You Couldn't Handle Me

Prologue: The Confession

It was pretty safe to say that my relationship with my mother changed after I told her I wanted to fuck her. To be honest, it'd be weird if it didn't. And that was just the tip of the iceberg in my relationship with my mom. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

My name is Thomas McGee. I go by Tom typically. I try to stay pretty humble, but that can be pretty difficult sometimes. I was born lucky in a lot of ways, and to most, that would go to their heads. I did my best to keep cool about it and for the most part I succeeded, but sometimes that side of me would emerge. I could admit I was a good looking guy and I never really had a problem attracting girls. I'm sure some of the other guys at school resented how easy it was for me. I had a lot of friends, and a lot of girlfriends. I'm sure a lot of the other guys wanted to be like me. Some guys had trouble around girls and would get nervous around them, but I never really did. It always came naturally to me. I don't know why. I wasn't the type of guy who leered at the girls around the school and dogged them for dates. I don't know if I was necessarily even that good at flirting, but I must have been doing something right to have so many girls making gooey eyes at me. Like I said, I was a pretty good looking guy. Some girls are willing to look past the negatives in a guy if he has a pretty face. I'm sure I'm better at it than I give myself credit for, but it just was second-nature to me. Girls just sort of came to me and it would take an idiot to not realize they liked me. I tried to be pretty cool about it and never show off the fact that my dating life was pretty active. And I like to think that any person who resented me for how

active my dating life was came to at least like me as a person. I tried to be a cool, friendly, affable guy, even hanging out with people that most of my peers would deem to be below my social circle.

I play football in high school, so that got me pretty built. I wasn't always that way though. When I was about to enter my freshman year, I was kinda scrawny, but I hit a huge growth spurt right as I started school. I filled out and grew a foot taller and I didn't feel as much apprehension going out for football. I got on the team and it was the best experience of my life. I made a ton of great friends, and it certainly assisted in girls taking notice of me. This spurred me on to get in good shape. I became a fiend in the weight room. I remember the competitions me and my buddies had in the weight room about who could bench the most. At first, I was not close to winning, but as we reached our senior year, I overtook all my friends. It wasn't really about being the top dog or anything like that. I just kinda thrived on competition.

I had developed strong muscles all over without being too over the top. I was strong, but lithe and lean. I'm sure most would think it was good genetics, but I had to work hard. I had a lot of blessings in life, most out of my control but my body was the one thing I took total pride in. The first time I ever saw a girl look at my body with lust in her eyes was all the motivation I needed. And it was worth it, as far as my love life went. Like I said before, I had a few girlfriends, and a lot of them were eager to get physical with me. It certainly didn't hurt that, accompanying my muscle growth, my cock had sprouted generously, till I easily had the biggest cock of anyone on the football team. When I was in action, I was a good thick 10 inches. Once my body filled out and I started packing some serious heat I was able

lose my virginity quickly. I had always had a good looking face and now that my body held up its end of the bargain, it was tough to stop myself.

By the time I turned 18 I became quite the lady killer. Girls had become my weakness. My vice. I was a relatively cool, regular guy otherwise, but when I was after a girl, the worst parts of my character emerged. I'm sure I'm not the only person who was a different person around the opposite sex, so try not to hold it against me. Most of the time, I barely really had to do anything to make girls smitten with me. It was almost funny. Just wear some flattering clothes, flash a small smile, make a girl giggle, and that was it. Jackpot. I kinda felt guilty about how easy these things came to me when other guys struggled. I wasn't trying to be popular or the school stud or anything like that. I was really not even actively trying. Just whatever my default response was kinda clicked with girls.

But the occasions when I had to pursue a girl were the times I became a different guy. My competitive juices started flowing. I became a bit more ruthless and cutthroat. Those were also the times I had the most fun. As a general rule, I was never the type of guy to go after another guy's girl. I had my limits, and that just seemed like a dick move. I didn't want to involve others in my own personal vices. No one needed to get hurt just so I could get laid. But, even then, I kinda knew deep down, if the right girl came along, that rule would fade away. I mean, I had had girls with boyfriends approach me and give me the gooey eyes and I was okay with going all the way with those girls. But I never pursued a girl who had a boyfriend. I tried to be a good guy in that sense. I let them do the hard work if they wanted to cheat.

I loved the pursuit. The chase. I loved the girls that made me work a little a bit. The girls who wouldn't crumble quickly. Being with them was always the most rewarding. The girls with low self-esteem who would just hop into bed with me for fear of making me unhappy, I had my fun with them but it was a hollow victory. And plus, the girls who made me work for it knew exactly what they were doing, and when they would eventually give in, they gave into me. They were kinky as fuck once I landed them, and those girls were easily the best of the best. But unfortunately, the level of sociopathy that allowed them to play games with guys did not translate to long-lasting relationships. And that was fine. I was always on the hunt for the next challenge. I was always on the hunt for bigger game.

I guess I should have been careful what I asked for.

Now I'm sure how anyone reading this will struggle to sympathize with me. What a tragic life I must have, the smart, charming, popular, built football player with the big cock doesn't like the fact that he has SO many girlfriends. Boo-hoo. Poor guy. But it was the truth. I just tried to go through life like any other guy, hang out with friends and have fun. Obviously, having a bunch of girls be into me was nice, but to be honest, the whole thing got kinda boring to me. And besides, I was never really satisfied with any of the girls I was with, for one reason or another. I liked them all on a surface level, but for the most part, none of them were that interesting to me. There were a few exceptions, sure, but there was no real challenge there. And I lived for the challenge. Even the girls that did make me work a little bit weren't that hard to bring down. But... most importantly of all, none of them matched up to the woman I really wanted.

The woman that dominated my fantasies.

I guess that's as good a reason as any to bring her into this story. None of you really care about what I look like and how I spent my free time. Well, maybe some of you do, but I'm not the star of the show. Compared to her, my struggle with being too popular with girls was boring. I mean, I play my part in this tale but this story is about her. Her name is Tanya, but I never call her anything other than Mom.

To say she was pretty was an understatement. To simply say she was beautiful would be equally disrespectful to her. She was, quite-simply, amazingly, jaw-droppingly, mouth-wateringly, drop-dead gorgeous. Literally in the top percentile of attractiveness. I had honestly never seen a woman better looking than her, and she was my mom! It was no wonder I turned out feeling the way I did about her with the way she looked.

I suppose she should be described, although words don't do her justice. She had black hair, which she changed the style of often. She had olive skin and she was able to maintain a healthy tan year-round. Her skin was silky and soft, just seeing any of her bare flesh made you want to run your hands all over her. Her face was exotic, looking strikingly gorgeous. Full, soft pouty lips. Smoky, bedroom eyes. She didn't look like a typical and classy 40 year old mom. She had the face of a seasoned mature sex goddess, a face that made it clear she was an older woman, but also a face that all other women her age would kill for. Her face defined her. Experienced, but young looking.

Aged to perfection. She looked like a woman ten years younger. But her face was only the beginning of the total package.

For most women, that face would be the first thing you would notice. But she had much more noticeable assets. To be blunt, my mom had giant tits. Enormous breasts. Each seemed as big as my head. It was impossible not to notice the basketballs that bounced around in her bra wherever she went. I spied on one of her bras once, and seeing the tag on the bra which said "34FF" made my knees shudder. And judging by how her tits spilled out of whatever she wore, I might have to say that she might even be a size bigger. They had no sag at all. None. They rode proudly on her chest, shockingly firm, and perky... and round... and smooth, soft looking... and squeezable. And they rode together in just the perfect way, creating an absolute canyon of cleavage in whatever she wore. I loved seeing how her excessive breast flesh pressed together. Her nipples seemed like they were always hard because they showed through seemingly every top she had. It was as if she was constantly horny. It was like those nipples were just begging to be sucked on.

There was no chance I could make it to 18 with her around the house and not become a breast man. But the torturous thing was I had the greatest set of jugs I had ever seen within arm's reach and I couldn't touch them. She had the greatest tits I had ever seen even though I had never seen them bare, at least from an age that I could remember. It was torture.

But enough about my mom's rack. For most women, an incredibly gorgeous face and enormous boobs would be enough. But not her.

Her belly was flat and sexy, displaying the benefits of yoga and her exercise routine. Her legs were long and firm, capable of driving any leg-man insane. And her ass... holy fuck! Her ass was out of this world. It rode high and tight and it was everything you wanted an ass to be. It was firm. It was round. It was heart shaped. Each cheek was perfectly ripe. Her ass jutted out perfectly, nearly creating a shelf to rest your head on. My mom was stacked in every way. No matter what type of guy you were... she had what you wanted.

Now some gorgeous women were just bodies and had no substance. My mom was different. She was fun to be around. She was a good mother without being overbearing. She gave me enough freedom to live my own life while keeping a watchful eye on me. And she was very laid-back. She was one of those people that were never caught off guard. Nothing could faze her. She was sharp enough that she had a comeback for anything. But that's the boring personality stuff. Here's the fun stuff. She was a shameless flirt. She was one of those women that everything she said sounded sexy. Every word she said, every little mannerism, just perfectly sexy. Her breathy voice made everything she said sound like a lusty come-on. She rolled her hips when she walked. Her tits jiggled with every step she took. She moved smoothly with no wasted motion. She exuded sex. She was pure, unadulterated, walking, talking sex appeal.

If it's not clear by now, I wanted to fuck her in the worst way. Taking one look at her and comparing her to the girls at school, it was no comparison at all. I prided myself at being very good at landing girls. But I was hunting little cubs. My mom was a lioness. She was in a different stratosphere altogether. If I was a big game hunter, Mom could be seen as nothing less than a prime target.

She was the total package, and I wanted all of her. I wanted her body. I wanted her gorgeous face. Her long legs. Her tan, smooth skin. Her round ass. Her tight pussy. Her massive breasts. For a young horny guy, she was a walking wet dream. The fact that she was my mom eventually became secondary.

It was a miracle she was even here. She was the daughter of two regular looking parents, and she had two regular looking younger siblings. By some twist of fate, by some alignment of the stars, my mother emerged a beacon of beauty. The fates came together in creating this vision of sex.

One thing I forgot to mention was her impeccable sense of style. She always wore tight, form-fitting clothes, in all the latest looks. But she was also a trend-setter, trying her own things, flaunting her wares while setting an example for all the other women in town. Most women felt nothing but envy when others were around her. They wanted to hate her, but they were sucked in by her infectious personality. Women didn't hate her for her jaw-dropping good looks. Despite her beauty, women liked her. Women felt better about themselves by being in her presence. She was so hot that women dreamed of being around her, being deemed worthy of being called her friend. And even though she was on good terms with most and generous with her time, she had her choice of those to consider her friends, and her friends were a murderers' row of amazing looking older women. But that's a story for later.

And men, well, it should be obvious how men behaved around her. Mom was the most popular woman in town with men. She was probably wank material for most of them. But unfortunately for them, she was taken.

I guess I should mention my dad, Jay. Part of me wished I could say he was an asshole, and I wanted to get back at him by having her all to myself. But that was not the case. Dad was a good guy. He was a former football player, so we had stuff in common. He had maintained his good looks, although he was not in the shape he used to be and he and Mom were still very much in love. He could be a bit of a blowhard sometimes, but nobody's perfect. Except Mom, of course. Him and Mom met in College and married soon after. He was a salesman for a pretty big private airline company and he was really good, bringing in good money, letting Mom stay at home and not have to worry about working. But as a tradeoff for that Dad was traveling all the time, bringing in the big bucks, leaving Mom and I cooped up together.

