"Nothing? No response?" Stephanie said, breaking his concentration. "I guess you can't handle this after all. I guess that spectacle you put on the other night was completely for show. "

She shrugged her shoulders and got to her feet. She started to move to where she had placed her change of clothes, but her youngest son's voice stopped her.

"Back on the bed," he said in a low voice. "Like you said, we don't have much time."

She halted mid-step. A smile developed on her face as she moved her head to look at him. Stephanie raised her eyebrows and nodded her head before turning around and moving back to the bed. Climbing on it, she bent over. She was suddenly aware that she was putting her hands directly on the side her husband slept on. Behind her, she could hear her son stripping down. Turning her head, she caught sight of his cock and her body shivered. He was hard. More to the point, he was ready.

Stephanie turned back around, making sure to push her ass up high as if her son needed to be tempted any more. She prayed that Bella wouldn't start crying or no one else would return to break this up. Her pussy begged to be toyed with, but she denied it. She wanted her next orgasm to belong completely to Michael.

As he shook the rest of his clothes off, he re-focused his attention on his mother. She was all his - just the way he desperately wanted from the first time he heard her fucking his brother. He badly wanted to capture the image of her ass

pushed up, her full pussy lips visible, but such fun stuff would have to wait. As if he needed further convincing, she turned her head again and grabbed her left ass cheek. Pulling it to the side, her brown star was visible.

"Make mommy cum hard and maybe you can fuck this hole, too."

Seriously, he thought to himself. Is this really Mom?

Shaking his head and grinning, he moved to the bed with his steely rod leading the way. She bit her lip before again turning away as he stepped behind her, letting one hand grab her hip firmly. Grabbing his cock with his other hand, he slid the tip of it up-and-down her slit. She was drenched in pussy juice and soon, the helmet of his dick was as well. She moaned and shook wildly for a moment. She implored him to stick it in and ever the obedient son, he felt her vagina give way as he pushed slowly inside her. She again moaned - this time loudly - and impatiently pushed back against him as his penis disappeared completely from view deep within his mother.

For the first time in over 18 years, he was back inside of her. He knew he wouldn't wait to return that long ever again.

His other hand no longer needed to hold his cock so he grabbed her hips firmly with both now as he pulled back and rushed forward once more, slamming into his mom so hard she yelped in surprise. The yelps turned into cries of pleasure as her son rocked back and did it again, driving into his mother with long and sudden strokes, his balls slapping against her clit and sending streaks of lightening through her body each time.

A new orgasm - her last one had seemed so strong only minutes before - quickly started to build again. The fact shocked her some. She couldn't remember a time where she had been so turned on and so on fire. Her husband was fucking her pussy regularly. Her oldest son would soon be home to claim his mother's cunt once more. And now, her youngest son was using her body and she couldn't be happier. The guilt, she knew, would be heavy on her heart. But she was also was quite aware that the guilt would pass and her desires would once again win out.

Michael wasn't worried about any guilt as he continued to fuck his mother. He was too busy enjoying the fantasy come to reality. His mother's pussy was tighter than he expected - a product of a woman who knew how to work her pussy muscles well. Every inch of his dick rubbed against the velvety canal, driving him crazy. He tried to keep his cool and ignore the tinglings he felt in his balls. There was no way he could orgasm this quickly. Hence why he kept the long, slow strokes. Once he picked up speed, there was no way he could hold back the rush of juice that would soon paint her insides. He wondered...maybe he could get her pregnant, too?

Stephanie's cunt was spasming wildly and instinctively, she met her son's thrusts as she came ever-so-close to falling over the edge into orgasmic nirvana. She needed this. She deserved this. Her son had teased her far too much and he was finally coming through. And she was cumming, too. All over his cock as her pussy clamped down, trying to milk him, while she found herself saying things without even thinking.

"Fuckkkk...yes! Make me cum! Make your mommy cum! All over her son's big, fat cock! Fuck, yes, Michael, do it! Slap my ass. Punish your *mommyslut!*"

Grinning, he slapped her ass. Not satisfied with the lack of a loud smacking noise from the initial strike, he did it again and her pussy somehow tightened more. Unable to avoid the inevitable at this point, he sped up his strokes as his mom seemed to orgasm for a ridiculously long time. He slapped her ass yet again, enjoying the sight of how his hand-print was showing up on the white skin along with how his mother's cunt spasmed with each slap.

"You love this dick?" he hissed at her.

"Ohhh...yes...fucking love your dick..." she replied, almost absentmindedly. Her pussy was still rocking and her whole body felt numb.

"You want me to-" he was about to say "cum," but they both stopped moving. Both stopped moving, in fact. Because they

both heard it. The front door opened and closed. Had the baby monitor not been in the living room downstairs, it may have not been so clear.

The couple held their breath despite Stephanie's pussy still convulsing around her son's dick.

"Hey, little monster," they heard through the speaker. "Where's your mommy?"

It was Lyssa talking to Bella.

Panicked, Stephanie did the only thing she could think of. She disengaged with her son, his cock sliding from her pussy, and moved to the door. "Lyssa!" she called out. "I'm going to take a shower! Can you watch Bella for few minutes?"

Her daughter was half-way through saying that she would when Stephanie closed the door and locked it. Turning to face her son, she moved to him quickly and slid to her knees. His

cock hadn't lost any of its hardness as she sucked him deeply into her mouth, tasting the delicious cocktail of her own pussy juices flavored with precum. Stephanie moved to grasp his tight balls, massaging the orbs lovingly. She tried to suck him completely, though she couldn't hold off gagging briefly on his cock as it pushed deeper than she was used to.

Moving back, she marveled as his dick. God, he really was a specimen.

Looking up, she said, "we don't have much time. Fuck my face. Cum in my mouth, on my face, on my tits - just cum soon."

Again, she engulfed his dick and he quickly got the memo, grabbing her head roughly and thrusting into her mouth. She held him by the root to keep him from making her gag too badly, but she still found herself light-headed as he kept pushing deeply into her mouth and sliding into the beginnings of her throat. She had told him to fuck her face and he certainly didn't need to be coaxed into being

aggressive like his brother. He used her mouth as a second pussy and didn't care if he hurt her. It made her cunt throb even as her eyes watered and tears fell down her cheeks. She longed to taste his cum.

He wanted to watch the spectacle of his mother getting skullfucked, but his eyes were closed tightly as he reveled in the pleasure his mother was putting him through. His orgasm was close - so every close. Part of him wanted to make her swallow every bit of it. But a bigger part of him wanted to own his mother. To mark her with his seed - even if she was going to wash it off.

Michael pushed her head back while also moving away, earning a whimper from his mother. He started to jack his saliva-drenched cock, the smacking sounds filling the room. From her spot on her knees, Stephanie grabbed her tits and pushed them up while opening her mouth like the best porn star she could be.

"Give it to me, Michael," she whispered. "Give me all your cum. Every. Last. Drop."

Stifling a loud groan, Michael's hips jolted forward as the first stream of cum rocketed from his cock. A millisecond later, it splashed against his mother's left cheek. A second streak of juice hit her on the forehead as she instinctively moved her head back in response. The third stream smacked her in the nose and mouth and she quickly closed her mouth to swallow what juice she was given before opening up again. Her son aimed and another shot smacked the right side of her face. More followed, bombarding her face with so much cum that she wondered if he had been saving up. One big shot hit her directly in the mouth, but she willed herself to wait to swallow until his orgasm had ran its course.

Finally, the last few spurts lacked the force and volume of the previous seven or eight and they landed on her tits and stomach. Her eyes were shut tight and burned. Yet, she didn't complain about the ordeal, nor did she deny her son when he pushed his still stiff dick into her mouth. She sucked him, trying to find any last drops of juice. There were none, but she

finally swallowed the cum that had been collecting in her mouth. Her son then surprised her, rubbing his dick over her face. She was confused by the action, though she was awarded more of his sticky juice when he again pushed his now-softening dick into her mouth.

After a few moments of rest, she softly told him, “Lead me to the shower, son.”

He held both of her hands and pulled her up to a standing position. Her knees hurt from the floor and her legs felt wobbly as her youngest son helped her to the bathroom. She heard him turn on the water and fiddle with the hot and cold knobs, trying to get it just right. While she loved how delicious her son tasted, she desperately wanted to wash off and prayed her eyes wouldn't look too red from how much they were stinging by now. Michael helped her into the shower and closed the door.

She heard him leave as she washed her face thoroughly. She could still taste him in her mouth.

"I'm the world's worst mother," she said softly.

She had a big grin on her face.

## Chapter 8

### Present Day

Stephanie Ball woke up and started her morning routine. She used the bathroom, washed up, and brushed her teeth. Her husband, Nathan, stirred in bed as she moved past - sitting up as he began his own routine. Stephanie grabbed her nearly two-month-old daughter, Bella, from the bassinet. The baby's eyes were wide awake and she played around with her feet as her mother changed her. As Nathan turned the shower on, Stephanie slipped a onesie on Bella and swooped the baby up into her arms. She then moved down the hallway before knocking on her son's door.

"Michael, time to get moving," she said through the door. Seconds later, he opened the door and stretched. She tried to ignore the flutter in her stomach as she stared at his toned body. Dressed only in a pair of boxers, the mother couldn't stop herself from gawking a little. He gave his mother a groggy, "good morning," and kissed the top of Bella's head. He then hugged his mother, his hand brazenly grabbing her ass and squeezing. Stephanie did nothing to stop him.

It was part of her new normal. The evening before, she fucked her youngest son. Everything was different. Her other son, Jacob, was starting finals tomorrow and would be finished with his last final next week.

March had been a crazy month with the arrival of Bella. April had been even crazier with the revelation that Michael was aware of her incestual relationship with Jacob and the month ended with the two having sex. It was now May 1. What might this month bring?

"Come on, get moving. Do something about that dragon breath, too," she said with a smile. "Especially if you want Mommy to give you a kiss goodbye."

She moved away, unsurprised by the slap on her ass that Michael gave her, and went downstairs to get the coffee started and feed Bella from her engorged breasts. The rest of the morning went by as if things were completely normal. Her husband rushed through, perpetually late as usual, filling his travel mug with coffee and grabbing a protein bar before giving his wife a kiss goodbye. Her son came rushing through kitchen shortly after, grabbing a water and an apple for the ride to school. He, too, kissed Stephanie - more passionately and with need than the peck she received from her husband. And then he was gone. In an hour or two, her daughter would also be off to classes at the community college.

She wouldn't kiss Stephanie, though. The mother as she put her coffee cup down. Maybe she ought to. Seems like the kind of thing that was becoming normal in this family.

Stephanie shook her head wildly. Where the fuck did that come from? she thought to herself while making the promise to watch some lesbian porn once she had some "me time" available.

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There would be no such luck as they had yesterday for the two new lovers. The sun was out and Michael would be playing baseball after school. His team was trying to secure a spot in the state playoffs and had just two games left, including the game later that day. They needed to finish at least fourth in the district to sneak into the postseason. Michael and his teammates worked all season to do so and in Michael's first three years, they never played a playoff game. He wanted to go out on a high note.

Yet, as he went through the day, all he wanted was to head back to his mother. The sight of her was imprinted in his head. He barely was conscious during Chemistry and Calculus - bombing a quiz in the latter.

He made a detour during lunch, slipping into a bathroom stall. His cock had been stiff in his pants all day. He even considered seeing if Emma was up for some lunch-time fun, but knew fucking her would only make him think about how she wasn't his mother. That's the only pussy he wanted. Not that he wouldn't get pussy elsewhere - Prom was coming up after all. But for the time being, he didn't want to get with anyone but the same woman who once gave birth to him.

Pulling out his cell phone, he angled the camera to capture how hard he was, giving his cock a few dry strokes just to make it even more rigid. Taking a picture, the teen grinned as he typed a message before sending the lewd photo.

A few miles away, his mother's phone beeped. She wasn't at home, though. Instead, she was at a baby check-up for Bella with Dr. Fitzgerald. The latter, a sweet woman in her 40's, was telling Stephanie all about how Bella was looking great and everything looked wonderful. With one hand holding the baby, who was ready for a nap and was getting a bit cranky,

Stephanie pulled her her own, expertly punching in her pass-code with her free hand.

"So, how are things at home since the baby," Dr. Fitzgerald asked. With a grin, she added, "You and Nathan finding time for each other? I know you're a veteran at this, but with Bella turning two months soon, you two should be fine for intimate relations."

Stephanie tried to listen to the doctor's comments, but her eyes were glued to the cock she was looking at on her phone. Her mouth suddenly became more watery and her pussy, sensitive from the beating Nathan and Michael and even herself had given it lately, throbbed. She had half a mind to go take her son out of school, find the first spot they could be private, and fuck him hard until he sent another stream of cum into her juicy cunt.

Putting the phone away, she looked at Dr. Fitzgerald. The doctor looked a little annoyed.

"I'm sorry, what were you saying?" Stephanie asked.

"Only making sure that you and Nathan are taking time to enjoy one another's company. I'm sure you're OB has been over this with you and again, you're no first timer, but you're beyond the period where we recommend avoiding intercourse. Just making sure you're not all-baby, all-the-time."

"Oh, yeah," Stephanie said while her mind was still focused on her younger son's cock. "We've been fucking for a few weeks now."

She immediately put her hand over her mouth as Dr. Fitzgerald gave her a look of surprise.

"I'm so sorry, Dr. Fitzgerald. I didn't mean to be so vulgar."

The family doctor chuckled and smiled back at Stephanie. "Hey, it's good to know you two are finding time to have fun."

They both laughed. Seconds later, Dr. Fitzgerald handed her information about the baby's weight and height along with a piece of paper of what to expect from a two-month old child, even though the doctor once again pointed out that Stephanie probably didn't need the information. Stephanie felt like it was just another way of calling her old. She put her daughter back in her car seat and moved toward check-out. Spotting a bathroom, she ducked into it. Not because she needed to use the facility, but because she had a different duty as a mother. Her son had sent a caption with the pic. "need 2 blow a load. can u help?"

Bella was already almost ready to nap as Stephanie placed the car seat down on the tiled floor. She moved it away to face the wall so Bella didn't see her slip off her shirt. The nursing bra followed. Checking her hair in the mirror, she noticed that she had a ridiculous grin on her face. Staring back at the reflection of the large-breasted woman, Stephanie said, "I'm such a bad mommy."

After considering her options for the right picture to get her youngest son to cum, she decided to use the mirror. Hiking a foot up on the toilet, she navigated on her phone to the right settings before slipping a hand underneath the waistband of her slacks. The hand was quite visible as it pushed against the fabric. Eyeing the phone, she tried to hold it still and also capture everything she wanted her son to see. She nearly changed her mind - not because she didn't want her son to cum for her, but because she considered stripping further. But that would take too much time. Instead, she shot a few pics.

In the first, she had a mischievous grin on her face. The second included her moving her hand from her slacks to her breast and pinching the nipple. Milk was visible as she pressed the "take a photo" button. Finally, she brought her hand to her face and sucked on her finger as she took the last pic. One-after-one, she sent them to her youngest son. The final included a caption to not share the pics with anyone.

She got herself together and grabbed Bella, but stopped at the door. With another grin, she sent the pics to Jacob as well. She also considered sending them to Nathan, but passed.

It took only a few more strokes for Michael to blow his load once the pics were finally sent. And not a minute too soon as the bell rang, letting him know he needed to rush to class. He was wise enough to stand and try to aim his explosion of cum into the toilet before he made a mess of himself. As he finished, he snapped another picture of his still-hard tool. A drop of cum decorated the tip. He sent that to his mother with a "thanks, mom" caption.

Stephanie had just placed Bella in the car when she received the notification. In the middle of the parking lot, and covering the phone with her hand to limit the glare from the sun, she looked at the pic and felt her pussy moisten. Seconds later, she received another picture.

It was Jacob's cock this time. He, too, had blown his load to her pictures.

The mother slid into the front seat, squeezing her legs tightly together, as the image she couldn't shake entered her head at an inopportune moment. She wanted - perhaps needed was a better word? - to be covered in her sons' cum. She just wasn't sure how she would make it happen.

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### **Winter Break, Over a Year Ago**

Nathan's soft snores were usually comforting to her, but tonight, they had Stephanie on edge. Her husband arrived home with Michael earlier in the evening and while she had been overjoyed to see them, she was also convinced he knew something was wrong with her. In two decades of being together, she had never strayed. Not once.

That all changed over the last few days. At first, she tried to avoid Jacob following their initial sex in his room, spending

much of the day shopping and driving around. She blamed the alcohol, the story he wrote, her hyper-sexed mood. She had fucked up, yes, but Jacob was an adult. He fucked up as well and let his fantasy win out over rational thought. After making every excuse she could to not come back to her house that day, she slowly entered the house just before the short winter sun disappeared. She was ready to tell him that they had made a mistake and for the good of the family, the mistake would stay between them.

Of course, when she found him, she wasn't ready for him to be nude after having stepped out of the bathroom following a shower. She didn't remember grabbing him and pulling her son into her bedroom. But she did remember how she tore off her clothes while sucking his cock. She felt she looked like a mess as she climbed on top of him. One sock remained on, her underwear was simply pulled to the side, and her breasts were spilling out of her bra that she yet to remove.

Nevertheless, as she slid every inch of his lengthy cock into her waiting pussy, the regrets disappeared.

They fucked two more times that evening - once more on the bed she shared with her husband and a second time as he fucked her hard from behind as she drooled on the dining room table. In the morning, as she prepared for the arrival of her husband and Michael, she marveled as her oldest son ate her pussy on her bed's just-changed sheets - she changed them a second time. Later, the wait became too much as she crawled onto her son as they watched television, fucking him, but forcing him to not cum in her pussy in case her husband wanted a piece later that night. His load was sweet and a little less filling than usual, but she drank it down happily.

