Whoremom

Part 1

Marianne Mathers was more than happy with her life in the suburbs, living in a nice, gated neighborhood. Marianne was still enjoying marriage to her husband Scott who'd built up a highly successful business in home security systems.

With burglary on the rise, Scott had realised there was a big market for making the most of technological advances in the security arena and he'd worked with experts to create the most cutting edge security equipment out there.

Marianne always slept very safely at night knowing there was cameras and sensors all over her property, and even when her husband was away she felt completely safe.

She was never alone, though, with her younger son Marty going to the local college in the town. He was nineteen and looked it while his older, more academic brother Clyde was away at an Ivy League college but due home soon for the summer.

Marianne loved both her boys and got along with them both, also happy in the knowledge that they would both probably get involved in her husband's business.

While Clyde was the super smart son studying electrical engineering and the technology around security cameras, Marty was more sociable and outgoing.

Marianne felt that Scott would eventually employ him as a sales rep in the business, so she didn't worry that Marty wasn't as academically gifted as Clyde, he had other skills. And, while she thought both her sons were very handsome, Marty was particularly cute as her friends often told her.

The only thing she worried about with Marty was his love of partying and socialising. She'd brought up her boys in a rather strict Christian manner and held herself to very high standards of behaviour, which she had a strong reputation for.

Her friends credited her strong sense of morality for choosing such a good husband and maintaining a lasting marriage in an era where divorce was increasingly common. The closest Marianne came to sin and vice was a weakness for cake and chocolate, but she kept that under control by daily workouts in the home gym that Scott had installed in the house.

While both Clyde and Marty had behaved impeccably growing up, the influence of college life on Marty had

become apparent to her. His college was rather more laid back than the highly competitive Ivy League college that Clyde was attending. Marianne had found it difficult to see her son get involved with frat parties where she knew there was drinking, drug taking and casual sex taking place.

Although she'd been a squeaky clean, extremely well behaved college student when she'd been Marty's age, she wasn't naive as to what went on.

The closest thing to bad behavior she'd known was someone offering a joint at a party once. Naturally, she declined and left instantly. She never did go to a college party after that.

But while she disapproved of Marty's partying and hedonistic ways, he was always very well behaved and helpful around the house, always offering to assist with the chores. As she knew his future was secure with a guaranteed role in her husband's ever expanding company she was prepared to turn a blind eye to Marty's youthful indulgences.

She was having to do that a lot lately as it was coming up to the summer break, so it was party season. Marty's social diary was becoming one wild party after another and he wanted to make the most of being one of the most popular guys in his college year.

Halfway through that week he found himself in his room trying to grind out an essay that had to be done by the end of the semester, having already done his finals for the school year.

He just couldn't be bothered with it and was constantly checking his phone, hoping for a welcome distraction. His buddy Frankie came to the rescue, sending him a text about an upcoming party:

'Marty, good one to go to this weekend. Johnny Johnson is hosting a weed party, the rules are you have to turn up with a bunch of rolled joints or you have to bring a space cake! I'm game if you are!'

Marty's eyes lit up at this text, he loved to get high even more than he loved getting drunk and everyone knew Johnny Johnson threw the best parties around. It was guaranteed to be full of hot girls and seeing everyone getting high was going to be a blast. Forgetting all about the turgid, boring essay he was trying to write, he texted Frankie back:

'Count me in, buddy! I'll be bringing a space cake for sure, I know how to make one and, let's face it, my joint rolling abilities are not the best! And a space cake can be so much more potent than a joint, I'll get everyone absolutely high as a kite including you and me! And you know what....I'll make

it with that Lemon Volcano weed, it made me feel super horny so it's perfect for a party! Can't miss this one, bro.'

Frankie texted back: 'Oh I heard about that Lemon Volcano weed, dude you're going to get the party absolutely flying, my friend! I'll be there, don't you worry.'

Frankie sent Marty the party details, it was the coming Saturday, just a few days away. The only pain in the ass that Marty could foresee was having to sneak into the kitchen late at night to make the cake, which he felt shouldn't be too difficult as long as he didn't leave a trace of evidence behind.

His mom was the most fastidious housewife he had ever encountered, the whole house was kept spotless and she had some weird in-built detector for finding anything remotely out of place. Marty often laughed to himself that someone as hedonistic as him had been born to such a goody-two-shoes, prim and proper mom like Marianne.

The next day he picked up the ingredients he needed from the store and then figured that as he was partying on the Friday night too, he better bake the space cake on the Thursday night.

When it got to midnight on the Thursday he figured his mom would be asleep as she went to bed at the exact same time every night, eleven o' clock.

Figuring that she must be in a deep enough sleep by now Marty stole down the stairs as quietly as he could and, very slowly, turned the handle on the kitchen door, then just as slowly he pushed the door open. There was just a slight creak that gave him pause before he proceeded.

He got to work making the cake, then when the mix was done he started grinding up the dry herb and smiling to himself. He'd only had a little of this Lemon Volcano and he remembered feeling horny as a dog all night and having to jerk off to his favorite milf porn on the internet several times, to satiate his sexual urges.

He couldn't suppress the impish grin on his face, knowing that all these already hormonal and horny college students were going to be imbibing sexual rocket fuel in the form of this space cake.

The hardest part was waiting for it to bake in the oven, having to put a towel under the door to stop the scent of marijuana and chocolate zucchini drifting upstairs and waking his mom. It was certainly a risky endeavour but he knew it was totally worth it. He tensed up as the oven made

a loud ping, then had to wait for the cake bowl to cool down enough to touch it.

Once those nerve-racking minutes were over he took the bowl to the huge fridge and made sure he hid it right at the back. He figured it would be safe there until Saturday night and he could now enjoy the party on Friday knowing he had his contribution to Johnny Johnson's wild party, all ready to rock.

The next night he told his mom that he was heading to a party while deciding against telling her about Saturday night as she frowned upon him partying two nights in a row. Marty got himself all dressed up then left the house at 7.30pm, planning on taking it easy at this more regular party.

He didn't want to get absolutely smashed and then turn up feeling and looking like shit at the big party on Saturday.

Marianne requested that Marty be home by midnight and he was actually happy to agree to it, knowing he was going to be pacing himself. He gave her a brief peck on the cheek on the way out, a nice display of affection that she was glad he hadn't grown out of yet.

As he strolled out into the warm summer night to walk the few blocks to where the party was happening she felt a

curious flurry of emotions all at once. She was glad she still had one son at home but she could see how he was developing into an outgoing and socially accomplished young man.

She felt a mixture of pride and a curious melancholy at her handsome and confident younger son heading off to experience the heady joys of teenage self-indulgence. She knew she had to let him spread his wings and become his own man but the selfish part of her wished he would just be home more, keeping her company.

Whenever she felt emotional like this she either called up one of her close group of friends to talk it through or just found some solace in comfort food. As she sat on the sofa she thought about calling her friend Cindy but decided against it.

She was just going through the transitional phase of accepting her sons didn't need her as much anymore and she just had to deal with it. Cindy didn't want to have to listen to her going on about her feelings, Marianne told herself. So, still feeling a little blue, she decided to cheer herself up by seeing what there was in the fridge.

She wandered into the kitchen and first checked the freezer for ice cream. She sighed as she realised she'd forgotten to

buy some Rocky Road when she was at the store the other day, her favorite. She wasn't in the mood for going all that way for a tub of ice cream and it was too late in the evening for that.

So she just decided that she'd make do with whatever she could find in the fridge. She sighed as she could only find some yoghurt and cereal bars that she'd bought to try to eat something healthy, but she needed something delicious to cheer her up.

As she scoured the fridge she suddenly noticed the cake bowl at the very back of the third shelf and she immediately felt confused, knowing she'd not done any baking for a few weeks. She wondered whether something like that could slip her mind but seeing how much she loved cake, that seemed unlikely.

And when she pulled out the bowl and peeled back the foil she gasped as she saw it was chocolate zucchini, one of her very favorite kinds of cake. She thought to herself that Marty must have been given it to take home from a birthday party or something and then he'd forgotten to tell her about it.

She liked that explanation a lot as it meant that she couldn't think of a reason why she shouldn't eat some now. When she

saw a carton of double cream in the door shelf of the fridge, that clinched the deal for her and she pulled out both.

Five minutes later she was sat happily on the sofa, drizzling cream slowly over her chocolate zucchini, teasing herself and enjoying the delayed gratification as she wanted to savour every bite.

She brought some on a spoon to her lips once the excess cream had dripped off and took great delight in taking in a mouthful. The taste of the zucchini was delicious but she immediately sensed a slightly unusual tang to the cake.

She swirled it around her mouth, trying to place what this might be, but detected a hint of lemon. She was right, but was completely oblivious to what she was eating at first. As she was inexperienced with drugs she didn't even consider that this might be a space cake, thinking marijuana was only something you smoked.

But as the minutes passed she began to feel increasingly light headed, a sort of gentle but growing euphoria. As the high began to kick in Marianne could feel all her senses were heightening; the cake suddenly tasted even more delicious, the cream so succulent on her tongue. The lame sitcom she was watching on TV began to make her giggle, even though the jokes were pretty weak.

It finally dawned on her naive mind what was happening to her. She'd eaten a cake with marijuana in it, that was the strange taste she'd noticed. By now, she felt like a plane ascending into the clouds or that thrilling feeling of being on a rollercoaster as it builds up to its most climactic moment. She felt her face break into a huge, involuntary grin.....she was high!

She marvelled at how it felt, nothing like the unpleasant giddiness and sensory depression of being drunk, this seemed so exciting and different. All her senses felt doubled and hyper sensitive, everything was in Technicolor all of a sudden.

But beyond the marijuana intoxication she was experiencing there was an even stronger, more overriding sensation....she felt horny like she'd never felt horny before.

She had always had a healthy libido but being a strict Christian she had always been very aware that lust is one of the "seven deadly sins" and she tried to push thoughts of fornication out of her mind.

But now all she could suddenly think about was sex and it gave her a sense of arousal and intense excitement that had been absent from her mundane life for a very long time.

Marianne was a very attractive woman, a natural blonde with her hair in a sexy shoulder length bob. But she always dressed to hide her voluptuous figure, never daring to show off her 38d breasts as cleavage. She knew that if she did she would be faced with much more male attention and carnal temptation.

Yet right now, she felt sexual like she'd never felt sexual in her life before. She'd gotten used to a very dull sex life with her husband, who would give her performative and unsatisfying missionary sex once a month or so when he was home.

Marianne had reluctantly accepted that he was a workaholic who always had his mind on the job. She remembered a couple of years ago that she'd tried to liven up their marriage and sex life by purchasing some erotic lingerie....but he barely noticed and they'd hung in the corner of her wardrobe since.

She suddenly felt a strong impulsive urge to get dressed up, she wanted to see herself looking as sexual as she felt inside at that moment. She put down her plate and licked the cream off her lips then wandered upstairs in a stoned euphoria, her nipples throbbing from the powerful sexual energy that had overwhelmed her.

From the vantage point of being high she could suddenly perceive how boring she had become, never feeling any real joy or excitement, just fulfilling her roles as mother and housewife. Well, she wasn't needed so much now as a mom and she sure as hell wasn't going to be happy just being a housewife, even if she was a pretty good one.

As soon as she got in her bedroom she headed for her wardrobe and started out laying out her sexiest lingerie on the bed. She had a glorious collection of black and red lingerie, silk and lace, basques, teddies, stockings and thigh highs.

Almost all of them she'd never even tried on. She remembered wearing a sexy black negligee in bed that she'd bought to turn her husband on and he hadn't even noticed when he got into bed.

Marianne clearly remembered the deep disappointment she felt when he turned on his side and fell asleep. She'd been burying all these emotions and desires, the frustration and resentment had been simmering under the surface ever since.

So, just for one night, while she felt this glorious sexual energy, she wanted to look and feel hot, sexy, desirable. She

spent the next ninety minutes trying on every erotic garment she had in her possession, admiring her reflection in the mirrored wardrobes by her king-size four poster bed. For the first time in years she felt a full woman again; she felt alive.

When she put on a sheer black teddy with a cross-weave cleavage area she actually couldn't believe how hot she looked, she felt vain for even thinking that about herself. But she had to admit to herself that she was in very good shape for 42, all those hours in their home gym paying off.

She decided to combine her sheer black teddy with a tight fitting black skirt, so short that it didn't even cover the hems of the black thigh highs she decided would complete the look.

Stepping into the only pair of black stilettos she owned, Marianne continued admiring herself. She felt like she was finally acknowledging the more physical and carnal side to herself that her religion had encouraged her to repress.

But it was as if eating that marijuana cake had opened her mind in a way that she felt like she couldn't ever go back to being boring ol' Marianne, mom and housewife. No, she was going to make the most of her feelings of attractiveness and sexuality.

Her mind was on fire with tempting ideas...all the fun things she'd denied herself for being sinful suddenly seemed like the most alluring, irresistible ideas in the world.

She'd always took a very dim view of pornography, all that sin and vice...but now the thought of watching some naughty hardcore pornography sent shivers all over her body.

Marianne couldn't help but to think about sneaking into Marty's room and seeing if she could find something very explicit and hardcore to watch on his internet connection. She wondered what he enjoyed watching himself....

Still dressed like a high class escort, Marianne tentatively walked in her stilettos into Marty's room, feeling even more high as the effects of the cake went through her system. She did feel like she was doing something very forbidden as she sat in his computer chair and loaded up his internet connection.

She didn't know much about the internet but she knew that there was a website called Pornworld where people she regarded as "sinners" would get their salacious kicks. Well, now she wanted to be a sinner too.

When she logged onto to Pornworld she found that she was automatically logged into her son's account. She felt tense all of a sudden, even more so when she saw a tab saying "recently viewed". She knew that if she clicked on it then she would learn what her son enjoyed watching, what turned him on.

Half of her wanted to turn the computer off and enjoy the bliss of ignorance. But the way the cake had stirred up her repressed sexual urges, it felt like she had a devil on her shoulder whispering in her ear: "Go on, you know you want to know what he watches....".