So, there we were, a ridiculously stacked mother, and her horny big-cocked son, with a dad who was never around. I know it sounds over the top but it is the truth. Judging by some stories I read, our eventual copulation was inevitable. Judging by what I have seen, I should have easily been able to get balls-deep in her no problem. But I knew otherwise, from first-hand experience. I wished it could be that easy.

From a young age, I realized Mom was beautiful. But for years, she was nothing but a mom to me. It wasn't until I reached puberty that I realized the blessing I had in my own house. I reached the age

where I could appreciate boobs. And butts. And what sex appeal was all about. My body knew the truth before I did. I sprouted erections whenever she jiggled near me. Once I put the pieces together, the first thing I felt was shame. Honestly. I shouldn't be popping boners over my mom. I tried to push her out of my head and fantasize about girls in my class, but Mom always ended up being the one I was thinking about while I sprayed my load. I felt like a freak. I mean... it was icky. It was incest.

It wasn't until I had some friends over that I realized that it wasn't just me that thought bad things about her. I watched as all my friends undressed my mom with their eyes, feasting on her while she paraded her hot body around us, doing her day to day chores. I had never felt as happy as I did when I realized all my friends thought my mom was hot. Word spread fast and soon all the guys were clamoring to be my friend.

I was about 14 or 15 when I willingly allowed Mom into my fantasies for the first time. And it felt fucking great. I imagined myself squeezing her boobs. I imagined myself driving my dick into her doggy style. I did all the nasty things I could think of to my mom in my fantasies. Part of me thought it was just a phase. That I would move on after awhile and have healthier fantasies about girls my own age. But it just didn't happen. I probably could move on if I wasn't around her all the time. Having to watch her hot ass and huge tits jiggling around the house, watching her look gorgeous in whatever she wore kept her right on the edge of my fantasies. As I filled out, grew taller, grew more muscular, and sprouted my nice-fat pussy pleaser, I still found myself, day after day, stroking myself to thoughts of her. My fantasies got nastier as my tastes evolved, and

the loads that I blasted got bigger and bigger. I imagined myself tit-fucking my mom. I imagined my mom choking on my fat cock. I imagined myself driving my fat cock up her tight ass. It was nasty, but it felt so fucking good. I can't count how many loads I shot over her. I realized that it wasn't just a phase. It wasn't just a fantasy. If the opportunity presented itself, I would do it. I would fuck my mom. It didn't matter if it was incest. She was too hot for me to care.

I lusted for her more than anyone else I could think of. But despite that, I kept up a good social life. I was no shut-in. I had a bunch of friends, and many girlfriends. I was definitely sowing my wild oats with girls my own age, but my mind was always on the hottie that lived in my own house. I couldn't get her out of my head, no matter how much teenage pussy I got. She was the one I wanted. She was the one my body craved. I entered my senior year of high school and my crush on my own mom had shown no signs of slowing down.

It was almost unfair. Like it was bad karma for being so lucky with girls. Being stuck with the hottest woman I had ever seen and not being able to make a move due to her being my mom. I was able to get a bunch of high-school girls between the sheets, but I could never truly enjoy them. Imagine how torturous it would be, that anytime you fucked a girl, you couldn't help but see your mom in her place. Imagine fucking an 18 year old with pristine DD's and not being satisfied, because they are not as big as your mom's FF's. Luckily, my mom was super-hot, and seeing her in those girls' places wasn't an unpleasant sight, but it was still torture nonetheless. Having your mind's eye see a pair of massive, natural tits, bigger and more perfect than any tits you had ever seen, and knowing it was unlikely you would ever get to see them... it was not fun. It was dangling meat in

front of a starving man. I wouldn't wish this mental anguish on my worst enemy. I wouldn't wish the torture, the initial shame, of what I felt when it first happened, and the turmoil it caused, on anyone. I wouldn't wish it on anyone.

I don't think she knew what she was doing to me. She couldn't have known how badly she was torturing me. Like I said, she was a great mom and she was super cool with me. She just had a flirty way about her. That's how she treated all guys, so I knew it wasn't anything out of the ordinary as she very subtly flirted in my presence. And she clearly was aware of her body as she showed it off every opportunity she could. She loved to tan out by the pool, and she wore skimpy bikinis constantly. Nothing indecent, unfortunately, but with her it was hard not to show off. I was forced to watch my mom show off tons of skin and not be able to do anything about it. I had to watch her and Dad be kissy-kissy in front of me, and I was being driven mad with jealousy. I was living with the guy who was plowing the object of my lust. I was a mad jumble of emotions.

I'm sure any armchair psychologist could diagnose my madness, and could connect my vice of chasing girls with my relationship with my own mother. I was seemingly well put-together on the outside, but no one saw the turmoil I was in. I wanted to bang my own mom! It was crazy, and the worst thing was, the fact that it was Mom didn't even bother me anymore. I was totally cool with it. In fact, the thought of it made me throb.

It became clear that something had to be done. I couldn't just... not do anything about it. I had to make a move. I had to know for sure. I

had to let her know what I wanted. I was heading to college in a year, and if I got to that point without giving it a shot, it would never happen. I needed closure on this. I couldn't go on not knowing whether or not I had a chance.

Did I think I had a shot with her? Hell yes I did! Not to toot my own horn too severely, but I was a fit, 18 year old stud with a big fat cock. That's what all women wanted, right? In my experience, that was usually all it took to be successful with girls. Mom always gave off the impression that she was constantly aroused. I got the impression it would take a lot to slake her thirst. Arrogantly, I had no doubt my 10 inch cock could do the trick. But, would the fact that I was her son bother her? It would have to. It was craziness. Incestuous crushes didn't happen every day. But she was so clever and so quick on her feet, I wondered if me confessing how badly I wanted to bone her would take her aback, for once. It would have to.

I thought about how to go about confessing. I had to look cool and be confident. Women loved confidence. I was pretty good with girls, so I was hoping the game I ran on them would work on Mom. It got countless teenage girls to spread their legs for me, so the same moves should would work on a sexy MILF goddess like my mom, right? My dad was just about to leave for a month long business trip in a few days, so I figured this was the perfect opportunity for me. If this worked, I could have a month long bone session with my crazy hot mom. I had just turned 18, and my last year of high school was about to start. What better way to celebrate both than to fuck my hot mom?

It was the day before Dad would leave on his trip that I decided to make my move. I didn't sleep the night before. All that went through in my head was what I would say to her. I mean, how do you convince your own mom to bang you? It was madness, but I had talked myself into this being the only option. I backed off my plan multiple times, but the plusses outweighed the minuses. Sure, if she said no, I would be vehemently embarrassed. But if she said yes, I could be driving my fat cock into her tight pussy by the end of the day. I had to give it a shot. I had to know for sure.

She ran errands most of the day and when she got home I was in my room, sitting on my bed, waiting. Dad was still at work, so it was just me and her. I looked at the floor until I sensed her presence in the doorway, then I looked up at her.

"Hey, what's up, baby?" she said, in her breathy voice. God, she was so hot. She had on a pair of tight jeans which molded to her lower half. Her top half consisted of a tight pink blouse, wrapped around her massive tits, displaying their shape to my leering eyes. As usual, her hard nipples were evident. If I had any doubts about doing what I was about to, that outfit erased them. I swallowed deeply and moved on with the plan.

"Can you sit down?" I asked, patting the bed next to me.

"What's wrong?" she said, raising a quizzical eyebrow. I was usually not this serious, so it was no surprise she was slightly worried. As she sat next to me, I watched her tits settle into place as she steadied

on my bouncy bed. Her light perfume filled my nostrils. God, that smell always got me rock hard. I sighed deeply then began to speak.

"Mom, I have a confession to make." I started. She looked a little worried.

"What did you do?" she asked.

"Oh, uh, nothing." I said with a laugh. She was staring right at me, making me nervous. I looked away. I stood up and wiped my brow. I was already off my game. I had never been this nervous around a girl. But this was no girl. This was a real woman. This was my mother.

I paced around for a second, trying to remember what to say next. I glanced at Mom and noticed she had grabbed a pen on my bed and rolled it through her fingers smoothly as she watched me.

"Um, well, here's the thing..." I started. I looked at her face and she smiled encouragingly. "I... well... for the last few years, I've had this secret. I've been afraid of telling you this, but I can't hold off any longer..."

"Are you gay?" she asked with a giggle. She knew I wasn't gay, and it wasn't like she had an issue with it if I was. She was just trying to cut through the tension.

"No. No, nothing like that." I said with a laugh. "Here's the thing. So, I've had this crush... for years. I tried to hide it, but I can't anymore. So, I have this crush..." I looked right into her eyes. "On you."

There it was. I said it. I told my hot-bodied mom I had a crush on her. I gauged her reaction, hoping to see some sense of agreement. I wanted to see how shocked she would be at this nasty confession I made. She just looked into my eyes, for an agonizing few seconds, trying to understand what I just said. Finally, she looked around the room before glancing at me. I was impatient for her to answer me.

"A crush, huh?" she said. "Is it my boobs?" she asked, glancing down, guiding my eyes to her bulging chest.

"W-What?" I stuttered nervously.

"Well, obviously, it's not like you have a crush on my personality. You have a crush on me because I have really big tits." Mom said.

"Well, it's not just that..." I said.

"Is it my butt then? Or my legs? Or my flat stomach?" she asked coyly.

"It... it's the whole package, really?" I replied, trying to be smooth. She smiled.

"So, it's not love then. It's lust." Mom said.

"I guess." I replied.

"So... you think I'm sexy?" Mom asked girlishly, her hair falling over her eye. God, she looked hot while barely even trying.

"Yes!" I said emphatically. She smiled.

"So, if you had the opportunity, you would... fuck me?" she asked. Hearing her talk like this was making me throb.

"Yes!" I said, desperate.

"Sit down." she said, patting the bed next to her. I obeyed. There was a long pause before she broke the silence.

"Okay, first of all, I want to get this out of the way. We are not going to have sex. You hear me? It's not gonna happen. Ever." Mom said with a laugh. My heart dropped. I nodded, turned away, and looked at my feet. She noticed my disappointment.

"C'mon, Tom, what did you expect?" Mom said. "Did you really expect me to just rip off my clothes and beg you to do me?"

I just looked right at her, communicating my answer.

"Tom, let me say again. It will never happen." she said.

"I got it!" I said angrily.

"Listen. One: You're my son. It's so wrong. It's so nasty. It's so... filthy." she said breathily. It was amazing. Her tone of voice was so breathy and husky. She drew out the words slowly, hotly. If I didn't know any better, I would say she was flirting. And it sounded so hot. It sounded like the nastiness of my request kinda turned her on. But I could be seeing what I wanted to see. Still, my mom telling me she would never fuck me was the hottest thing I had ever heard, just due to the manner she said it. For a second I was filled with a renewed hope.

"Two: I'm happily married. Three: you're just a boy." Mom said, looking down at me, stifling my renewed hope quickly. It was like she was a goddess, and I was a mere mortal. That I hadn't earned the right to even be in consideration to be her fuck partner.

"I'm a man. I'm 18." I said.

"And what kind of experience do you really have?" Mom asked.

"A lot more than you think." I said, looking right at her. Maybe if she knew I was no innocent, naïve boy, she might reconsider.

"Oh, really?" she said with a laugh. "So, you're some incredible stud then, huh? Well, that changes everything." she said sarcastically. "Tell me! Tell your mom all the great adventures you've gone on."

"I, uh, I've been with, like, a bunch of girls in my class... and a few older chicks in the last few years." I stammered.

"Uh huh. Not impressed, honey. It's not hard to bang high school sluts." she replied. "That's not the mark of a great and mighty stud. It's the mark of a boy with no self-control, so he simply samples every meal he can. The mark of a true stud is the amount of girls he could have but chooses not to. A true stud picks his battles. You're just a boy, sweetie." Mom finished, tearing me down harshly.