Now, she was petrified that Nathan knew something. He seemed tired and grouchy about the traffic on the return trip, which was understandable. In fact, he was almost dismissive of her, crashing in bed after dinner without even so much as a kiss goodnight. But her mind rushed with thoughts that he knew about her actions. No, she told herself. If he did, he would have yelled. Everything is okay, she kept trying to reassure herself.

To calm her nerves, she slid quietly from the bed and moved down the steps to the kitchen. Once there, she poured herself a small glass of Bailey's on the rocks. Walking over to the dining room table, she sat against it as she nursed her Irish creme while looking outside. The thoughts of the previous two days rocked her. How could she have done such a thoughtless thing to her wonderful husband?

But, as she was quickly learning, the worst thing was how much she wanted to do it again. Throughout dinner, she could feel her oldest son looking at her. She could only imagine the filthy, fuck-up things she was doing to him in his mind. And imagining it only made her hornier and wetter.

Footsteps coming down the step tore her away from the perverse thoughts in her devious mind. Expecting her husband had woken from his slumber and wondered where his wife was, Stephanie was surprised to see Jacob. He was dressed only in boxer's, which was far less than she had ever seen him move around the house in - the last several hours withstanding. Seeing his mother, he moved to her.

She stepped away, though she wasn't even sure why. He came to a halt once he saw that.

"Mom," Jacob whispered. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," she said automatically. But as he gave her a look, she explained herself further. "Okay. I'm having a few conflicting thoughts about what we did. It was so wrong. You must know that. A mother and a son should never-

"Why not?" he interrupted, which stopped his mother mid-sentence. "You're not taking advantage of me. I'm an adult, Mom. I don't even think what we did was illegal."

She shook her head. "I'm not talking about the legalities. I'm talking about simple right-and-wrong."

"It felt plenty right to me," he said with a grin that made his mother want to kiss him. "Didn't it?"

She had to admit that one of the things that bothered her the most is how natural it felt to fall into bed with her son. She liked to think of herself as a progressive, modern-day woman. Stephanie wasn't sure if you could call her a feminist - the term very much confused her, in fact. But she believed in progressive causes and didn't often concern herself too much with traditional mores to guide her life.

Yet, incest was one of those few things that, until recently, was undoubtably sick and against everything she knew. Oh, sure, it was no big thing if Cersi and Jaime engaged in it on Game of Thrones, but that was set in an alternate reality during a less-advanced time. Stephanie was an avid watcher of Law & Order: SVU. She knew just how wrong incest could be.

And somehow, despite all of her misgivings related to this act between family members, she couldn't ignore the newfound attraction to her son. The strong want and desire drove her. The draw to him that she couldn't quite fight against no matter how hard she tried to.

But she made an effort even as her voice was shaky while her mind ran through the scenarios of how she would fuck her boy next. "It felt...nice. But it was still so bad."

"Bad?" he replied with a smile. He took another step toward her. She shuffled her feet backwards, again pressing her ass against the dining room table. "Was it bad because you're a mother who sucked her son. Tasted his cum. Fucked him until you came around his dick."

She felt like her pussy - already moist at the images in her head - was now dripping as her son moved even closer. If he pushes the issue, she contended, she'll give him everything he wants. There's no way I'll stop him. No chance.

"Or was it bad because you want it again. Even now. With your husband and my father here."

She pushed against the dining room table as if she could move further away. Logically, she didn't even know why. Perhaps it was to give the impression that this wasn't what she wanted.

Maybe it was a desperate attempt to keep control of a situation that was rapidly spinning out of control. But as his hand moved to curve around her hip and he moved even closer, she knew what she must do. She didn't try to move around him. She let herself enjoy the hand as her heart seemed to skip a beat.

She nearly laughed at how fucked up the thought was. But for some reason, there was Carrie Underwood singing to her. Jesus, Take the Wheel.

Well, if I'm going to be burning for eternity, I'm going to fucking love how I got there.

Stephanie cocked her head and Jacob leaned down to kiss her. At first, despite his developing bravado, his kiss was still hesitant. The kind of kiss you give your lover in public. She wanted more and shoved her tongue into his mouth, pressing against his teeth for a moment until he got the idea to open his mouth more and play with her tongue as well. Her hands slid against his skin, pulling him in tightly as she pressed on

his back. She felt his hard cock against her stomach and her cunt begged for it again.

Her hands first found their place in the middle of his back as she wrapped her arms around him. They soon moved south and found his boxers. Moving her hands underneath, she gripped his ass roughly as she continued to kiss her eager son. The boxers soon were falling to the floor, leaving Jacob completely nude.

She considered dropping to her knees, but they were already flirting with danger. No reason to chance it with more foreplay, though Stephanie desperately wanted to taste her boy again soon. He simply tasted sweeter than any other man she had ever sucked. Obviously, that included her husband.

The boy was comically alarmed as she pushed him away and nearly stumbled over his boxers at his ankles. He was both confused and concerned that she was backing out, but Stephanie knew she could put him at ease with quick movements. Turning away, she hiked up her nightshirt and

slid her own panties to the floor. Then, she bent over the table she ate dinner at only a few hours before. In the moonlight, the goosebumps on her ass were visible to Jacob, who got the memo loud-and-clear. Closing the short distance between the two, he gripped his cock hard, bent his knees slightly, and pressed into her clumsily.

She didn't mind the over exuberance of youth. He hit the right hole after all. With her hands flat against the table, she prepared for him to give her cunt the hard fucking it so desperately wanted. But her son was slow in his movements, savoring every inch as he continued to push into her mother's pussy.

This was not the time to be subtle. In a harsh whisper, she told her son, "Fuck me, Jacob! Fuck me hard! Give it to me!"

His hands moved to her hips and she felt her fingers press hard into her skin. A smile developed on her face. There we go.

Rearing back, Jacob rushed forward in a flash, his cock rubbing against her tight walls while his balls flew up to smack against her clit, which felt like it was on fire. She stifled a moan into the table, opening her mouth and pressing it against the finished cherry wood. She desperately wanted to let go, but knew that was impossible. She prepared for and received another strong push forward from her eager son. The mother thought back to something he said as her pussy spasmed around his long cock. "It felt plenty right to me," Jacob had said to her. Her mind still wrestled with the thought, but her body was very much in agreement.

A slight pain was developing in her upper thighs as her son fucked her roughly. She knew the dining room table was going to leave a mark as it pressed deeply into her thighs every time he pushed his weight forward. She also didn't care. Not one fucking bit.

Jacob watched as her ass rippled with each drive forward. A few days ago, he was just a virgin obsessed with the idea of fucking his mother. But that only happened in his wildest dreams, not the very real present. As he gripped her tightly and pushed every rock-hard inch of his now dripping cock

into her waiting pussy, he said a quiet "thank you" to Paula. His ex-girlfriend finding his story on his computer wasn't ideal, but it certainly worked out.

Without consciously deciding to do it, Stephanie was rocking back against her boy, matching his movement as she tried to force him deeper inside her. But seeing that pushed him to fuck her even faster, his balls continuing to slap hard against her pussy and sending electric shocks throughout her body. The smacking sounds of their bodies together should have worried the mother - gave her caution with her husband and other son also in the house. But she could only think about one thing: how to fuck Jacob's cock and how to fuck it harder.

Her pussy built up to an orgasm as one of his hands grabbed at her meaty ass. Moving her right arm in front of her, she tried to limit the sound coming from her by pressing her mouth tightly against the skin. It didn't work completely, but again, she was too far gone to the moment and was merely proud of herself for even trying.

Jacob could feel her pussy squeeze his cock deliciously and even though he was still pretty new at having sex, he could tell by the way her hips started to dance up and down frantically - along with the increasingly volume of her moans - that his mother was cumming around his cock. The knowledge of it made him smile, but the reactions of her body to her orgasm were too much for him to hold off.

"Gonna...cum..." he whispered out through clinched teeth.

Coming down from a strong orgasm, the mother's eyes shot open once she deciphered what her son said. Suddenly - and while it would be the first time during this affair, it would not be the last - the anxiety of her illicit activities returned in a hyper-specific manner. What should she do with his cum? Quickly, she did the only thing that made sense to her.

She pushed away from him, nearly throwing her son off-balance and into the floor, before turning in a flash - his cock leaving her pussy - and quickly engulfed him in her mouth. It took a matter of a couple of seconds, barely enough time for

the whole thing to register on Jacob. But the transfer from pussy-to-mouth quickly prompted his cock to blow. It was the kind of dirty, slutty thing Stephanie didn't do for her husband, but would grow to love doing for her lover. Tasting her sweet juices mixed with his precum was a nice precursor to the torrent of his cum that blasted into her waiting mouth. With so much sex over the last 36 hours, the volume wasn't quite as large, but no matter. She enjoyed every bit of it.

Throughout their marriage, she never developed a taste for Nathan's cum. Occasionally, she would taste him out of the desire to give him something special for a birthday or romantic occasion. Increasingly, she would take the load in her mouth and later spit it out, cleaning her mouth with antiseptic mouthwash soon after. But with Jacob, she quickly found herself getting a rush of joy from swallowing his load.

Just minutes ago, she was trying to come up with the best way to tell her son it was over. Now, she was looking forward to the next time she could taste every ounce of his juice.

She drank a bit more Bailey's to mask the smell on her mouth as she told her son to take his ass to bed. She did the same soon after, slipping beside her husband. He stirred and murmured something before the soft snores returned. Next to her sleeping husband, the naughty wife caught herself smiling. Despite the alcohol, she hadn't washed away every bit of Jacob's taste. Her pussy rocked as she enjoyed that a little more.

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## **Present**

Again, she was in the kitchen late at night thinking about what a slut mother she was.

But this time was different.

She was reveling in the knowledge of just how slutty of a mother she really was.

Stephanie wasn't struggling to find sleep. Rather, she was waiting for an appropriate time to indulge a second time in her new affair with Michael. It had been over 24 hours since the first time she felt his thick cock stretch her pussy before he blasted a load all over her face. The two didn't get much time alone after he returned following the game. His team lost, which made the chances they would win a spot in the regional playoffs less likely.

But his mother had a plan to make him smile. Softly, she climbed the steps to the second floor and entered the open door to her bedroom. After listening to Nathan's snoring for a few minutes and making sure Bella was fast asleep herself, she slowly seemed to skip toward the door. She had gotten quite adept at doing this. Probably not the best superhero power in the world, but leaving her husband in bed without him noticing you've left was still a unique skill.

Quietly, she moved to the doorway and grabbed the door. On the other hand of the door, she grabbed the knob and twisted it so when she closed it, it made less of a noise. Releasing the

knob slowly, she moved down the hall. She was already quite aware of how wet her cunt was.

She stopped for a second to listen for any signs of life from Lyssa's room. Hearing none, she continued to Michael's room. His door was closed and she opened it without knocking. He was sleeping - shirtless - and turned away from her. She considering trying to wake him up with her mouth, but such things were easier when you weren't trying to avoid detection by being methodical and slow. Instead, she moved to the other side of the bed and shook his shoulder. Finally, after a few seconds, he opened his eyes hesitantly.

"Baby?" she whispered.

"What time is it?" he responded through a yawn.

Looking at his clock, she responded, "Nearly one."

He shook the cobwebs out and propped himself up on his elbow. "What's going on?"

She bent down to get closer, her ears listening for any other doors opening. "Well, I was wondering - if you're not too tired or busy - if you'd - and it's fine if you don't - would like to stick your big cock back into my dripping, wet pussy until I cream all over it. If it's not too much trouble." Her stammering was to keep things light, not because she worried about the answer she'd get.

His eyes widened. "Yeah?"

"Oh, fuck, yeah," she told him. "Now, to avoid the possibility of us being overheard by a siblings - because that happens as you know - let's go to the basement."

The irony wasn't lost on her son, even if his brain was still half-asleep. After all, while he knew his mother was engaging in an affair, it was overhearing her fucking Jacob in his room one night that made it abundantly clear who the affair was

with. Michael threw the covers off and followed his mother as they both quietly moved down the hallway. He could feel the blood rushing to his dick as he watched his mother's ass, covered by a nightshirt, sashay from side-to-side as she walked in front of him.

After moving down the stairs, he couldn't deny it anymore and reached down to grab at her ass. She made a small yelping noise and gave him a half-dirty/half-pleased look. Following his mother's lead, they sped up to get to the door that led down the steps to the basement. A little bolder now, they moved down those steps quickly.

The basement wasn't completely finished and Stephanie swore every time she came down to do laundry, she was going to have a big yard sale and hire some contractors to turn the basement into something more usable. When Nathan and her settled on the house, they had big plans to put a guest room, a den, and maybe a game room/home gym downstairs. But kids and life had turned it into the land of forgotten toys, appliances, and home decor. The only reason she even came down the steps was to do laundry.

That is until her affair started with Jacob. The basement was often a perfect place to engage in sex when they were worried about being discovered. After all, they could easily hear any footsteps overhead and have plenty of time to get situated should her husband or another one of her children come looking for her. While Jacob and her didn't always escape to the basement for their trysts - there were only a few rooms in the house they hadn't fucked in actually - the basement became an easy go-to.

And it was why the futon was cleaner than it had any business being. She had used WD-40 to take away much of the squeaking and placed new sheets on it regularly. Being so close to the washer and dryer helped. She worried it would stand out, but outside of Christmas when the family came downstairs to uncover all of the decorations, it was rare that anyone else would adventure down the steps unless they, too, did laundry and they certainly didn't dawdle down here.

For his part, Michael couldn't remember the last time he came down the steps. It was a mess and he always made an

excuse why he was too busy for it when his mother or father got a bee up their asses about cleaning it up and doing something with the sheer amount of useless shit they had down there.

He followed his mother over to the futon. Despite the basement being a bit cooler than the rest of the house, she took no time to remove her nightshirt and her panties quickly came off as well. Turning and eyeing her son with a grin, she sat down on the futon. He found himself marveling once again at her nude form and was again shocked that his plan to fuck his mother had worked so easily. Only a few weeks of trying to push the horny woman to open her legs for him were needed for it to become a reality.

The 18-year-old was about to push his boxers down when his mom reached out, curled her fingers into the waistband, and pulled him closer. Then, as if she had turned into an expert porn star, she moved forward to graze her teeth against his increasingly hard dick through the fabric. She kept her eyes glued in on him as she did it. He felt the pressure from her

teeth, expertly given enough force to tantalize, but not hurt. It sent shivers down his spine.

Smiling, she started to push the underwear down. She loved this reveal - no matter if it were Nathan, Jacob, or her most recent lover, Michael. The way more-and-more of his hard cock was uncovered for her as she pushed the boxers lower made her heart flutter and her pussy moisten. And then, once the elastic band moved over the helmet, Michael's dick was freed and sprung up, smacking her in the chin. She laughed and pushed the boxers the rest of the way down - which was easier without his dick in the way. He stepped out of them and used his feet to push them to the side as she moved her head backwards a few inches to look at his cock.

She had to admit - her sons' tools just seemed like they got harder for her quicker than her husband's. He didn't need pharmaceutical help, but he also was rarely this raging hard even before things had really kicked off. Seeing Michael like this made her cunt further leak out and lubricate itself, conscious that such a well-sized dick would soon be pounding inside of her.

Moving her head closer, Stephanie extended her tongue and licked at the bottom side of the helmet, causing her son to catch his breath. A droplet of precum appeared and she couldn't help herself but to lick that up quickly. Moaning, she opened her mouth and swallowed Michael's cock for the first time - inch by inch. She almost felt a little guilty that all of her deep-throating training she learned to surprise Jacob was getting used on a different cock.

Almost guilty. But not really. He tasted too delicious to her for the guilt to be significant.

Michael had been with a number of women so getting his dick sucked was no new thing for him, but no former conquest had ever made his cock disappear from helmet-to-root so quickly and especially without warming up to it. He was astonished and immediately felt his knees weaken for a moment, but stayed strong as his mother slowly pulled back before again taking every inch into her mouth, slipping down her throat.

The mother was a little taken as Michael moved a strong hand to the back of her head. Not because she didn't enjoy having her face fucked, but because she didn't push the issue. But Michael wasn't one to ask and as her lips slid down over his veiny shaft, her son held her in place after forcing the last inch into her mouth. Fuck, she thought. Have I met my match?

His other hand gripped her head and instead of letting his mother control the action, he took over completely. His ass clinched as he force-fed his cock deep into her mouth, often holding her like that for a few seconds. Stephanie tried to breathe when she could, but it was becoming increasingly difficult.

"You like that, Mom?" he hissed at her, pulling back until only the head of his penis was inside of her mouth. She swirled her tongue around it, moaning and tasting more precum. Then he pushed forward once more before adding, "You like your son's cock? You like being my little whore, too?"

She wanted to tell him that she did. That she fucking loved it, in fact. She looked up at him as if her eyes could tell him to fuck her face harder before cumming deep within her waiting cunt. But she couldn't get a word out with her mouth and throat stuffed with cock.

The teenager picked up speed - unknowingly giving his mother the harder face fuck she so desired. She wanted to snake a hand down and play with her pussy, but was already struggling to keep her balance as he used her. Used, she thought. She was almost shocked with how much she loved the idea of being used. Her hands were on his legs instead of moving to her hungry cunt. Occasionally, she pushed on him when her air supply was cut off for too long. She didn't have to do that very often, though she was getting very lightheaded. And quite horny. She didn't want her son to come down her throat. Her pussy needed tending.

Michael closed his eyes and concentrated on how tight his mom's throat felt with his cock lodged deep in it. As he pushed as far as he could go once more and held there, his mom changed the game on him and licked his balls. His eyes shot

open and he looked back down. If it was possible to deep throat a cock, lick his balls, and smile all at the same time, his mother was definitely doing it.

Pulling back, he whispered, "Fucking hell, Mom."

She moaned and despite wanting her cunt to be pounded, she reached her hands around to grasp her son's ass and pull him back to her. He nearly lost his balance by her sudden movement as his cock once again found the back of her throat. She had some primal need to impress the boy. Licking his balls once more, her pussy spasmed as he growled in response. She held him like that for a few moments before finally letting him go. He pulled back and completely escaped her mouth - a thick string of saliva connecting both of them before it finally broke.