The voice of temptation won out and she took a deep breath, clicking on the tab. She gasped as she saw a list of videos all with the same or similar theme....young men like him with "milfs", older women...some pretending to be the young man's mother.

Marianne felt a throbbing between her legs and couldn't resist clicking on one video called Filthy Milf Seduces Young Hung Stud.

In her highly intoxicated and aroused state Marianne felt overwhelmed to find out that her son had an obvious sexual preference for older women. Not just older women, but particularly milfs and cougars.

As she began watching one of the videos she immediately understood the erotic appeal, the powerful sexual dynamic between a confident and experienced older woman and a young, horny man, young enough to be her son.

Marianne felt herself getting wet between her legs very quickly. Still feeling herself getting even higher as the minutes passed she couldn't resist rubbing herself as she watched a woman around her age sucking off a handsome young stud no older than Marty.

As she rubbed her now soaking wet silk panties with two fingers she let a forbidden thought enter her mind...she wondered if there really were mothers and sons who had sex together behind closed doors.

This thought drove her absolutely wild and she found herself hitching up her tight short black skirt and beginning to rub her increasingly wet snatch through her sodden, soaking panties. Marianne watched in fascination as the older woman flirted with the young man then began rubbing his crotch with her hand while they talked dirty to each other.

It was the first time in Marianne's life that she'd let herself enjoy unrestrained sexuality. She'd never even watched a

softcore adult film but here she was, sopping wet for taboo hardcore pornography.

As she watched the milf slip to her knees and start giving head to the horny young stud, it felt like rubbing wasn't enough anymore and Marianne moved her panties to one side, sliding in a finger, then two. Once she saw the young stud fully hard Marianne began frigging herself with two fingers, knuckle deep.

It felt so invigorating to let herself enjoy such onscreen sinfulness, especially when she watched the woman get on a table and spread her legs wide. The stud pushed her thighs apart and began giving her a hard licking.

Marianne had simply never seen anything so sexual in her life, her nipples swollen and throbbing. As he stood up and pushed his cock inside the milf Marianne gasped and finger fucked herself even harder, feeling overwhelmed with arousal.

Oblivious to this, Marty was contemplating returning home early from what had turned out to be a bit of a lame party. There were a few hot girls there but he knew they were the more tame types who just went to parties to be seen and never got too wild. He figured he may as well head home early so he could be in a good state for the real party at Johnny Johnson's the next night.

He made some polite conversation with the party's host and said he wasn't feeling so great. The host was understanding and Marty called a cab which turned up in no time. It was pretty unusual for him to be leaving a party at 10.30pm but he knew he was going to be partying like crazy on the Saturday night, so he didn't feel too boring.

As he paid the cab driver and walked up his long driveway he felt glad that he'd baked the spacecake on the previous night so he could just relax for the rest of the evening.

As he turned the key in the front door and walked inside he wandered into the lounge and was surprised to see the room was empty. He then walked through to the kitchen and stopped dead in his tracks as he saw his chocolate zucchini spacecake lying on the kitchen table, a quarter of it eaten.

"Oh fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck...." he said, realising that his mother's sweet tooth had tempted her into eating what she'd thought was just a regular chocolate cake.

Marty clutched his temple with both hands and kept saying, "Oh, this is bad. This is very bad. This is so fucking bad!"

He felt panic stricken knowing that his prim and proper, super moral and uptight Christian mother was upstairs and high as a kite. He had no experience with a situation like this and just didn't know what the hell to do.

He figured the first thing he should do was see how she was. He walked up the stairs and, as he reached the top, he could hear noise coming from his room. As he tip-toed across the landing he reached his bedroom door which was almost closed but slightly ajar.

He felt his mouth go dry and his jaw drop involuntarily as he saw his normally austere and sensible mother dressed in black lingerie. Her skirt was hitched over her waist and her long legs clad in black thigh-highs spread wide. They were hanging over the arms of the chair, two fingers plunged deep in her cunt, moaning deeply as she watched Marty's favorite milf porn. It was a lot for him to take in....

He knew exactly what had happened and it was obvious that the strong marijuana in the space cake had made his mother just as massively horny as it had made him...except that she'd had at least three times as much as he had when he tried it and she'd never even taken it before!

That was just the first thing to wrap his mind around as he stood frozen to the spot in the doorway. He couldn't believe

how incredibly sexy she looked, never having seen her wear anything more daring than an elegant evening dress split at the knee.

But the way her pert, large breasts were straining against the sheer black cross-weave teddy she was wearing was as hot as anything he'd seen in a milf porn video. And the fact she'd gone into his room and found his favorite Pornworld videos....his head was spinning and his loins were stirring.

As if that wasn't enough, Marianne was so turned on by watching the young stud pull out and cum all over the milf's face and breasts that she went into a deep orgasm, one so strong that it was like nothing she'd ever known.

Her moans turned to whimpers as the juices gushed over her fingers, her body shaking and shuddering. Marty felt his cock swelling to full turgor in his black jeans and suddenly became aware that she could see him standing in the doorway any second.

He stepped back then quietly crept down the stairs as his mother completed her climax. He sat down on the plush white sofa in the lounge and put his head in his hands, trying to process what the hell had just happened.

He didn't care about the damn cake, he could make another one before the party....what was on his mind was seeing a whole new side to the mother he thought he knew so well after all these years.

But it turned out that under that squeaky clean persona his mom had a strong sexual side and the space cake had simply awakened what she had been doing her best to repress because of her faith.

Even harder to contemplate was that she was getting off on the same porn that he loved. Did it just turn her on because she was so high, or did she like the thought of sex with a young man? Did she like the thought of sex with.....him?

Marty shook his head, feeling disgusted within himself at the thought of even considering the idea of incestuous sex with his mother. The rules were pretty clear...you're allowed to desire anyone's mom except your own, everybody knew that. But goddamn it, she looked so hot in that lingerie, Marty reluctantly conceded to himself.

Marianne, feeling on fire after such an incendiary climax, was still not satiated. In fact she somehow felt even hornier than before. She thought about the cake in the kitchen and felt tingles at the thought of having a little more, to increase her sensory experience even further, to get even higher.

She knew she was out of control but being high seemed to make her desires insatiable. She walked downstairs into the lounge on the way to the kitchen then stopped in her tracks as she saw Marty on the couch with a stunned expression on his face.

"Marty!? You're home! I.....wasn't expecting you home so soon.....I was just trying on some.....garments" she said, pretending to feel embarrassed but actually thrilled that somehow was getting to see her dressed in such a sexy, scintillating way. And now knowing that Marty desired older women made it twice the thrill.

"Yeah, I can see that, Mom....the party was lame so I figured I should come home early.....um, Mom...did you have some of that cake that was at the back of the fridge?".

Marianne grinned and replied, "Oh yes, it's delicious...I didn't know you could bake like that, I'm proud of you....it tastes great!"

"Mom...that's not a regular cake...I made it for a very big deal of a party tomorrow night...it's a space cake, it has marijuana in it..." he said, noticing how glazed her eyes were.

"I have noticed the effects it's had Marty....and I love it. I want to have some more, will you have some with me? We can always make another for your party tomorrow...." she responded and Marty just couldn't believe this was his mom saying these words. It was like a completely different person, a hidden side to her that the space cake had emancipated.

"Oh wow, well ok then...as long as I have a cake to take tomorrow..." he said, wondering how much wilder this night was going to get.

"You stay where you are, I'll bring you some...." she said and Marty nodded, trying to keep his cool in this unprecedented situation.

She brought them back a generous slice each and she sat beside him on the sofa as she handed him a plate.

"Ohhh...it's so good, Marty...you got the thickness and texture just right...I could eat a whole other one right now!" she exclaimed.

"That probably wouldn't be a good idea, Mom...the marijuana I used in that cake is very strong...." he said, wondering how high she'd be after devouring another large slice. He remembered how quickly the cake took effect

compared to most edibles, the sheer strength of the marijuana kicking in after only minutes.

"Would you like me to feed you your piece of cake?" said Marianne, a sensual idea that had just leapt into her sex-filled mind.

"Er...sure, Mom" replied Marty, thrown by such an unusual question, which he couldn't think of a better answer to.

He was soon glad that he hadn't objected as his mother took the slice of chocolate zucchini in her hand and leant in towards his mouth, her pert breasts bursting out of the top of her sexy, sheer black teddy.

The atmosphere suddenly became very intimate as Marianne brought the cake to his mouth and he took a small bite, the taste of lemon zest reminding him how incredibly strong he'd made it. Marty could feel the euphoria slowly start to build and the intense horniness soon arrived once again.

The effect it had taken on his mother was almost beyond belief, her thigh rubbing against his as she carried on feeding him his cake like she had when he'd been a small boy.

She felt her nipples throbbing, as feeding him like this brought back blissful memories of when she had breastfed him, even though the deep sensuous pleasure it had brought her had made her feel rather guilty at the time.

The thoughts and pleasant memories of breastfeeding made her nipples throb and, as the extra slice began to kick in, she lost all sense of inhibition.

"That cake tastes pretty good, Marty. Maybe you'd like something else to put in your mouth...." she said in a sexy whisper that made Marty's cock swell and strain against the fabric of his jeans.

He watched in mesmerised awe as his formerly angelic mother pulled her teddy off her shoulders and down over her breasts, revealing them in their bare glory, her areoles reddened, he nipples as hard as rubber bullets.

"Why don't you have a little suck on these like you used to, Marty...." she said, leaning her pert breasts right up to Marty's mouth. He looked at her in disbelief for a second then gave her a look that she felt was him asking for permission. She gave a brief nod with a smile.

Marty was feeling seriously horny by now as the high kicked in. This wild situation was so far outside of everything he'd

known in his home life that it felt like whatever happened was never going to be discussed again.

He tentatively latched his mouth on his mother's left nipple and began to suck slowly. Marianne closed her eyes as the heavenly pleasure took hold and all she could say was, "Oh my god, oh my god....don't stop, don't stop....".

Marty felt a little bad for doing something so sexual that was once so innocent when he'd been young. But there was something about that which really made it deeply erotic now, as he moved his mouth from one hard nipple to the other.

It got even better as Marianne couldn't resist letting her hand stray down to his crotch and began to softly caress the prominent bulge in his jeans.

Marty felt his balls tingling as his Mom whispered, "Oh my...haven't you become a big boy....Mommy wants a big boy like you....".

As he suckled his mother's breasts he simply couldn't believe such naughty words were coming out of his mother's mouth. All he knew was this was the horniest, most taboo situation he'd ever been in, hotter than anything he'd ever seen in a porn film. This was real. This was mother and son incest....

As they were both high, especially Marianne, they were both in no rush and wanted to savour every second of this sensual opulence. Marty sucked and licked his mother's bare breasts for the next forty minutes, both of them addicted to the unique erotic thrill it gave them both.

After so much attention, Marianne decided it was time that she gave her son a reward. She smiled at him as her hand caressed his crotch once again and found him just as hard. She moved her breasts away from his still eager mouth then began slowly undoing the buttons of his jeans.

"Would you like Mommy to suck your cock?" she said softly, looking her son straight in the eyes.

"Yes....yes I would" replied Marty, his voice laced with understatement.

As she pulled down his jeans, then his skintight black briefs down to his knees, she marvelled at the sight of his manhood.

"My beautiful son has a very beautiful cock. That does deserve Mommy's mouth...but don't cum just yet....Mommy wants you inside her" she said, knowing that too much

sensual pleasure from her loving mouth could end the party too soon.

But Marty had already left a party too soon and had no intention of blowing his load prematurely. This felt like an unique occasion where his Mom was acting so far outside her normal behavior owing to the powerful aphrodisiac effects of the Lemon Volcano marijuana.

He just wanted to enjoy every second of this deeply taboo situation and had to breathe deep as Marianne took his hard, thick meat in her hand and brought her lipstick-coated lips to his cock and wrapped them round the bulbous head.

It was a feeling beyond description as he lay back against the sofa and let his own mother give him head, both of them high as a kite and still rising. For the first time in her life Marianne was absolutely loving giving oral sex, she'd done it for her husband on occasion but never enjoyed it.

Marianne knew she was high and horny, but there was something so sexy about sucking off her own son and she loved the deeply sinful feeling it gave her. It was an incredible feeling of being both a mother and a whore at the same time....a whoremom.

As she worked her luscious lips up and down his meaty, veiny shaft she felt her pussy lips wet and tingling. Marianne also began to feel butterflies in her stomach as she knew she wanted to go the whole way, she absolutely had to experience it.

Marty didn't know at first if she was even seriously contemplating giving more than a blowjob, but he hadn't forgotten her words...."Mommy wants you inside her".

The look she gave him as she took his cock from her lips with a sticky trail of precum clinging to them made him think of those words, and that look was exactly what she meant. They swapped positions so that Marianne was lying back on the sofa and Marty couldn't help but tease her first.

With her skirt hitched up over her waist again Marty dragged off her panties and she kicked them off with the toe of her black heel across the lounge. Both felt so grateful that they had the house to themselves, free to experience this night of divine decadence.

As he spread his mother's thighs and then her plump pussy lips he caught sight of her labial folds glistening under the low light of the lounge. Marianne tensed up at the sheer exhilaration of knowing her son was about to lick her in the place he first came from.

She closed her eyes and waited for that forbidden feeling. He teased her even more by kissing the tops of her legs, the hems of her thigh-highs, then finally ran his tongue over the soft, pink folds of her labia.

"Ohhhhhhh....don't stop" said Marianne, moving her hand onto his head and holding it tightly in place. He could feel her getting wetter with every lick as he gorged his mouth on his own mother's mound for the next fifteen minutes.

With her senses heightened and magnified by the marijuana the intense sensations of sexual pleasure were like nothing Marianne had known before. Marty found himself with a wet face before long, the scent of his mother intoxicating his own senses.

He probed, licked and prodded her pussy with a relentless tongue, wanting her to have the deepest most intense orgasm she'd ever known.