"Okay, I get the picture." I said, embarrassed beyond words. She smiled warmly at my obvious shame.

"Listen, I get it. I know I'm hot. Like, really hot. I hoped you would be able to ignore it, but apparently, you couldn't. It's okay. It's nothing to be ashamed of. What I mean, when I say you're a boy, is not your level of experience. You're young. Very young. And it's a big world out there. You've been cooped up with me for years, and that's probably why you feel this way. Honey, you're going to college soon and then off on your own life, and when you do, you will meet some girl your own age and you will forget all about me." she said.

"I've felt this way for years. It's not going away." I said. She exhaled deeply. For a second, I had hope that she would at least give me a pity fuck.

"Just forget it, mister. I know I am hot. I know I am sexy. But this..." she said, gesturing her hand over her body, "is off limits. You don't get to see the goods. You're my son. Grown sons shouldn't want to see their mother naked. Listen, I know it sounds tough, but you will move on."

I looked down at the floor and she rubbed my back lovingly.

"Are you gonna tell Dad?" I croaked.

"No. This will stay between us. You're embarrassed enough already." she said with a laugh. "If you ever want to talk about it, it's okay, I'll be here. But I'll say it again, it's not gonna happen." Mom said. I nodded. She leaned over and kissed my forehead.

"I'm gonna start making dinner. Come down whenever you're ready." she said, standing. "I love you." she added, looking down at me.

"I love you too." I said earnestly. She left the room, leaving me to myself.

I was in shock. It wasn't gonna happen. I would never fuck Mom. I was stuck being in the presence of a goddess with a ridiculous body and I could never have her. I wouldn't even get to see the goods. Ever. I wanted to crawl into a hole and die. I felt so embarrassed and so ashamed. I didn't know how I could show my face to Mom again.

So, that was the time I told my mom I wanted to fuck her. But that was only the beginning of this story. If it had been left at that, I probably would have moved on, mainly due to the shame I felt. And I had heard directly from her. It would never happen. And so at least I had closure. But then something happened that defined our relationship moving forward. Something happened that changed everything between us.

I looked up and saw Mom had stepped into my doorway again. She brought her arm up and leaned against the door. Her shirt pulled up, exposing some of her sexy belly. I looked at her tits, like I tended to do, and I noticed her nipples looked rock hard, harder than I had ever seen them.

"One more thing." she said, with a flirty tone and smile, biting her lip lightly, "It's probably for the best that this isn't gonna happen. Because, the truth is..." she said, before pausing dramatically.

"You couldn't handle me." she said, cupping her tits in her hands and giving them a firm squeeze while licking her lips, before spinning and sashaying away, her butt bouncing with each step.

My jaw dropped, and my cock throbbed. That was the sexiest thing I had ever seen. My mom had just flirted hardcore with me. She teased me, sexually. I ripped down my pants, took my hard dick in hand and violently jerked myself with the door wide open, with thoughts of my mother dancing through my head. In 30 seconds flat I came all over myself and collapsed onto the bed. As I caught my breath, her sexy voice echoed through my ears.

"You couldn't handle me."

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Chapter 1: The Tease

I cleaned myself up while running over again and again what just happened. Why would she say that? Why would she flirt with me like that? She said it would never happen. I would never fuck her. But why would she say that afterward? Was she messing with me? Teasing me? Or was she giving me a hint that maybe, just maybe, I had a chance? Knowing her, either choice might be a possibility.

If the answer was a flat no, then she wouldn't say anything like that. That's a fact. So maybe... there was a chance. Maybe she wanted to see how I would react. Maybe she wanted me to chase her. Maybe that wasn't just a tease. Maybe it was an... invitation.

I tentatively made my way to the dinner table, not knowing how Mom would behave. Dad was at the table, having just got home. I gave him a curt greeting before sitting down. Mom appeared moments later, steak in hand. My eyes zoomed to her chest. As she bent over to set the plates down, I could see down her blouse, her bulging boobs pouring out. I followed them as she sat down and they jiggled to a stop. I couldn't help but wonder if her blouse was more unbuttoned than it was before. And as usual her hard nipples were apparent.

"Do you want some milk?" Mom asked. My eyes zoomed to hers, and she looked at me knowingly.

"Huh?" I asked. She smiled.

"Do you want some milk?" she said slowly.

"Uh, yes. I do." I said. She stood again and walked into the kitchen. She returned with the milk jug and walked behind me. She bent over my shoulder, her boobs brushing against my shoulder. I stiffened up in all senses of the word as I watched the milk slosh into the empty glass. Before I knew it, her boobs were gone from my shoulder, but not forgotten. She returned the milk to the kitchen, and as she returned, she spoke to Dad.

"So, Tom told me something interesting." she said, sitting down. I looked at her in pure fear.

"What's that?" Dad said.

"He told me that he would take over lawn duties from you while you're home. He said he could handle that on top of football practice." Mom said. I looked at her through narrow eyes.

"What brought this on?" Dad said happily.

"Uh, well, I just, uh... want to show you guys I am willing to take on extra responsibility." I said.

"What do you want?" he replied.

"Well, a new car would be nice." I said smoothly.

"Keep trying mister." Dad said with a laugh. I glanced at Mom and she gave me an affectionate smile with her eyes. I jumped a bit as I felt her bare foot touch mine, rubbing against mine gently.

"I thought we were having tacos tonight?" Dad said.

"I talked to Tom earlier as soon as I got home." Mom began. I looked at her, confused. "I offered it to him. He wanted... tacos. I wanted... steak. Like, really badly. He could have convinced me to let him have what he wanted, I mean, I know that's what he really wanted. I know it's his favorite but he backed down. And it's a shame. I don't know

when I'll feel like offering it up again." she finished, looking at me, making sure I got the message. I stared her down. Was she saying what I thought she was saying? Was she saying I had had a chance with her, and I blew it?

"Ha! Bullshit, Tanya." Dad said. "You're such a softie. You'll probably want to give it to him after the first big game."

"I will not!" Mom said, mock incensed.

"Oh, face it, hon. The minute he comes home sore from the game, you're gonna wanna give him some home cooking." Dad said. Mom smiled brightly at this. "Your mom's such a softie, son. She always gave you what you wanted when you were a kid. I always told her, you gotta teach you a lesson and not spoil you rotten. But she didn't listen." Dad said out loud. I wasn't sure if he was joking around or being serious. He was a good guy, but sometimes he could be a bit dickish with the things he said. "But, what do I know? You turned out great, so maybe you mother giving you everything you wanted made you the fine young man you are now." he added proudly, patting my shoulder, causing me and Mom to both smile. "Starting QB on the varsity team. That's damned impressive."

"Eh, you're probably right. I admit it, babe..." Mom started, looking at me, her foot still against mine, "I don't know much about football, but when I see you on the field, I am always very, very... impressed. I always love going to your games." Mom said.

"So, throw a few touchdowns, son, and she'll give you whatever you want." Dad said with a laugh. I looked at Mom, and she raised her eyebrows, her big toe circling on my foot.

"Maybe." Mom purred out softly, looking right at me. My cock throbbed.

She kept this up while we made boring chit-chat for awhile. My mind was in chaos and I could not think about anything else but Mom's hot body and the teasing she was putting me through. Did I have a chance with her or not?

I couldn't have misjudged her that badly. I mean, just watching her, it was clear she was horny. You could just tell. Her body was pulsing with need. And when I made an offer to alleviate that, for a young stud to give her the pleasure she needed, she easily shooed me away. What had I done wrong?

I was lost in thought as we ate dinner. Finally, Dad excused himself to use the bathroom upstairs. That just left me and Mom, alone.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"What are you talking about?" she tittered, giggling as she rubbed my foot with hers, driving me wild.

"Why are you... teasing me like this?" I whispered. She giggled again.

"Honey, you confessed a horribly embarrassing secret. I won't tell your father, but I will give you a ton of shit about it." she laughed.

"So you're gonna tease me? Taunt me?" I said.

"Of course, honey. Knowing that it makes you so crazy, so mad, makes it totally worth it." Mom laughed. "But it's like I said, what you want will never happen."

"I thought you said it would never happen, but you keep saying all these things and it makes me think you're telling me the opposite!" I said firmly.

"Honey, your mind is so mixed up with hormones that you're hearing what you want to hear. Don't twist things around in your head. I said what I said. And I meant it. I made myself clear." Mom replied.

"It would be easier to accept that if you weren't doing this." I said, pulling my feet away from hers. She smiled evilly, pushed herself away from the table and stood up.

"Fair enough." Mom said, taking her plate to the sink. "But you have to admit that what you want is a bit ridiculous. I mean, you want to

'hook up' with your own mother?" she said, turning to face me, arms in a questioning pose at her sides. I couldn't help but notice her large breasts jutting out in her slim top. "You want to get naked and sweaty with your MOM? You want to knock boots with Mommy? Ha." Mom said, running water over her dishes. "You may have cooked up some fantasy in your head that your mom is some, like, super-secret sex bomb dying to be unleashed. And that I totally, secretly want what you want. That I'm nice and horny and waiting for the right guy to take me. That I'm dying to get in bed and get nasty with my own son. But Tom... I'm just your mother. And that's all I can be with you. Tom, you're 18. You should be aiming for girls your own age, and not... women you're related to. We shouldn't even be discussing this."

"Well, you keep bringing it back up." I replied.

"Well, it's hard not talk about it." Mom began, turning off the faucet and looking back at me. "I mean, like, wow! My own son wants to have sex with me. I mean, it's nasty and disgusting, and obviously, like I said, it can never happen. But just... wow. This is pretty crazy. I didn't realize you were even capable of thinking about something like this. It is just filthy! Haha. Like, what do you want me to do? Flash my big boobs at you? Spread my legs and show you my pussy? Bend over and show you my bare ass? Maybe pull apart the cheeks and show you my butthole?"

"Mom!" I interrupted, not wanting to talk to her about this, but getting a thrill out of hearing her talk like this.

"Alright, alright, fine. I mean, I hear through the grapevine what all you guys are into these days, but I'll drop it. I get it, you're a meat and potatoes kinda guy. You don't mess around with all the fancy stuff."

"Mom, I... uh, I'm not saying that. I... I just want to drop it." I replied.

"Oh, so you do like the fun stuff." Mom replied. "I guess I should have figured, since you want to bone your own mom. I should have figured you had... advanced tastes. I didn't realize women like me were your type. I guess I might have to stop inviting all my hot friends over." Mom joked.

"Please, Mom. You made your point. Let's just... let this go. Please don't joke about this anymore." I plead.

"Aww, c'mon, hon. You're always such a shit talker." Mom replied. "You've got to be prepared to be on the receiving end once in a while."

"I'll tease my buddies about football and girls!" I replied. "I don't tease people when they share something that could be embarrassing if they're wrong."

"Aww, you're embarrassed. That's cute." Mom said, sauntering across the kitchen. "Well, if it makes you feel better, I appreciate the compliment. I appreciate hearing that an 18-year-old guy like

yourself can appreciate that a woman my age can still be sexy. That's always nice to hear." As she said this, she ran her hand through my hair lovingly.

She sat down across from me at the table and looked at me, leaning forward slightly as she smiled warmly at me. I looked at her mockingly. There was no way Mom could be this modest. Mom was stupidly hot, and there was no way she didn't know that. Not with the way she acted, not with the way she dressed. She knew she was drop-dead sexy, she knew her body was out of this world and she knew that everyone knew it. I didn't know what Mom was trying to accomplish with this modest act, smiling innocently at her son hours after he confessed he wanted to fuck her. She held my eyes before letting them glance down at her own chest, guiding my eyes to look down at her, at her more exposed chest, with one more button undone, a greater expanse of cleavage exposed to me.