Michael was almost speechless. He also was close to cumming and needed a break. But as his mom eyed him hungrily, it was clear she wasn't anxious for a break. With the futon down in its bed form, she laid back and opened her legs. Sliding a hand

down, she toyed with her pussy for a moment before moving her now drenched fingers to her mouth. She made an audible moan around her fingers and closed her eyes, relishing in her own taste. She figured Michael, like Jacob, enjoyed the thought of her tasting her own juices.

She figured right.

As she opened her eyes, Michael was moving closer. She purred, "come fuck your momma," at him.

But he had other ideas. Or more, he needed more time or he would have come inside her pussy within a few strokes. When she saw his head duck between her thighs, Stephanie said, "That's okay, Michael. We don't have time. Just fuck..."

It was no use, however, as her son slid between her legs and began to lick at her juicy cunt. She kept whispering, "no," as her son's tongue slid up the folds of her pussy, pushing its way north to her engorged little clit. Partly, she told him no because of time issues. Also, because she considered a guy

going down on her a very private act that she had to work up to. It was something she had to plan out the first few times. Fingering was fine, but eating her out was one of those things that spiked her insecurities. Michael, though, pushed right through her hesitation.

Only a few weeks before, she witnessed her son going down on one of his girlfriends. She envied the little minx then, but now, after some anxious few moments, she was starting to revel in her son's manipulations. Clearly, he was a good deal experienced at this and quickly had his mother squirming as his tongue slid around her clit - never directly touching the hyper-sensitive bud. Stephanie closed her eyes tightly, focusing on the pleasure her son was giving her. His tongue continued to swirl around her pussy, even going lower to slide into her waiting hole where the most rich of her pussy juices were. Her breathing was quickly becoming erratic as her son drove her crazy. As she felt a finger push its way into the canal, she couldn't help but moan loudly. Quickly, she placed a hand over her mouth, but her son never hesitated as he continued to push his mother closer and closer to orgasm.

He had never tasted a cunt so rich and yummy and Michael was no novice despite his age. She spasmed around his finger and, with a smile, he slid his middle finger into her to join his index one. She bucked on the futon and he held onto her leg with his other hand. Sliding his mouth up, he created a seal around her clit and sucked lightly, earning another bucking of his mother's hips that were wilder than the first one.

She started to let go and dirty things just escaped her mouth. "Mmmm, Michael...yes, lick your mother...make her cum...you dirty little motherfucker, make your mommyslut cum..."

Her hands moved up to grip the wooden armrests of the futon as her son slid a hand up to grab at her right breast. Her husband had ignored her tits since they had filled up with milk - more because they often hurt than out of disgust. Nevertheless, she enjoyed the feeling of her son desperately wanting to touch them and just doing it. She didn't even complain as he pinched her nipple, milk spurting through the air and back down on her like a sprinkler. He moaned into her cunt, licking and sucking faster. She looked down to see him

eyeing her and then felt as he pushed her tit toward her head. At first, she was confused, but as he tried to angle the nipple toward her mouth, it became quite clear.

"Dirty little boy," she said with a smile. Bending her head, she licked at her nipple. The perversity of the whole thing - her son eating her pussy while she licked and now sucked at her nipple, tasting milk from reawakened milk ducts from having a child whose father was her other son - got to her. Releasing the fat nipple from her mouth, she told Michael that she was going to cum in his mouth. He found her clit, licking at it as his fingers slammed into her pussy over-and-over again.

"Oh, fuck! Yes!" She tried to keep her cries under control, though as her body began to shake, she couldn't be expected to keep control of anything happening anymore. She wasn't even aware of her back arching off the futon's cushion. Her son held onto her leg as he kept lapping up her juices that began to increase by the second. Her whole body seemed to explode, come back together, and explode again as tremors rocked her body from her toes to her hair. She gripped the futon's armrest hard - though she made no conscious effort

to do so. Her legs went straight, painfully staying like that for several moments as the orgasm continued to wreck her body into shaking fits as her son never let up. His fingers were absolutely drenched and squishy sounds of her pussy being finger-fucked filled the basement along with her cries, moans, and spastic breathing.

Her pussy continued to cum - longer than what seemed normal - until it finally became almost too much. She brought her thighs together, pressing against her son's head hard. She couldn't find her voice, let alone the words, so she tried to push him away from her pussy. Fighting her at first, he kept lapping at her cunt and tried to drink every drop of her pussy juices down. Finally, she was able to push him away enough and with the pressure on her head from her legs, he moved away - his chin almost dripping.

She closed her legs tightly as her body continued to shake. Her eyes also were closed as she focused on the pleasure that was almost too much to bear. Michael gave her a brief reprieve, but driven by his own needs and a cock that was extraordinarily hard, he moved toward his mother again. Grabbing her legs, he forced them open. She nearly voiced a

protest in response, but as she felt the head of his tool brush against the folds of her engorged pussy, she relaxed her legs to let him have better access. Opening her eyes, she looked up at her strong son and gave him a lazy smile. The lighting wasn't great in the basement, but she loved the way his face shined of her own pussy juice. Suddenly, with her body still sluggish to catch up, she was surprised when she felt his cock begin to push inside of her. Moaning loudly, she curled a hand around his neck and pulled him in for a kiss to both decrease the volume of her cries and to also taste her yummy sweetness on his lips and face. Throughout, he slowly sawed back-and-forth into her pussy that was still tight from her orgasm. It spasmed around his penis, muscles already attempting to milk his cock of the cum that was boiling in his sack.

Breaking the kiss, Stephanie opened her eyes to look again at her son - just a foot away now. "Fuck, Michael." Her voice came in a quick whisper as he pounded into her pussy with long, quick strokes. Noises of their bodies slapping together filled the room. "So good..."

Placing his hands flat against the futon on both sides of her large breasts, Michael moved away from his mother slightly for a better angle as he continued to slam his cock into her pussy. She had wrapped her legs around him, but once he moved up, they no longer reached to meet one another. Instead, she stretched them out wide, opening herself as much as she could for her son to fuck her deeply. Moaning wildly. she felt another orgasm overtake her.

Her cunt squeezed and spasmed around Michael's hard dick as he attempted to stave off his own orgasm. His balls continued to smack loudly against her as he drove home, themselves drenched in a cocktail of mostly her pussy juices, but also his precum. The thought made the mother's mouth wet. She knew he couldn't hold off for too much longer and she flash-backed to a similar instance when she threw caution to the wind with Jacob after the guilt of their first sexual encounters gave her pause. She definitely didn't have that hesitation anymore. She prompted Jacob to cum in her mouth to make it easier to hide their indiscretion. But something about Michael was different. She felt inherently

submissive to him. If he wanted to cum on her face and make her go to bed like that...well, she probably wouldn't go that far.

But she would pause and seriously think about it.

"You need to cum, baby?" she whispered to Michael as he jackhammered into her pussy, which squeezed and begged for his milky juice.

"Almost..." he said back through clinched teeth. Then, almost as an afterthought, he said, "Sorry. Too turned on."

She nearly laughed at him. "Don't worry, son. Mommy wants you to cum. Mommy deserves it. FUCK, YES! Give me every fucking drop!"

He began to let go, fucking his mother wildly as he slammed into her with the speed and force that neither Jacob or her husband could match. She ran her hands over his well-defined abs and tried to push up to meet his thrusts that

slammed her back onto the mattress. She cried out as yet another orgasm sent shocks of electricity throughout her body. Her pussy clamped down again on her son's tool and this time, he was powerless to stop his orgasm from releasing. He hadn't even considered where to cum on his mommyslut. Instead, he just released spurt after spurt of rich liquid directly into her waiting pussy. His mother nearly came again as she felt his dick swell inside of her. His movements slowed, but she kept pushing up her pelvis to meet him as her body tried to coax more cum from him. She had never filled so full.

Eventually, he sat up, his softening cock slipping from her pussy as cum began to leak from it. He looked down at his mother, whose eyes were closed. She had a smile on her face. Little drops of milk decorated the nipples of her filled breasts as Michael tried to will his heart to calm down.

Suddenly quite tired, the two threw back on their pajamas - her underwear quickly soaked as she put them in place. She sent him back to his room, but not before kissing him and driving her tongue into his mouth. After he left, she looked at the futon and the massive wet spot in the middle with visible

cum still on the sheet. Feeling quite slutty, she leaned down and ran her tongue over it. Mostly, she only tasted wet cloth, but she did get some of their mixed juices into her mouth. Cupping her lips around a juicy spot, she sucked at the fabric.

A few minutes later after throwing the sheet in the washer and mental note to do some laundry in the morning, she slid back into bed next to her husband. Her cum-filled pussy continued to convulse as she prayed that Nathan wouldn't try to get frisky before work.

# Chapter 9

## A Week After Jacob Returns from College

Stephanie Ball knew that this was inevitable. She couldn't compartmentalize this forever and live so many lives at the same time. No longer could she keep her affairs separate with no connection plus be a wife and mother. There was going to be a slip-up and everything would come crashing down if she didn't act quickly to address things. She had to be strong even though she badly wanted to hide under the futon. Sometimes, you can't run away from the truth no matter how scary it is to address it.

She could feel the cum trickling down her leg from her ass as she turned to face her lover. The wet tip of his cock, so hard only seconds ago, slid against the top of her back thighs as he looked at her with fearful eyes.

She turned her head again to face the uninvited guest.

"We should talk about this."

She only prayed they would listen.

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## **The Day of Jacob's Return**

As he drove his 2004 Honda Civic down Interstate 81, Jacob could hardly wait to get home. It had been a tough semester - tougher still because of everything that went on with his mother and Bella. When she informed him that she would only keep the fetus if he agreed to never consider himself the father, he thought that wouldn't be an overly complicated thing to do. After all, deep down, he knew he wasn't ready to be a Dad and that didn't even get into the mess of being the biological father to his mother's new baby that she was passing off as her husband's surprise child. When he saw Bella during Spring Break, he found out how much of an

attachment he had to the little tyke and now he wondered what his summer break would be like as he saw more of Bella.

Of course, there was also his mother. He felt like something was up with her lately. Sure, she still sent pictures - increasingly dirty ones - to him and while he loved them and used them to masturbate frequently, they weren't connecting for long conversations/phone sex that much of late. Maybe she was busy, but he felt there was something else.

Shaking his head, he took the turn-off exit. Another 30 minutes and he would be home with his family.

At the same time, his mother was in the shower. Stephanie had spent the day - when Bella wasn't making a fuss - straightening up the house, washing Jacob's sheets, and preparing a roast for that evening's dinner. She was all kinds of nervous, but also heavily anticipating the arrival of her oldest child. It had been nearly two months since she had been able to hug him or touch him. While she worried about things now that she had a second lover and how that might

work out, she was also looking forward to getting wrapped in Jacob's arms once more. She loved those little moments. It's how she knew her relationship with Jacob was so much more than sex. She genuinely loved the boy and not only as a mother. She felt a sense of calm in his presence. She longed to have that again.

And his cock. She couldn't forget his cock.

Throughout their time away from one another, the pictures they shared became increasingly explicit. Occasionally, Jacob sent GIFs to her of him stroking his cock and/or orgasming. She would save the GIFs to her Drive and view them several more times. For her part, she hadn't messed with taking video or making a GIF as she felt she looked better in pictures she could add filters to, but her pictures also became more daring. She had taken one such picture before popping into the shower, though she wanted to wait to send it. The largest of three buttplugs she had secretly purchased was firmly lodged into her asshole as she spread one ass cheek and used the mirror on the back of the door to get a good shot. She'd send

it shortly to let Jacob know that she was ready to give him her ass for the first time.

She was washing her hair when she felt a rush of colder air slice through the bathroom. A small click followed, indicating someone had closed the door and she was no longer alone. Stephanie became apprehensive and tried to clean her hair and face of the soap and bubbles. As she did, the shower door opened and her other son, Michael, slipped into the shower with her. She didn't know who it was at first as her eyes remained closed while she cleaned her hair, but as he wrapped his hands around her body and grabbed her ass, his hardening cock sliding between them, it became clear it wasn't her husband returning early. Plus, the boldness of the action also indicated it wasn't likely Jacob.

"Hey Mom," he said as he brought her lips against hers. They could both taste the residual soap, but that didn't stop either from opening their mouths and accepting one another's tongue. She couldn't say when Nathan would be home, which worried her. He mentioned he would try to make sure he was here before Jacob. Lyssa would be out for the evening so she

was of less concern, but regardless, she was becoming quite used to the fear of being caught versus the desires of touching, sucking, and fucking Michael.

Rinsing the rest of her hair, she slid her hands down to his chest and pushed him away slowly. He took a few steps back until he was against the far shower wall. Rubbing her eyes clear, she finally saw her naked son. His cock had quickly become like steel and her cunt spasmed at the sight.

"Michael, your dad could be home soon," she said, as she continued with her shower. Grabbing the loofah, she squeezed some body wash into it and satisfied with the amount of soapy suds, she began to wash her body - paying special attention to her large breasts. Little shots of electricity went through her body as she moved over her nipples. She tried, but couldn't help but smirk as she watched her son reach down to tug at his cock.

He moved to wrap his hand around her waist and draw her closer. "Guess we shouldn't waste time then," he replied. She

smiled at that and he bent down to kiss her lips, his tongue quickly moving between them. She opened her mouth and kissed him harder as her resolve, however low it may have been, completely disappeared as his cock pressed firmly against her.

Reaching down, he cupped her butt in his strong hands, forcing her to rub against him tighter. Her ass already felt pretty relaxed from the buttplug that had been recently inserted. Her hole slightly gaped open as he squeezed her ass cheeks, spreading her behind. His cock slid up, pressed between their tummies.

She still longed to have time to truly enjoy Michael's body to the fullest, but to this point, their sex was frantic and hurried as they tried to pleasure one another, but also not get caught. This would be another moment where they had to hurry to the finish line. Sucking him would have to wait. Licking his balls - also postponed. Riding his tongue until she came over-and-over - also off the menu.

Instead, she broke the kiss - licking his top lip as she parted - and turned away. Bending over, she pressed her hands flat against the shower wall as the spray hit her back and washed over her body. Her son hunched over slightly and grabbed his cock. To tease her, he rubbed it up-and-down her slit before parting the lips with a confident thrust.

"Fuck..." escaped her lips without conscious thought. Part of her screamed to stop this - even as it seemed inevitable that she was about to submit to her younger son yet again. Today was supposed to be about Jacob. But her body overruled whatever dissent was in her head as she rolled her hips against his cock, desperately trying to capture every single inch of his large dick as deep as possible.

The water accentuated the slapping noise that occurred as her son reared back and slammed his cock back into her hard, earning a sharp intake of breath from his mother. Balancing herself against the wall, she half-prepared for/half-anticipated another thrust of his large tool and was rewarded as her pussy muscles clenched around it. She grinned and looked back at him as the water hit her head and rushed over

her face. He was focused on the sight of his cock disappearing into his mother to notice her trying to look back at him at first, but when he did see that, he grinned back.

"Enjoying the view?" she asked him as she wiggled her behind.

He slammed a hand down, the slap echoing off the tiled walls of the stand-up shower, and his mother jumped slightly. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Fucking love this view."

Grabbing her hips once more, he slid every inch of his dick into her and she cried out as her head turned around. Closing her eyes, she focused on the sensations. All the worries about Jacob's return and everything else normally associated with her dual affairs with her sons melted away. All that mattered was this moment as Michael pushed himself deeper into her dripping cunt, her hips rolling against him without her even realizing she was doing it. The rest could await - her orgasm was needed this second. And fuck, if her boy wasn't speeding up the process with each deep stroke he made.

Michael couldn't get enough of watching his hard cock enter his mother. Perhaps it was because his mom had been a bit harder to get in bed than previous conquests, but the truth was that it gave him a feeling he couldn't quite describe seeing a part of him re-enter his mother eighteen years after he left the very same hole. Micheal was a smart young man, but the knowledge that he was fucking his mother still threw him for a bit of a loop even as he slid back until the beginning of the glans of his impressive tool was visible. He pushed back into his mother, each inch disappearing from view once more. He almost hated to cum because watching this gave him a high.

His mother desperately wanted to cum, but as her son methodically fucked her, the small pauses he took seemed to be prolonging her pleasure. It was intoxicating, but also a little frustrating. She needed her release so as he pulled back once more, admiring the view, she pushed back to again swallow every bit of his pussy juiced-drenched tool. It took him by surprise, but he was smart enough to get the memo. This wasn't a spectator sport for him. He had to hold up his end and get his mother off.

Fortunately for both, he was quite adept at doing just that. Holding her hips firmly, he pushed her forward, reared back, and slammed into her hard again. But this time, he followed it up with another quick thrust. She hissed, "yes!" at him and stopped moving to let her son take back over. With the dominance understood, over-and-over, his thick cock stretched the mother's pulsating cunt as it sawed in-and-out of her, making Stephanie moan as she closed her eyes to focus on the pleasure. A hand glided over her wet skin from her hips to her ass as he grabbed her roughly. Her pussy spasmed in response. All the while, her heavy breasts hung from her chest, swinging each time her son drove his dick deep within her pussy.

With her son no longer teasing her, an orgasm rocketed from her cunt and a low, guttural moan escaped from her throat. Michael watched in amusement as her ass moved up-and-down while she rode the wave of her orgasm. She felt like her body was on fire and her son's cock kept sliding against the walls of her pussy as he gave her no reprieve. She couldn't believe how amazing his cock felt inside of her. But as long as he kept giving her orgasms, she decided he could claim this

pussy anytime. She knew that was not logical, but as she started to rest her face against the shower wall while her son continued to fuck her, the orgasm was overruling her brain. Another would soon follow.