Marty had been a horny teenager but had never got to have the sex with older women that he craved until now. Yet his own mother was so hot, hotter than any onscreen milf, that he couldn't believe it was actually happening.

Marianne could feel the surge of an orgasm building inside her as Marty's tongue worked harder and faster, lapping at her flaps, sucking on her throbbing clitoris like a pacifier. That sent her hurtling over the edge into a tumultuous climax, her body beginning to shake and shudder.

Suddenly, Marty was gulping down the gush of his mother's cunthoney, drinking down all he could as some trickled down her thighs and dripped onto the royal blue carpet. Marianne had to grit her teeth not to scream the place down, tugging on Marty's hair as a seismic Big O took full hold of her.

Even when it subsided she didn't feel satiated yet, in fact she wanted even more. She really did feel like his whoremom now and wasn't afraid to say it.

"I want your cock in me....put your big cock in your whore of a mother" she said lustily and breathlessly, making Marty's cock twitch.

Giving each other oral sex was certainly filthy but she knew this would be crossing the line into full-on mother son incest. So taboo, so illegal....so erotic.

Marianne laid back on the sofa with her legs spread like a perfect whore and Marty wasted no time lining up, feeling as aroused as her and keen to prove himself as a lover.

The moment of entry was the most intense moment of all, Marianne looking down and letting out a breathless squeal as he pushed in the mushroom head of his cock, then every inch of his thick length.

"Oh my god...oh fucking fuck..." was all Marianne could manage as she felt her own son inside her.

Marty was determined not to cum as he entered all the way down to the base of his cock and they shared a frantic, feral French kiss as he began to fuck her, feeling like a perfect fit.

For Marianne, Marty beginning to fuck the very place where she gave birth to him was instantly overwhelming. She felt her shaking legs wrapping round his back as he pumped into her, Marisnne sinking back into the sofa and rubbing her breasts with her fingers.

She felt like she had submitted to him entirely the moment he entered her, no longer just his mother but his whore to do with what he pleased.

"Fuck Mommy, Marty....be a bad boy for Mommy, she needs it so much...." she moaned, barely controlling her lust fuelled words. Marty instinctively knew that she really wanted him to dominate her now and it felt like a challenge to his virility and sense of manhood.

He'd had sex with several girls and was only just starting to learn that girls and women love to be dominated. Now was his chance to prove his sexual mettle. He knew that when she was sober she'd probably be utterly ashamed of what they'd done together while high and so he realised this could be his only chance.

He grabbed her hair and pulled it while she was still on her back, then began ramming hard into her sopping wet fuckhole, making a satisfying sticky, slapping sound.

Marianne could barely catch her breath as she felt her son take full control, indulging herself in the filthy feeling of utter sluttishness and whoredom. She was now at the peak of her marijuana intoxication and just wanted her son to do whatever he wanted with her.

Marty felt he could dominate more from behind so he said sternly, "Get on all fours, Mom, get on your knees...".

She did as she was told, slipping off the sofa onto her knees and getting into position so that she had her arms propped up on the sofa and her bare ass and pussy waiting for attention.

The sight of her gorgeous, full, shapely ass in front of him made him want to caress it and he did so, saying "Are you ready for your son's cock from behind, Mommy?".

"Oh... fuck yes...fuck your drugged up mother like a white trash whore, show me what a real fucking feels like you sexy young stud, my sexy stud of a son....".

That made Marty's cock twitch and he fed his rock hard meat back in his new favorite cunthole.

She was so wet by now that he slid back inside with ease and in this position he could grab hold of her hair much more tightly, forcing her back to arch as he scrunched up her hair in his tightened fist and yanked hard.

Building up a head of steam, he pounded into his mother whose face was being pushed into the sofa, then pulled away again as he yanked her hair tight. She felt herself drooling as her son took complete sexual ownership of her, just like she wanted.

"You own Mommy now...I'm your rag doll, your fuckmeat....you can fuck Mommy in all her slutty holes..." she shrieked, delirious with debauched desire.

Marty was loving taking her doggy style like this, feeling truly masculine and dominant for the first time. Those last words about fucking all her holes stuck in his head as he looked down at the delicious pink rosebud between her ass cheeks.

He knew that as a formerly strict Christian there was no way she'd had a cock in her ass before, but now seemed like the perfect time to try it.

Marianne was already feeling her legs becoming weak as her strong son rutted her hard and fast. But she suddenly felt her rosebud tingling as Marty spat on it, an attempt to lube her up a little before he pulled out of her pussy and pushed inside her very tight ass.

Marianne felt a sharp pain as her rosebud stretched to accommodate his girth, but he was able to push inside, his cock so wet from her cuntjuices. She gripped the sofa with both hands and tried not to scream as she felt the full force of her son's length in an orifice where no cock had ever entered before.

The pain was soon commingled with deep pleasure as she knew that incestuous anal sex was as slutty and sinful as it got, exactly the feeling she craved. But what drove her really wild was her son's full ballsack swinging against her cunt as he began fucking her ass with total abandon.

Feeling her rear end rammed full of cock made her want to rub her clit to add to her depraved delight even more. She reached underneath herself, getting her hand between her legs and stimulating her throbbing clit with the tip of her finger.

"Oh my god....that's it...fuck your dirty, filthy Mommy deep in her ass you horny stud, fuck your nasty Mommy....make Mommy cum! Make Mommy cum!!!!" she screamed, loud enough for the neighbors to hear. She was past the point of caring about that, feeling another epic orgasm begin to grab hold of her.

She thrust two fingers inside her cunt and frigged herself hard as Marty drilled her reddened, stretched rosebud with a relentless energy. He could sense that she was on the verge of cumming again and Marianne suddenly felt her pussy walls grip her fingers tight as her climax engulfed her. She felt her whole body shake and shudder, the tightening of her pussy making her ass tighten round Marty's cock.

He now felt like he was proving himself as a dominant lover and as Marianne pulled her fingers from her pussy, she began to squirt liquid pleasure all over his ballsack as her tight ass started milking the spunk from his balls.

The combined sensation overwhelmed Marty and his mother felt torrents of warm creamy seed spurting deep inside her anal cavity, right at the apex of her strongest orgasm of the night. Her copious cuntjuices trickled down over her thigh-highs.

Her shrieks and squeals became so loud that Marty had to reach his hand over his mouth from behind and she moaned into his fingers, not caring at all who heard them.

Marty treasured this incredibly erotic and debauched moment, knowing that tomorrow, when his usually very moral mother was sober, she would be horrified by what they'd done while high.

But just for tonight, beyond anything he could have ever imagined, Marianne had been his whoremom....

Part 2

Clyde Mathers felt relieved that it wasn't a long flight home as he returned from completing another semester at the prestigious Ivy League college, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, or MIT as it was known to most. It was regarded as the finest college for studying engineering, Clyde specialising in electrical engineering.

He'd felt proud that he'd been smart enough and academically accomplished enough to get into MIT and he loved how it had made his parents proud. But as the plane landed at the airport not far from his home town, Clyde had a lot on his mind.

He'd really only ended up studying electrical engineering because his father Scott wanted him to, in order to train Clyde up to be a big part of his home security business.

When Clyde was younger he was happy to go along with his father's wishes but now he was twenty-two and starting to resent the way his entire future was seemingly mapped out for him.

What had stayed with him was seeing how much happier his younger brother Marty had seemed when he saw him over Christmas. Even though Marty wasn't as smart and just went

to the local college instead of MIT, his life appeared to be an endless series of parties, girls, drink and drugs.

Whilst their mother had made it very clear that she highly disapproved of Marty's hedonism he didn't seem to let it bother him and always looked like he was having a blast.

Clyde had told himself that being smarter and more academic would be better in the long run, would mean a better paid job etc.

But after another year of struggling through his studies Clyde was seriously wondering whether he had made the right life decision or whether he was even making his own decisions.

He'd done it all to please his father, but now college life was making him miserable and he was intending to spend his summer break thinking very carefully about his life and future.

The feel of the plane's wheels on the tarmac was a comforting one and he'd never been so glad to be returning home. After going through customs and getting his suitcase from the luggage carousel he headed for the Arrivals gate.

He saw his Mom waiting for him looking just like she always did, her perfectly straight blonde hair in the same shoulder-length bob as when he'd left. She smiled as she saw him amongst the other travellers and he felt glad to see her, though he knew he was going to have to pretend he was happy at college.

During the drive home both Clyde and his Mom had to put up a pretense that everything was absolutely fine and just the same as usual. Marianne was still reeling from the night of illicit, incestuous sex with his brother Marty, though she kept telling herself it was because that damn space cake got her high.

She tried not to think about that as she drove home but Marianne couldn't help notice how Clyde's physique had developed, his bulging pecs on display in a tight-fitting T shirt.

"You're looking in great shape, Clyde, looks like you've been hitting the MIT gym hard!" she said, glancing at his rippling arm muscles as she drove down the freeway in glorious sunshine.

"Yeah, I really find the gym helps me with my studies too, keeps my energy and stamina high. I'll definitely be making

the most of the gym we have at home, that's for sure!" he replied, surprised that she'd noticed his bodily development.

"Oh, I feel like I need to get in our home gym myself, I still have my sweet tooth and can't resist a little chocolate now and then!" she said, swerving the car as the memory of being high and horny on the space cake entered her mind, along with memories of sucking Marty's deliciously proportioned fat cock.

"Wohhhh, Mom! You nearly ended up in the next lane!" said Clyde, reaching over and steadying the wheel with his left hand.

"Oh my! I'm such a doofus...just lost my concentration there a little!" responded Marianne, feeling shaken and embarrassed.

Clyde thought this was a bit strange from his normally very careful and sensible mother. But he could never have guessed in a million years that Marianne was harbouring a dark sexual secret about his younger brother.

That had been a couple of weeks ago and since then, as Marty had predicted, Marianne had been overcome with shame at what they did, absolutely disgusted with herself for

falling from grace so spectacularly after a lifetime of exemplary Christian behavior.

But even Marty hadn't expected her to act like it had never happened at all the following day. Marty had escaped the house that night by going to Johnny Johnson's party, armed with a freshly baked chocolate cake. He had a wild time at the party, but nothing could possibly compete with the incredible night he'd had with his mom.

On the Sunday, it was all he could think about, yet his mother spent the whole day in church and carried on like nothing had happened between them when she got home.

Things had been very tense around the house since then and he'd mostly stayed in his room to avoid conflict. He kept wondering how long he could hold his tongue around her, wanting to say he didn't regret what had happened.

As the car pulled into the drive Marty felt very relieved that his brother Clyde was home, knowing his presence would help dissipate the tension between him and his mother and give things a semblance of normality.

He walked down to the front door and greeted his brother with such enthusiasm that Clyde thought it was a little bizarre.

"Hey brother! It's damn good to see you!" he exclaimed, walking up to Clyde and giving him a hug.

"Marty, you slacker! I thought you'd be lying in bed now it's the summer holidays..." he replied, feeling a bit weirded out by his brother's uncharacteristic display of affection.

"Oh, no way! I want to make the most of the summer, hope you're not gonna spend it with your head in a book, bro!"

"Well, they don't let you sit on your ass all summer at MIT, Marty!" he said, condescendingly.

"Yada yada yada! Don't be bringing home that boring talk about MIT, you deserve to cut loose, bro!" said Marty, showing no offence taken at his older brother's childish little jibe.

"I hope you boys aren't going to be arguing all through the holidays, I don't want to be caught in the middle of it!" said Marianne with a smile.

Like Marty, she felt like Clyde's arrival was timely and they could now go back to being the same old dependable and predictable Mathers family. She knew full well that Marty

wouldn't dare bring up what had happened between them now that his brother was around.

But Clyde was sensitive as well as super smart and over the next few days he sensed there was something not quite right without being able to put his finger on it. He thought it was strange that when Marty was home he spending most of the time in his room, when he was known for being gregarious, extroverted and highly sociable.

During meal times they would sit together at the kitchen table and the conversation would be forced as hell, with Clyde having to answer a thousand boring questions about his studies while Marty ate his food in silence, avoiding eye contact with their mother.

At every opportunity, Marty would get out of the house to hang with his buddies or attend yet another summer party. As he couldn't risk baking any more space cakes, Marty was rolling joints with the same powerful marijuana that had gotten his mother so high and horny, then taking them to parties for everyone to enjoy.

Marianne and Clyde began to talk more as they both liked a morning workout in their home gym. Marianne worked out in tight black Lycra leggings and a white crop top, while

Clyde would just wear a tight white tank top and loose black shorts.

"Mom, if you've been eating cake and chocolate, you're definitely carrying the weight well! You look in great shape...." said Clyde, impressed by her self discipline and her fitness regimen.

"Well, thank you honey! I try to stay slim, I don't think your father wants to see an obese wife when he gets home. He'll be back from his business trip in a couple of weeks so I want to look my best for him...".

Marianne felt genuinely flattered by Clyde's comment and was glad she'd already shed the couple of pounds she'd put on since she'd eaten the chocolate zucchini cake.

She also kept noticing how toned his muscular thighs were, how nicely developed his torso and pecs were. Marty was the cuter and more handsome of the brothers, but she had to admit that Clyde had become a fine specimen of a man.

She pushed these thoughts out of her mind and tried not to look at her son's flexing muscles as he lifted weights, dripping with sweat. She now knew where those kind of thoughts could lead and she didn't want to be lured into sin

again. She told herself that it had only happened because of that darn marijuana cake and would never happen again.

Marianne was hoping the subject of Marty's awkwardness around the house wouldn't come up in conversation, but on the third day of their mutual morning workout Clyde couldn't help but ask the question.

"Mom....correct me if I'm wrong, but there seems to be something going on with Marty, I noticed it as soon as I got back. I can't quite put my finger on it but it's like he's hiding something or avoiding telling me something.

You can tell me, Mom....has he been in some kind of trouble? Has he gotten into taking drugs? I know it goes on a lot at the local college...I'm not dumb....".