"Oh, c'mon Mom! Stop! Please!" I called out and she smiled wickedly. I was a mixture of turned on and angry. She wasn't gonna fuck me, but she was gonna tease me. Drive me wild. If any other girl did this I would be pissed. And this was no exception, so I was.

"That's messed up, you know that?" I said angrily. She winked at me. "This makes you happy? Taunting me, your own son? Teasing me?" I said, getting madder. She kept smiling. "You know what you're doing to me and you're happy about that? You don't do that to a guy. That's not cool." I said. She looked almost smug. "You're happy that you're gonna make me beat off as soon as I leave this table!" I said, quietly but angrily. This took the smile from her face.

"Well, do what you have to do, honey." she said, coldly, sitting straight up as if the game was over, as if I had crossed the line and gotten too real, buttoning up her blouse just as Dad came back in. I was angry for the rest of the meal, but I lived up to the words I told to Mom. I angrily jerked off as soon as I got back to my room, my mom's teasing having its desired effect as waves of cum shot from my throbbing cock.

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"Fuck me, Tom. Do it!" Mom hissed, pulling her ass-cheeks apart. She was on all fours, on my bed. She was bare ass naked, and she was covered with sweat. Despite the fact that she was naked and so lewdly displaying herself to me, for some reason I couldn't see her good bits. I could not see her pussy. I could not see her asshole. It was like my eyes kept moving past them. And from the angle I was at, I could not see her tits. I tried to move around, but whatever angle I moved to, I could not see them bare.

"Can you sit up straight?" I asked, desperate to see her body.

"No! Just do it! Do it now! We don't have much time!" she begged.

"Fuck it." I mumbled, joining her on the bed. My hard dick leading the way, I got in position to fuck her. I guided my dick to where her pussy was, and I pushed forward. When I was a millimeter away, as

I approached that moment where I would be inside her, where I could live out my dream... I woke up.

I shook my head as I reflected on the dream. I had that same dream many times and in every one Mom was nude. And in every single one, I never saw the goods. Even my own mind was against me. I looked down and noticed my throbbing cock. Mom-dreams always had this effect on me. Once again, I had to empty my balls to thoughts of her.

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By the next morning, I had hoped her teasing had run its course and we could return to business as usual. I made my way downstairs after waking up to find breakfast on the table. I heard Mom in the next room.

"Is Dad gone?" I asked.

"He just left." Mom replied.

I began to chow down, not thinking about anything in particular. I didn't see her walk into the room, I smelled her. I didn't know if she always had perfume on or if it was her natural smell, her pheromones or whatever, but she always smelled good. She smelled like a woman. I knew that for the rest of my life whenever I would

smell that smell I would get turned on. I got tingles as her scent hit my nostrils, and got something else when I saw her.

She was wearing a tight yellow blouse. It was tight and it was the lowest cut piece of clothing I ever saw here wear. It went halfway down her chest, showing almost the full expanse of her insane, ridiculous, soft cleavage. Her bra was pushing them forward, really just jutting her tits out, forcing all eyes on them. She was wearing a black mini-skirt, which went a few mere inches below her ass. It clung to her ass and showed off her ridiculously long legs. She was wearing high heels, really showing off her legs and behind. But what held my attention was the thong.

She was wearing a tiny black thong, practically microscopic. And she wasn't wearing the thong like a good mother would, tucked away neatly under her skirt. No, she had the straps above the hem of her skirt, high on her hips, creating a spectacular whale-tail. A whale-tail any slut would be proud of. Cause that is what Mom looked like. A slut. I knew she wore thongs, but I had never seen anything like this. I had never seen her be so brazen.

She sat down in front of her plate and I could not take my eyes off of her. Her skin was practically glowing, and her nipples showed through her top, as usual. She was horny, I was sure of it. She was dying to get fucked and she would not let me be the one to get the job done. It was infuriating.

"What?" she asked naively. I looked at her angrily. I was suddenly no longer hungry.

"You're evil." I said, pushing my plate away and going back to my room.

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For the first time ever, I was ecstatic for school to start, simply so I could get away from Mom's teasing. Part of it was great. I don't know where she got this cache of slutty outfits. Each day, when Dad was not around, she would traipse around the house in this revealing attire, teasing me and driving me wild. And knowing that I could never have her drove me insane. She would behave in front of Dad, but whenever she got the chance, she would drive me nuts with her skimpy outfits.

I mean, I accept the fact that making my confession to her opened me up to some teasing from her end. Most would make that teasing simply verbal, but not her. She made it visual... sexual. But I was hoping enough would be enough. She had had her fun, and if it kept going on it would veer towards being cruel. It's a bit messed up to tease a guy for telling her he was attracted to her. I wanted to move on and forget about her, like she originally said, but every tease was a reminder of this thing I could never have. Every tease dragged me back into thinking about her. If she wanted me to stop thinking about her, she was doing a really bad job of it.

School started and so did football, so I at least I had some distractions to get my mind off my mom's hot body. Instead of imagining how to

penetrate my mother's no-doubt stupidly tight cunt, I was imagining ways to penetrate the 4-3 defense. Thoughts of my mom's spread legs were replaced with thoughts of the spread offense. Thoughts of gripping my mother's massive tits were replaced with me gripping the pigskin. Instead of fantasizing about coating my mom's face in my thick cum, I, uh... okay, I'm out of ways to relate football to fucking my mom. But the point is, practice had taken my mind off of her.

Me and my teammates had had workouts and practices over the summer, but things really picked up once school started. Typically, practice was grueling, but knowing the torture my mom was putting me through, I wasn't complaining.

Dad had just left for one of his many business trips. This was standard procedure at this point, as he had worked this way for years. But I was nervous now as to what this would mean with Mom's teasing of me. Would this go into overdrive now that he was gone? God, I hoped not.

So, school and football kept my brain occupied. Typically, school would keep me busy enough to where I would only think about her for like a third of the day. But football practice was great, as it was so fast paced that I didn't have time to think about how much cleavage my mom would be showing off.

Football was my escape. Football was the only freedom I had from the teasing I felt at home. I was focused. The rush of fine-tuning my craft, accomplishing my goals and performing at my peak was

incredible. I was hitting the wide receivers with precision, dodging the rushing defense like I was moving at double speed. Things were going great. I was on fire. I looked to the stands, seeing if there were any girls were watching. But there was only hottie there, and it was the last hottie I needed to see.

My Mom, of course.

She had always been a great sports mom. She went to every one of my games, she was always involved in team functions, and she was ready to do anything she needed to help the team succeed. Mom was for all intents and purposes the team mom, cause it became very clear to me early on that she was all of my teammates' favorite mom. She would get all the votes and their own moms would get none. All of my buddies would no doubt prefer to have my mom jiggle around them than any of their own.

I had endured all the teasing that goes with having a hot mom before. Teasing me about her massive breasts, her hot ass, her gorgeous face. A lot of it was good-natured, but a healthy portion was a bit too realistic to be simply a joke. Most of their comments barely-veiled their legit desire to bone her. Every guy on the team wanted a crack at her. None of them gave a shit that I was their teammate, their friend. Nothing would stop them from fucking her if the opportunity arose.

So, again, she was the last person I needed to see.

I couldn't help but glance into the stands as I practiced. Needless to say, my productivity suffered. Passes were going errant, I was getting tackled by the rushing defense and the coaches were yelling at me to get my head in the game. But, after taking one look at her, I knew that was impossible.

It wasn't even hard for her. Her daily wear was effortlessly stylish. She sat in the bleachers wearing a burnt orange top which, of course, molded to her. Her enormous rack was really showcased in this, and it showed off just a glimpse of her deep cleavage. Her silky, tan skin glowed in the sunlight. She wore dark, tight jeans which clung to her. And as she sat with crossed legs, her high-heeled sandal dangled from her foot. She had her shimmering dark hair in a ponytail, and she wore a pair of thick, chunky, stylish sunglasses. Her lips looked smooth as she watched the practice passively, but I swear I could almost see her smirk as my focus went awry.

It wasn't unheard of for her to show up at practice, but it wasn't that common either. Though, with the way things had been going, I shouldn't have been surprised to see her here. But I was surprised to see she wasn't alone.

Like I said before, my mom was so hot that other gorgeous women practically flocked to her. Mom had a gaggle of hot friends. Including the woman next to her, Ms. Casey Graham.

I had known Ms. Graham for years. She was a teacher here at the high school, but I knew her before that. Her and my mom had known each other since I was a kid. Many times I had seen her and my mom

dressed to the nines, wearing tight clothes and short skirts, about to go out dancing downtown or something along those lines. It wasn't until years later that I actually saw her in a professional setting as a teacher at the school. So while some of my friends were a bit intimidated by her, I felt no such hesitance around her. I didn't see her as an unimpeachable authority figure. That barrier between us was never there. She wasn't a teacher to me. I never once had a class with her. She was a family friend, and kind of a friend to me. She was someone that I wasn't afraid to talk to, to ask for help in a way others couldn't. It wasn't uncommon to have her give me a ride home or to have her give me something to give to my mom, stuff like that.

But all of my friends felt very different about her. Most didn't have the nerve to approach her. And the reason was very simple:

Ms. Graham was fucking hot.

I think she was a few years younger than Mom. She was a stunning redhead, her pale complexion suiting her perfectly. She was stunning, a truly gorgeous woman. She had smooth plumps lips, prominent cheekbones and a light smattering of freckles on her face. But it was her eyes that grabbed you. They were striking to say the least. They were crystal blue, and they just grabbed your attention. Deep pools of sapphire that pulled you in and never let go. Combine that with her perfectly styled eyelashes and thin eyebrows, her stare was a thing of legend. Many students feared that stare, cause they had experienced it firsthand.

Despite her good looks, Ms. Graham was one of those teachers you were warned about. She taught Math, the higher level stuff like the AP classes and the stuff just before that. Like I said, I had never had her. I wasn't a math guy, so I did just enough to get by before opting out of the math curriculum. Ms. Graham got the really good math students. And you would think she would treat her students nice, since they were the best of the best. That was not the case. She wasn't mean or anything like that. She was just incredibly demanding. Her syllabus was legendarily tough. The math students had stacks of homework every week, and by the end of the year, they would be pulling out their hair. Her justification was that she was treating them like college students, that they needed to get used to this level of work. She offered no leniency in her expectations of them. These being the top students, most had other activities going on, football, soccer, cheerleading, etc. Ms. Graham gave them no breaks, allowed no excuses. She was a toughie.

By all accounts, although she was tough, she was supposed to be very good and very knowledgeable. If you could keep up, she was your best friend. But if you screwed around and fell behind, she would let you have it. Many students ended up on the wrong side of her striking stare and were humbled by her demanding pace. She didn't suffer fools. You didn't fuck around with her, and if you did, she let you have it. She wouldn't hesitate to call you out if you tried to bullshit her, shame you in front of your classmates. And once you experienced that tongue lashing, you would never cross her again. Ms. Graham hardened you up, made you a better student, but it was a difficult journey to get there.

If Ms. Graham was a 50 year old bald guy, she would be reviled. But it was hard to hate her, due to the simple reason that she was so freaking hot. Her reputation as a tough, demanding teacher made her all the more attractive in the eyes of the male student body. Her severe attitude and appearance was unexplainably appealing, to the surprise of the female student body. The girls were always baffled to hear so many of their male peers found Ms. Graham so hot. Obviously, she was gorgeous, but it was more than that. It was hard to explain why. She was a tough, demanding hard-ass who made their lives hell thanks to her demanding homework schedule. But the guys in the school were able to look past that, some of that harshness adding to her appeal in a weird way.