Her ass stopped moving up-and-down wildly and her cunt quit milking his cock quite as strongly. Meanwhile, he noticed that when she moved around, his hand had moved slightly to her asscrack - his thumb splitting the mounds. With a smile, he let the finger slide further south. His mother, who was in a dream-like state as her body continued to spasm, suddenly tensed up as her eyes shot open. It was only for a second as she willed herself to relax. They hadn't discussed anal as she had with her other son. She had been prepping her ass for Jacob with anal sex toys, but now, she wondered if she would even stop her younger son from just taking her. Logistically, the lack of lube would be an issue, but she found herself wondering if shampoo could work.

As her mind continued to ponder substitutes for the lube, Michael's eyes were glued to the little rosebud that seemed to wink at him every time he slid his cock deep into his mother.

He even pulled her ass further open with his other hand to get a better visual. Then, without asking, he dropped his thumb low enough to cover the crinkled hole and began to push. Not hard, but hard enough to earn a gasp from his mother. He didn't know how far he'd take it. Just knowing that she wasn't slapping his hand away or telling him "no" was driving him closer to orgasm. But he did know one thing - he would fuck that hole soon.

And his mother was quite comfortable with that thought. She grabbed the other ass cheek that he wasn't holding and let him have even more access. Without even a thought, she began to meet his cock once again, her body just reacting to her desires. She turned her head - her view of her son clouded by the shower stream that was still striking her back. She grinned at him and he seemed to notice her looking back at him. That's when he changed digits, sliding his ring finger against her asshole. This time when he pushed, her ass opened up and took his finger inside. Both of them moaned loudly. More of his finger pushed into her ass each time he thrust hard into his mother.

"Fuck me, Michael!" she commanded. He let go of her ass cheek and cupped his other hand around her hip. He tried to get into the rhythm of sliding his finger out slightly and forward with force at the same time his cock was rushing back into her. It drove the mommy slut wild and she started to cum again around his cock, her fourth orgasm already.

"Yes!" Stephanie cried out.

"Take it, Mom," her son told her.

"Yes, baby!" she replied as her orgasm ripped through her body. Her asshole seemed to spasm around his finger and without any fanfare, her son slid his middle finger into her butt to join his ring finger. Her orgasm seemed to reach a new level and her cunt clamped down on his cock. It was too much for her son and without warning his mother, his cum started to shoot into her pussy. Knowing that he was filling her up made the mother buck and reach an even higher stage of her own orgasm. She tried to brace herself up against the wall as her knees turned to jelly while her cunt convulsed around

Michael's cock. Behind her, Michael watched with fascination as his dick, which continued to saw back-and-forth into his mother, was streaked with milky white juice as he moved back before pushing back into her subconsciously. The boy had sex many times, but cumming inside a woman was a real rarity unless he had a condom on. He had to admit - he understood the appeal.

Finally, the two orgasms started to simmer. No more of Michael's juice joined the copious amount already deposited deep within Stephanie. Her cunt seemed to relax around his still rigid cock. She nearly fell as he pulled back a step, leaving her without the support she had grown to depend on during the last few minutes. Catching herself, she absentmindedly slid a hand underneath her body and felt her engorged cunt - the cum leaking and being washed away by the water. She cursed that part as she moved her hand to her mouth, barely tasting their cocktail of juice. She wanted more. Turning her head, she caught sight of her boy. He had moved to the far side of the shower, resting against the wall as he caught his breath. That's when she spotted his cock. It still had streaks of their cum decorating it as it softened. Acting only on impulse,

she turned and crouched down. She felt the cum from her pussy begin to slip out more freely as her mouth engulfed Michael's cock. He moaned loudly as his hyper-sensitive dick slipped into his Mom's mouth once more. She sucked him only for a few seconds, but the hard sucking power nearly brought the boy to his knees. Satisfied she had got every tasty drop, she looked up at him.

His smile warmed her heart.

"You should rinse off and get moving," she said before giving his cock one last lick. She moved to her feet and was surprised as he grabbed her and kissed her hard. She knew he could taste their cum on her lips and it made her pussy pulse in response.

Breaking the kiss, he slipped past her while replying, "Yes, Mommy."

She smacked his ass and soon, he left her alone. Turning away from the water, she slid two fingers inside of her pussy. Much

of the cum had already slipped out, but as she pulled her fingers out, she could see the yummy juice and quickly sucked her digits. She wanted even more, but she also needed to get a move on things. But fuck, if her son's cum mixed with her own wasn't the most delicious treat in the world.

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As Jacob pulled into the driveway, he took a moment to look at his home. Nothing was different from the outside. The white vinyl siding could still use a power wash while the rope still dangled from the tree in the front lawn that used to be connected to a tire. But he felt a small wave of nervousness rush over him as he sat in his car. Inside the house was his lover. And his child. But his lover was his mother and his child was his "sister."

He dealt with a mix of anxiety and excitement. During spring break, he dealt with much of the same shit, but his mother was still bouncing back from the birth. Plus, he had so little alone time with her, in general, to talk about things and before

he knew it, he was headed back to college. He barely held Bella, nor connected with her. But in the next three months? Things would be different, he was sure.

As he started to move, he heard another car pull up. Looking to his right, his father parked next to him and gave him a big smile as he turned his vehicle off and unbuckled. Jacob returned the smile, though he felt the familiar pang of guilt that followed seeing his father for the first time in ages. While the guilt soon faded each time, it nevertheless hit him hard. He had cuckolded his father - not so much intentionally, but definitely willingly. And as he climbed out of the car and his dad came around to give him a big bear hug, he felt like he was probably the worst son in the world.

He also knew he wasn't going to stop being that for some time.

"How was the drive?" his father asked, pulling away.

"Oh, not too bad," Jacob replied. "Once I got away from Charlottesville, it was pretty easy."

"Good to hear," Nathan replied. He helped Jacob with his bags and they started to the house. However, before they got to the porch, Nathan stopped and gave his son a look. It unnerved him at first. His father's eyebrows were raised like he was saying, "you have something to tell me?"

For a few seconds, no words were shared before Nathan finally rolled his eyes. "Come on, spill," he told his son. At Jacob's look of confusion, he added, "Any new coeds this semester?"

Jacob forced a laugh. There had been two hookups during the semester, though the second hookup had lasted a little longer with a girl named Samantha. As he told his father about her, he left out the part where her face reminded him of his mother.

Slapping him on the back, his dad told him, "That's what I like to hear! You gotta let me know this stuff, Jacob. I love your mother more than you can ever know, but I like to hear a little

about how my boys are doing with the ladies. Live a little vicariously through you guys."

Jacob smiled and they entered the house. His brother was in the living room, surfing through channels on the television. On the floor, Bella was getting some tummy time and playing with a few soft blocks. Michael acknowledged him but didn't do much else to welcome his brother home. No big change there. Jacob could smell a roast being cooked.

His father called for his wife, though Michael informed them that she was taking a shower. Grabbing his other bag from his Dad, who went to go say hello to Bella, Jacob climbed the steps up to the second floor. Looking back, he found it weird that his brother was looking his way. Nevertheless, he passed his Mom's room and made it to his room near the end of the hall. It looked like it always did. Dropping his bags, he fell face-forward onto the sheets. Unsurprisingly, they smelled fresh like his mother had cleaned them recently.

"I see you made it home," his mother said, sauntering into the room. She had slipped a little spring dress on - blue with yellow flowers. Nothing too fancy. The top of one sleeve was

closer to her neck than the other, which meant the other one was further away, showing the top of her bra strap. Her hair was still damp.

Cautious with the open door, Jacob said, "Yep. No real issues there." While his comment was innocent, the way he looked at his mother was certainly not. Licking his lips without consciously deciding to do so, Jacob wanted to rip her dress off and take her right there. And as she smiled back, she seductively slid her hands from her tummy up her body to squeeze her breasts, opening her mouth to moan but muting the sound. Then, she let her hands move down, both sliding between her legs as her son grabbed his bulge through his shorts.

"Well," she replied. A finger went to her mouth and she sucked on it like a little cock. "I should probably go finish dinner. Come give Mommy a hug first, though."

Making his way over to her, they both listened for any sounds. Nobody seemed to be coming up the stairs and they could

both hear Nathan talking to Michael. That's part of the reason Stephanie didn't stop Jacob as he pushed her against the open door and kissed her deeply, his tongue pushing itself into her mouth. His pelvis pushed against her, his delicious cock pressing through the shorts against her lower belly as he was taller than she was. The other reason she didn't stop Jacob was she desired this as much as he did. In fact, she desperately wanted to slide to the floor and empty his balls, but a stolen kiss was one thing. A blowjob? That was rolling the dice.

Her new clean, fresh panties were quickly becoming saturated with her juices. God, how was she going to ever make this whole thing work with both of her young lovers in the house at one time? Fuck, her pussy and jaw were going to be sore. She couldn't wait.

Finally, he pulled away slightly. "If we don't stop," he said as he tried to catch his breath. His heart felt like it was about to burst from his chest. Swallowing, he repeated himself. "If we don't stop - right now - I'm going to have to fuck you and I don't care who knows about it."

She grinned and replied, "that would be reckless, my dear." Kissing him softly, she turned to walk toward the stairs. Looking back, she added, "But my juicy wet cunt really wants to get reckless."

"Fuck, Mom..." he hissed.

She grinned even wider and walked away. As she did, she hiked up her dress to flash her thong-covered ass back at her son. She let the fabric fall as she reached the steps and didn't look back. She could feel his eyes glued on her and didn't need the confirmation. While Stephanie was still wondering how she could make everything work with her new life, she certainly adored the way the men around her stared at her with hunger. Her pussy seemed to be in a constant state of dampness as a result.

However, those stares also provided her some anxiety during dinner. The pot roast was superb and she was rather proud of her culinary skills for not over-cooking it. But as the family ate dinner, which now also included the recently-arrived

Lyssa, she knew both Michael and Jacob were not only undressing her with their eyes but sticking their filthy, hard cocks in one or multiple holes as well. Her body reacted as it always did, but her mind knew that this was a dangerous precedent to allow to continue. Before this, Jacob had been a bit less obvious with his stares - or at least, that's how she remembered it. Perhaps he had always stared at her like he wanted her spread open and begging for his dick? No, someone would have noticed, she countered.

And that was her worry now. Not only because of her husband and older daughter sitting at the table but also because of the boys themselves. Michael knew about Jacob obviously, but the opposite was still a secret. She knew that she would have to tell her older son what Michael and she had been doing - and been doing quite often in their minimal time since their first time. But she also knew that he had to find out via his mother's calming words, not by finding his younger brother's foot brushing against her leg.

She gave Michael a look and was grateful he pulled his foot away.

Stephanie forked more of the vegetables she had cooked with the pot roast into her mouth. I better figure this dynamic out soon, she thought to herself.

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### **Two Days Later**

Jacob towered over her, his hard cock driving deep inside her dripping pussy, as the mother of four moaned and cried out. One leg hung loosely against the bed while the other wrapped around him, the back of her heel coming to rest in the crack of his ass as he pumped his dick inside his mother for the third time that day.

For the first 48 hours following his return from college, the two made out and pawed at one another's bodies, but only foreplay occurred between the lovers. His father stayed up late with Jacob, talking to him about college and reconnecting

with his boy. As she tried to stay awake in bed, tired from her motherly duties that now included the infant, Bella, she hated that she regretted the fact she pushed her husband to be more open with Jacob as to not appear like he favored Michael because of the latter's successes in sports. Nathan took it to heart and spent more time with his oldest son. Unfortunately, that also got in Stephanie's way.

Finally, Monday came. Nathan went to work, Lyssa went to her community college courses with work to follow afterward, and Michael dragged his tired ass to high school. Lyssa's semester would soon end as well and then Michael's senior year would come to a close. That may have influenced Jacob, who practically attacked Stephanie as soon as Lyssa closed the front door on her way out. She kept him at bay until she knew for sure Lyssa was gone before letting him plunge his already-hard cock into her cunt. The first time didn't take long and Jacob was backed up badly. She made a mental note that she needed to wash the carpet as she tip-toed up the stairs and got to her bathroom as quickly as possible - her boy's sperm leaking from her.

After breakfast, Stephanie fed Bella and put the girl down for a nap. Feeling horny - she hadn't cum during their quick session earlier - she went on the offensive this time. Jacob was channel surfing in the living room when she walked in front of him, fell to her knees, and took out his cock. She could taste her juice still on his cock as she engulfed the monster. Soon, it hardened in her mouth as she bobbed her head, flashing her skills as she deep-throated his immense pecker. Taking his hand, she placed it on the back of her head and moved her other hand south to cradle his shaven testicles. She moaned as Jacob's grip strengthened and he started to fuck her face with increasing force. \_God\_, she thought to herself. \_He's getting better at feeding his slut.\_

Her eyes were watery, messing up the makeup she had just applied, but she was deliriously happy as his balls touched her chin while the trimmed patch of hair just above his dick tickled her nose. He cried out, "Fuck, Mom, too fucking good."

And then, something new happened. Something that had never happened before. Jacob made the first move on involving a new sex act in their play. It had always been

Stephanie who made the first move with her once virgin son. But apparently, the boy had learned some new tricks.

First, he pushed on her head until his cock loudly popped from her mouth. Pushing her head lower, she quickly opened her mouth to suck and lick at his balls. That was not new though she was more than happy to play with the cum-filled orbs. He started to move his legs up, which confused her at first, but as he directed her even lower, she got the memo real quick. He wants me to lick his ass, she realized. It was something she had never given much thought to. Nathan never even hinted that he wanted it, nor had she entertained the idea. Yet, as he pulled her closer, she found herself extending her tongue.

It wasn't as unpleasant as she thought it might be. Jacob shaved his ass crack so it was pretty smooth and it tasted clean, though she didn't press too hard on the brown little hole. Instead, she swirled her tongue around it - finding the degrading act she had been non-verbally asked to perform a bit more exciting with each second. Getting more into it, she moved her hands to open his ass up even more to her probing

tongue and licked her boy's hole with increasing force. He held up his balls at first to watch her, but let them drop as his head went back. That added a little more humiliation for the mother of four. Here she was licking her boy's asshole as his balls rested on her forehead. \_I really am a slutty mommy\_, she said to herself. The ends of her mouth raised in a smile as she continued to work his brown star.

Jacob took his hand away from his cock to stop stroking himself. Looking back down, he again cursed himself for not grabbing his camera to record these incredible moments. He also knew if he dared to touch his cock again, he might blow his load again. Mom wasn't the first girl to lick his ass. When Samantha and him, inspired by some porn they were both watching, gave it a try, he found himself loving her curious tongue more than he thought he would. And the fact that she shared many of the same facial features as his mother only turned him on more. His mom kept telling him to be more confident in bed. With the way she reacted to his first effort, he was damn sure to incorporate more of his sexual wants into their shared fun.

He pushed her head away a little and dropped his legs. Before his mother could attack his cock once more, he pulled her to his feet and kissed her - very aware of where her tongue had just been. His hands went down to the little shorts she had on and he quickly pushed them to the floor. Her panties quickly followed. She made a move to lay down on the couch after their kiss ended, but he pushed her face-forward onto the arm-rest of the furniture. She raised her ass, waiting for his dick to slam back into her as it had only an hour ago. But instead, she felt first his nose against her vagina and then his tongue against her clit, making her jump a little in surprise. His hand went around her waist, pressing down on the top of her crack to hold her in place. It was the first time she received oral this way. It wouldn't be the only first thing she received as she stayed in position.

He moaned, muffled by her cunt as he feasted on her juices - once again enjoying his favorite taste. Jacob tongued around the clit as his other hand grabbed her ass hard. She couldn't help but notice the way his thumb hovered over her asshole and she pressed against it as he played her pussy better than he ever had before. \_He's been learning\_, she thought. It was

a subject they mostly stayed away from, though she wasn't an idiot. She could see that her now more-confident son was attracting some pretty attractive ladies as he was tagged by classmates on Instagram. \_Whoever helped his education on this subject deserved a thank you card.\_

His tongue lapped at her pussy, making increasingly more light contact with her clit that was engorged and begging for more attention. The mother cried out, not worrying herself with being too loud for once. "Yeah, baby, lick Mommy's pussy," she said between moans as her head laid on the armrest of the couch. She knew she was probably drooling and she didn't care at all. All that mattered in the world was her son's tongue on her pussy.

She forgot about his thumb's placement until he pressed against her asshole. He didn't try to force the dry thumb inside her hole, but the pressure was enough to make her hips start rolling harder against the dual-action. "Yes, mmmm, so fucking close. Make me cum. Please, baby. Please make Mommy cum." The last four words became a mantra that she repeated several times as he continued to tease her pussy. A

few times, his mouth closed around her clit and he sucked lightly, drawing sharp yells of pleasure from his mother. But the lapping and swirling tongue - along with the pressure on her backdoor - was really what had her going crazy as her hips moved in a sweet dance with his tongue.

A powerful orgasm overtook her, driving the mother to release guttural moans as she closed her eyes tight and let the experience take over every inch of her body. Her son continued to lick her pussy, even as she moved her hips to escape his tongue now because her cunt had become hypersensitive. His continued assault only prolonged the orgasm, driving the mother into a half-conscious nirvana where nothing else existed but the feeling of euphoria she experienced from her son.

Jacob's top lip and nose, along with his cheeks, became saturated with his mother's juices as she continued to cum. She finally won and moved her hips enough away to escape his tongue. But then he did another thing that she had never experienced before. He moved forward again, his tongue ready to taste her, but it was her asshole he pressed his tongue

against instead. Shocked by the sudden moment, the mother yelped at the first tongue she ever felt against her asshole. But she also surprised herself by pushing back against it. She was still riding the waves of her orgasm and the new sensation not only felt good, it felt so dirty and exciting that it drove the woman crazy. Reacting, she moved a hand back and again surprised herself by grabbing her oldest son's head and pulling him tighter as his tongue worked around the tight little asshole.

"You...naughty...fucking...boy!" She moaned loudly again before adding, "Keep licking mommy's ass."