Marianne tensed up at the mention of drugs, the memory of how incredible she'd felt when high on marijuana, how it had heightened and inflamed all her senses, how full of sexual desire and lust she'd been that night.

"He's not been in any trouble that I know of, Clyde. I'm fully aware that he's not a conscientious student like you but I can't stop him going to parties...,he's nineteen after all!

Maybe he might experiment a little at these parties but I've never seen any evidence of drugs at home, so I'm not too worried. Once your father gets him a job in the family business I think it will straighten him out and he'll grow up like you have."

Clyde simply nodded and they spent the rest of the workout in silence as Marianne sensed the tension in the air. Clyde liked that his mother saw him as the more mature and responsible brother but the way Marty was behaving still irked him somewhat.

Yet what really bothered Clyde was something he didn't want to admit to himself; he felt sickeningly jealous of Marty's popularity and fun loving lifestyle. He'd been working his ass off at MIT for two years and it had been all work and no play.

Marty had made not even half the effort that Clyde had, yet was having a blast hooking up with hot girls at wild parties and was still going to end up with a great job handed to him by his father!

It didn't seem fair at all. When were the fun times going to start for him? All he could see ahead was more study, more work. He was sick and tired of it all.

That evening they sat around the dinner table and Marty shovelled down his spaghetti carbonara at lightning speed.

"Honey, you'll give yourself indigestion eating that fast..." said Marianne and Clyde said, "Mom's right. Chew your food, bro...".

Marty didn't even finish his mouthful before getting up from the table and announcing, "This was delicious, Mom. But I've got invited to a pretty good party, only just found out about it. I'll try to be back for midnight, ok?"

"Hmmm well, ok. As it's a Friday. I want both you boys to come to church with me on Sunday, it's important that you make sure your faith stays important, to keep you on the right path..." replied Marianne, happy to play the lecturing Christian mom once again.

Clyde shook his head with apparent contempt, Marty seemed to be partying every other night. He was acting like the disappointed morally superior brother, but inside he wished he was going to parties too.

Clyde's disapproval was noted by Marty as he left the dining table in the kitchen. He just felt glad Clyde was never going to find out how his wildest hedonism had actually happened at home in the lounge with their seemingly angelic mother.

He had initialky hoped that Clyde being back home would have made things easier. But Clyde had already reverted to being the annoying older brother, telling Marty how to act, even how to eat.

Marty was enjoying being a free spirit far too much to put up with that bullshit from his brother and he left the house as soon as he could.

Yet when he arrived at the party, he realised he'd forgotten the most important thing: the joints he'd rolled full of the dynamite marijuana that was guaranteed to get every party flying. He'd had to switch to rolling joints as he couldn't trust his Mom to not eat another space cake.

The party's host Andy was pretty cool about it, saying, "Dude, don't worry....why don't you chill out, have a few beers....there's already people passing joints around".

"Thanks Andy, but I really wanted to get people smoking my joints, this weed is the strongest stuff I've ever had, when they smoked it at Johnny Johnson's party, the whole place went crazy!" explained Marty, feeling such a dumbass.

"Well maybe you can go grab them from your house a bit later, people are still arriving anyway....it's not far to walk, right?" replied Andy.

Marty smiled at how cool his friend was being about it. "Only twenty minutes walk...sure, I can get the joints a bit later. Thanks for not being a dick, buddy!"

"I know you're not bullshitting me, Marty, so we're cool. Now get drinking...." said Andy with a huge grin, handing Marty a cold bottle of beer. Marty flipped the lid and drank it down, so glad he'd escaped the weird atmosphere at home.

It was going to be difficult to think of an excuse for going back for the joints, especially with Clyde being such a smartass, but he knew he'd think of something....

Meanwhile, back at the house Clyde was brooding as he sat in the lounge with his mother, still bothered and irritated by Marty's carefree attitude. Yet he did really enjoy his Mom saying she now saw Clyde as the morally stronger, more Christian brother.

"I think it's great that you're encouraging us to go to church on Sunday, Mom. I've been meaning to reconnect with my faith a lot lately...it's been on my mind" said Clyde, lying

about his non-existent religious impulses in order to try to gain more favouritism from his mother.

"I'm delighted to hear that, Clyde! Hopefully your influence will rub off on Marty, he could do with getting back on the Christian path." she replied, pretending to be more impressed than she was.

She'd felt like a fraud as a Christian ever since she'd had incestuous sex with Marty and no amount of church going since had alleviated her sense of guilt and carnal sinfulness.

Clyde smiled, delighted to have found a way to impress her, or so he thought. As he sat there brooding he became convinced that it would only take a cursory inspection of Marty's room to discover some illicit substances.

If Marty was using drugs regularly then he had to have a stash at home, Clyde thought to himself. He decided that it was his moral duty to search his room, find whatever drugs was in there, then confront Marty with them when he got back from the party.

He knew his Mom would approve and felt like it was something an older brother should be doing. It was for Marty's own good, he told himself.

"Back in a bit, Mom" he said, Marianne just assuming he needed a bathroom break. Clyde headed up the stairs straight into Marty's room, immediately going through his drawers and cupboards, desperate to find some incriminating evidence.

He felt flustered and annoyed when he couldn't find anything at first. He was about to leave the room when he casually decided to throw back his bedsheets then looked under his pillow, not expecting to find anything.

But his eyes lit up when he saw a silver cigar case underneath the pillow. He opened up the case and inside were around ten well-rolled marijuana joints that Marty had forgotten to take with him in his rush to get out of the house.

"Bingo...." said Clyde, feeling like he'd uncovered the reason for Marty's weird behavior since he'd gotten back. He figured that Marty must have "borrowed" the cigar case from their father's study, who liked the occasional cigar.

Clyde was pleased that he'd uncovered the evidence he was looking for and went downstairs with the cigar case in his hand. He walked into the lounge and his Mom gave him a warm smile, then noticed he was holding something.

"Whatcha got there?" she asked out of curiosity.

"Mom, don't be mad.....but I felt it was my responsibility to look out for Marty's best interests. I decided to see if he had something in his room that he shouldn't have....and I found this under his pillow. It's Dad's cigar case, Marty has filled it with marijuana joints, Mom. Marty is bringing drugs into the house!"

Marianne had to feign surprise at the sight of the marijuana joints and exclaimed, "Oh my god, I had no idea! You did the right thing by telling me, Clyde....you're a good son to your mother. I'll have to talk to Marty about this tomorrow and then make sure he attends church on Sunday....".

Clyde nodded, feeling pleased with himself and the praise he was getting for snitching on his younger brother.

"I can keep the joints in my room if you want, Mom? I'm sure you don't want drugs just lying around the house..." offered Clyde.

Marianne knew that these joints contained the substance that had changed her life forever, made her feel alive in a way she'd never known before.

She knew they'd made her behave more wickedly than anything else she'd experienced...but she just couldn't forget the memories of the sensual pleasure she'd felt that night, on the very sofa she was sat on now. The marijuana was right in front of her and this time she knew the effects it would have. The temptation felt unbearable...

She could have just let Clyde hide them in his room till she was ready to confront Marty, but, acting on sheer impulse, she found herself saying, "Oh, I can keep those in my handbag till I'm ready to talk to Marty tomorrow, it's not an issue....".

With that, she literally snatched the cigar case from Clyde's hand which surprised him, but it happened so fast that he didn't quite know what to say.

Feeling awkward and a little confused at this slightly odd behavior from his Mom he announced, "Um, sure thing. That's cool, you know best. I'm gonna have an evening workout, I didn't feel in the mood this morning...".

The reason he'd stopped using the gym in the morning was the awkward sexual tension he'd been feeling when getting sweaty lifting weights with his mother there. It had made him feel uncomfortable to feel his Mom's eyes on his body, as well as seeing hers on display in tight Lycra, so he'd

decided to switch to working out later in the day. Like everyone else, he saw any flirtation between a mother and son as strictly forbidden and taboo.

Marianne was excited that he was going to leave her alone with the marijuana, even though she'd never smoked a whole joint in her life. As soon as she knew he was in the gym room in the basement of the house she felt an overwhelming temptation to smoke one of the joints on the patio, so that the scent would be blown away.

She felt frantically exhilarated as she opened the cigar case and picked up one of the exquisitely rolled joints that Marty had perfected with recent practice.

"Dammit, I need a light..." she said, realising there must be one in her husband's study. She knew her son would be an hour doing his work out and felt tingles all over her body as she slipped into the study room and slid open the desk drawer.

Sure enough, there was a cheap propane lighter with enough in it to light up her joint. She left the study and headed straight for the back patio, knowing that the devil on her shoulder was winning against the angel on the other. But she just wanted to feel that euphoria and desire again, even though she knew she was falling from grace once more.

She hastily opened the patio door while Clyde was pumping iron in the basement gym, oblivious as to what she was about to do. Of all the possibilities that he'd considered, his mom developing a liking for taboo, incestuous sex while high on marijuana had not been one of them.

But as Marianne put the joint between her lips and lit the tip she breathed in deeply, craving that sense-heightening euphoria like nothing else she'd ever craved. The first toke made her cough and splutter, her virginal lungs so unused to the acrid smoke.

But she persevered and could taste the hint of lemon that she remembered from the cake and knew this was the same lethal potency.

What she hadn't expected was the high to hit her almost instantly and within a couple of minutes it felt like she was experiencing the world in Technicolor once again.

As the high took told of her she smiled and felt her nipples begin to throb, her clitoris start to pulsate as wicked sexual thoughts began to flood her mind.

She became very aware of her situation and her own deepest desires that she'd been doing her best to suppress since her night with Marty.

She thought about all those mornings in the home gym with Clyde, the unspoken sexual tension they'd shared, the moments she'd caught him glancing at her body as she worked out in tight Lycra.

Marianne felt herself getting soaking wet as she thought about her older son, the glistening beads of sweat on his magnificent torso as he bench pressed well above his weight.

Marty was handsome in a boyish way and had proven himself a good lover, but Clyde was much more masculine and that did turn Marianne on at a very primal level. It suddenly struck her like a bolt of lightning that she had just as much incestuous desire for Clyde as for Marty, maybe even more so.

And now they were alone in the house, Marianne getting higher and hornier with every toke. She thought about walking down to the basement right there and then but, even with her impulsive nature while she was high, something held her back.

As she stood by the patio finishing her first joint she realised it was because Clyde was such a different character to Marty. He was much more introverted, private, moody. She had no way of knowing how he'd react to her sexual advances.

Marty had come home that night drunk and a little high himself so he was easily led into sin. Marianne looked at the cigar case and thought about another joint...one more couldn't hurt and there'd still be another eight left.

She couldn't resist such a fat, juicy looking spliff and felt a rush of excitement as she lit up, a plume of smoke exhaling from her nose after she toked hard on it.

Now that her throat was used to it she took deeper inhalations and began holding her breath, letting the smoke slowly out of her nostrils. This sent her spiralling into a chronically stoned state, even higher than she'd been after the space cake.

She knew she was barely in control of her actions in this inebriated condition but, by god, she felt so good....so alive again! She smoked the joint right down to the roach and could feel her legs becoming weak.

It was a different kind of high compared to taking it in edible form and, if anything, she felt even more rampantly sexual than the first time. Marianne felt the strong urge to walk down to the gym in the basement but she was still dressed like a boring Christian mom in a pretty, floral pinafore dress.

She thought about how hot it had been trying on her sexy lingerie, making herself look irresistible for Marty...she realised that's what she needed to do with Clyde...make herself look so hot that he couldn't resist her.

Down in the basement Clyde was busy pumping iron like a psycho, feeling frustrated by the whole situation with his college degree, his seething jealousy and brotherly rivalry with Marty, his complicated relationship with his mother.

All this went round his head as he went round the gym and within half an hour he was done, sweating pouring down his back and feeling so fired up that he didn't know what to do with himself.

He hoped that his mom would punish Marty for his drug use, hoped she'd tell their father and hoped Marty would live to regret his hedonistic ways.

Clyde headed up from the basement and shouted to his mother that he was heading up for a shower. He was completely oblivious to the fact that Marianne was now intensely stoned and feeling on heat, looking for an opportunity to seduce her eldest son. When she heard him say he was having a shower she knew this was the moment to strike and gave a seemingly innocent reply.

Once she heard the shower running she went upstairs into her bedroom and knew she had to change into some of the clothes she'd bought to liven up her sex life with her workaholic husband.

This time she decided on a slinky black evening dress that showed off plenty of cleavage. It was so short that she knew it would show the hem of her stockings which she slid on, attaching the clasps to her lacy garter belt.

Marianne dug out a pair of slutty red heels to complete the look and, once again, stood admiring herself in the mirror. She felt immediately transformed from ordinary mom to sexy, incestuous whore and it made her nipples throb under her dress.

Back at the party Marty was having a pretty good time, drinking beer and chatting up a pretty girl he'd seen around college but never talked to before. As he looked around him, though, he could see the party was looking just a bit flat and that it was time he went home to grab those joints.

He told the gorgeous girl, Melissa, that he'd be back soon with the best joints she'd ever had and she replied she'd hold him to that claim, with a cute grin.

The party's host was grateful when Marty said he was walking back for them, knowing that the whole room would get stoned off secondary smoke with even just a few joints going around.

Marty hurried back to his house, walking as fast as he could as he really wanted to get Melissa stoned and super horny, as horny as he was already. At that fast pace he covered the few blocks quickly and arrived home in just under fifteen minutes.

Marty let himself in and was about to go upstairs to his room when he heard the shower running and knew it must be his hygiene obsessed brother. He suddenly got paranoid about Clyde opening the bathroom door just as Marty would be tiptoeing across the landing to get his joints and then getting caught red handed.

But when he sniffed the air, there was a definite whiff of spliff smoke lingering around...he immediately thought of coming home early from the party to find his mother had eaten the space cake. Surely she couldn't have found his joints as well, he told himself...and even if she had, she didn't smoke!

But there was no way Clyde would smoke a joint and he was in the shower. Marty knew he had to find out and walked in

to the lounge, finding it empty. A gush of warm evening summer air drifted through the room and Marty correctly guessed that the joints had been smoked by the back patio.