I had heard the rumor that there was a standing bet for who would be the first student to stick it to Ms. Graham. To be the one to bang her, to crack her hard shell and expose the soft interior that just had to be there. Many guys imagined that soft side, theorizing that there had to be something beneath that harsh exterior. I was pretty sure this was a bet that would go unclaimed. With the way Ms. Graham dealt with stragglers in her class, I couldn't imagine what she would do if a student tried to flirt with her. The thought of how severely she would tear down any guy who dared approach her made me laugh. I just couldn't imagine Ms. Graham falling for any tricks some dumb teenage guy could pull on her. Ms. Graham wasn't some airhead teenager. She was a real woman.

She was all professional at school. Her dress-wear, pants, skirts and blouses all flattered her but not in an overwhelming way. She didn't dress like a slut or something, a slutty teacher desperate for teenage dick. She was totally a pro in every way. She didn't show off skin.

She was made-up nicely but not over the top. She rarely let her hair down, preferring to wear it in a tight, severe pony-tail.

I guess I was one of the lucky ones to see her in a bit of a non-professional way. In her friendship with my mom, I got to see her dressed in a way to flatter her body. Gone were the dress pants, professional tops, pony-tails and understated make-up. Instead, I saw Ms. Graham in skirts, exposing her bare legs and clinging to her round, ripe ass. I saw her wearing sexy leather boots and figure-hugging tops, showing off a view of her juicy cleavage. I could even see a hint of her hard nipples through her tops.

Her and my mom, two gorgeous, hard-nippled women, eager for a night on the town.

I had known her for years, but it wasn't till a few years ago that I saw her dressed like this, her demeanor less chilly and more warm. It was then that I truly saw Ms. Graham as a sexual being. I realized that this woman I had known for years was in fact a sexy, well, an extremely sexy woman. She had very large breasts, not quite matching up to Mom's pair, but that was nothing to be ashamed of. If I had to guess, I would say she was sporting a pair of DD's, on the larger side of DD's I think. Living with my mom had made me pretty good at knowing breast sizes. Ms. Graham also had an exquisite ass, round and firm. I had seen her and my mom dressed to go jogging or to the gym, so judging by her ass, Ms. Graham was clearly a workout fiend.

I had never thought of Ms. Graham as anything beyond my mom's friend, but it wasn't until I saw this that I realized Ms. Graham could get down. She was a sexual being and I realized that beneath her icy demeanor, her demanding attitude, she was probably a tigress in bed.

But despite this, despite seeing a new side of Ms. Graham, I still never pictured her in that way. I was never enraptured as much as my buddies were. It's probably due to having my lustful urges pointed elsewhere, and also due to the fact that it just kinda felt weird to lust after Mom's friend. That probably sounds weird coming from the guy who wants to fuck the hell out of my own mother, but that was the case. She was simply my mom's attractive friend. I never saw her as the sexy, strict disciplinarian my friends did. I never stammered or got nervous around her. That barrier was broken a long time ago. And while her body was very sexy, and if the opportunity came up I would thoroughly enjoy fucking her, all my focus was elsewhere. Mom had my sole attention.

Practice was winding down, so I was able to slip away from my teammates and start walking towards the stands. My balance was awkward as I climbed the metal steps in my cleats, clad in bulky football pads. My mom and Ms. Graham eyed me approaching as they chatted. Finally, as I got close enough, Ms. Graham spoke up.

"Hey, Tommy." she called out to me. I hated being called Tommy, but I knew her well enough to give her a pass. "Doing pretty good out there!"

"Hi, Ms. Graham." I replied, not feeling informal enough to call her Casey, even though I had known her for years.

"Think you guys can knock off Central next week?" she asked with a sly smile.

"Well, now that we've got me at quarterback, we might have a chance this time." I replied cockily. Ms. Graham smiled at my arrogance. I think she knew it was an act. Most of my manly bravado or machismo on my part was done ironically. I know it was dumb, and probably some of the time, I did actually act that way, and some people thought I seriously acted that way all the time. But I still did it anyway. I glanced at Mom and she simply stared at me, expressionless, her eyes hidden by her sunglasses.

"Well, good luck with that, Tommy." she replied with a smile, knowing my act, seeing through my bluster. She knew me well enough to know that I was confident enough to believe I could beat anyone, even with all the evidence to the contrary. Central was a bigger school, they had won the State Championship a few years back, and had clobbered us for about a dozen years in a row. Ms. Graham appreciated my confidence, but deep down she knew that I knew what I was in for.

"Well, I'd better be going." Ms. Graham said, gathering her briefcase and standing up. Mom stood up alongside her. Ms. Graham turned to her. "Well, it was nice seeing you again, hon. We haven't gotten to catch up in a while."

"I know." Mom replied. "It's a lot of work raising a growing boy."

"I'll bet." Ms. Graham said, glancing at me with a teasing smile.

"We'll have to catch up sometime." Mom said. She glanced at me. "Soon."

For a second, I panicked, thinking she was going to confide in Ms. Graham the dirty secret we shared, the nasty confession I made. I shook my head at this, realizing this was a ridiculous thought.

"Well..." Ms. Graham said, stepping down a few steps towards me. She put her hand on my arm. "If I don't get to talk to you beforehand, good luck next week."

I shivered at this closeness.

"Uh, yeah, okay. Thanks." I replied.

"Bye guys." Ms. Graham said. I turned to look as she walked down the steps, her heels clicking on the metal. Once she was out of earshot, I turned to face Mom.

She stood proudly on the bleachers. The sun was behind her, framing her, making her look resplendent in the light, as if the sun was proudly showing her off, Earth's greatest creation. The sun shined through her silky hair, light bent around the curve of her massive breasts, and highlighted the slight bit of belly her top left bare. My cock stiffened as I saw her bare belly button. Damn, every part of her did it for me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked. She gasped in mock offense.

"Can't a mom watch her quarterback son practice?" she asked.

"Really?" I asked with raised eyebrows. She smiled slightly. "You know what you're doing."

"And what is that, exactly?" Mom asked. I glanced at her cleavage and back up to her face. She gasped in shock again. "You are a very dirty boy, Tom. You need to get your mind out of the gutter."

"Mom, I try to, but you keep dragging me back in." I replied. "You know what you've been up to."

"Well, son, just cause your dirty mind sees everything I do as sex doesn't mean that it is the case." Mom said.

"Look at how you've been dressing lately, when Dad's not around." I replied.

"What? That's typical mom-wear." she countered.

"Really? Short, tiny mini-skirts? Jiggly bras? Tiny thongs with extra whale-tail? That's all typically mom-wear?" I asked.

"Yeah." Mom said simply. "Going by the other neighborhood moms I know."

"I wanna meet these moms then. Where are they hiding?" I replied. She smiled again.

"So what do you think I'm doing here? What scenario did your dirty mind come up with?" Mom asked, putting her hands on her hips, her feminine fingers digging into her exposed flesh above the hem of her jeans.

"Well, uh..." I began, nervously. I gathered myself, looked up at her and smiled. "No one would blame you, Mom." I began, stepping towards her. "An older woman, husband gone all the time, nothing but time on your hands."

"Older woman?" Mom said, raising her eyebrows. I smiled.

"No one would blame you for coming to the football field, checking out the young, hunky football players. All those young muscles. Like I said, no one would blame you." I said, walking up a few steps till I was looking down at her. I couldn't help but gawk at the way her mountainous orbs pressed together insider her top, presenting her cavernous cleavage to me.

"Ha!" Mom replied. "You think I want to watch a bunch of sweaty, grunting, stinky teenage boys? You think that's how I get my jollies?"

"I thought you loved watching me play football?" I inquired.

"Yeah, as a mom! Not as some pervy old lady leering at the buff, sexy young guys." Mom countered.

"Sexy?" I asked, curious at her wording. She rolled her eyes.

"I was making a point, Tom." she said. She shook her head. "You need to get these dirty thoughts out of your head. All these normal things I do as a mom just come out filthy when they go through that head of yours."

"Yeah. Normal..." I replied. She reached up and put her sunglasses on top of her head. Her eyes looked up at me.

"That's right, Tom. It's totally normal for a mom to watch her son practice. There isn't any ulterior motive. Let me clue you in, honey." Mom began. "Women my age, despite what you might think, we don't look at barely legal guys as the prime example of men. We don't come to these games trolling for the young meat. Trust me, that's not what we are looking for."

"Is that right?" I replied with a smirk, feeling a new boldness run through me, "If none of you enjoy the sights, then why are so many of you always here? Watching. I think..." I began, stepping closer to her. "That you like it more than you would ever admit. I think... that, in fact, deep down, a young beefy stud is exactly what women like you are looking for." Mom's eyes flashed as she listened to me give her some back for the first time. I stepped closer to her, now that we were on the same level, the same step. I continued, my voice more insistent, more husky. "Young men, like me, so bursting with... energy. Women like you, so bursting with need, with husbands who leave you alone all day, leaving your needs... unfulfilled."

I stepped close to her as I spoke. Mom looked up at me, biting her bottom lips as her gaze locked onto mine. She had her hands on her hips as she stood up straight, this posture naturally forcing her massive breasts outward, nearly spanning the distance between us, nipples hard beneath her top, as hard as I'd ever seen them.

I didn't know if she was enjoying this interplay between us or if I was seeing what I wanted to see. And I didn't know whether it was just natural by the way she was standing or if it was done purposefully. But all I knew was that her jugs were being forced outward, as if she

were trying to get me to look at them, to appreciate them. Showing off her huge tits, showing off the one pair of tits that were forbidden to me. That I could never touch. Never squeeze. Never suck. Never lick. Never fuck. And my mom was showing them off like this in front of me, when she knew what they did to me. She was torturing me with them, practically daring me to cross that line. Daring me to reach forward, grab them, squeeze their succulent flesh, twist her rubbery nipples, make her gasp, make her plump lips open, make her moan.

A moment went by, a long pregnant pause, the tension thick between us. She just stood there, as if waiting for me to do something. This moment lasted for an eternity, it felt like, but it was merely just a moment. Finally, she looked down to her left, shaking her hair, showing off her graceful neck. She looked back up at me. Mom stepped forward and put her hand on my arm.

"Keep dreaming, hon." she said with a warm smile. She then stepped back and shook her head. "How did I raise a boy with such a dirty mind?" She tsked at me as my eyes narrowed. Her teasing and mixed signals were becoming beyond frustrating. She sensed my annoyance and smiled. "Don't work yourself up so much, babe. If this is how you react, you're gonna explode and fire all over the place."

"What?" I asked, baffled.

"Well, I couldn't help but notice that as soon as you saw me, you couldn't complete a pass to save your life! You were throwing it all

over the place." Mom said with a knowing tone. "You need to focus. I'll always be here, watching like a good mom would. That's not gonna change. So, you just need to focus, get your head straight, cause that's the only way you'll score."

"Wait, are you talking about..." I began. Mom then slapped my arm lightly, the motion making her succulent boobs jiggle.

"What am I gonna do with you? So dirty... so filthy." she said, an iniquitous smile on her lips, enjoying my confusion. "Well, I see I'd better get going. You just can't seem to get your head straight with me around." she moved forward and gave me a kiss on the cheek. Her perfume hit my nose made me shiver. She stepped back and smiled. "I'll see you at home, babe. We're having pork chops." I nodded slightly as she began to step down the bleachers.

My eyes followed her swaying backside. She always shook it when she walked and today was no different. Her denim-clad ass bounced and jiggled, her clingy jeans really showing off her round butt. It was my favorite pair of her jeans for that sole reason. Mom got about halfway down when she looked back at me. I couldn't pull my eyes away from her round butt, and she caught me staring. She smiled, shook her head, and turned away. I looked back down at her butt, just in time to see her top ride up her back, revealing the top of her teeny, tiny black thong. I moaned inwardly and looked away.