He was more than happy to continue. It had been another thing he first tried with Samantha and he desperately wanted to lick his mom's ass just like the dirty porn movies he loved to watch of the "mom" and the "son." Wrapping his arms around his mother's upper thighs, he squeezed them tightly together. The horny mother took both of her hands and pulled her ass cheeks as wide as they would go, allowing her son even better access.

Again, she thought of how much she wanted him to stick his cock into her ass after training that little hole to take increasingly bigger toys over the last few months. But this new-found confidence also made her excited to let him take that step rather than her having to control it. He obviously has a fascination for ass play. It would be only a matter of time before he started to slide his lubricated cock into her ass. If not today, it would be soon. And her pussy spasmed at the thought.

It also spasmed as he pressed his tongue into her asshole. \_Fucking hell\_, she thought. \_Never knew this would get me so fucking turned on.\_ She was moaning and drooling into the armrest as her son continued his assault on her tight asshole. Moving a hand up her inner thigh, forcing her to open her legs some, he found her pussy and began to play with it with long swipes up-and-down her hot cunt, spending a little time toying with her clit as he did. Each swipe was finished by a finger easily slipping into her dripping pussy, her juices coating the digit thoroughly. He never stopped enthusiastically eating her asshole, though, and she thanked God for that.

Once he did pull away from her now wet brown hole, he replaced it quickly with a probing finger. It had just been in her cunt and the juices, combined with both his saliva and her relaxed state, allowed him to easily push the finger into her ass with almost no resistance. Reaching down, his cock was hard as a rock as he gave it a few strokes before moving up. The mother opened her legs again wider, dropping one of her feet to the floor to give her boy better access and was soon rewarded with his thick cock again pushing into her pussy while his finger fucked her ass.

She tried not to let it show, but she released a smile. Not just because of the sensation, but how this all reminded her of the shower sex with Michael only minutes before Jacob arrived home. Like his older brother, Michael finger-fucked his mother's behind while driving his cock deep into her cunt.

Crying out, she felt Jacob quickly kick it into high gear, slamming into her pussy with all his might as his balls slammed against her clit, making his mother's body spasm completely. He bent over and spit, which she vaguely even

noticed until she put two-and-two together. Jacob was trying to lubricate a second finger because without any further fanfare, he slid his middle finger into her ass to join the index finger her butt was increasingly familiar with.

Her mind was a blur as her body reacted to her son while she also compared-and-contrasted between her two sons. God, how did she get so lucky? Both seemed to play her body like a fiddle and drive her mad with desire. Again, she let herself consider the possibility of having them both at the same time. Even though his cock would be much thicker, she pretended the two fingers inside her rear were instead Jacob's cock. Meanwhile, underneath her would be Michael as his cock slammed into her juicy cunt.

Picturing it, she felt another orgasm rip through her body as she imagined the feeling of their two cocks, so close to one another inside of her, sending her poor pussy into a state of constant convulsion as she came-and-came around Michael's cock. She might die of the pleasure, but what a way to go.

"Going to cum," Jacob hissed.

She had no concept of how long he had been fucking her, nor what day it was anymore. She was a slave to the sensations he was giving her. He had already cum into her once and she was happy to receive his cum a second time, but he surprised her yet again by pulling out. She instinctively wet her lips, expecting him to drive his dick into her waiting mouth, but instead, he stayed in place.

She couldn't see what he did. As he pulled his fingers from her asshole, the little star opened and puckered before closing again, in rhythm with the waves of ecstasy that circulated through her body. It was as if she made a bullseye for him to hit. He stroked his cock, completely drenched in her juices, and after only a few strokes, he exploded. Though it was his second orgasm, he still had plenty of volume and force, as he tried to hit the opening asshole with his rockets of cream. When he did, he hissed, "yes!" as some of it disappeared into her open crevice.

If the mother was capable of conscious thought, she would have scolded her boy for making a mess. She knew cum was running down her legs in warm streaks. She had just taken a shower and now she would need to at least go wash off in the shower once more. But as she laid there, her body jumping at every blast cum that hit her, she could do nothing else but smile.

The third time the pair had sex that day came just minutes before Michael was due home. With the baseball season over, he no longer arrived home later in the evening and they had to adjust. She had barely put Bella in the swing before Jacob grabbed her by the hand and took her upstairs to his room. Settling between her open legs, the underwear pulled the side, he repeatedly slammed his cock deep into her.

She gave him all the dirty talk he could handle to push him to the brink faster. Her eyes repeatedly sought the clock on the nightstand. When it hit 2:45, the time of the last bell, she bucked and moved underneath him. Unfortunately (and also, fortunately) for her, having blown his load twice already had helped to give the boy extra stamina. Every 30 to 45 seconds,

her eyes settled on the clock again as she tried to calculate how long they probably had left before Michael might come home.

The more times droned on, the more alarms rang in her head. Her body was still very much reacting, but she didn't want to be caught. Hell, in their haste to get to the bed, the door was wide open to Jacob's room.

"Baby, hurry," she said. Thinking of any tricks to set him off, she pulled up her shirt and unlocked one of the nursing bra cups. Pushing up one of her heavy tits, the mother licked at her nipple with no shame. He expanded in her cunt, but still wasn't ready to cum. Checking the clock once more, she did the math. If it was almost 3:00 now and it took about ten minutes to drive home from the high school - plus time to get to the car and everything - then Michael could be pulling up this second and from the vantage point of Jacob's room, they wouldn't know. The way the bed squeaked and the headboard banged against the wall, she wouldn't be able to hear the car door shut. She might not hear the front door close either.

"You need to cum," she hissed. "Now, baby. Give Mommy every drop."

Jacob wasn't considering Michael. He was merely enjoying the velvety walls of his mother's warm pussy. He didn't care about anything else but this addiction. He could have gone for another few minutes easily, but that's when his mother said something that sped up his action.

"Cum all over Mommy's face, baby," she said seductively while running her hands over her face. "Coat your slut while I lick my nipple. Make me yours."

He couldn't hold back as she again ducked her head to lick at her engorged nipple. As she sucked the bud in her mouth, he pulled from her cunt and moved up her body. She cocked her to the side and looked up at him - the nipple hanging on her lip as her tongue swirled over it. In moments, he felt himself cumming on her cheek. The volume was less than his previous two orgasms and he didn't blow long jets of cum a

foot or two feet away. Instead, they coated her breast, cheeks, and mouth - her tongue moving faster.

When they heard Michael close the front door, Jacob let his cum-covered mom retreat to her room while he pulled up his shorts and got onto his computer. That's how Michael found him a minute later. He asked where their mother was and Jacob tried not to smile as he said Bella just spit up on her so she was changing.

He felt pretty proud of that lie.

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## Five Days Later

"This can't keep going on like this," Stephanie said to no one in particular as she loaded the washer. It had been another fun-filled, but also stress-inducing day for the oversexed mother. In the morning, she tried to make breakfast while Michael rubbed his hard cock against her ass. At one point, she crouched down and took his thick member in her mouth, sucking him all the way into her throat until they heard Nathan's footsteps as he came down the stairs.

Later, as Nathan mowed the lawn while Michael did the weed-eating, she climbed onto Jacob's cock while keeping an eye on the front yard through the first-floor window. They were nearly caught as Nathan came in for some cold water. She jumped off Jacob's cock and, with her panties hidden in one hand, went to the kitchen. Putting them in a drawer, she pretended to clean as her husband came into the kitchen. Jacob also quickly fled the living room, though with significant trouble. He grabbed a nearby shawl from the couch to catch the cum that erupted from his cock as he went

to the bathroom to avoid being seen - his shorts and boxers nearly tripping him up as he shuffled the whole way.

Later that evening, the family, as they did the previous weekend, went out to dinner. Last weekend, it was to celebrate the conclusion of Jacob's junior year. This time, it was Lyssa's first year of community college. She didn't want to because, in her view, "who really gives a shit about a year with the dummies at community college?" But Stephanie wanted to push her daughter and celebrate her accomplishments.

What Stephanie didn't plan on was the advances by her sons. Both went for the seat next to her at the steakhouse, but Michael beat Jacob to it. Throughout dinner, Jacob looked at her like he wanted to mount her on the table. To add to it, he sent her occasional text messages telling her how much he wanted to fuck her and taste her. He even went to the bathroom at one point and sent a picture of his hard cock with the caption, "want some dessert?"

Her pussy throbbed, but not only because of that. Michael scooted his chair closer to her than she thought necessary. From where they sat in the restaurant, it was hard for anyone else to see, but she certainly felt his hand brazenly slip into her lap. She fought against her instincts, but she still opened her legs for his probing fingers. And she did nothing to stop him as he pushed her panties to the side and slipped first one, then two fingers inside of her. She tried to stay with the conversation Lyssa and Jacob were having about some former classmates who had already graduated. She also tried not to look at her husband, who shared a little of his mashed potatoes with her daughter.

Eventually, he pulled away - though not before taking his now-wet fingers and dragging them against the inside of his roll and taking a bite. She nearly came.

Now, it was near midnight, and she hadn't yet cum that day. She'd been on the edge multiple times but never brought completely over. After her husband, tired from a long day of yard work, quickly fell asleep, she considered slipping into one of her son's rooms to take care of the monster itch

between her legs, but couldn't decide which room to go to. Instead, she grabbed a bottle of wine, a wine glass, and the laundry and made her way to the basement.

She threw the cum-covered shawl into the machine and sighed. Such a waste.

Adding some clothes, she finished off the wine that was in her glass as she moved over to the basin to wash her hands. As she soaped her fingers, she heard the fourth step from the bottom creak - as it always did when someone put any weight on it. Turning her head, she spotted Michael coming down the steps.

"Saw the light was on," he said softly. She finished up with her hands, cleaning them thoroughly, while her son closed the distance between the two and stepped up from behind. Immediately, she could feel him. It seemed like he was never soft lately. His hands slid up the sides of her robe and she shivered. Part of her wanted to put a halt to this. Not that she

wasn't used to sneaking around, but the stress was higher than usual.

But she didn't stop Michael as his hands moved to the front of her body. Nor did they even consider keeping him from untying the sash that protected her body from being seen. Dressed only in her most comfortable nursing bra and a pair of cloth panties that previously replaced the ones she wore before her earlier fuck with Jacob, the mother closed her eyes and let what her body wanted to occur.

She needed to cum.

She needed her son's cock.

Whichever son was fine by her.

Michael pushed the robe from her body and kissed the back of her neck. Then he directed her over to the futon. Bending over, she assumed the position, gripping the wooden armrest.

Her panties quickly fell to the floor and as did the plaid boxers he wore. Both kicked them away. He slapped his dick against her a pussy a few times before she cursed, "Put the fucker in, dammit."

Her youngest son smiled and followed his mother's direction. Over the last week, she had fucked both sons each in one 24 hour period four times. Again, she knew it couldn't last. But fuck, her pussy was enjoying the attention even if her husband had been too tired this week to take care of her. Pushing back, she took every last inch of his big cock into her welcoming hole.

"Don't hold back," she said. "Give Mommy a hard fucking. She really needs it."

He moaned and his cock responded by flexing inside of her, setting off a spasm in reaction. Grabbing her hips firmly, he cocked back and drove his dick home once more. She grabbed a pillow from the futon, knowing full well she better mute herself the best that she could. Biting down on the

fabric, she already could feel her orgasm growing as he pushed his tool deep inside her, pulled back, and did it again. The tight walls of her cunt expanded, but only enough to make the fit pleasurable for her. Her pussy quickly became so wet that each time he pushed forward, the squishy sounds drove both of them crazy.

It took her almost no time to cum. She had been on the edge for far too long and she had to have her release. Her boy continued to fuck her hole, following the directions Stephanie gave him to not hold back. She didn't want a long, drawn-out fuck session. She wanted to cum and wanted him to cum as soon as possible.

Remembering how delicious it felt to have her ass covered in cum by Jacob, she reached back and pulled on one of the mounds, giving her boy a better view of her asshole. "When you cum," she told him. "Cover Mommy's dirty ass. Especially her asshole. Your slut mommy wants to feel your juice. She wants to feel it slip down her ass."

Then, to give him an even better visual, she released her ass cheek and sucked on a few fingers, coating them with saliva. Returning it to her rear, she slid a wet finger into her tight ass. She bucked and he fucked her harder, driving his dick into her with such speed and force that time and space seemed like foreign concepts. All that mattered was the engorged cock driving her pussy so crazy. The finger in her ass that pushed deeper.

With her eyes tightly closed, she barely heard a noise. But she couldn't decipher what it was. Another orgasm overtook her. There was another noise. Familiar, yet far away. She was getting so tired but was in sweet nirvana getting exactly what she wanted.

"Gonna cum," her son's voice said, seemingly from nowhere. She felt him pull her finger from her ass and then felt the wet liquid splash against her ass and specifically the hole that winked back at him. She almost didn't remember which son was fucking her. The orgasm wrecked her.

Then she heard yet another noise. It was the creak again. Several seconds were still needed for her to put everything together. She was in the basement. Her son, Michael, had just cum all over her ass. His still wet cock touched the back of her thigh, softening finally. She remembered the pillow that was between her teeth again like it had been for much of the last few minutes outside of her filthy words.

And then the creaking noise...she remembered that, too. Slowly, her head moved to the steps.

Oh, fuck.

OH, FUCK!

Standing just a few steps away from the landing and about ten feet from the futon was Jacob. She heard the washer click into the spin cycle.

Jacob whispered, "Saw the light was on."

In a different situation, she might have laughed. That's what Michael said shortly before he drove his cock deep into her cunt. She looked back at Michael, who looked shocked to see his brother. His mouth hung open and his eyes were wide. She was so used to his confidence - it was at first a bit annoying, but now she found it quite attractive. It was completely missing.

Turning her head once more, she looked back at Jacob. She didn't know if he was about to blow up or cry - his face showed signs that he might do both. Softly, she said, "We should talk about this."

She only prayed he would listen.

# Chapter 10

Jacob Ball did not stay around long enough to talk after witnessing his mother and brother having sex. Minutes later, having wiped the cum from her ass and the back of her legs, Stephanie tried to talk to Jacob, but his door was locked and her soft knocks on the door were ignored. She soon slipped into bed next to her snoring husband, feeling like she had fucked up everything this time. She had pushed herself to come clean sooner and explain how things progressed between Michael and her to her oldest son so he would avoid this exact circumstance.

Instead of doing that, though, she pushed back the feeling of dread, telling herself to enjoy the sex now because as soon as the shit hit the fan, things would change forever. And now...even as her pussy continued to convulse from one of the strongest orgasms of her life with Michael, she knew that not only would things change forever, they may only get worse.

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In the morning, Jacob left before anyone else even really stirred. Leaving a post-it on his door that said, "going to see some friends," he drove aimlessly away from his home. He wasn't going to see some friends. He simply couldn't be in the house with his mother right now. He slept only a few minutes here and there after witnessing his brother fucking his lover. The mother of his child. And, of course, his own mother.

Around nine, he started to get text messages - first from his mom and then Michael. They both wanted to talk. And eventually, that would have to happen. But first, he needed to clear his head and get away from everything. At least for a little while.

After grabbing some breakfast, he drove up to a park about 30 minutes from his home. A small pedestrian bridge took you across the James River to an island. On the other side, a repurposed former railroad bridge would take you to the northern side of the river. He didn't head there, though. He

stopped to lay on a picnic table, enjoying the breeze that shuffled through the trees that kept much of the island pleasant even when the dead of summer came to the island in a couple of months. For the first time in hours, his mind finally settled and he even nodded off for an hour.

A baby's crying woke him from his slumber. He immediately regretted falling asleep on the hard picnic table. Looking to the right, he saw a young couple pushing their baby in a stroller. The kid's cry only lasted a few seconds, but it was enough to disturb him. Slowly rising, he checked the phone that he had silenced. Sixteen messages from Mom, seven from Michael.

"Fuck a duck," he whispered to himself.

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Michael's answer to their current predicament was to double down on what got them in trouble in the first place. Lyssa went to work and Nathan went to his buddy's house to watch

the Braves game. Michael declined and shortly after his father left, he found his mother reading in bed as Bella played with soft blocks in the bassinet next to her. When she noticed her younger son, she saw him lick his lips and raise his eyebrows.

"No," she said firmly and went back to her book. Since they first had sex, he had heard that word before and convinced his mother to change her mind. But that "no" seemed final. Unsure about what to do, he crawled on the other side of his mom and opened a game on his phone.

"I assume he hasn't texted you back either," he said softly.

Turning to lay on her back, her head propped up by the pillows, Stephanie replied, "No. No call, no text, no Facebook, no nothing. I'd take him just saying that he's okay and he'll be home later."

Nodding, Michael continued to play his game for a few more minutes before saying, "You think he'll be okay?"

Turning to look at her son, Stephanie said, "I'm honestly not sure. I'm not just the first he's ever had, but I'm also the mother of his child. That's an extremely tight connection and I betrayed him."

He gave her a look for a moment as if to bring up the elephant in the room.

"I know that he's not the only man in my life I've betrayed," Stephanie agreed with a soft voice. "You don't think I know that? Of course, I know that. But, for some reason, it feels different."

She sat up and brought her knees to her chest, wrapping her arms around them as if to become a small ball. "I never even really considered cheating on your father, ya know. I was happy - why would I go out of the house to fuck with that? But something in me woke up that night with Jacob that I'll never be able to fully explain no matter how many detailed stories I

tell you. And yes, I violated the vows I made to your father, but it never felt like cheating. It felt too right."

Michael moved to rub her back. At first, she reactively moved away. After a second, she fought that instinct to let her younger son try to comfort her.

"So, I had these two men in my life - one the man I fell in love with as a young woman, married, raised a family with. The other was a man who I knew before he was even born. I felt him kick and move around. I watched him grow into the man he is now. And when I learned of the love he had for me - how it had evolved - it changed my perspective of him. And it just felt natural to slip into his bed." She smiled and gave a small laugh. "Sure, I fought it. Tried to stop it. But it still felt, in many ways, like Jacob and our new relationship was just another part of the life I had worked so hard to get."