He took a deep breath and wandered through the lounge towards the patio. Yet all he found was the silver cigar case lying on table next to a blue lighter. He opened the cigar case and saw that two of the joints had gone.

Feeling stressed and bewildered, Marty decided he needed to smoke a joint himself and picked one out. He stood by the patio and lit, inhaling deeply.

As he felt the marijuana taking hold, he realised he had walked in on another strange situation, this one even harder to reconcile in his mind. Going upstairs seemed like too big a deal to handle.

Whilst Marty smoked the fat joint and felt himself taken over by the familiar euphoric feeling, Clyde turned off the power shower and opened the shower door, reaching for a thick, white fluffy towel.

Marianne heard the shower stop and tensed up. This was it, the moment Marianne had been waiting for, but the crux of her seduction depended on whether Clyde had locked the bathroom door.

She left her bedroom and walked across the landing to the bathroom. She tentatively moved her hand to the door handle and tried to turn it. Marianne took a deep breath and pushed, finding the door unlocked.

She walked in and Clyde stood still. He was completely naked and drying off his adonis body, his cock semi-erect from the sensual effects of rubbing with the towel.

His jaw dropped as he saw his mother stood before him dressed in a sexual way he'd never seen before.

"Mom....you're...I'm...." he stammered, then covered up his phallic glory with his towel.

Marianne smiled and said, "Oh, sorry for intruding Clyde....but I'm not that sorry....if you want me I'll be lying on my bed waiting for you...".

Before he could respond she turned on her heel and did exactly as she said. She knew full well he wouldn't be able to resist her dressed like this, she knew how sexy she looked.

Clyde stood in a state of shock but found his cock becoming fully hard as he rubbed it with the towel, a primitive reaction

to the unexpectedly arousing sight he'd just been confronted with. Was his own mother suggesting that she was open to committing incest with him? The prudish Christian mom he'd grown up with?

He was stunned by her unexpected intervention, but he quickly realised this could be her way of showing that he was her favorite son after all. He knew that he'd gone looking for Marty's drugs to try to impress her, win her favour.

But Clyde didn't know that it was because of Marty's marijuana joints that she was acting so outrageously and that Marty was downstairs wondering what to do next.

Clyde finished drying off and faced a real moral dilemma. All the frustration over his boring and repetitive academic life at MIT seemed to well up in him.

The thought of taking his mother on her marriage bed felt hugely alluring to him, a chance to taste a much more exciting sexual side of life, a side he yearned for. And it felt like the ultimate way to get one up on his brother, who seemed to have all the fun for half the effort. But the voice of his conscience kept reminding him: it was his own mother, it would be very illegal and very immoral incest!

As Marianne lay on her back she took off the tight black evening dress, revealing a sheer black open-tip bra underneath. She unhooked her stockings from her garter belt and slid off her white lacy panties, throwing them on the floor. Her clit was throbbing so hard that she just had to satiate her desire while she waited for Clyde to make the right decision. But as it turned out, she didn't have to wait long.

As she began rubbing her cunt with two fingers she looked up to see Clyde stood in the doorway, still completely naked but now with a bounding, stallion erection.

"Oh my....I've been expecting you..." she purred and Clyde didn't say a word. He walked over to her king size bed and lay down with his head between her thighs.

The moment she felt his mouth and tongue on her pussy she was sent into paroxysms of pleasure, the tip of his tongue licking her plump cuntlips then her soft labial folds, making her grip and claw her bedsheets from the sheer intensity of the sensation.

She placed one hand on Clyde's head to let him know he was going to be doing that for a while and he was happy to comply, the first cunt he'd tasted in a year.

The fact that it was his own mother's mound made it even hotter, especially knowing she was supposed to be this "holier than thou" Christian.

But he couldn't believe just how wet she became as he ate her out for the next ten minutes, her clitoris visibly protruding out of its soft, pink hood. When he flicked it with his tongue tip she squealed like a cat being spayed, the intensity of the pleasure tripled, even quadrupled, by the marijuana high that was even better experienced smoked rather than ingested.

She felt a growing ache in her pussy as he carried on his cunnilingus, an ache that could only be satiated by her hung and hunky son's sizeable erect penis.

"Get your cock in Mommy....I need it so badly inside me...." she whispered, running her fingers sensually through his tousled, dark brown hair. He'd never heard more enticing and erotic words and felt his full ballsack tingling with anticipation.

He raised up his body to hers and they shared a lingering French kiss, which felt so deliciously wrong, yet somehow so right. Clyde was having his first ever taste of being a bad boy and he loved it.

Marianne reached down and gripped his meaty shaft, impatiently guiding it to her wet entrance. She rubbed the head on her glistening lips then Clyde pushed in, making her sigh softly. Now she had known the feeling of both of her sons inside her, she felt such a slut, such a hussy....such a whoremom.

"Show Mommy that you know how to fuck, there's a good boy..." she said, goading him to prove his virility like she had with Marty. Clyde took the bait and Marianne felt nicely stretched by his considerable girth, thicker than Marty's meat.

She was happy to let Clyde think he was the first of the brothers to get inside her and resisted the urge to whisper, "Bigger than your brother", but stirred him up instead by saying "Bigger than your father.....much bigger".

Those words hit home with Clyde on such a primal level, awakening the Oedipal feelings that every son feels on some level. The need to compete with his father, the need to be more sexually successful. The deep need to fuck his own mother.

Most sons repress those feelings and so had Clyde, but now he had permission to prove himself superior to his high flying father. Marianne felt overwhelmed by Clyde's feral

masculinity as his toned torso and rippling pecs leant down on her and pinned her arms to the bed.

He was pumping into her slowly at first so that they could continue their forbidden French kiss. Clyde was a more aggressive kisser than his brother, which Marianne loved. She found herself so turned on just by the way his strong tongue was devouring her open mouth, owning it as he let it roam and explore.

But it was when he put her stocking-clad legs over his shoulders that she really began to experience his masculine dominance. The sensation of his powerful, thick babymaker pounding into her mommycunt with unrelenting force made her feel like she was about to faint from the sheer exhilaration she felt.

"Oh god, yes....more, more....harder, harder....fuck your filthy mother...fuck your whoremom you horny stud..." she moaned, Clyde finding her words so titillating that he had to slow down a little so as not to shoot his load in her too soon.

Like Marty, Clyde felt like this would probably be a one off event and wanted to make the very most of it.

Downstairs, Marty was finishing his second joint as he stood on the patio. In his mind he was deliberating whether to

head back to the party with the rest of the joints....or be daring enough to walk upstairs to see what was happening between his mother and brother.

He felt the smart thing to do was head back to the party as, whatever was going on upstairs, he wouldn't be able to stop it. He dropped the butt of the joint on the paved stone patio floor and put it out with his foot, then went inside and put the cigar case in his pocket, heading for the front door.

He had his hand on the key to lock it behind him and he even opened the front door. But to leave now somehow felt like he was conceding victory to his brother, who had been a condescending asshole to him ever since he got home.

There had always been a rivalry between them, as with most brothers, and he'd enjoyed knowing that he'd had sex with his mother without Clyde knowing. But it was hard, equally, knowing that his Mom was high again and had probably dressed up sexily for Clyde just as she'd done for him. Knowing they were probably having sex right now....even after a couple of strong joints....it made Marty feel angry.

He closed the front door and started stealthily creeping up the long staircase, his ears listening intently for sounds of sex. As he approached the top of the stairs he felt his stomach

lurch as he heard his Mom moaning with pleasure and it was coming from her bedroom.

Marty felt queasy that Clyde was getting to fuck her in her marriage bed and it really brought their sibling rivalry to the fore. He knew exactly what they were doing in there but he decided to feign surprise.

As he approached the closed bedroom door he could hear his mom saying the same filthy things that she had said to him and it drove him wild with envy.

"That's it, you know how to please your mother with that thick cock of yours...you like fucking Mommy in the hole you came from, don't you son?" she said and it sounded so perverted and nasty that Marty couldn't help but get an involuntary boner. His mom really could be bad when she wanted, being high made her talk so down and dirty....

He gathered his composure and, after a deep breath to steady his nerves, he pushed the door wide open. Marianne saw him stood there instantly.

"Mom!? Clyde?! What the fuck are you two doing?"

"Marty! I.....I thought you would be out all night! Oh my god....oh my god!" she shrieked, trying to cover her bare breasts with her duvet.

As he stood in the doorway Clyde turned his head, his face full of anger rather than shame. His little bro had arrived to ruin the most amazing sex of his life and he wasn't amused.

"Get the fuck out of here, Marty! This is none of your goddamn business...fucking leave...get back to your little party" he growled, sounding intimidating and aggressive in a way that shocked Marianne but didn't shake up Marty.

"I'm not going anywhere, Clyde.....you're not the head of this house, Dad is....and if you don't let me get involved I'll be telling him what you two have done in his marriage bed....".

Marianne felt petrified that Marty was serious and he certainly looked it as Clyde gritted his teeth and shook his head, saying "You nasty motherfucker...".

"Look who's talking, asshole..." replied Marty instantly. Marty could have stirred things up even more by pointing out that he was the first one to have sex with her, but Clyde already looked like he was about to burst a vein.

Marianne only had one option, to let Marty join in, even though the atmosphere between the two brothers was now openly hostile. But she quickly realised this could make for some very intense sex and two sons at once would be double the pleasure for her.

"Ok, ok....Marty...you can stay and be involved...." she replied, wondering how this was going to work out and hoping she wouldn't regret it.

Marty then stripped naked in front of them, with no shame or inhibition. Marianne felt her nipples throbbing, knowing she now had two very handsome and lusty sons competing to pleasure her. Clyde sighed, accepting it was his mother's decision and pulled out so that Marianne could get on all fours.

When Clyde saw his mom's shapely ass in front of him he got over his irritation at Marty's untimely intrusion. Her pink rosebud looked so deliciously inviting and he began to push his bulbous cockhead inside her. She was so tight that he was glad his cock was lubed with her pussy nectar, forcing in every inch.

Marianne let out a breathless squeal as he fully entered her anally, stretching her ring. Marty then got on the bed and got

his already hard cock attended to, Marianne gripping the shaft and circling the head with a swirling tongue.

Marty was fired up as hell and, rather than let her give him oral, he forced his cock in her mouth and grabbed her blonde hair tight.

He began to fuck her slackened mouth, Marianne feeling the head of his cock hitting the back of her throat and making her gag. She relaxed her throat as much as she could and took a facefucking until her mouth was a mess of white precum froth.

Marty looked at Clyde and said, "Come on brother, let's fuck this slutwhore together...". It was so disparaging and demeaning to hear her son talk about her like she was just a piece of meat, but the effect was to make her even more aroused and wet.

Clyde nodded at his brother and they began to compete with each other as to who could dominate their mother the hardest.

Clyde gripped her hips and began pummelling her rear with a pneumatic thrust, all the stamina and strength he'd built up in the gym making Marianne feel like she was being fucked by a freight train.

The relentless force of his large length pounding her stretched ringpiece made Marianne breathless, while Marty fucked her mouth like she was some cheap prostitute. It sent her into a shuddering orgasm, the intensity doubled once again by her marijuana-heightened pleasure zones going into overdrive. Her squeals were muffled by a mouth full of cock but Clyde was so aroused to see her copious cuntjuices trickling over her stocking tops.

He felt her ass walls gripping his cock tight, but he wasn't ready to cum yet as his brother's cock stifled her orgasmic moans, stuffed deep in her stretched slutty mouth.

She was grateful that Marty's cock had broken her in as Clyde's girth was a ring splitter and she felt as much pain as pleasure as he fucked her raw. Once he was fully balls deep he began slapping her ass cheeks hard, reaching forward and yanking the back of her hair which Marty still had hold of in one hand.

Being absolutely owned by both sons at once was beyond what Marianne could have ever imagined and she felt lost in a state of lusty delirium, more depraved and debauched than she ever thought was possible.

Just as when Marty fucked her there, she couldn't resist adding to her pleasure with a hand between her legs, rubbing her pulsating, swollen clitoris.

The sensation of Clyde's ballsack swinging against her sopping wet snatch also brought back that night with Marty. The erotic tension had built up in just the same way, only this time it was both sons, double the taboo delight.

There was something so primal about how these two young brothers were expressing their rivalry that it felt cathartic to both of them. The intensity was relentless and it would have been easy for Clyde to shoot deep in her mother's ass as Marty had done.

But his hard anal fucking sent Marianne into another seismic climax and she began to squirt and gush all over his balls, her juices dripping off his huge sack. Before he became overwhelmed he pulled out of her ass and shouted, "Marty, let's facial this whore together....."

Marty nodded and pulled out, his cock shiny with his mother's saliva. Together, they flipped her over so she was on her back on the bed. She felt so thrilled being manhandled by them, treated like their rag doll, their fuckmeat.

Marianne ripped off her sheer black open-tip bra then stuck out her tongue in anticipation, her face a mess of smeared lipstick. Both sons began jerking themselves off with their cocks either side of her wide open mouth.

Marianne had never had a man cum on her face in her entire life and now she was about to take the loads of her own sons. She eagerly awaited their incestuous seed and encouraged their climax by caressing both their ballsacks.

The sensation of her fingers stroking their balls and the sight of their mother's slutty, outstretched tongue sent them both into a ferocious orgasm.

Both Marty and Clyde felt their balls pull tight into their body as they went into deep spasm, lightning bolts of delight taking over as their cum surged up and out of their cocks. Suddenly, Marianne felt the warm splatter of her sons' thick semen coating her face and feeding her thirsty throat, taking every drop she could.

"Ohhhhhh fuckkkkk, yesssss!!!" grunted Clyde, as he emptied over his mother's face, a trail of sticky cum landing in her hair. Marty kept spurting ribbons of thick, creamy seed over her, competing with his brother to debase her the most.