Practice was over. Most of my teammates were in the locker room, changing, while I was talking to my mom. Some of them had changed and were hanging around the field. And each and every one

of them had their eyes on my mom as she jiggled away, following her bouncing butt and trembling tits as she sauntered off.

I had to get my mind off of her. I still didn't know what her game was. This was beginning to move beyond gentle teasing. She was going out of her way, working at it by coming to my practice, just to torture me with her hot body. She was working at it just so she could work it in front of me. She put on sexy clothes, body revealing clothing, clothes designed to highlight her lush frame. To show off in front of me and my teammates. She knew the affect she would have on me.

What was she doing? What was her game here? Cause this was starting to border on sadistic. It's a cruel thing to tease a guy who obviously wants you. I wouldn't put up with that if a girl my own age did that to me. I would call her a very unpleasant name and be done with her. But I couldn't do that to my mom. And besides, I was controlled enough to keep my cool. It took a lot to make me blow my lid. If she was being outwardly cruel and nasty to me, I wouldn't put up with it. But she was doing these filthy things while still maintaining her normal façade. It was as if she wasn't doing what she was doing. She was acting, for the most part, the same. She had always been flirty and every move she made always oozed sex. Now, she had simply turned it up. She had turned the dial up to 11. She was strutting her stuff brazenly; however, she was acting like nothing had changed. But it had. Everything had changed.

She was putting in so much work to tease me. The only reasoning for this was that either she got a sick, sadistic pleasure from torturing

me, or she simply enjoyed teasing me. Enjoyed the game. Enjoyed flaunting her wares to a young man who appreciated the sights she could provide. Enjoyed flirting and being the sex kitten she was born to be. I knew this was probably the case, cause knowing her like I do, she was not a particularly mean or malicious person. I think my guess was right in that she enjoyed the game we were playing. I hoped deep down that there was more to it. That maybe, just maybe, toying with me turned her on. That maybe there was a sliver of hope that this all was leading to something happening between us. That despite her saying otherwise, sex between her and I was still a possibility. I had to hope that was the case. It was unlikely, but I had to hope I would get to see Mom in all her glory.

And while this was torture, it was kind of a sweet torture. It's not the worst thing in the world to see my mom showing off her robust body. It was not the worst thing to see her turning it up, showing off her long legs, her round butt, her huge tits, and her cavernous cleavage. Sure, flaunting herself and telling me I had no chance with her was infuriating. Her keeping me on edge constantly was difficult. But because of this, because of what she was doing, I was cumming harder than I ever had before. She kept my balls so full that when I came, I came like a cannon. I came hard and I came a lot. I literally exploded with cum. In those moments of bliss, all the torture she put me through was totally worth it.

I tried to clear my head before going to the locker room. I didn't want to go down there sporting a tremendous erection. I had too cool off, get Mom's body off of my brain. Think about other things, not my mom's gigantic, soft breasts. I had to think about anything else, like football, or homework, and not think about the way my mom's

nipples seemed to get harder the longer our conversation went on. God, knowing I probably would never get to see those suckers in the flesh filled me with dread. But I had to believe, against all odds, that I would get my chance to see them. To show her what I could do, show my own mother I was built to handle those magnificent tits. To show her that my thick cock and her giant rack were a perfect match. To do show her I could douse her body in my thick cum, coat her with it, and show her what her teasing was doing to me.

I shook my head again. I had to think clearly. Not think about her. Think about football. Think about school. Think about anything else. I turned around and stared into the setting sun. Trying to focus on anything else. But it really was a struggle.

Much like what she had been putting me through, not thinking of her was a sweet torture.

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Me and Mom rolled together in a sweaty heap till we stopped, with me on top. I let my hands slide up the silky skin of her flat belly until I let my hands cupped her massive breasts. I gave them a squeeze as my mouth attacked one of her rock hard nipples, sucking it as hard as I could.

Her nipple was diamond hard as I chewed on it. Her breasts were indescribable. They were even more gigantic than I thought, and they were even softer than I ever thought possible.

At least I think they were.

The truth was, I couldn't quite see them. I mean, I was squeezing them and sucking them, and I would no doubt very soon be fucking them. But for some reason, I couldn't see them. It was like sweat had run over my eyes, obscuring my vision. No matter how many times I blinked, trying to clear my vision, I couldn't quite clear my blurry vision. I could see the outer areas of her body, like her bare shoulders and flat belly. But no matter what angle I looked, I couldn't clearly see the goods.

It wasn't a big deal, though. At least I had my hands on my mother's massive rack. But for some reason my hands were numb, so even though I was squeezing the soft flesh I had so dreamed of feeling, I couldn't really feel the soft flesh. No matter how hard I squeezed, no matter how much I made her soft flesh pour through my fingers, I just couldn't feel anything.

"C'mon babe. Fuck them. Fuck my tits! Fuck them like you always dreamed about." Mom moaned out.

"I, uh, I can't... uh." I stammered, not knowing why I couldn't see or feel any of her good bits. Her tone shifted from lusty to dismissive.

"Oh, I fucking knew it, Tom." Mom said. I looked up as she rolled her eyes at me. "This is why I held off on giving you a shot at me. I knew you wouldn't know the first thing about how to handle a body like

mine." Mom slid from under me and stepped off the bed. My vision was obscured as she stood in front of me. I blinked rapidly, trying to clear up my vision so I could get one good look at her body in full. My vision started to clear as I blinked, and finally, just as my vision was about to clear, my mom pulled her silk robe around her body, closing it just as my gaze cleared. I now looked at her, clothed in just this thin, silky purple robe, hanging barely lower than her ass, now hiding the body I craved. Her hard nipples poked against the silk material. She looked down at me, shaking her head disappointedly.

"I gave you one shot, hon, and you fucking blew it." she sneered at me. I had never felt so low in my life, my mother shaming me as not man enough to slake her thirst. "If you think I'm gonna give you another chance, keep dreaming."

Mom began to walk away, out of my room. I watched her firm thighs, soaked slightly in sweat, flex as she walked. Mom reached my doorway and stopped, turning to face me once again.

"Face it Tom, it's like I said..." she began, her mouth curling into an evil smile. Her hands reached up to cup her own huge breasts, squeezing them firmly through the silk.

"You couldn't handle me."

My eyes snapped open, Mom's words lingering in my ears. My vision adjusted to the dark as I realized where I was. Realized that once again I was dreaming of an erotic encounter with her. Realizing

that my own brain was against me, not even letting me have my way with my mother in my own imagination. Not letting me even have that small moment of success. Not letting me have that small taste. I lifted my sheet to see my stiff dick standing proud, dripping with pre-cum.

"Dammit." I muttered to myself, my hand sliding down to take hold of my shaft, beginning to angrily stroke myself, wondering if Mom was right, wondering if I could ever really handle her.

I could handle her. I could. I knew it. I had to be able to.

I could do it.

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As I got more locked into football, I began to think more in sports terms. And I began relating my play on the field to this battle me and Mom were going through. Me and my own mother had become competitors. Adversaries. Rivals. In this game we had been playing, I began to realize I had been put back on my heels because she had me on the defensive. She was coming at me, attacking, taking me aback. And she kept coming. She was unrelenting. I began to realize the only course of action was to take the battle to her. To go on the offensive. My competitive juices were flowing. The pursuit was on. If Mom wanted to play, then let's play. Believing deep down that I could do it, that I actually could match up to Mom. I knew I had to give it my best shot.

With a renewed will, not only in my focus on nailing my mom, but on football, I resolved to give both my best effort. Mom always showed up to my games and despite her protestations otherwise, I knew she enjoyed watching me play football more than just as a mom. I had the feeling that she is or at the least was the type of woman who had a thing for football players. I could just imagine her, back in high school, cheering on the sidelines, her big boobs bouncing. I could see her getting super excited as she watched guys on the field playing the game, slamming into each other, going to war with each other, eager for victory. I could imagine her scouting the athletes on the field, searching for the top dog. I could imagine her being filled with lust as she watched the athletic specimens on the field and the one specimen that rose above the rest, that was unstoppable, consuming her vision, becoming the sole object of her lust. I hoped this feeling continued to this day. And I vowed to be that specimen.

So, working under the assumption that my mother loved football players added a new level of focus to my play. Some were motivated by glory, by becoming a champion. Some were motivated by girls, trying to be the king or alpha dog of the high school, the kind all the high school girls fawn over. And sure, that all applied to me. I loved to compete and succeed. But mainly, there was one thing driving me forward.

It always sounded trite or dorky when people thanked 'Mom' when they won an award or has some success. But in most of those cases, it was thanking their moms for raising them right, getting them to where they were today, and being like an angel, guiding them down

the right path. But that definitely wasn't the case for me. Mom being the motivation for my success came from a completely different place. My mom's luscious body was all the motivation I needed. The thought of seeing more if it drove me forward. If me scoring touchdowns on the field meant my mom's thong became a little wetter, then I would throw as many TD's as possible. If me sticking in the pocket and taking a hit just to complete a key downfield pass meant an extra button was unbuttoned on her top, allowing me to see a little more of her juicy cleavage, then I would take that hit. If executing a perfect play-fake would make my mother's nipples hard, then I would play-fake as often as possible. And, if hurling a long bomb downfield made Mom more apt to want to show me her thong-clad ass, then I would be hurling bombs left and right. Like I said, when most guys were motivated by their mom, it was an innocent gesture. Most weren't motivated by the dream of fucking their own mom, fucking her tight cunt while squeezing her tits, burying their thick shaft inside of her and filling her with thick cum. That was my motivation. That is what drove me forward.

The coaches, my teammates, and even the freaking cheerleaders noticed how my performance seemed to step up another level. My passing was precise. My footwork was impeccable. My focus was unyielding. I had never played better. I had been a decent quarterback last year, even as just a backup. But this year, I had made the jump. And it was all thanks to the tiniest shred of hope that I would one day get to see my mother's nipples.

So when game time arrived against one of our big rivals, a team that had demolished us year after year, the team that had won the state title a few years back, I didn't feel any of the nervousness I probably

should be feeling, going into what most thought would be a slaughter. As I emerged onto the field for my first official start as quarterback, surrounded by my teammates, cheered on by the hot cheerleaders, rooted on by my peers, about to play a team of guys who seemed a size bigger than anyone on my team, the only person I really noticed was the 40-year old woman in the stands with the jiggling FF-cup tits rooting me on, watching only me. Her body was my motivation. Her approval was my goal.

I played like a guy who didn't know he was supposed to lose. I played like a guy who had nothing to lose, like a guy who had far more experience than I truly did. Central's QB had been scouted for years, with aspirations to play pro ball. But through the first half, I was keeping up with him, as we were only down four at halftime. With each complete pass I made, I glanced to the stands to see my mom watching me proudly, beaming with approval, bopping up and down happily. I'm sure all the guys on the field were distracted by her tits bouncing. And as we retreated to the locker room at the break, I could see her smiling at me, proud that her son could keep up.

The fact that I was so distracted probably helped. Any nerves I would have felt during the game were mitigated by my obsession with my mother's chest. So when Central jumped ahead by ten, entering the fourth quarter, instead of panicking, all I was thinking was whether Mom's top had ben unbuttoned a little lower since the beginning of the game.