After a pause, she added, "Sure, he occasionally talked about a future together and for fleeting moments, I let myself look at

that fantasy, but I was always aware the reality would never allow for Jacob and me to be together in another fashion."

"Truth is this, Michael. Jacob and I had this relationship and it was ours and no one else's. Nobody else could know or understand." She continued to rock against Michael's hand as he rubbed her back. She tensed up slightly again when his hand slipped under her tank top, but he didn't make a move for anything outside of touching the skin of her back. "I think he felt that my love and passion and desire for him was so special \_because\_ I was willing to stray for him and only him."

"So, that's why this betrayal is especially hard, son." She turned to look at Michael in the eyes. "Because I made the choice to bring you into this as well. I mean, sure, you're the one who started this by telling me that you 'knew,' but like with your brother, knowing you wanted me changed how I looked at you."

She bent her head to capture his lips for a moment and then cuddled up next to him, slipping low to lay her head on his

chest. His arm went around to her shoulder, holding her tightly. The sound of the air conditioner clicking on broke the silence.

"And I want you to know that your mother doesn't just drop her panties for any guy that says he wants to fuck her," she replied with a smile. "I'll have you know that I have received offers. Exes with regret and parents of my kids' friends who think that me being nice means I want them to send me a picture of their junk. Not to brag, but your mom receives some attention."

"I believe it," he said, interrupting her.

"But knowing they wanted me did nothing. Okay, knowing Paul Vinton regretted breaking up with me because he wanted to be free to bang whatever college chick he wanted did make me feel a little good." She laughed and he kissed her head. "But your father...my husband...Nathan...he's the real fucking deal. He's the guy you want boyfriends like Paul to grow into. Not that we haven't had our fights, but he's perfect for me. And he

gave me you and Lyssa and Jacob. He gave me the perfect life I have. The kind that made me laugh when Paul asked if I would give that up and be willing to meet him in a hotel room if he got one just outside of town to see if the 'spark' was still there. Oh, I told him to do it just to fuck with him, but I had 0% interest in seeing him."

Michael stopped her to ask, "you didn't do that?"

"Hey, when he broke up with me, he told me I was too much of a girl and not enough of a woman. Fucker got what he deserved. Made him get a nice hotel room, too. And order the lobster because 'I'll be hungry later.'"

Laughing, Michael raised a fist for his mom to bump.

"I didn't exactly lie about that. I was hungry. Except I sat down for pizza with my husband and kids as we watched a movie. Because that's where I wanted to be, Michael." She hugged him tighter. "You see - no matter the nature of the relationship, everything just feels right with Jacob. With you."

I'm not leaving Nathan for you or your brother. And yes, it would kill him to find out about either one of you. But I also trust that you won't play those kinds of games. After all, you were raised right."

The mostly one-sided conversation died down for a few moments before Stephanie said, "One day, both you and Jacob will find wives of your own. You'll look back at this time and smile. As will I. That kind of knowledge is bittersweet. I don't want this to end so I cherish it now. I hope that it continues. But that will be up to your brother."

She could already feel Michael ready to raise objections, but she firmly said, "I'm sorry, baby. I don't want it to end. I am hopeful he returns and we can work things out. Because you and he are the only other men I ever want to take to bed. Once it stops, I'll be happy to go to bed with your father for however long I have left on this planet. But for now, I want more and I want you and your brother. But he holds this key. I betrayed him and I will not rub the salt in by continuing with you if he decides he no longer wants me."

After a few seconds, Michael asked, "What if he says 'him or me'?"

"Then the answer is neither," she said softly. "When he returns, we are going to have a conversation - him and me - about the future. And when it's done, he'll make a decision. Either I have you both or neither of you have me. And...let me just warn you, baby."

She pushed her head up and kissed him, briefly running his tongue against his lip. "If he wants to continue, both of you will have to agree to my conditions. It's my way of making sure you both are all in or not."

"What's that?"

As she told him, his eyes went wide. After a few moments, he nodded.

She had no doubt he was going to.

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Jacob texted to say he would be home late and that was confirmation Stephanie needed to plan her next step. She checked Lyssa's work schedule and made plans with her cousin to watch Bella in a few days. Then she slipped a handwritten note to Michael for him to bring to school to excuse him for Tuesday. Sure, she didn't know if she would have a reason to clear the whole afternoon, but she was going to be prepared.

She went to bed early, having sex with Nathan until he came inside of her. She didn't even hear Jacob return as she fell asleep in the arms of her husband.

On Sunday, she kept her distance from both Michael and Jacob, who likewise kept their distances from one another. The day passed without incident and she preferred that. Things would change the next afternoon. She sent a message

to Jacob to please be at the house at around noon before muting her phone and going to bed.

By the time Lyssa left the house around noon for work, Stephanie was extremely grateful that having four children had given her so much patience. It had been a difficult 40 or so hours with so many variables and questions floating in the air, but she finally had the house to the two of them. Well, except for Bella. She fed the hungry girl before burping, changing, and putting her to bed. Freshening herself up in the bathroom, she looked back at the reflection.

Quoting one of her favorite dumb comedies, she said, "it's time to nut up or shut up."

She left her bedroom, leaving the door open, and walked down the hallway. His door was closed so she knocked. After a few moments, he said, "come in."

No turning back now.

Opening the door, she entered - not bothering to close the door behind her with no one else home. She had almost three hours - at a minimum - to try to talk to Jacob about everything and also layout the potential future they could have even after he witnessed her getting drilled by Michael. Of course, how much of a future there would be wasn't dependent completely on her.

Jacob was at his computer, dressed comfortably in a pair of black basketball shorts and a green tee shirt. He didn't look up at first as he continued to type. As she came closer, he saw he was typing long paragraphs for a word document. Sitting on the bed, she let him finish up. Once he did, he saved and exited out of the program and swiveled in his chair to look her way.

She listened for any signs Bella was stirring as she sat awkwardly with her son a few feet away. Finally, she broke the ice. "Writing a new story?"

His stories had been a big catalyst that eventually led to her fucking her oldest child. As she read the dirty things he wrote about her, she was at first shocked and then turned on. After their relationship moved beyond just traditional mother/son norms, she read more of his stories. All of them starred her - even if he didn't use her name. A month or two before she gave birth to Bella, he shared a recently-completed story. In it, the mother not only wanted to fuck her son, but she also wanted to fuck his son's girlfriend. He wrote up a character based on Paula, his brief girlfriend who discovered his stories that detailed his desire for Stephanie. But the most recent story was a gift for his mother in that it appealed to a fantasy she had about fucking another woman. The image of licking Paula's sweet pussy while her son slammed his cock deep inside of her helped the quite pregnant mother get off on her dildo more than a few times.

That had been the last new story he had shared with her. When she asked for more, he told her he had been too busy to write, which was mostly true. He wasn't completely void of a social life anymore. He also hadn't come up with any new ideas. Not until the last few days, that is.

"Yeah, I've been writing," he said without making eye contact.

"About me?" she asked with a smile she hoped he would be happy to see.

He did look her way this time but didn't return the smile. "Of course," he replied. "Every story I write features you as you well know."

"And I love that!" She again gave him a warm smile. "You always write me so well and I get so turned on seeing what your brain thinks up."

He nodded but didn't say anything more. Instead, he looked down at the floor and rubbed his hands together repeatedly.

To keep the lines of communication going, she asked, "What's this one about?"

He didn't answer at first, but she waited patiently. Finally, he raised his eyes to meet her eye line for the first time since before seeing her in the basement with his brother's cum running down her legs. "I'm writing a story about how a son falls in love with his mother. Even gets her pregnant. And then, later on, he finds out that, really, she just has a predilection for opening up her legs for her sons. It wasn't really more than that."

She knew that he was going to say some things that hurt her deeply. She had hurt him, after all. But she didn't know just how much his words would sting until she actually heard them. Stephanie felt like he punched her in the gut. It wasn't the first time one of her children hurt her with words, but Jacob was her sweet boy. He hadn't been the impulsive troubled child Lyssa was or, at times, the thoughtless little boy whose life came easier for like Michael had been. Jacob had always been such a well-behaved, kind young man. That made his words hurt even more.

But she had earned them. "I deserved that," she replied softly.

He didn't respond outside of making a small nod of his head.

"I imagine that you have a lot of questions," Stephanie said, hoping he would find her eyes once more. "And that's why I wanted to have time alone with you today. I want to talk about how things happened with Michael and I wanted to talk about the future involving not just him and me, but you as well."

"I don't really fucking care," he said coldly. "I don't need your fucking excuses and I definitely don't need to waste time talking about some 'future.' So, you might as well not waste your time or mine."

She hadn't been prepared for that. She spent hours thinking of how this conversation would go - what he would say and what she would say. In only a matter of a few remarks, he had sent her on her heels because, in her head, her Jacob was less biting in his comments and far more interested in hearing about how everything happened in the first place. She felt as if this version - the real version - was nothing like the Jacob she expected. He was no longer the afraid virgin. She had

noticed it on their day together last week. He was more assertive and less relying on her to control everything. When it came to sex, she liked that part. But if she was going to salvage everything, she could have done more with that kid too scared to smack her ass with force until she begged him for it.

"Jacob," she said, taking a deep breath. "I know that I am in no position to ask you for this, but please let me tell you everything. If at the end of it, you want me to leave, I understand. I know I hurt you. But I need you to know that was never the intention."

"Oh, that changes everything, Mother," he replied sarcastically. "Now that I know that, I completely forgive you. Would you like me to light some candles and play some music for you and Michael when he gets home? Set the mood for the lovebirds? Be a good little cuck?"

Now, she was getting angry in return. "Jacob David Ball!" It had been years since she had pulled out the full name. It shut

him up for a few beats, which she was grateful for. She then started her story, beginning with the moment that Michael told her that he knew something.

Over the next several minutes, she recalled every major event of the last couple of months that led to that moment in the basement that Jacob stumbled on. From her initial disgust in her younger son's handsy and rude attitude to how, without any real knowledge of when it began, she started to fall for the confident boy. She explained how Michael also wanted to know all about how Jacob and her relationship started and how sharing those intimate details with someone made her so happy after keeping them locked up for so long. How that led to her feeling a kinship to Michael.

Finally, she explained how she could no longer hold it back. Comparing it to her need to have Jacob, she also had to have Michael. Knowing they wanted her so badly eroded at her ideas of right-and-wrong and pushed her toward what felt right. "What I can say is that when Michael entered me for the first time, it was the third time I've ever felt so fully satisfied when a new man pushed his dick inside of me. Not just in

body, but in mind and spirit. The first time was with your father. And the second time? That was you, baby."

Throughout, Jacob rarely made eye contact, but he did listen and pay attention. She half-expected him to reach for his phone to pass the time, but that didn't happen.

After she finished telling him about how things with Michael progressed to the next level, she softly continued, "But what about you? I didn't intentionally mislead you when I said that I wouldn't take another lover. You were to be the only time I strayed from your father. But then life changed and I had to tell you the truth. I couldn't tell you over text or phone. This was the kind of thing you say in person. I'd like to tell you that I was going to tell you everything as soon as we got a private moment, but instead, we had sex all day."

Shaking her head, she was somewhat pleased he finally locked eyes again with her. "I was a coward. A selfish coward. I wanted to prolong this new life a little bit longer before the shit hit the fan. I needed to tell you, but I also wanted to have you.

And him. For a little bit longer before everything potentially came to a screeching halt."

She wanted to reach over and grab his hand that hung loosely on his knee. She desperately wanted his forgiveness. Instead, she finished talking by saying, "Let me be completely clear, baby. I love you. Not just as my son, but as my lover. Whatever happens after this conversation won't change that. But I also love your brother in the same way. I need you both, but I understand if that can't happen."

"So, you'll..." his voice was choked. Clearing his throat, he tried again. "So, you'll just keep fucking him?"

"Yes," she said. "Provided you keep fucking me."

He looked up at her again, seeming to search her eyes. She knew now would be the moment things took a turn. Either she'd have all the cake and eat it, too, or she would never again take on another lover.

Here goes nothing.

"I can tell by your expression that you're a little surprised," she pointed out. "But I've thought a lot about this and I can honestly say this is the only way that makes sense to me. If I have just you, I feel that's unfair to Michael. If I have him, I feel like I'm continuing to twist the knife into you. But if I have you both, then this part of me that your father doesn't get is equally shared with the two boys I love more than life itself."

She took a chance and reached to grab his hand. He pulled away slightly, but not enough to remove himself from her grasp.

Moving her head to catch his eyes, she continued, "I need you both. Having one would only make me sad for what I don't have. And let me be clear - I'm not saying if we fuck, we all fuck together. Only that the option is open to fuck him as long as the option remains to fuck you."

Shrugging her shoulders slightly, she added, "Except for one condition: the first time in our new relationship is with both of you. I know that part - okay, a big part - of this request is that I so fucking badly want both of you to fill me at the same time, but it's not only my desire. I want to know both of you are in it for the long haul. I want you to know I'm fucking your brother and not lose your mind because of it. The same for him, though he's not as much of a concern on that front. Remember, this all started because he knew, right?"

He didn't respond but looked as if he was mulling things over. Stephanie was smart enough to know that she needed to let him have his moment to consider things. She pulled away from him and stood up. "It's up to you, baby. I'm going to go out shopping and bring home some Chinese for dinner. Tomorrow, your brother will pretend to be sick. Meanwhile, my sister will watch Bella and hopefully not try to formally adopt her. Once everything is ready, I will send you both a message to come to my bedroom. If you both arrive, you can enter. If not, well, that would fucking suck, but I understand."

She reached down and kissed Jacob on the cheek before leaving his bedroom. As she closed the door behind her, she immediately regretted all the things she hadn't said but knew she couldn't try to prolong this anymore. The ball was in his court now.

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It was around 10:30 in the morning that she felt Bella begin to snooze on her shoulder. It was later than she had hoped, but you can't rush a baby. She had seen Michael a few times during the morning, but outside of hearing Jacob take a shower earlier, she hadn't seen much of him since dinner the previous night. He didn't provide the mother any confidence, though, as he rarely looked her way.

Michael, on the other hand, had reached out. Finding one of Jacob's sex stories online, he sent some author feedback in the form of an e-mail

.

"Jake B.,

*Awesome story, bro. I can see it so well. Practically can hear it taking place in the next room!*

*Too early to crack a joke? Probably. Listen, I know we haven't always been that close, but we share something in common now and I don't believe we should stop. I know it's a little weird. Okay, a lot fucking weird. But at the same time, man, it's also kind of awesome. I am more than willing to make some concessions here because I did put Moms (note: not a ho) before bros, but let's just face facts here. One of the hottest women on this planet wants us. Whatever conditions she wants, she can have. It's up to you, but I got to say - you'll regret not enjoying this ride as long as possible."*

Jacob got the e-mail notification as he tried to sleep. He tossed and turned until he heard his phone beep. Thinking it was his mother, he initially ignored the notification because, after this afternoon, he wasn't anxious to talk to her. His first instinct was to tell his mother she can do whatever she wants, but he won't be a part of it. After all, she had told him that he was the

only other man in her life besides his father. She had his baby. And then, not only had she taken another lover, she was fucking his brother?

Checking the email, he was again, at first, disgusted. He wasn't surprised that Michael would make a joke out of everything, but he didn't find the situation very funny.

The more he thought about things, the more he found the clarity needed to finally fall asleep.

Around eleven in the morning, he received a Facebook message.

As did Michael.

Putting the phone to the side table next to the lube, Stephanie laid down on the bed. She was dressed in a pair of brand-new red lace lingerie she had picked up the day before. She

thought of trying to force the boys' hands by sending them a picture but knew she should let nature take its course.

It was weird not having Bella at home. It was the first time she let anyone other than Nathan or one of the kids watch Bella. Her sister, Barbara, had often visited in those first few weeks to allow Stephanie some free time to nap or take a shower. That gave Stephanie the confidence that she would take care of the child well. Nevertheless, it felt odd to be at home and not have Bella there with her. But it also gave her enough of a window to try to make this situation work.

Unsurprisingly, Michael didn't need much time. Dressed in a pair of loose shorts and a sleeveless t-shirt, he was at Stephanie's door in less than thirty seconds. Once there, he looked down the hall at Jacob's door. The message was clear - they were only to enter if they both were coming in. In a stroke of luck, double doors went to their parents' bedroom. Stephanie wanted them to turn the knobs at the same time.

In his room, Jacob tried to ignore how hard his heart was beating. His own self-doubt prompted him to change his mind, but he beat those feelings away. He didn't bother to put a pair of pants or shorts on and opened his door dressed only in his boxers. Down the hall, his brother was already there. Releasing a breath, he didn't know he was holding in, Jacob closed the distance between them.

Once he was there, he slowly reached for the doorknob.

"You sure about this?" Michael asked him in a whisper.

"No," Jacob admitted. "But I can't say no to her."

Reaching for the doorknob on his side, Michael agreed, "Know the feeling."

She could hear them both at her door and the anticipation was driving her mad. Stephanie wasn't sure what would happen. Michael was willing, but she had seen no signs to

indicate what Jacob might do. And part of her was wondering if he didn't come to the door, would she even keep to her word and not fuck Michael just to deal with the strong sense of desire she was dealing with? But she heard two distinct people at her doors.

She rarely fucked either son in her bedroom. It wasn't so much wrong as it wasn't very convenient or practical. She'd have to change the sheets and make sure no clothes were left by her son. It was a hassle. But fucking two boys on either of their full beds or the futon in the basement seemed unnecessarily complicated. Her California King was a much better option.

Stephanie could barely breathe as the boys turned the doorknobs and pushed open the doors into the bedroom.

It's happening!

Michael made the first move, ducking into the bedroom and closing the door behind him out of habit. The house was

supposed to be theirs for the next few hours or so. Jacob was slower, but followed his brother's example and closed the door as well.

No words were shared as the boys looked at their mother and her eyes moved back-and-forth to each of them. She wasn't surprised to see Michael nonchalantly discard his clothes and climb into the bed next to his mother. Nothing ever seemed to phase him and the idea of having his brother there did nothing to halt his desire to be with Stephanie.