By the time both sons had fully unloaded their fuckmuck Marianne went into one final orgasm of her own as she frigged herself with one hand between her legs. The strong scent of spunk on her cum-covered face sent her into another frenzied climax that soaked the sheets of her marriage bed.

She began licking the creamy jizm off her lips, then caught some on her fingers as it slowly dripped off her face. Marianne began rubbing it into her firm breasts till they were shiny and glazed with soncum. Then she took great pleasure in cupping her breasts, bringing them to her mouth ine at a time and slowly licking off the sticky, white froth.

Marianne looked up at her beautiful boys and licked her lips once more, revelling in her own sexual depravity. She then took their still hard cocks in each hand and cleaned them up with a swirling tongue.

The brothers looked at each other with a knowing smile, their sibling rivalry finally settled through spit roasting their own mother, through making her a very depraved and dirty whoremom.

Part 3

To say, things were a little tense in the Mathers household was a bit of an understatement. After falling from grace for a second time Marianne Mathers was in a penitent frame of mind.

In fact, she was so ashamed of having sex with both of her sons while high on marijuana that she found she couldn't even say what had happened in the confession booth at church that Sunday.

She had tried to get both Marty and Clyde to come with her but, although Clyde had pretended to show interest in going, after he'd had sex with his mother it seemed ridiculous to keep pretending he cared about it. So he'd told Marianne that he felt too much of a sinner now to show his face in church and Marty said the same.

It was a pretty good excuse for not going, though Marianne said she would pray for both their souls. Marty felt she sounded unconvincing trying to act like the Christian mom after she'd chosen to get high by smoking the joints that Clyde had found in his room.

She knew she'd completely lost her moral authority and felt even more ashamed of her behavior the second time. At least

she had no idea she was taking drugs when she ate Marty's spacecake the first time. Now she had no place to hide from her conscience and so only a contrite confession seemed the only option for her that Sunday.

But, after sitting through Mass and feeling suitably repentant when it came to sitting in the confession booth, she suddenly felt incredibly nervous and stricken with guilt for her carnal trespasses. She knew she had fallen from grace in a spectacular way and couldn't blame anyone for her taboo misdemeanours except herself.

She tried to calm herself as she entered the booth, but this was far beyond the very menial sins she had confessed to before. Now, Marianne had to find the courage to confess that she'd committed incest with both her sons at once.

Even though she knew it was an anonymous confession she couldn't even begin to find the words to explain what had happened. She felt overwhelmed, flustered and claustrophobic, leaving the confession booth and then the church in a hurry.

As she walked home she knew that she'd turned a corner in terms of who she was; for years she had been the person her friends regarded as a paragon of virtue, a model housewife and mother, the one they looked up to. She knew that was a

facade she could no longer maintain, she was a different person now.

For all the shame she felt every time she let her thoughts stray to what had happened with both of her sons she felt a huge sense of sexual arousal and couldn't blame being intoxicated on marijuana anymore. She found it so hard to admit it to herself, but she just wasn't a regular mom anymore....she was a whoremom.

That was a hell of a thing for her to accept, especially as her husband Scott was returning home from a month long business trip.

In a way, it was a relief knowing he was coming home as she knew that having both her sons home all summer would be a constant sexual temptation for her.

On the other hand, she wondered whether her sons would be able to contain their desires now that they knew she could be easily tempted into sex. And the next time she didn't even think that being high would even be necessary. She had finally confessed to herself that she felt a strong sexual attraction to both her sons and found herself having constant sexual thoughts around the house.

If it wasn't for her husband arriving home the next day she could have definitely imagined herself succumbing to sin yet again. As soon as she got home she cleaned the house fastidiously, feeling that she had the chance to try to bury her taboo desires. Marianne felt that she should at least put up the pretense of being the normal mom and wife that she had been for all her married life until recently.

When she talked to her husband on the phone that night she made everything sound so mundane and looked away as Marty gave her a knowing smile while walking from the lounge to the kitchen.

As she put the phone down she realised this was going to need an Oscar-winning performance to convince her husband everything was just the same as when he left.

Scott Mathers had completed a very successful business trip across several cities where he'd given lengthy speeches and PowerPoint presentations at numerous seminars for home and business security systems.

With the cutting edge technology he'd been developing with his team he'd found that the high levels of security he could offer clients had led to enormous demand and he was returning home with several contracts to go through.

As he began the long drive home he thought to himself how this was the most successful period of his life; a thriving, expanding business, a devoted wife and two sons who he knew would play a future role in continuing the success of his business, especially Clyde with his MIT placement, which would lead to some serious credentials for designing surveillance equipment.

He just about had it made and he felt like someone returning from a victorious battle after he'd completed the gruelling eight hour drive. Marianne greeted him at the door with a beaming smile, looking her best in a floral sundress.

"Well, you're a sight for sore eyes, Mari! It's great to be home, that was an epic journey home...I feel like goddamn Ulysses..." said Scott as he gave his wife a hug, completely oblivious to the shameful sexual antics that had gone on under his own roof.

"It's so good to have you home, Scott! I've made us a lamb casserole, I hope you're hungry!" she said, feeling happy and grateful to return to her normal role.

As she held him tight she wondered if maybe she could put her uncharacteristic discrepancies behind her and somehow get back to the person who she used to be. Deep down, though, she knew she'd become someone else.

Marty and Clyde emerged from the lounge to greet their father, though both sons found it hard to look him straight in the eye knowing what they'd done together....fucking their mother, his wife, in his marriage bed. Changing the sheets couldn't hide that fact but Scott gave both his sons a warm hug, their guilt and shame hidden behind forced smiles.

"Great to have you back, Dad!" said Clyde, patting his father on the back as they shared a warm embrace.

"It's good to see you Clyde, hope you're still enjoying MIT! I've got big hopes for you, wait till you hear the contracts I've got from this business trip".

"That's awesome, Dad! MIT is going great, enjoying it more than ever!" replied Clyde, lying through his teeth.

Marty stepped forward to offer a hug to his father, knowing he was the inferior son in Scott's eyes.

"Good to see you, Dad." he said, offering a more reticent hug than his brother.

"You too, Marty. Hope you're staying out of trouble and not partying too much!" replied Scott and Clyde felt once again like he was his father's favorite son, with good reason.

Marianne could sense the moment of awkwardness as Scott showed more affection and respect to Clyde than Marty and it made her wince a little.

She turned on her heel and went back to the kitchen, sensing there was a building tension already between Scott and their two sons. The two brothers were almost like Cane and Abel in the Bible, she thought to herself.

She served up the lamb casserole in the dining room and the rest of the evening passed without incident. Scott bored them all with his tales of corporate seminars and how much money they were going to make from the numerous security contracts he'd been offered.

After the main meal, Scott told Mari to bring in a bottle of red wine so that he could propose a toast. Mari did as requested and poured some wine in glasses then brought them to the dining table, two at a time.

Scott sipped his Merlot and nodded at Mari approvingly. Mari smiled back, actually feeling genuinely grateful to be

back to being a domestic goddess, doing something wholesome and innocent.

"Mari, that casserole was wonderful, thenk you honey.....ok, so I should really make a toast. You know, this is the first time we've sat down as a family together since Christmas. I just want to say it feels really good to be home, seeing my beautiful wife again and seeing how you boys are developing....so let's raise our glasses and drink to the Mathers family, we have a glorious future!" said Scott and everyone clinked their glasses in muted celebration.

Scott, feeling his family were hanging on his every word, returned to his very mundane anecdotes about the banal corporate goons he'd met on his business trip.

Marty was bored almost to tears as he listened to his father, while Clyde tried to maintain an appearance of deep interest, enjoying the feeling of being his father's preferred son.

As Marianne cleared the dessert bowls Marty said he was feeling tired and escaped to his room, happy to leave Clyde to kiss his father's ass. It all seemed so meaningless after they'd both taken their mother in the bed that Scott would be sleeping in that night.

It bothered Marty a lot that what had happened would all be brushed under the carpet and would remain a dark family secret. He knew that they had both betrayed their father by their sexual shenanigans with their mother in his marriage bed.

He couldn't believe how Clyde could actually look his father in the eye, but that's exactly why he thought Clyde was such a soulless asshole, just out for himself. Although both having sex with their Mom had eased their sibling rivalry somewhat, Marty still held his brown-nosing brother in contempt.

That night Scott was in such a good mood and the red wine had stirred up what there was of his libido. Scott and Marianne sat in the lounge talking, or rather Marianne listened to her husband talk endlessly about himself.

She could sense that he was thinking about suggesting sex and all she could think about was how boring and predictable it was going to be. Yet she wanted to try to at least attempt being a regular wife again.

Yet when Scott did finally suggest they head to bed to "continue the party" she found it so hard to feign enthusiasm, but just about managed it.

Marianne followed her husband into their room and felt a sharp pang of guilt as she looked at their king size bed, knowing just a couple of nights ago she'd had both her son's cocks in her, inside her willing cunt and mouth.

It had been the best sex of her whole life and she felt a sense of depression at having to pretend she desired her husband, who was a few years older and thinning on top. He'd been handsome when they married, but now she had Marty and Clyde for youthful handsomeness and they were both ten times the lover Scott was.

He told Marianne to lay back and, for the first time in as long as she could remember, he gave her oral sex. Having dragged down her panties she felt his breath on her pussy and she realised she just wasn't wet at all. Her lack of arousal was suddenly a huge concern so she closed her eyes and pictured Marty doing that to her on the lounge on the sofa.

How every lick had felt so divine yet so forbidden, how wet she'd become so quickly. Those strongly erotic memories began to make her cunt sopping wet and her husband thought it was his extraordinary tongue work. It turned her on knowing the real reason for her glistening mound...,

When he entered her it felt underwhelming after the thick, meaty cocks her sons were endowed with, but she was able

to imagine them taking turns inside her. Once again Scott thought it was his sexual prowess that was making his wife moan so much.

As Marty lay on his bed he could hear his mother's moans, but he knew intuitively it was him and his brother she was thinking of.

Marty wondered if he could tempt her again even while his father was home....the thought was so arousing that he came all over her bare chest as he imagined risking fucking his mom with his father downstairs, oblivious.

Meanwhile, Scott had unfortunately lost his erection from too much wine. Marianne tried to be sympathetic as he pulled out of her with a flaccid cock and she went to sleep unsatisfied.

But the next day Scott woke up early feeling sprightly and full of energy. He fixed himself a quick breakfast before anyone else was up and went straight to his study. Scott was excited to know how his very latest surveillance equipment had performed while he'd been away.

He'd used his own house as a prototype for a radical home security system which had a series of cameras set up both

outside and inside the property. Before he'd left he had set up cameras in the corner of every room of his house.

The technological innovation that was getting clients so excited was that he'd developed a program that could analyse huge amounts of camera footage and then only show the moments of activity.

This meant that every single thing happening in the house was captured on film then condensed into easy to view footage. The idea was that this would be a way to not only protect against burglaries or identify burglars, but to identify anything remotely suspicious such as burglars attempting to get in the house, but then deciding against it.

Scott had spent years honing the equipment and computer programming with his team. He had used his own house as the canary down the coal mine, to see how effectively it worked before he could confidently sell it to his clients as the ultimate in home surveillance and security.

With just the click of a few buttons, he was able to analyse the enormous amount of camera footage captured while he'd been away on business. Scott was expecting the footage to be dull and uneventful, his wife attending to her many chores, his son Marty working on assignments in his room.

This was exactly what he found during the first week of footage and the same for most of the second. All that time had been condensed to remove the vast majority of footage containing no activity on camera and he was ready to fast forward through more footage of Marianne doing laundry and loading the dishwasher.

But when it got to the Friday of the second week he watched with a knowing smile as Marianne showed on screen, hunting in the fridge for something to eat. When he saw her bring out a bowl covered with foil he chuckled, knowing her weakness for cake.

But on his computer screen he could see the camera footage of every room in the house and suddenly he saw his wife in their bedroom trying on lingerie. This was so unlike Marianne. The footage was sped up so that he could see her trying on several different garments that were all very sexual.

He'd never seen this side of his wife before and he didn't even know she had so much sexy lingerie like that in her wardrobe, but she looked a completely different woman with her cleavage bursting out of a sheer black teddy.

Her husband watched in quiet disbelief as he saw Marty enter the house and discover his half-eaten cake in the

kitchen. Scott sat in his chair dumbfounded as he watched his wife and son in the lounge, Marianne feeding cake to Marty.

But Scott felt his jaw fall wide open as the footage showed them kissing, then Marianne baring her breasts and bringing them to Marty's mouth. Scott went into a state of shock as the footage showed them enjoying oral sex. With his heart now pounding, Scott clung to the hope that this was as far as it went.

He felt himself falling apart inside as he then watched Marty enter Marianne, Scott stunned beyond measure seeing his wife and son committing incest on camera.

With a strange sense of horrified, morbid fascination he watched all the footage of their incestuous sex, almost disbelieving his own eyes. But there it was, captured on camera for posterity.

Feeling like he'd taken several blows to the head, his hand shook as he moved the computer mouse, speeding up the footage of the next few days. Then he saw Clyde arriving home from MIT. He wondered whether Clyde, by far his favorite son, had any inkling of what was going on between his mother and Marty.

Scott watched the footage of Clyde and Marianne working out together in the gym and didn't think too much about it. He was impressed by his son's self discipline and devotion to staying in shape.

These were exactly the kind of qualities that he looked for in his employees and Scott felt relieved that at least he had one son who hadn't betrayed him. He watched with interest the moment where Clyde went into Marty's room and discovered Scott's silver cigar case.

Scott looked in the drawer of his desk and saw the cigar case was indeed missing. "That son of a bitch...." said Scott under his breath, already contemplating violence against Marty.

But he watched in amazement as Clyde went for an evening workout and Scott then watched saw his wife stood at the back door, smoking a joint.

Suddenly, it clicked. Scott, naive as he was, realised that Marianne must have gotten high off that cake, a marijuana cake that he'd seen Marty making, without knowing what it was.

"That little bastard got my wife high and seduced her. I'm gonna kick that boy's ass...." said Scott to himself, stamping

his fist on his desk. But then he watched Marianne go upstairs while Clyde was in the shower.