I was playing like a man possessed in the fourth quarter. Running around, dodging tackles I had no business avoiding, hitting passes I probably shouldn't have even thrown. And, because of this, we had the ball with less than a minute to go, down by four. A touchdown would win it for us, in a huge upset. If I pulled this off I would be a school legend. The girls would fawn over me at school and all the other guys would wish they were me. But none of that mattered. I looked up to the stands and met my mother's eyeline, making sure I had her attention. Her gaze met mine, watching, like an empress trying to watch a gladiator impress her. With the focus of a more experienced man, with the intangibles of a seasoned QB, I led the charge downfield.

I nailed every pass and I got out of bounds when I had to. I took every hit if it meant extending the play. I got as close as I could in the time allotted, so with two seconds left to play I had the team ten yards away from glory. When I snapped the ball, everything moved in slow motion. I saw every movement on the field. I saw the rushers flying at me like mack trucks. I saw all of the wide receivers running their routes to precision. I saw my mom's breasts rippling as she bounced up and down excitedly. Every voice was silent. Every cheer was gone. It was just me, and the ball. As I saw our tight end elude the defense, zooming free towards the end zone, the ball left my hand without a second thought.

My aim was true. Like the way a master archer would aim for his target, like the way a sniper would aim at the enemy, like the way I would no doubt be aiming my thick cock at my mother's tight pussy in the very near future... the pigskin left my hand.

I watched the ball floating through the air, spiraling perfectly. I watched my teammate Bennie running towards the ball's destination in the end zone. My fate depended on this. All hope I had of ever fucking my hot-bodied mother rested on this moment.

Would he make the catch?

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"YEAAAAAAHHHHHH!" I screamed out, standing on the edge of my pool.

"Tom! Tom! Tom! Tom! Tom! Tom! Tom! Tom!" my friends chanted, both in the pool and outside it.

I had done it. My legend was already being born. I was the guy, who in his first start, had beaten the former state champs. I was literally carried off the field as the crowd went nuts. The cheerleaders were going crazy and the fans were chanting my name. If I wanted to, I could have probably had my pick of girls to spend the night screwing, and as I looked around the selection here at my pool in their little swimsuits, the selection was good. But my focus was elsewhere. There was only one woman I wanted at the end of my cock.

The best part of the victory was in the parking lot after the game. My mom was there, and she gave me the tightest hug she could, making

sure I could feel her perky, squishy rack against my fit chest as she scrubbed them against me. On one hand, this was an act of pure motherly pride at watching her son succeed. But when her perfume hit my nose and when she whispered in my ear in her breathy voice that I loved so much, "Mmmmm hon, your mother is very impressed. Very... impressed," I was sure I would be balls deep inside of her by the end of the night. I was positive. My theory was true. Mom had a soft spot for football players. That was my ticket in. That was the key to unlock her defenses, to grant me entrance, I had done it. This is what she was all about. Her extended teasing of me. It was all to build me up. To motivate me. And now, look at me. At this moment I was the king of school. And I would claim Mom's body as my own. I was pumped!

My buddies approached as me and Mom broke our embrace.

"Dude, we're thinking maybe a party at Cutty's place. One hour?" my buddy TJ said.

"Oh, uh, I don't know." I said, glancing at my Mom, wondering what plans she had behind her naughty eyes.

"C'mon dude." TJ said.

"We should have the party at our place." Mom offered. "I've been to that other house. Cutty's place? Ours is way better."

TJ glanced at me.

"Yeah, that works for me." I relented, not sure what Mom's plan was.

So that's what brought most of the football team, a bunch of the cheerleaders and a lot of friends to my house, swimming in our pool. This wasn't the first time I had had a party here. Mom was pretty open to this thing, having parties at our place, as long as she could supervise and make sure we didn't get into too much trouble. Dad would never allow this to happen, but he was gone so often that that wasn't a huge issue.

This was one of the many reasons Mom was viewed as the team mom.

So, we had food. We had drinks. (Mom allowed us to drink, but like I said, she made sure we all would get home safely.) We had a bunch of horny teenagers in swimsuits, the football players bruised up and the girls ready to ease our pain. And then there was Mom. Sitting on the back patio, watching calmly, sipping her drink, wearing an airy dress, keeping her cool on this late summer night.

"Dive in, Mrs. M!" TJ called out. Mom smiled and shook her head.

"I don't think so." she replied. "I know how you high school boys get. No thanks."

A bunch of us laughed at this, but I was relieved. I wanted her body to myself. I didn't want any of my buddies to see her.

My goal was to make Mom nuts. Give her a taste of her own medicine. Typically, I was an even keeled type of guy. But this, when I was charged up, this was when my prideful side emerged. I wore my swim trunks, which once wet, really flattered my impressive endowment. I wanted her to see what her son was packing. I wanted her to see the water drip down my impressive abs. I wanted her to see my fit, sinewy biceps. I made sure to chat up as many pretty teenage girls as I could. I kept my options open, knowing I could have had most of them in my bed if I tried. I wanted Mom to get jealous. I wanted her green with envy, I wanted her to know if she didn't take me now she might lost the opportunity. I wanted to see her possessive side to come full bloom, so she made sure to not only give herself to me, but to give me her best.

I thought it was working. I was the life of the party, and every time I looked, she was watching. Appraising me as she sipped her wine. I would give anything to know what she was thinking, if my suspicions were accurate, that she wanted me after seeing my performance on the field. But she just sat there, chatting to anyone who wanted to talk. A few of my friends, some of the girls as well. I watched my mom make the other girls giggle, as if she was a part of the cool clique. But she wasn't making any move to further things along between us. She just sat there, waiting to make her move. Finally, I got impatient, eager to move things along. I approached her and sat across from her at the patio table. She watched in amusement as I sat down.

"You sure you want your friends to see you chatting up your mom at your big party?" she asked.

"Heck, Mom, I think you're more popular than most of the girls here." I said.

"Most?" she asked lazily, her plump lips curled in a smooth O. I smiled.

"I don't think I have to say it, Mom. You know how you stack up compared to them." I replied. Her eyebrows rose, happy to hear me say that.

"I'll say it again, you were very impressive." Mom said, sipping her wine.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, trying to act humble, despite my leanings otherwise. Part of me just wanted to climb on top of the house and scream out how I had just kicked the shit out of Central.

"Very. Haven't seen a performance like that in all my time going to those silly games. Like I said, it was very impressive." Mom said.

"What happens when you get very impressed with someone on the football field?" I asked. She smiled again.

"What do you think I do?" she asked. I decided to move forward.

"I think you get very... excited... at these games. I think this is your favorite part of the week. Watching me and all the other young guys fighting for supremacy. Does that thrill you, Mom? Do you like seeing guys compete?" I asked. Mom simply smiled.

"You and your crazy imagination, Tom. Can't a Mom be impressed with her son for playing a hell of a game? For kicking ass on the field?" Mom said.

"Cut the bullshit, Mom. Dad was a football player. From what I've heard, some of your old boyfriends were football players. You can't deny you have a soft spot." I replied.

"You need to realize, Tom, that you are different. That I treat you different than I treat anyone else." Mom said.

"So, you admit it? You admit you love football players. That having all of these guys here, me included, is a meat market for a woman like you." I asked. She shook her head.

"You and your imagination." Mom tittered, amused again. "My only sin is being full of school spirit and..."

"So what did you do with all those football players in high school?" I asked.

"You'd have to ask them. " Mom replied.

"So what are the chances I find out first hand?" I asked.

"Tom... we've been over this." Mom began. "Give it up. You're torturing yourself, and wasting your time."

"I don't think I am." I said. "I think my chances are better than you would ever admit."

"I tell you what. By the end of the night, you will know exactly where things stand between us." Mom said. A shiver ran through me.

"Is that right?" I asked. She simply smiled wickedly. Before she could continue, I felt some hands on my shoulders. Suddenly, a drunk girl named Carlee was at my ear.

"Heeeeyyyyyuhhh, Tommmmy! Where's the bafffrrooom?" she slurred. I looked at Mom and she smiled.

"You'd better be a gentlemen and show the girl the bathroom, dear." Mom suggested.

Rolling my eyes, I sat up, put my arm around the blonde behind me, and guided her inside. We made our way towards the first floor bathroom. I guided Carlee inside, and as the door clicked shut, a roar went up from the backyard.

"WHOOOOOAAAAAA!" the crowd roared collectively.

"Holy Shit!" I heard my friend TJ call out. I heard the sounds of catcalls and high-fives. Leaving the drunk girl to her own devices, I made my way back out back quickly. I slid open the sliding glass door and stepped out back. My eyes widened.

Mom was no longer sitting on the patio. She was standing in the pool, having just risen from being completely submerged. The moment I looked at her, she was facing me, her fingers grabbing her powder-blue bikini top, letting it snap into place so she was completely covered.

Water was dripping down Mom's body, soaking her hair to her skin, cascading down her bulbous rack, her tits bulging over the edges of her top, which struggled to contain her. Her flat belly was dripping with water. I couldn't see the rest of her cause she was submerged, but even so, she had never looked sexier.

Mom looked up at me, blushing slightly. My friends were still laughing to themselves, still awed by something. Mom laughed and spoke up.

"Good thing you weren't out her, hon. I seemed to have had a bit of a... wardrobe malfunction." Mom said, seemingly embarrassed.

"What?" I asked, wide-eyed, in front of all my friends. One of my drunk teammates came up next to me.

"Dude, we all just saw your mom's tits, dude!" he said like a jackass. Everyone else laughed at this revelation.

"Sorry hon." Mom said, beginning to step out of the pool. The water dripped down her long, firm legs. Her bikini bottoms clinging to her, showing off her body as she pattered towards me. "Sorry to embarrass you in front of your friends."

She bent over and grabbed her discarded dress which was in a pile on the ground. She grabbed that and grabbed a fresh towel and wrapped it around herself. Mom walked past me and into the house, a wicked smile curling her lips. As soon the door shut, the tension in the pool area exploded.

"Holy shit!"

"Did you see those?"

"Dude, his mom's tits are huge!"

"Holy fuck! Those tits were, like, fucking incredible."

"Were those... real?"

"They had to be natural. Did you see those? But damn, they looked... fucking unreal."

Needless to say, I was furious. The fact that all of my idiot buddies, my douchebag teammates, all the cheerleaders and a big chunk of the student body had seen my mom's fucking tits and I still hadn't. They had glimpsed at perfection. They didn't deserve it. I had lived with her all my life and I had never seen them. I was the one person who deserved to see them most! I liked all these people typically, but right now, I kinda hated them all.

But mostly, I was livid at Mom. How could she do this to me? This was over the line. Fun is fun, but now, she was truly torturing me. She had shown her body to everyone but me. My Dad, my friends, they all got to see her tits and I hadn't. She was evil. She had a dark side I never knew she had. She was willing to go a long way to drive me insane. She knew how badly I wanted her and she pulled this shit. The worst thing was I thought I had a chance today. But with that move she just pulled it was clear nothing had changed. She was still happy to torture me with her hot body.

The party became less fun after that. I had to hear it over and over again, the jokes, the douchey comments from my friends about my

mom's rack, how hot those tits were, all the things they would do to them and asking if I had ever seen them. I had to hear the girls envy at their perfection. This running commentary filled me with an even greater fury. I wanted these people gone... now.

Things finally began to wind down. People began to head out, now having a legendary story to share with those who weren't here. Mom reappeared, fully clothed in her dress once more. She made sure everyone was safe to drive, put up with their drunken come-ons, called taxis and arranged rides for those who weren't. To them, she was a good Mom. To me, a torturous, teasing minx. She hadn't said a word to me since her flashing of all my friends. And finally, once the door shut, and the last person left, a confrontation was inevitable.

Mom approached me as I leaned against the kitchen counter, barely hiding my anger. She sensed this and smiled. My eyes met hers. She leaned against the opposite counter.