She kept her eyes on Jacob. With her head, she nodded to the other side of the bed, hoping he would join. Impatiently, Michael leaned in to kiss her neck. She didn't want to get going until both took the final step to get into bed with her, but her younger son wanted her and wanted her now. Licking and sucking at her neck, he moved up to her ear and sent shivers down her spine as he licked there as well.

God dammit, she thought. Jacob needs to join us.

But she didn't push Michael away. Rather, as his hand moved to her inner thighs, she opened her legs further without a thought - giving the boy a huge invitation and he didn't need to be told twice. He slid his hand between her legs, sending shocks of pleasure through his mother's body with every inch traveled. As he reached her pussy, which felt to her like it was burning up, she arched her body and moaned. It was the first time she had closed her eyes and stopped looking at Jacob since Michael's assault on her senses began.

"Oh, fuck..." Stephanie whispered. She was becoming a prisoner to her body's needs and things were quickly out of control. She was already so turned on that she felt she might pop any second.

She also was dealing with so many conflicting feelings. She didn't want Jacob to remain on the sidelines. The big bed had plenty of room for the three of them and still had room for clones of the trio. But to this point, it was just Michael - though she had to admit he was more than enough as he pushed the front of her red lace panties to the side and slipped a finger in his mother. It wasn't the plan, though.

Stephanie tried to fight against the feelings for a moment to open her eyes, but it was the way the bed shifted to her right that gave her enough power to put the pleasure aside and push her eyelids open. Jacob was moving into the bed. He was still dressed in his boxers. She reached out for him, feeling his chest and capturing his nipple between her middle and ring fingers. Two of Michael's fingers slid inside her while his thumb toyed with her clit.

"You going to cum, Mom?"

She was moderately surprised it was Jacob who said it. And then, as she turned to look up at him, she saw a smile.

"Yes, baby," she replied while sucking in air and discarding it nearly as fast. "Mommy's going to cum so hard. I've been such a needy slut the last few days. Dreaming of this. Wanting this."

His head moved down and his lips were on hers. Michael's tongue was still licking at her ear while his fingers did a number on her screaming cunt. It was too much for her body to take and she sharply bridged her body as her pussy exploded, fluid leaking out against Michael's hand. Jacob's tongue slid against hers as she moaned loudly into his mouth. Her hand shot out to grab onto something and gripped his cock, finding it hard. Still, her body shook with waves upon waves of intense pleasure. It may have been the quickest she had ever gone from zero-to-cum in her life.

Pushing Michael's hand away from her hypersensitive pussy, she broke her kiss with Jacob and looked him deeply into her eyes. She turned to look at Michael. Kissing her younger son, she immediately felt Jacob latch onto where her neck met her shoulders and suck at the skin. She hoped he wouldn't leave a mark, but also did nothing to stop him.

Breaking the kiss with Michael - biting his bottom lip playfully before again turning her head, she grabbed at his wet hand and slowly and deliberately, sucked on the drenched digits to taste her cum. Both boys groaned which only turned

her on more. With Michael's tasty fingers still in her mouth, she looked again at her firstborn. Finally popping the fingers from her mouth, she said, "Show me that cock of yours, baby. Gimme something else to suck on."

He flattened his body and pushed his boxers off, the underwear falling to the floor. Moving up the bed toward her head, he got to his knees and closed the distance between the two of them. Meanwhile, Michael moved lower, kissing his way over her bra-covered breasts and down her stomach. Dragging his tongue lower, he slid his hands up to grab the sides of her panties - completely drenched in her own juices already. As he started to pull them down, Jacob slid his cock into Stephanie's mouth. She attacked the dick, immediately tasting some delicious precum. She moaned at that and then moaned again as Michael pulled her panties the rest of the way down her body.

As she felt her younger son move back up her legs until she felt his hot breath on her pussy while her older son pushed his dick against the back of her throat, the mother of four thought, I could get used to this.

Stephanie sharply bucked as she felt Michael's tongue start at her sensitive clit down the engorged lips of her yummy cunt, pushing into the channel he once came out of. Meanwhile, Jacob moved his hand behind her head and fucked her face with even more intensity. She didn't need the help, but also let her boy use her mouth. Telling herself to relax, she prepared for and soon received his immense dick pushing itself down her throat. She fought her gag reflex as her eyes teared up. A thought flashed across her mind: deepthroating isn't easy when you have a tongue at your pussy.

Pulling back, Jacob followed through, again and again, pushing himself deep into his mother's mouth so often that she was getting lightheaded from the lack of oxygen to her brain. Yet, she tried to hold out for both his pleasure and her own sense of accomplishment. Meanwhile, Michael was already back to slipping a finger - still somewhat sticky from her first orgasm - back inside of her as he licked around and toyed with her supercharged clit.

After bottoming out into her mouth for a few seconds, feeling the constrictions of her throat, Jacob slipped from her wet embrace. Instinctively, Stephanie hurriedly breathed in air while moaning as Michael sucked her clit and added a second finger into her pussy. With force and speed, he slammed his two fingers into her dripping pussy as Stephanie let her eyes close for a moment to enjoy the exquisite feelings. Suddenly, she opened them again as she felt something against her mouth. It was Jacob's cum-filled balls and she immediately took one into her mouth, sucking at the orb tenderly as her oldest boy jacked his cock - wet with her saliva - right in front of her eyes.

If this isn't Heaven, she thought, it's damn close.

Swirling her tongue around the testicle in her mouth, she smiled as Jacob groaned. Then she moaned herself as Michael added yet another finger inside of her while swirling his tongue around her clit. She darted her eyes down and from her angle, she couldn't see too much of her younger son. That said, it seemed like his blue eyes were staring back at her or, more-than-likely, the perverse scene at the top of the bed. She

reached down to run her hand through his short hair before grabbing him harder and roughly sliding her pussy against his face. His fingers kept pushing inside of her hard and she could feel another strong orgasm closing in on her.

Jacob pushed away and found her mouth again with his cock. His mother was amazed by how incredibly hard he was. He felt bigger than ever in her mouth. The boy didn't push his cock quite as far into her mouth this time and she barely needed to battle her gag reflex. Instead, he fucked her mouth faster - a tell-tale sign that just like his momma, he was about to cum. She almost wanted him to cover her whole face in his cream, but her desire to be force-fed each drop of cum was more powerful.

He wanted to last longer - especially in front of his brother - but Jacob knew two things: first, his mother was a blowjob artist. Holding off his orgasm would be a waste of time. And second? He was not-near done with her today.

When Michael closed his lips around her clit once more and sucked lightly, Stephanie went over the edge completely. Her entire body shook and Michael could barely hold on to keep licking her, knowing he wanted to keep going until she pushed him away. Meanwhile, the moaning created insane vibrations around Jacob's cock. She wasn't really sucking him as her orgasm overtook her, but her mouth remained open and Jacob continued to fuck it.

"Fuck, Mom," Jacob hissed down at her as she continued to deal with her body spasming. "About to...ABOUT TO CUM!"

The forcefulness of his voice provided her the edge she needed to recapture some control. She released Michael's head as he continued to lick her - it was growing almost painful at this point. That said, Michael pulled away from his mother a little, leaving his hot breath still against her molten hot pussy as his fingers slowed to a stop inside her contracting cunt. He wanted to see his mom take a load in her mouth. Michael's decreased action helped her concentrate on the matter at hand. One hand went to Jacob's balls, massaging the

wet orbs lovingly. The other hand went to his shaft as she took over from her son, who stopped fucking her mouth.

Swirling her tongue over the hyper-sensitive head, she stroked the shaft hard aided by the copious amount of spit and precum that lubricated his cock deliciously. He grabbed the headboard with one hand to support himself and looked down, catching his mother looking up at him as she stroked his cock from the base to her mouth over-and-over and with amazing speed.

He could feel his balls releasing. "CUMMING!" he half-groaned, half-exclaimed.

She moaned in response, even before the first drop of cum splashed against her waiting tongue. She thought of trying to deepthroat him as he shot but wanted to taste him more. Quickly, her mouth filled up as eruption-after-eruption of creamy juice erupted from his cock, coating the inside of her mouth and tongue with his seed. When it was too much to contain, she swallowed what she could and he filled up her

mouth once more. She struggled and some drops of his cum escaped from the edges of her mouth, leaving a white streak sliding down her face to her chin. But what wasn't decorating her face or heading down her esophagus had filled her mouth to capacity.

She wanted to show her sons that they wouldn't regret giving her this gift of both of them. So, she gave them a show. Pulling away from her son's cock, she looked up at him and opened her mouth.

"Fucking hell," he said with a smile.

She couldn't stop some of the cum spilling out from her mouth, but that was okay. She gave her son a visual he would never forget. Then, she closed her mouth and moaned as she swallowed the huge load down her throat. Re-opening her mouth, very little trace of the cream was left. She closed her mouth again and smiled.

Her son surprised her by what he did next. He slid his thick cock over her face, dipping into and collecting some of the cum that had ventured out of her mouth. He also squeezed his cock, pushing out a drop of his cum. She immediately licked it up and then took his cock back into her mouth, giving him a strong suck to capture any more of the juice decorating his delicious cock.

Seconds later, he pulled away. His dick was still pretty stiff. He left the bed and headed to the bathroom to grab a towel for his mother's pretty face. She looked down at Michael and smiled.

"Well," she said.

"Well," he replied.

They both laughed as Jacob returned. Handing her the towel, he asked, "What's so funny?"

Looking up at him, she replied, "Life. Just life."

Jacob smiled at her and she returned his smile with a mischievous grin. Kissing her on the lips despite the fact she had just drunk a big helping of his cum, he stood up. "I'm going to get something to drink. You guys want anything?"

"Yeah, some Pepsi," she suggested. With a laugh, she added, "I need a chaser."

After his brother asked for some water, Jacob left the room - his cock dangling between his legs as he went down the steps. In the room, Michael moved up his mother's body.

"So...that's it for now?"

She nearly burst out laughing at his question. Turning to face him as he settled in next to her, she replied, "It? Mommy hasn't even been fucked yet. And besides, you used to throw

a fit if Jacob got something that you didn't get so I need to be fair to you."

Climbing on top of him, she chose not to kiss him on the lips - at least not until she washed out any remaining drops of his brother's juice from her mouth. Instead, she kissed her way down his chest - purring as she felt his already-hard cock slide against her pussy and then tummy. Moving to the left, she captured one of his nipples in her mouth, licking at the bud. Michael reached down and grabbed her ass hard before slapping it. She jumped and growled before biting the nipple in her mouth slightly. Michael chuckled.

Sliding across his chest, she gave a similar treatment to his other nipple - including another bite. Then she moved to the middle of his torso and licked her way down. She dipped her tongue into his belly button before leaving a trail of her saliva through his happy trail. He kept his area manscaped well - including smooth, shaven balls. She let her tongue snake through the manicured pubic hair above his cock, his dick sliding against her chin and then cheek as she moved around it. She was toying with her prize and Michael again wished he

had a camera to capture how her eyes closed and she made little cute moans as his cock moved across her face.

Pulling back, she opened her eyes and reveled in the sight of being this close yet again to her son's delicious tool. It stood up proudly, begging for her to play with it. Her eyes peered up his body, capturing his eyes as he looked down back at her.

That fucking smirk, she thought to herself. It used to annoy her. Sometimes, it even pissed her off. Now, though, she found herself loving the challenge of wiping that smirk off his face like only she could. Blowing hot air against his shaft from the bottom up to the top and back down again, she saw him shiver. Once she reached the bottom where his dick met his balls, she moved in and extended her tongue, licking from the base of his tasty treat up. It was the same path that she had just indicated when she blew hot air. But this time, instead of a shiver, he groaned deep in his throat. When she reached the top, she moved back down and came up again - licking him like an ice cream cone. When she had done this about five times, a drop of precum trickled from the apex of his hard-

on. She swiped her tongue at it as quickly as she saw the wet treat.

"Mmmm." She grinned at the sight of him. Not only was he already leaking precum for his mother, but he also wasn't smirking anymore. Rather, he looked at her with insane lust. Got ya.

She reached up to hold his cock by the base. Meanwhile, never breaking eye contact, she swirled her playful tongue around the head of his cock, both wetting the tip and capturing any more precum that bubbled to the top. Sliding the tip of her tongue around the glans, she felt her pussy nearly gush as his eyes rolled back and he moaned. Then, without warning, she engulfed him down into her mouth. When his tool poked against the back of her throat, she relaxed her gag reflex and took him the rest of the way. She fought the instinct to cough and instead kept feeding his dick into her mouth until her nose pressed into the well-kept patch of pubic hair and the skin underneath it.

Jacob returned to the room to see his brother's dick completely disappeared into his mom's mouth. His first urge was to yell, but he stifled it. This was the new normal, he thought to himself. And the way his cock reacted to the scene - knowing just how amazing it felt when Mom deepthroated his tool - he thought things could work after all. Moving to the nightstand, he placed his mother's soda and brother's water next to her phone and the bottle of lube.

Pulling off Michael's dick, his mother peered up at him. "Thanks, honey."

Not waiting for a response, she again took her younger son's cock into her mouth. This time, she stroked the shaft and swirled her tongue around the cockhead, earning more groans from Michael. Briefly, the boys made eye contact, which each found a little unsettling. Jacob found it strange that it wasn't unsettling at all, though, to watch his mother suck Michael's dick deep into her mouth before returning to tease the helmet, extending her tongue to lick around the crown. His own dick was reacting to the scene as it began to rise while he drank more water down. Meanwhile, Michael

watched with wide eyes as his mother ducked her head and began to run her tongue over his shaven testicles while stroking her dainty hand up-and-down his slick tool.

"God damn, mom," he whispered. She moaned before sucking one of his balls into her mouth, enjoying, even more, the sharp intake of breath that followed from the boy. She alternated her sucking force on the cum-filled orb and slid his cock to the side to look up. She didn't see his eyes as they were hidden behind closed eyelids. Growling, she released one wet sphere and sucked the other into her mouth.

In their shared ecstasy, both had lost track of Jacob until Stephanie felt the bed shift behind her. She had half a mind to turn her head and see what her older son was up to, but his tongue against her pussy made that quite clear. Squealing at the surprise, she moved away from the probing muscle before falling back into a more comfortable position as her oldest son began to lick from her sweet and desperately wet cunt.

Looking down, Michael couldn't help but smile at the sight of his Mom's ass high in the air and the top of Jacob's head moving around behind her. Unsurprisingly, he was just as hesitant to see this whole thing out, but he couldn't deny that it was working out quite well.

Slipping a finger into her drenched cunt, Jacob was in heaven. He had wanted to get a taste of his Mom's deliciousness before either of them came inside. Sliding his tongue around, he settled on her clit and smiled when he heard his mom pop his brother's cock from her mouth to shout, "holy fuck, yes!" before plugging her mouth with man meat once more. For effect, he added a second finger into his mother's pussy. Like his brother, while this wasn't exactly how he saw things turning out, he couldn't deny that it was amazing.

Back-and-forth, Stephanie's body moved as her mouth went low on the thick tool in her mouth before pushing against the fingers and tongue of her oldest son behind her. She had never felt this truly satisfied. She let herself think, only for a moment, of her husband. She realized something that put everything into perspective and at another time, she'd have to

tell the boys about her epiphany. Her mouth was a little too full at the moment.

That epiphany was simple - she needed all three of them. Only then would her life - her sexual needs - ever be right.

She could sense that Michael was getting close. Part of her wanted to pull back. Let him cum somewhere else. But the loudest voice was the one telling her to keep sucking this delicious cock until he came in her mouth. After all, Jacob had already cum there. It was only fair for his brother to experience the same thing. And for that matter, the horny-as-fuck mother was hungry for her younger son's seed. Besides, she thought as she smiled around the thick root, Michael wouldn't last very long in one of her other holes in his current condition anyway. And knowing her boy, the gun would be reloaded in no time.

"Mom," he whispered as a warning for her to stop. "You better...quit..."

Popping him from her mouth, she tried to speak despite Jacob sending her closer to another orgasm of her own. "Cum for me, baby. Cum for your slutty mommy. Make me drink every fucking drop. Don't worry, Michael. Mmmm, you'll be ready to fuck me again in no time."

He smiled down on her and grabbed the back of her to once again plug up her mouth with his dick. Driving her head down, his other hand also moved down to grab her skull, and once again, she was completely at the whim of her desires. Behind her, Jacob continued to send her cunt spiraling toward an edge that she would be most happy to jump from while the dick in her mouth leaked precum that she was all-too-pleased to drink up as she waited for the main event.

Jacob moved underneath her, turning his body to lay on his back so he could attack her pussy more directly with his tongue. But that wasn't all. It shouldn't have been too surprising when she felt Jacob's finger start probing around her asshole, yet she couldn't help herself but give a high-pitched squeal. Of course, most of it was muted as Michael's thick cock again-and-again drove into her willing mouth. The finger against her brown star was plenty wet - having been

dragged through her juicy pussy first. And Jacob wasn't about to focus entirely on teasing her. He wanted her to cum. So, he pushed his index finger into her hole. His other index finger, along with the middle digit, was already plunging into her pussy and he could feel them moving against one another. It drove his tongue to move even faster over her swollen clit and that edge his mom was nearer? She was completely there and about to jump.

If she had been smart, she probably would have pulled back on Michael's cock as her orgasm once again overcame her. But just as much as her children, she was a slave to her needs. Crying out - again mostly muffled by dick - she started to shake her ass and upper thighs wildly as Jacob continued to try to hold on and make his mother cum even harder. Deep grunts followed from the woman as her pussy exploded, liquid coating not just Jacob's fingers, but his palm and wrist and trickling down his arm. It only emboldened him to move his fingers faster as the woman unknowingly curled her toes.

Meanwhile, her other son never relented. Seeing her cum made him want to orgasm even more.

"Take it, Mom," he hissed. "Take every drop. Eat it, slut!"