The bathroom was the only room he'd not set up a camera in, but he watched with mounting horror as Marianne dressed up like a whore once more and walked into the bathroom.

Scott clung to the forlorn hope that at least Clyde had resisted temptation. But then the footage showed his wife lying on his marriage bed in a black evening dress and thigh highs, then Clyde standing in the doorway, naked.

Scott gulped, realising that his favorite son was about to betray him on camera as well. He covered his eyes, unable to watch, but something made him part his fingers and he saw Marty arriving home, no doubt from a party.

"Oh fuck, no....not both of them! Not in my marriage bed!" murmured Scott, feeling utterly humiliated and emasculated.

He started to whimper as his young, good looking sons took advantage of his inebriated wife. The moment where both sons came all over her face and breasts was particularly galling to Scott. He sat in a state of shock.

Scott felt like he had spent decades married to a woman he didn't know at all, had no idea how sexually wild she could be. He felt totally crestfallen, a stranger in his own family.

He spent the next two hours alone in his study with his head in his hands, trying to regain his composure. Scott had come home from an arduous business trip feeling euphoric and victorious, hoping to share his success, his well deserved rewards for his endeavours.

Yet now he had to face the fact that it was all for nothing, his family life was a sham. He thought about all those nights out he'd turned down with the good group of buddies he used to have. He'd traded a social life for his family and a successful business.

But what was it all for if his own wife was a drug taking slut underneath her respectable veneer? If his own sons were both treacherous and untrustworthy? He had no answers and began to weep as quietly as he could at his desk.

As he sat in his study with the door locked he mulled over his predicament and decided he needed time to process what had happened.

He knew it was going to be very difficult to hide it, but he wasn't ready to confront his wife and sons with the evidence of their shame, he was still deep in shock. So he resolved to try to act normal as best he could.

Over the next few weeks, that's exactly what happened. Marty and Clyde didn't really see any change in their father's behavior but Marianne, being his wife and gifted with female intuition, noticed he was a little subdued and taciturn.

She took it personally as she was trying her best to be a good wife, to look her best for him.

He could see the effort she was making for him, but he knew her angelic behavior was the result of a guilty conscience rather than a pure heart. Marianne tried to flirt with him at times, to see if she could ignite the sparks of passion in him, but to no avail.

In fact, Marianne felt like this was the end of her sex life. Her husband didn't want sex with her and not even Marty would risk seducing her with his father in the house. As a Catholic, she'd never felt too comfortable taking birth control and decided she may as well stop taking the pills entirely.

As for her tormented husband, Scott was a decent enough man who'd played his hand well in life till now. But this was

too much for his huge ego to bear and the resentment continued to build within him.

He began to spend more and more time alone in his study, with the believable excuse of working on his business contracts. But he would spend hours staring into space, contemplating, ruminating. His deep sense of anger and humiliation was dragging his thoughts into the realms of a dark side he didn't even know he had.

Scott began becoming fixated on thoughts of revenge on his own family, something that hitherto would have been pure anathema to him. But the more he mulled it over the more he felt that they should pay a serious price for what they'd done.

In his negative mindset he began imagining the worst case scenario. What if his house were burgled and he had to hand over all his surveillance footage? Then his dark family secret would become known by everyone as the gossip would spread like wildfire on the grapevine. His thinking was illogical and paranoid, but he knew that level of humiliation would be a fate worse than death.

Scott was losing the thread of his rational mind. The part of him that kept everything in perspective was being subsumed

by a mounting hatred for his wife and sons, the people he had loved the most.

He began drinking neat whisky to numb his emotions, but it also served to make his thoughts even more aggressive and extreme. He never could take his liquor too well.

Scott began to have dark fantasies about taking revenge on all three of them. Naturally, as a home security expert, he had a healthy collection of firearms at his disposal in the event of intruders in his house.

Yet, increasingly, the idea of loading up one of his guns and taking out his whole family and then himself seemed to have a grip on his tormented mind. Marianne sensed something was wrong but he kept himself hidden away in the study with the door locked and she knew it was best to not disturb him.

Scott's drinking became a little more every day, his thoughts and fantasies unmoored from anything sane and reasonable. He felt done with being a good guy, he just wanted this pain inside him to go away and a violent ending seemed the only way out.

He would sit at his desk tending a glass of malt, tears welling in his eyes at the drastic solution he was seriously thinking about carrying out.

A few days later, in a similarly wrought state, it was simply the sound of his wife's laughter coming the lounge as Marty made a good joke that finally tipped him over the edge.

Scott had obsessively collated all the most incriminating footage of incest and debauchery, then burnt the data to a DVD so he could present his family with the shameful evidence.

He then walked over to his locked gun cabinet, opened the door with a shaking hand and pulled out a Colt.45, loading it with hollow point bullets in four of the chambers.

One bullet each for Marianne, Marty and Clyde, one for himself. He put a silencer on the end to make his potential murders inaudible to the neighbors. In his mind, the voice of his conscience told him to put the gun down, that this was a terrible thing to do.

But the festering resentment he'd acquired since discovering his family's betrayal seemed to override any sense of morality he had left.

He was a shadow of his former self and his sons hadn't even noticed. Scott pulled out a holster from the gun cabinet as he knew he wasn't going to be doing any shooting straight away.

He wanted them to have to watch the excruciating footage first, like he'd had to.

As he left his study and walked through the hallway to the lounge he could hear Marty cracking jokes and both Marianne and Clyde laughing like hyenas. They won't be laughing for long, Scott thought to himself.

As he walked into the lounge with a blank expression on his face and dead eyes the laughter stopped suddenly. Marianne instantly knew something was seriously wrong with her husband.

She sat up on the sofa that she'd been reclining on and said, "Scott, honey? Are you ok? What's wrong?".

Marty and Clyde looked at each other with a quizzical expression having not noticed their father's mental deterioration, Clyde shrugging as he sat back on the sofa. They all watched with baited breath as Scott walked up to

the huge TV in the corner of the lounge and opened up the DVD player.

Marianne felt deeply nervous about the way Scott was acting and sensed it was leading up to something big. Scott put the DVD in the player and stood back from the TV with the remote in his hand.

Still not making any eye contact with his family he hit the button on the remote and the security camera footage began to play, starting with Marianne eating the space cake. Marianne felt her mouth go dry, her hands trembling.

She watched in total shock and horror as it dawned on her that the reason why her husband had been acting so out of character was that he'd been carrying around the knowledge of what had happened.

Scott had edited down all the footage to only half an hour long, but it was the longest half an hour of his family's life. Marty couldn't believe that his father had become so obsessed with security that he'd set up cameras recording 24/7 in every room and sat there aghast as his first time with his mother was displayed on screen.

Clyde was finding out for the first time that Marty had been the first to have sex with her, sat in pure shock with his mind scrambling to conceive of the consequences.

Would his father ever forgive him, would he cut him out of the business? Was there a way to blame all this on Marty?

Marianne couldn't cope at all, covering her eyes with both hands and weeping as quietly as she could, the proof that she'd become a whoremom filling the room.

Scott had turned the sound up so that her nasty talk was clearly audible, just to shame her even more.

"I can't watch this...." announced Marty and got up from the sofa. As soon as he rose to his feet to leave Scott turned round and pulled the Colt from his holster, pointing it right at Marty.

"You're not going anywhere, son. Sit the hell down..." he growled and Marty could see the fury in his eyes. He sat down with a pounding heart.

"Oh my god...oh my god" whimpered Marianne, completely overwhelmed and now terrified of what her husband might do with a gun in his hand.

"Stop whingeing, whore. Take your hands away from your damn eyes and watch what you've been doing. You all need to see it...." said Scott with a snarl.

Marty felt his own sense of rage and anger building within him, the way his father had spied on them all, the way he was calling his mother a whore in front of them. He glanced across at his supposedly tough brother who looked as white as a ghost, his face panic stricken.

Seeing them fucking their mother in her bedroom was so tough to watch, and Marty could see how this had driven his father to desperation. This was now even potentially one of those tragic stories he'd heard on the news about a husband and father murdering his own family. That now seemed like a distinct possibility.

They watched the footage to the very end and Marianne finally closed her eyes, bowing her head in utter shame. Seeing all her incestuous depravity on a huge screen left her in no doubt about what she was. As Marty wondered how far his father was going to take this, all Clyde could think about was saving his own skin.

Clyde got off the sofa and fell to his knees in front of his father, who stared down at him with an unmoved, stern

expression. Marianne took her hands from her eyes then covered her mouth as she feared for her son's life, all their lives.

"Dad....I know you must be feeling so much anger and betrayal right now...but you have to understand what a bad influence Marty has been....he's the one who got Mom hooked on drugs and made her act the way she did....

I think he even drugged me with something as there's no way I would have done that with a clear mind, Dad....please don't think I'm like Marty, I'm not like him. He's made Mom into a whore and me into a bad son....you know he's the black sheep of this family, always has been....".

Marianne looked at Marty and felt even more scared for his life now than Clyde's. She expected him to look absolutely terrified at the way his brother was demonising and blaming him, but Marty suddenly seemed like the strongest masculine energy in the room, looking down at his brother with utter contempt.

Marty had known Clyde was a spineless opportunist out for himself, but even he was surprised by what a pathetic little weasel he was, prepared to see his own brother killed to save his own skin.

Scott mulled this over and thought about the footage. It was true that his wife's descent into sin had begun with the space cake and that was in the house because of Marty.

Dark thoughts ran through his mind....maybe he could just kill Marty and no one would hear with the silencer attached? He could say he's gone missing then dispose of the body in a way to make it look like a drug gang shooting.

Then he could carry on with his business, hand it over to Clyde one day. Maybe even forgive Marianne, eventually. It seemed a better proposition than murdering them all and turning the gun on himself.

He raised the Colt and pointed it straight at Marty's head. Marianne screamed into her hands but Marty didn't even flinch.

He stood up from the sofa and said, "Dad, think about this before you put a bullet through my head. Mom found that cake in the fridge by accident, she didn't know it was full of marijuana. Look at the footage again if you want.

Clyde went looking for my joints and gave them to her, not me. She chose to get high that second time...I didn't drug her and I didn't drug Clyde, he's talking out of his ass to save

himself. But if you want to believe his bullshit, go ahead and murder me. I don't care anymore..."

Marianne just couldn't believe how cool Marty was under fire, how he was staying calm with a Colt.45 aimed right at his face. Scott looked at Marty and then Clyde on his knees. He felt unsure what to do as he knew there was truth in what Marty said, he couldn't be blamed for everything. And he also didn't want to kill his family, however much he hated them right now.

Marty sensed it and in a very measured voice said, "Dad, I can't imagine how you must be feeling and I'm so sorry for what's happened...but you're a good man and you're not going to do this. You're going to give me the gun when I walk over....and then we're going to talk it through like grown men...I'm going to walk over slowly right now, Dad....".

Marianne covered her eyes with her hands again, the tension absolutely unbearable. She parted her fingers slightly as she watched Marty take a step towards his father, the gun still pointing at him.

Another step closer and Scott felt panicked by his son's unexpected bravery. He had thought Marty would be the

coward in a situation like this as he was the slacker of the family, the loser.

But he felt confused that it was his favorite son Clyde who was acting more like a mouse than a man and he suddenly felt like he knew nothing any more.

As Marty stepped within reaching distance Scott sighed and lowered the gun so that it pointed at the floor. Marty took hold of the gun and Scott took his finger off the trigger, loosening his grip and letting Marty take it from him.

Clyde and Marianne both let out a huge sigh of relief, thinking all the drama was over. But just as resentment had built up in his father, Marty felt serious anger towards both his dad and his brother at that moment.

For years, he'd taken so much shit from them, been constantly reminded that he was the inferior son, just because he wasn't as academic as Clyde and didn't kiss his father's ass like Clyde did.

Seeing his brother on his knees and his father an emotional wreck with tears streaming down his face didn't make him feel sympathy for them.

Clyde had been ready to see Marty killed to save his own skin and his father had been close to doing it. With the sudden feeling of power that having a loaded gun in his hand gave him, he decided he was going to make them pay.

"You did the right thing, Dad...why don't you and Clyde take a seat and I'll get us all a beer from the fridge, ok?" said Marty and Scott nodded, sitting down on the opposite sofa to his wife, Clyde then sitting next to him in solidarity.

Marty headed out of the lounge still wondering what he was going to do next. He suddenly remembered that famous scene in his favorite movie ever, Pulp Fiction, where Bruce Willis ends up tied to a chair. He figured he could use chairs from the dining room then realised he needed rope.

While Scott and Clyde were expecting Marty to come back in with a four pack, he had sneaked out to the garage and returned with a length of rope, which he put over his shoulder.

He dragged two chairs from the dining table to the door where the dining room and lounge were connected, then went back into the lounge. Rather than the cold beer they were expecting Marty was stood in the doorway at the far end of the lounge, and their jaws fell open as he pointed the gun at them.

"I checked the chamber, Dad. Four bullets, huh? You were going to kill all of us then yourself weren't you, Dad? Well, I'm holding the gun now and two bullets each for you both sounds good right now...."

Marianne shrieked and said, "Oh my god, oh my god....Marty....don't do this".

"Relax, Mom.....I'm not going to do that as long as they do exactly what they're told. Dad, Clyde....stand up and walk to the middle of the room...slowly."

Clyde looked at his father, expecting some resistance to this family mutiny, but Scott was too emotionally shot to pieces to put up any kind of a fight. Marianne couldn't believe how brave Marty was being, it was a whole new side to his character that she'd never seen before and it thrilled her.

Once she realised he was completely in control and wasn't going to do anything too drastic or violent she was able to at least steady her nerves a little. They had been pretty damn fraught since Scott had walked in with a gun and the incriminating evidence of incest.

Now Scott and Clyde, who had revealed himself as a total coward, did as they were told by Marty and sat on two wooden chairs with the backs to each other. Marty then took the long length of thin rope in one hand and told them to keep their mouths shut.

"Mom, come over here...." said Marty and Marianne dutifully walked over, loving this stern and commanding side to her son.

Marty handed her the rope and said, "Tie them up good, I have to keep the gun pointed at them in case they get any ideas....".

Marianne looked at the rope and felt nervous but didn't dare disobey Marty, who now seemed to have such authority. Scott and Clyde were too scared to say anything and both felt so humiliated as Marianne wrapped the rope tightly around them. After she was done they couldn't move their arms at all and she even managed a knot at the end that she'd remembered from girl guides.

Even though Scott and Clyde were strong, there was no getting out of their rope binding. Marty grinned as he knew he had his father and brother just where he wanted them.

Knowing he'd nearly been murdered in cold blood by his father and thrown to the wolves by his brother, Marty knew he was really going to enjoy humiliating them even more.

Marianne was dressed just like she used to dress, a beautiful blue and white floral patterned summer dress that made her look like a very respectable housewife and mother.

But seeing Marty dominate such a dangerous situation in a manly and mature way, Marianne found herself feeling turned on almost as much as when she was high.

She realised that power and dominance were just as good an aphrodisiac as taking drugs and she sensed that Marty had sex on his mind, the way he was looking at her.

With his father and brother safely tied up Marty finally relaxed and placed the Colt on a glass table with the safety catch on.

He motioned his mother towards him as he stood in front of his father's chair and said, "Mom, from now on you're going to be my personal whore. After today, I'm going to be the man of this house and if Dad or Clyde tries to threaten me, I'll make sure that the footage of us having sex will be either sent to Dad's business colleagues or sent to MIT's head department.

You see, Dad, by collecting this camera footage and putting it on a DVD, you've accidentally created a bribe against yourself. And now you're going to have to watch me seduce and have sex with your wife and there's nothing you can do about it. You've seen the movie, so here's the live show....".

"You son of a bitch...." hissed his father, impotently straining against the tight rope around his arms like a villain who'd been caught in a kid's cartoon.

"Yes I am....and she's my bitch now...." said Marty with a wicked grin and Marianne felt her cunt getting soaking wet, her nipples throbbing under her dress through her bra. When she'd been high and dressed up in lingerie she felt like she was someone else entirely and felt ashamed when she was sober again.

But now she felt the same strong sexual attraction to her son while dressed as she used to before all this had begun. What she felt for Marty now was primal, her body responding to the feral, dominant masculine energy he was projecting.

She didn't wait for the instruction, she walked up to her son and began rubbing his crotch through his jeans while their lips met. Marty's hands roamed all over her body as they

lustfully French kissed, Marty's tongue dominating his mother's mouth as if it was his cock in her cunt.

Marianne closed her eyes, wanting to feel lost in her son's embrace, feeling so intoxicated by his forceful display of superiority, making both his father and brother look so feeble and pathetic.

Marianne had heard of cuckolding but was too naive to understand it; yet the reason she was so deeply aroused, as Marty caressed her breasts through her summer dress, was because Scott was being utterly cuckolded by his own son. Now that Clyde had shown his true colors, Marianne was happy to see Marty humiliate him too.

Marty stopped the kiss and turned his mother around so that he could torment his father by kissing his once sinless wife on her neck and shoulders, his soft, sensuous kisses making her moan.

To really drive him wild he began rubbing his crotch against his Mom's shapely ass and she felt tingles all over her body, knowing her husband was having to watch every excruciating second.

Marty's hands then reached round from behind her and he cupped both her breasts in his hands, massaging her nipples

through her dress and bra. He felt them harden against his touch and she let out a sigh of pleasure as he carried on grinding his hard cock against her. It strained inside his jeans like a horny Rottweiler yanking on its owner's chain as it spies a bitch on heat.

"Motherfucker..." snarled Scott, feeling so worthless and humiliated that all he could do was murmur weak verbal abuse at his son.

"Well, I can't argue with that, you're factually right again, Dad...." said Marty and Marianne giggled at the way her son was running rings round his father, making him look more ridiculous and foolish with every word and gesture.

As if to drive his point home, Marty slowly raised his mother's dress while still kissing her shoulders and caressed her ass cheeks before using both hands to gradually slide down her white silk panties.

He took his time doing this, knowing it was driving his father insane and only let them fall to the floor once they'd reached her knees. She stepped out of them and felt the cool air making her glistening cunt lips feel all nice and tingly.

Marty then slowly slid down the zip on the back of her dress and kissed every inch of her bare back as it revealed itself.

Marianne felt shivers all over as her son showed a masterful command of making her body respond.

Somehow, his sexual charisma had doubled and he'd turned from a carefree adolescent into a dominant young man since his illicit affair with his mother had begun.

She was loving every second and felt like she could barely breathe as he took off her dress then unhooked her white silk bra from the back, his other hand lifting up her hair so he could decorate the nape of her neck with gentle kisses.

As her bra fell to the floor he reached his hands around again so that he could caress her bare breasts, rubbing her swollen nipples between his fingers.

Just the sensation of his hands on her bared boobs, fingers teasing her nipples, his sensuous mouth all over her shoulders and down her back, sent Marianne into seventh heaven and the sex hadn't even started yet.

He knew it must have been torture for his father to have to watch this but also humiliating for Clyde, who could only hear his mother's moans of pleasure as he sat facing in the other direction.

Marty then took great delight in kissing all the way down his mother's bare back then got on his knees and began kissing her ass cheeks. To wind up his dad still further he spread her ass cheeks wide and circled his tongue then flicked the tip against her rosebud.

Marianne squealed and said, "Oh Marty, don't stop....that feels soooo good".

He added to his mother's sensual enjoyment by letting his fingers trace the inners of her thighs all the way down to her knees and up again. For Marianne, this was already the most intense and erotic experience of all and they'd only just started.

Having Scott forced to watch seemed to bring out the bitch in her, yet she didn't feel bad at all. Her husband deserved everything he was getting as far as she was concerned.

As Marty raised his fingers back up her thighs he let his fingertips stray onto her pussy, catching some of her nectar and then licking it off his fingers slowly.

"Mmmm you taste so good, Mom" he said, knowing full well it would drive both his dad and Clyde absolutely wild. They both strained pointlessly against the rope that kept them

prisoner and Clyde finally made some noise of his own: "You aren't going to get away with this, Marty".

"Oh that's where you're wrong, big brother. You see, there's academic smart and then there's street smart. I'm way more street smart than you Clyde and there's nothing you can do about it.....and you've proven yourself to be such a traitorous little backstabber as well as a total wuss.... so now I'm Mom's favorite son and that's the way it's going to stay" he said, then pushed two of his fingers deep inside his mother's mound.

She groaned as if in agreement then she felt him push his fingers in deep, down to the knuckle, and began to fingerfuck her while Scott watched, speechless.

Marianne felt absolutely on fire, her whole body felt so aroused, the combination of Marty's natural sexual prowess and this powerfully dominant side to his personality that he'd not shown till now.

The way he was managing to cuckold both his father and brother was a huge turn on for her, especially as she was being used as Marty's whore to humiliate them. And the more Marty humiliated them the hotter and wetter she got.

After a thorough fingering Marty pulled his two fingers out and stood up, reaching round to her mouth and pushing

them slowly inside. Scott had to watch as his wife began sucking Marty's fingers, tasting her own delicious cunthoney.

As if that wasn't humiliating enough, Marty turned his mom around and they French kissed once more, the salty tang of her pussy juices on his tongue. He pressed lightly on her shoulder and she took the hint, sinking to her knees.

She began undoing his button fly and slid down his skintight black jeans, peeling down his equally tight white briefs after teasing his straining bulge with a soft caress.

Out sprung his raging boner, twitching as she took it in hand. She began licking the head like an ice cream as she looked up at him with worship in her eyes. Marty felt like her new religion.

Scott had so rarely received oral sex off his wife and now he had to endure watching her giving head to their well hung son.

Marianne could sense Scott's deep discomfort as he wriggled in his chair, desperate to escape, and took Marty out of her mouth. A gloop of precum clung to her lips and she turned her head to her husband saying, "I must say I much prefer

Marty's cock to yours....to suck it and to fuck it...so much better".

"Whore...." spat Scott, utterly disgusted.

"Yes I am....I'm Marty's whore now...." she said with a grin and even Marty was amazed by how wickedly bitchy she was being to his now totally broken father.

But Marty truly understood that his father had treated her like a trophy wife for years, instead of showing her real love and sexual passion.

Scott then had to watch as Marianne gave Marty a thorough cocksucking.

Without even being instructed Marianne took her now rock hard son from her mouth and got on all fours in front of him.

"My cunt is all yours, Marty. All yours...."she purred, relishing rubbing her husband's face in her new found pleasure. Marty smiled, both his father and brother muttering under their breath.

It had been tough enough seeing it on camera, but Scott felt so utterly cucked as Marty brazenly fed his thick cock into his mother's sluthole and began to thrust.

"This is how you dominate a woman, Dad" said Marty and Scott's face turned a strange shade of rage-induced purple. Marty grabbed hold of his mother's blonde hair and really rammed her hard, knowing he had proven himself the real man in the family.

Marianne felt herself getting just as turned on as when she'd been high on marijuana, now she was just as high and aroused on her son's domination. It was an added thrill knowing she had recently stopped taking the pill, having a young and virile son inside her.

She wondered when to drop this bombshell and it made her clit throb to think about saying it to her husband, who couldn't even get hard enough or fuck her long enough to seed her.

Once Marty had sufficiently humiliated his father by fucking his wife right in front of him, he wanted to see cowardly Clyde suffer a bit as well after his blatant betrayal.

He pulled out of Marianne, his cock wet with her cuntjuice then, just to torment his father a bit further, he hit play on

the remote so that Scott had to watch Marty and his mom on the TV again, having sex straight after the space cake.

There was no escape from his humiliation and he'd never felt such a weak, pathetic man.

Marty then pulled his mother to her feet and they kissed with deep passion, the sexual electricity between them so powerful. As soon as they moved across the room in front of Clyde, Marty latched his mouth on her swollen nipples.

Clyde tried looking away as his double dose of humiliation was delivered, but the sounds of his mother's pleasure filled his ears as Marty pushed Marianne up against the wall and lifted up her legs.

Clyde flinched as he saw the look of joy on his mother's face once Marty was back inside her. She wrapped her legs tightly round his back and screamed, "Fuck me, Marty! You're so much more of a man than your brother! So much bigger than your father! Fuck me like a real man!".

Marianne had felt just as disgusted as Marty to see Clyde prostate himself on his knees in front of his father and blame his brother for everything, so she was happy to make him pay.

With the DVD playing the scene of Marty fucking Marianne when she was high, it was double domination. As Marty rammed harder and faster into her, she knew it was time to drop her bombshell.

"Marty....I want your cum in me...I stopped taking the pill weeks ago....but your father couldn't even get hard for me....knock me up with your potent cum, fuck a baby into Mommy!" she shrieked and even Marty was surprised at that, but it made him thrust into her even harder.

He'd not even considered the idea that he could get his mom pregnant. But now that it was a possibility it brought out the primal instinct in him to breed, and there was nothing more dominant and natural than impregnating a woman.

Clyde and his father were being driven to distraction and were both rambling incoherently as the sound of Marianne's moans filled the room, both from the TV and from her own throat as she let it be known that Marty was the man for her.

"Don't you dare fucking cum in my wife!" howled Scott, feeling like he was losing grip on his sanity. Marty had to stop himself laughing at that but stopped thrusting for a moment to whisper in her mother's ear. She smiled and nodded.

He pulled out again and took his naked mother by the hand, leading her back in front of her husband. This time he told her to lay on her back on the carpet right in front of Scott and there was something so primal about getting inside her again in the missionary position.

Marianne wanted her husband to see Marty seed her and once he'd worked up a vicious thrust she began saying, "Do it Marty, seed your whoremom, put a baby in my belly, shoot your sexy semen where it belongs....deep inside your mother!!!!"

Marianne wrapped her legs tightly around Marty's back, trying to pull him deeper into her, desperate for his fertile fuckmuck. He felt the semen swirling in his balls, but he maintained his control as he rutted her relentlessly on her back. He knew the longer he fucked her, the more his father and brother were humiliated.

Scott was literally bawling like a baby by now, which was just what Marty wanted to see.

The pace of his fucking gradually increased and both Marty and Marianne sensed they were building up to a gloriously intense finale. Marianne could feel herself getting carpet burns on her back as Marty took her as aggressively as he

could, but she didn't care. The pain seemed to add to the pleasure, knowing her son's domination was complete.

Suddenly, Marianne felt the deep need to feel her favorite son unload inside her, an unbearably strong desire that took her over.

"DO IT, CUM IN MOMMY!!! GET YOUR WHORE MOTHER PREGNANT!!! PUT IT IN ME NOW, MARTY!!!! CUM HARD FOR MOMMY!!!!"

His mother's filthy, debauched words finally sent him over the edge. He felt his balls tighten up into his body, the white heat of sexual ecstasy overwhelming him.

Both Marty and Marianne went into a deep orgasm at the same time, her pussy walls gripping his thick cockmeat and milking every drop of fertile semen from his full balls, yearning for him to impregnate her awaiting womb.

She felt several loads of creamy jizm spurt deep into her, knowing her son's seed was as virile and potent as it gets. Marianne felt herself shudder and shake as waves of depraved sexual pleasure seized hold of her.

The warm surge of his spunk made her go into her most intense incestuous climax yet, her juices gushing over her Axminster carpet while the scene of Marianne being fucked by Marty the first time played loudly in the background.

Marty had never shot such a huge load and his balls ached as he came his final drops, so keen to inseminate his mother in front of the father who hated him.

Marianne savoured the feeling of so much semen swimming deep into her, hoping this would be the moment he got her pregnant. As their climax subsided Marty lay on top of his mother and they tenderly kissed as she looked into her son's gorgeous brown eyes.

"I'll always be your whoremom, Marty...I belong entirely to you now" she said. And she meant it.

Fin.