In another time, she would have admonished Michael. Now? She reveled in being called a slut for her sons. And as the first spurt of juice left Michael's cock, despite her orgasm, she clamped her lips tightly against his tool and tried to do as her son had commanded.

Time and time again, jets of white cream filled her mouth as her pussy continued to rock and spasm. She wanted to push Jacob away from her cunt for a moment to give her a small reprieve so she moved her ass down and tried to flatten the rest of her body so that she was no longer on her knees with her butt in the air. But that didn't stop Jacob - it only changed the hole where his tongue was at. Almost immediately, he pulled his fingers from her orifices, pulled out from underneath her, spread her asscheeks, and pushed his tongue against her asshole. She stifled a cry that would have surely led to a big mess as she tried to swallow Michael's growing load.

Michael's grip on her head relaxed, though she didn't pull away at all. He watched her for a few moments as she dealt with her orgasm while sucking down his before the boy closed his eyes and enjoyed the experience. His pelvis thrust every time another spurt of cum left his body and entered his mother's mouth. It didn't register in his head that he had a big smile on his face.

She stopped moving her head and instead coaxed more drops of Michael's juice by stroking his still rigid shaft. She wanted to pat herself on her back for having done such a bang-up job keeping up with the volume - especially as compared to what Jacob unleashed into her mouth only minutes before. Pulling off Michael's cock, she saw a few drops get pushed out of the asshole and she licked them up - smiling devilishly the entire time.

Completely drained - at least for the moment - Michael kept his eyes closed and enjoyed the moment. But his mom gave him no rest. Almost immediately, she started to stroke his softening cock. It flopped in her hand. He looked down and

nearly told her he needed a few minutes, but the look on her face told him everything he needed to know. She was not done with him no matter how much he filled her stomach with his sperm.

The mother of four relaxed the rest of her body and once again let her older son have access to her pussy. He slipped one of his hands between her legs and plunged two fingers back into her dripping slit, but his tongue continued to toy with her tight little asshole. Since she had already decided in her head that Jacob would get first dibs on fucking her ass - a way to make up for the fact she "cheated" on him - she was more than happy to give him all of the time in the world to get it prepared for his long cock. Meanwhile, she worked Michael's dick as she tried to wake it back up for her ultimate fantasy. Getting double penetrated had long been a dirty thought at the back of her mind. The idea that it would be both of her sons doing the penetrating only made it hotter.

But she first had to get Michael hard. Luckily for her, his youth made that a lot easier than she worried it might be. Almost immediately, his cock started to show life and as she

sucked it into her mouth, she felt it getting stiffer. Moaning around the tool, she shook her ass in her other son's face. Jacob smiled and pushed his tongue against the tight ring before it relaxed enough to let him rim his mother deeper. She yelped a little but did not deviate from sucking her younger boy's big stick.

Her pussy was begging to be filled fully for the first time that afternoon and, while she appreciated Jacob's tongue in her ass, as soon as Michael was hard as a rock, she climbed up his body and straddled Michael. Jacob was momentarily left with his tongue extended against nothing while his eyes were closed before he retracted the wandering muscle back into his mouth and opened his peepers to watch as his mother's ass jiggled as she moved into position. Immediately, he moved up to his knees and reached down. His cock was nearly ready for his mom as well. He watched with intrigue as Stephanie reached down to grab his brother's cock firmly. A second later, inch-by-inch started to disappear as his mother slid down the hard pole.

It had been a few days since Jacob caught him fucking their mother and Michael had missed being inside her so very much. It just felt perfect when he re-connected with the same woman whose body he had left all those years ago. It was warmer, tighter, and wetter than any other woman he had ever been and unlike his brother, Michael was quite experienced. But his mother just felt different than all of those girls.

She moved her head to kiss her son deeply, her tongue pushing into his mouth and finding his tongue to toy with. Her hips rocked to and fro, feeling each inch of his delicious tool drive into her with so much force that his balls slapped the bottom of her rump each time she slammed down. Knowing full-well he had already just released a gallon of juice down her gullet, she didn't bother trying to play nice and coax a longer fucking from the boy. He could last for a long time and she was going to enjoy every damn second of it.

Part of her, though, was getting a bit impatient. She wanted her other hole to be filled and was somewhat happy Michael hadn't already fucked her ass - even though she no longer felt

she would say no to him had he went for it. Still, it felt good to be able to give her older son her tightest hole first. After all, this whole road started with him. Seemed fitting he should get the next reward. That said, though, he was taking his sweet time after teasing her butthole with his tongue while she blew Michael.

Slowly stroking his already rock hard cock, Jacob watched his mother ride his brother and found himself feeling like, despite his apprehension about this whole thing, it was rather fucking hot to see his mom from this angle for once. He loved watching her body in pictures and videos that she sent to him while he was away at college. And he especially loved when she would play with herself in person for him. But this was different - more intimate and exciting. He focused on how wet her juices were making Michael's cock. God, his mom looked amazing as she rocked her hips. Then, as if knowing he was watching, she reached behind and grabbed her asscheeks and spread them. Her saliva-slicked asshole winked at him.

Go ahead, she implored her older son in her head. Take it. Fuck it. Fill your mommy.

But Jacob moved off the bed instead. She nearly protested, but he moved quickly to grab the lube from the nightstand. She wouldn't have stopped him had he tried to plunge his cock into her ass with only spit to lubricate the moving parts, but her son was always thinking of her and she smiled, reclosing her eyes as her tongue continued to play with Michael's.

Moving behind his mother as she rode his brother's dick, Jacob squeezed the bottle and pushed lube out, forming a slick line on his cock. Stroking it a few times, he moved closer to the couple fucking in front of him. His mother continued to pull her asscheeks wide apart, practically begging him to fuck the hole that continued to pucker. He let his lube-slicked fingers caress her asshole as she moaned from the increased teasing. He thought of sticking a finger inside, but he had to stick his much thicker member in as soon as possible.

Stephanie broke away from Michael slightly to concentrate on relaxing her body as she felt the hot cock poke against her ass and slide up her crack as he moved into position. When he pulled back, she locked eyes with Michael, who grinned at her. Through clenched-teeth, she moaned loudly as she tried to remain in position once Jacob started to push against the tight ring of her anus. Her eyes shut as she prepared herself for the delicious pain that she wanted to feel.

Holding his cock in one hand while his other hand pressed slightly on the small of her back, Jacob pushed against the hole until it no longer could deny him and began to open. The helmet of his dick slowly disappeared from view and he tried to take mental pictures of every bit of this amazing experience. Once her ass swallowed the mushroom head of his cock, it was smooth sailing as inch-by-inch vanished before his eyes. Though the grunts his mom was producing indicated it wasn't quite as easy on her as it was for him.

Oh, the pain was real. She knew it would be there. But she was still proud of herself for not seizing up and making matters worse - even with the cock in her pussy constantly moving as

Michael kept pushing in-and-out despite being limited by his brother's presence from really fucking his mom hard. Her still bra-covered breasts were mashed against Michael's chest as she tried to breathe through the feeling of the first live dick in her ass in years. She had teased the hole of late. Even fucked it with a dildo. But a real-life cock that she wasn't controlling? That was an incredibly different feeling, but she already felt the tide turning toward pleasure after her boy bottomed out inside of her. The man meat filling her cunt to the brim definitely helped as well.

Once every inch of his dick had slowly disappeared into his mom's rump, Jacob settled for a few moments before beginning to pull back nearly just as leisurely as he pushed forward, to begin with. He tried to read his mom's signals and not hurt her, but it was testing all of his willpower because all he wanted to do was drive his cock deeply back into his mom and fuck her hard. She had promised him that, although there was no mention of his brother's cock inside of her pussy at the time. But he knew he better work up to the point he could give her the "ass-destroying I so richly deserve" she once told him about.

The feeling of their cocks sliding against one another wasn't lost on the two boys, either. Though, both were again surprised by their ease with the idea of their cocks being so close to one another. Of course, there were some benefits to this arrangement. It only made the holes tighter around their dicks while adding extra movement inside their mother.

"Fuck me, boys," she hissed. "Give it to your momma."

At first, neither son could find a rhythm. But like a song's beat, eventually, the brothers were pulling back together and then pushing deep inside their mother together and Stephanie had never felt so much bliss before. It was slow at first as Jacob continued to build speed, but that slow stroking started to give away to harder and faster strokes as her well-lubed ass opened up nicely for her oldest. No longer was she clenching her teeth. No longer did she fight against the pain. It was all pleasure for Stephanie and she never wanted it to stop.

From his vantage point, Jacob had taken a knee with his other leg cocked to the side and his foot flat against the bed. It helped to give him leverage. He watched as his mom's body language only matched the grunts, groans, and moans that escaped her body - along with some dirty vulgarities that only turned him on more. He crashed his hand down, slapping her ass, and Stephanie felt her pussy start to orgasm.

Michael couldn't get enough of watching his mother's face. Every few seconds, it went through an array of emotions and expressions - seemingly going from pain to amazing joy and everything in between. Reaching down, he tried to grab her hip, though he felt his brother's hand already there. Jacob recoiled his hand and moved it to the other side, allowing his younger brother the spot. With his other hand, Michael moved down to grab at one of her breasts and sought the nipple through the bra. The additional stimulation pushed Stephanie down the road toward another mini-orgasm.

Her body felt like it was out-of-control and completely at the whim of the two strong and much-younger boys that were

fucking her. All she still had control over - somewhat - was her mouth and she definitely could use it.

"Fuck me! Fuck your slutty mother! Make her cum! Oh, fuck me!" She felt them move faster and she was a-okay with that change. "Give it to me! Feel me up with your sticky cum! I want it all!"

Part of her wanted the degradation of being the super whore who takes a pair of loads in her face from her sons, but she wanted the feeling of cum leaking from both holes from being filled more. She tried to meet their thrusts but found that doing so fucked with their rhythm. So, she accepted her fate. She was going to take their impressive cocks over-and-over until they both emptied their balls into her body and gave her control back to her. And quite frankly, she was going to love and try to remember every damn second of it.

Neither boy had ever felt a hole this tight. Michael had even taken a couple of girls' virginities and it didn't feel this restrictive. Both were glad they had already cum because

neither would have lasted for long in these circumstances. Their thick cocks glided in-and-out of their mother with impressive symmetry, opening her holes as wide as they would go, yet still felt as tight as hell with the presence of the other cock the main culprit. Her spasming cunt that continued to try to milk Michael's cock didn't help matters.

The writing was on the wall for both and, almost as if there was a telepathic connection, the two brothers both fucked her harder and faster at the same time with each trying to reach their orgasm. At the same time, both also wanted to finish second in this race - as if they could win one more sibling rivalry. They closed their eyes and fucked her with a raw, primal need to both cum and also win this weird new contest neither was sure the other knew was happening. Whatever the case, Stephanie was more than happy to be in the middle for it as her two holes were being tenaciously fucked. Drool slipped from her mouth and trickled onto Michael's upper chest near her shoulder where she had placed her head. She didn't mind. She had completely surrendered her whole body at this point.

The deeper strokes started to give away to shallow ones and their short intakes of breath were all too familiar. Mustering some energy, she whispered, though loud enough for them to hear, "Do it, boys. Give it to me. I want it. Every last drop."

The boys were grunting like animals as they fucked their mother hard, feeling their balls churning and ready to explode. Jacob went over the edge first, slamming his cock all the way home and feeling his cock pulsate inside of her ass as he came for the second time that afternoon. Michael felt his brother's cock expand before he started cum and, a handful of seconds later, he also released his juice deep inside his mother. Stephanie's holes tightened on both as she, too, experienced yet another orgasm - she had lost count several minutes ago just how many she had. Spurt after spurt filled both of her holes as the boys moved their cocks to and fro slightly.

Both loads were smaller - a product of each boy already filling her mouth earlier. But they still filled her up like she had been dreaming about. Once finished, Jacob's cock began to soften as his mother's asshole continued to relax-and-contract

around him. He fell backward some, his cock slipping from his mother's gaping asshole. Cum immediately trickled out, sliding down her perineum, through the folds of her cock-stuffed pussy, and dripping down to his brother's balls. Jacob could only laugh about that reality.

The mother slowly found her marbles once more and noticed the time. She still had a few hours, but her body felt like it had been through too much to expect that there would be a repeat or even some more vanilla action from the afternoon. She pushed herself off her younger son and - knowing that she would need to change the sheets anyway - rolled over onto her back to enjoy the afterglow. The sudden emptiness of her holes was a little jarring, though the delicious feeling of cum in both of them helped. She turned her head to look at Michael, who had a blissful smile on his face while his eyes were closed. Looking down, she caught Jacob's eyes and he was looking back at her through half-open slits with a similar smile on his face.

She thanked her foresight to set a few alarms on her phone so that she didn't lose track of time. That allowed her to feel okay closing her eyes.

She was already dreaming of the next time.

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### Epilogue - Nearly Four Years Later

As her son Michael walked across the stage to accept his degree in psychology, Stephanie Ball beamed with pride. To her left was her husband, Nathan, who looked at her with a smile. To her right was her other son, Jacob, holding his sister Bella up so she could easier see her brother move across the stage. He had taken the weekend off from the blog that he wrote for which centered on D.C. politics and met the rest of the family in Williamsburg for his brother's graduation. Next to him was Carrie, who was only starting to show from her pregnancy. In a month, the two would be married and two-to-three months after that, they would be welcoming their

first child. Even Lyssa came and loudly cheered her brother from her place on the other side of her father.

The last four years had been wonderful. And challenging. And as she wiped a tear from her eye, Stephanie knew she wouldn't trade it for the world.

At first, it was difficult to deal with her sons wanting her whenever they were horny and ready to go, but eventually, Jacob suggested a sharing agreement built on days of the week. While the proposal initially made her feel more like a pawn in the most fucked-up custody agreement of all time, Stephanie couldn't deny that it worked. The brothers avoided the fights and spats that often put them at odds in those first few weeks after the truth came out. She longed to have them together again at the same time, but outside of one special Valentine's that her husband missed because of work, the two rarely wanted to be together with their mother as she sucked one and fucked the other or, her favorite, fucked them both at the same time. Instead, a schedule was worked out when the two brothers were home at the same time so both were happy and, most importantly, she was quite overjoyed.

That only lasted for a little more than two years, though. Jacob gained some experience with the local paper and his investigation into embezzlement by the superintendent of the county's schools led not only to the latter's arrest but new opportunities that opened up. He eventually landed a job with Eye on DC, a political blog that required Jacob to move closer to DC. While she continued to sext with him along with some sexually-charged Skype sessions, it was clear their relationship was beginning to fade. She wasn't surprised when he mentioned he met someone. She was even less surprised that Carrie shared many of the same features she had.

As Stephanie and Jacob made love in the basement during a visit around Thanksgiving, the two seemed to have an understanding without ever saying it. This would probably be the last time they had sex. Afterward, he cleaned up at the utility sink before she did the same. Then he joined Carrie on the queen-sized air mattress in the attic while she went back to Nathan.

Michael and Stephanie still had sex, though his busy college-life made that hard. In a few months, he was headed to DC,

too, where he would begin his program for a master's in psychology. The previous night, only seconds after Nathan took Bella for some ice cream, she bent over her hotel bed as Michael rammed his cock deep inside her. They rarely seemed to have enough time for foreplay, which took away much of the intimacy. He turned her around and shot his cum inside her mouth. Minutes later, she washed it down with a spoonful of her husband's sundae.

Soon, Michael would settle down and her affairs would come to an end. Not that she wanted that, but she also accepted it because from the beginning, it was part of the appeal. She could have sex outside of her marriage without the foolish feelings that she would leave her husband mixed in. Eventually, that meant there would be an end, though. It was coming and as Bella laughed while Jacob bounced her on his knee, she couldn't help but be happy that she listened to her body that first night. Sure, she was also a bit drunk, but she listened to her heart. And her cunt. She was overjoyed that she had despite the fact that sex with her sons was coming to a bittersweet end. Yet, as she looked at Bella's smiling face, she couldn't be upset about it.

Nathan moved his arm around her shoulder and hugged her tightly. She turned to kiss him.

Her decisions, as reckless as they may have been at times, hadn't turned out so bad after all.

**THE END**

**Author's Note:** *I want to thank Janelle and Myra for dealing with me, Rachael for inspiring me to dive into this genre, and everyone who has read this story and especially for those that provided feedback. Even if you didn't like every direction I took, I appreciate you taking time out of your day to comment. I have a million stories that I've started, but only a few that have a real ending and I love that I was able to finish this story off because it meant a lot to me.*

*A lot of comments pushed for an ending that saw Stephanie and Michael end up together - potentially pushing Jacob to the side and maybe even Nathan. While I considered that part of the story, it also didn't make a lot of sense to me. I try to ground my stories into an idea of a realistic fantasy rather than just fantasy with elements of realism. Stephanie loves Jacob. She had a child with him. She also loves Michael and is intrigued by how he is different from Jacob. But under all of this is a marriage with Nathan that I hoped came across as loving and enriching. True, she "cheated" on Nathan with Jacob and Michael, but both of them also have elements of Nathan. She didn't stray far. And on a number of occasions, I tried to push the idea that she understood that her sexual flings with her sons were not going to last forever. Hopefully, that came across.*

*Just to answer another potential question that may come up - I do not have any plans for a direct sequel and definitely no Chapter 11 and beyond. That might seem obvious by attaching an epilogue to this story, but I've seen other stories that did something similar only to come back and expand on things. I don't see that happening here. This part of a glimpse into the lives of Stephanie, Michael, Jacob, and others is finished for the time being. I have a loose idea of a, for lack of a better word, spin-off, but it may never be written.*

*With over 23,000 words to cover the final two chapters, this story finished with over 80,000 words. That number is staggering to me. Thanks to everyone who read even a portion of that, let alone most or all of them. Even if there were ways you preferred me to take the story that I chose not to go, I hope you found enjoyment. More, I hope you at least got off. That's why we are here after all.*