"This is a lesson. I told you, you would find out where you stand after tonight. I treat others differently than I treat you. I gave them a glimpse at the goods for a job well done. But you're my son. You don't have the same privileges. I'm sorry, but that's how it is. Fate gave you a hot mom. I'm sorry, but we're not supposed to cross that line." Mom said.

"You're not supposed to tease your son, either!" I replied angrily.

"What some see as teasing, I see as teaching." Mom said.

"Teaching?" I questioned. "Bullshit!"

"Hey!" Mom said, unhappy at my choice of words. "Teaching you that if you keep doing this, that it will be bad for you. You are wasting your time on something you can never have. Get over it, and I'll stop." Mom said.

"You're crossing the line, Mom!" I called out, angrily. "Between just us, I can handle. But doing this in front of my friends, people I deal with on a day-to-day basis, I'll hear about this for years!" I said.

"You asked for it." Mom said. "You pushed me, and I pushed back. And you can't say you didn't enjoy it." Mom said, glancing down at the bulge in my swim trunks. They were dry, so she wasn't getting a full tease of the monster's size, and she showed no sign of any desire or being impressed with its girth.

"I think you're enjoying this too." I replied, glancing at her chest, at her hard nipples showing through her dress.

"Oh, these things? They're always like this." Mom commented with a sly smile. "But you already know that, I'm sure."

"Mom, you have to admit you're taking this really fucking far!" I said. She paused then nodded.

"Language!" Mom chided. She paused then nodded. "Maybe you're right." Mom began. "Maybe I am being a bit cruel."

"A bit?" I affirmed. "Mom, I'm the guy who confessed to wanting to bang his mother, and you're the one that's acting completely twisted!"

"I suppose I'll tone it down a bit." Mom said.

"A bit?" I repeated, this time as a question.

"Hon, I don't think you want me stopping completely, right? I think you enjoy some of it. I think you enjoy getting a slight glimpse of the goods. Me acting a bit... naughty. I mean, I suppose I could stop completely... if you want?" Mom asked, looking up at me.

I was frozen, not sure what to say. Sure, I enjoyed the teasing up to a point, but she was taking this too far.

"Mom, honestly..." I began. "I get it. You're having your fun. But enough is enough! If I truly don't have a chance, then just stop this. Let's end this now, and just move on. Go back to how things were before. Please?" I asked. Sadly, Mom nodded.

"You're right. Tom, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for teasing you. I'm sorry for showing all your friends my tits. You're right. I have been crossing the line." she began. "It's probably for the best. Your father will be home tomorrow. I can't be too naughty with him around. It's a shame, though. I had all these plans for ways to drive you nuts. Here, look..." Mom began. She went to the dining room and grabbed a shopping bag. She pulled something out. "I bought this, like, super tiny bikini for you. It's a shame I'll never get to wear it." she pouted. My eyes widened as I looked at it. I could barely tell it was a bikini. It looked more like a jumble of purple strings. I could barely imagine how her lush body would look in this seemingly micro-bikini. How much smooth flesh would be exposed...

"And I bought all those new thongs too. I'd better keep those. Can't take those back, can I?" Mom said with a laugh. I stewed with anger. "And, the biggest thing was..." she began, before I cut her off.

"Mom!" I warned.

"Okay, okay." Mom said. "That's it. I'll stop. But..."

"Mom!" I warned again.

"Okay, I'll stop. I'll stop!" Mom said. She looked down at me warmly. She saw the conflict she was putting me through. She put her hand on my shoulder. "Tom... I'm sorry. I know I've been mean. I guess my sense of humor doesn't really translate."

"Your sense of humor?" I questioned.

"Yeah. I thought this would be good fun, you know?" Mom said. "But, uh, clearly, it was not fun for you. I'm sorry."

I nodded at this.

"For a while there, I thought you were, like, sadistic or something. It was kinda cruel." I began.

"Sorry about that." Mom said again. "And all jokes aside, you were really impressive tonight. I'm proud of you." Mom said, smiling with motherly pride.

"Thanks." I replied. She squeezed my shoulder lightly and stepped back. As she did, a door opened behind her.

From the bathroom emerged Carlee, the drunk girl from before. She must have passed out in the bathroom, and she looked mighty groggy.

"Mmmm, I think I need a ride home." she mumbled. She approached me, walking jerkily, and wrapped her arms around me. "Can you give me a ride, Tom?"

Angrily, I looked up at Mom. I was unworried that she had heard our conversation, and if she had, she wouldn't remember it in the morning. Mom glanced at me, amused, wondering what I would do.

"Can you, Tom? Give her a ride?" Mom asked, raising her eyebrows. I looked at the blonde next to me. Despite her drunkenness, she was still pretty hot.

"Yeah. Come with me." I said, pulling her alongside me. I grabbed my keys and wallet.

"Be careful, hon." Mom said.

As we walked away, I looked back to see Mom walking down the hall. As she did, her dress dropped to the floor, in a puddle at her feet, showing off her bikini clad butt to me. Hoping that was the last of it, I grumbled and turned away, trying to turn my focus to the girl next to me. As her lips nipped at my neck, and the thoughts of Mom's body on the brain, I knew what I would be doing in the next few minutes.

I would give Carlee the longest, hardest ride she had ever gotten.

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Despite Mom apologizing to me, I was still a bit angry the next day. I kept away from home as long as I could, not really wanting to deal with her. I told her I would be gone till late and that was that. And she wasn't planning to be around the house very long anyway. She had to go pick up Dad.

I hung out with my buddies, put up with their teasing about Mom, but eventually, they knew I had had enough and they calmed down with that. We had plans to go to a party but that fell through, so I found myself heading home earlier than I planned to, still past midnight.

The house was dark as I entered, and I made my way up to my room with no interruptions. I saw that someone was in the bathroom, but I kept quiet as I locked the door to my room. As I got ready to pass out for the night, I heard a pair of footsteps near my door, settling outside for a moment. Then they continued on towards the bedroom.

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"Ah! Yes! Yes!" Mom gasped out. "Harder babe! Harder!"

This time, I was definitely awake. And those were definitely Mom's moans.

My Mom and Dad were having sex. One of them knew I was home, but the other was unsuspecting, unknowing that I was able to hear them at play. And I had no doubt which of them knew I was here.

"Keep doing it, babe!" Mom gasped out. "Harder!"

"Ughhh! So good!" Dad grunted out. The light sound of flesh slapping hit my ears at a decent pace.

"Uhh, I needed this. Please! A little harder hon!" Mom moaned out. I smiled wickedly. If it were me, she would be getting it as hard as she needed it.

"C'mon, babe! Do it! Ugh! Ugh! Do it! Shit! I love it! I'm almost there! So close... so close! YESSSSSS!" Mom moaned out. Her moans made me rock hard.

This wasn't stopping. What Mom said the day before was bullshit. She was not gonna stop. After she said she would. She lied to me. What the hell is she doing? Why was she doing this? What was in it for her?

It hit me then that my mom was not the person I thought she was. She had been a nice, sweet, good mother. But, my confession had unleashed something in her. A callous, cruel side. A teasing, naughty side, willing to use her body to drive a man insane, including her

own son. My mother had her dark side, and now I was finally willing to admit that.

I knew I should sleep. Try to ignore this and not let her get to me. I knew I should. But I knew it would be for naught. I knew I couldn't fight it.

I didn't sleep at all that night. A plan was forming.

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I stumbled out of bed the next morning. I entered the kitchen to find Mom cooking breakfast, French Toast to be precise. She was dressed decently, a bright clingy yellow blouse and jeans. She saw me and smiled.

"Sorry, honey." Mom said, sensing how tired I looked. I looked groggy, and I had just thrown on some jeans and a T-shirt. "I didn't mean to be so loud. I didn't mean for that to happen. Honest." Mom said with a pout.

"Is Dad in the shower?" I asked.

"Yeah. Why?" she said with a smile. I had all night to think about what I was about to say. I walked calmly towards her.

"You told me you would stop this. That it was over... Then you did that." I began.

"Tom, I didn't even know you were home." she said.

"Yeah you did!" I said firmly. "I saw you come to my door. You knew and you did it anyway. You said the games were over. You said you were trying to teach me a lesson. You told me before to back up. To let this... thing go." I told her. She listened and nodded. "But that's all bullshit, and I see that now. I get it. You crossed the line one too many times, Mom. So I'm here to tell you now..." I said, my voice calm and focused. "I'm here to tell you that I will never stop." Her eyes widened in surprise. "I will not back down. I will not give in. I will not let you get to me. I will not let you beat me. Mom, I want you to remember this. I will conquer you. I will make you mine. I'll make you beg. Mom, you're about to see a whole new side of me."

"Is that right?" Mom replied, her eyes glassy with lust, her nipples throbbing.

"You want this as bad as I do. That's a fact! No matter what you say, I know the truth. And you will never change my mind. Look at you... you're gagging for it. And with me, you'll get it. If that were me with you last night, you wouldn't be walking." I said, more self-assured than I had ever felt before. "Mom, with me, you will be begging for more. You will never be able to get enough. I will do you in every way imaginable. Every hole of yours I will make mine. I'll make you my bitch! I'll give everything you've been doing to me back to you. And by the end you'll be begging to swallow my cum, Mom."

I saw Mom lick her lips. It was evident that she was deeply turned-on.

"I told you Tom, it ain't gonna happen. It's impossible. So, why are you still trying? What makes you think I can be conquered?" Mom gasped out huskily. I stepped in close, so close I could feel her breath against me.

"Because I know your secret." I replied in a harsh whisper. "I know the truth."

"What's that?" she whispered back at me. I met her gaze.

"I think you want to be conquered. You want me to fuck you. You want me to earn it, but you definitely want this to happen. You might say otherwise, but you're rooting for me. You want me to succeed." I said. Mom's eyes flashed at me. Our eyes held each other. She breathed deeply, as did I. Mom stepped forward, pressing herself into me. Her breasts pressed against my chest and my crotch pressed against her belly. She leaned forward, putting her mouth to my ear.

"You don't have a chance dear, but..." she whispered before pausing, as we heard Dad at the top of the stairs. "Give it your best shot."

Mom gave me a soft kiss on the cheek and I stepped away. I sat at the table, waiting her to serve me. The sexual tension between her

and I was thick. She looked at me and I looked at her. Dad walked into the room, not noticing anything amiss. Not catching on to the blatant tension in the room.

"So," Dad began. "What's cooking?"

Chapter 2: Revenge

"Holy shit, Tom!" the cute brunette said, blushing as she sat on my bed.

"What?" I asked with a surprised laugh as I entered my own room. I guess I couldn't blame her for her surprise. I told her I had to go wash my hands and that I would be back in minute. She certainly didn't expect for me to return in the condition I was in.

She certainly didn't expect to be seeing me completely nude.

I suppose I should back up.

Her name was Carrie. She was in my physics class. She was extremely pretty, but a bit bookish. She was one of the top students in my grade, and she had been accepted by some Ivy League school. We had been randomly assigned as lab partners, which was great for me. She was a great student, so having her as my partner probably would bump up my grade a few points. I was a good student, but I found my extra-curricular interests far more compelling. Carrie

would do her damndest to drag me along through class and she would love doing it. Why, you may ask? Well, that was easy. From our first project together, I could tell she was smitten.

She would flash her teeth and blush slightly when talking me. She would stammer over her words. She was the student council type of girl, very outspoken, a member of the debate team. So the fact that I made her so nervous made her feelings very clear. I always felt a certain pride when I made girls stammer over their words, especially a girl so well-spoken as her. So even though she was a very driven girl, I knew I had her on the hook to do whatever I wanted. I probably should feel bad about taking advantage of her, but it was a victimless crime. She was happy to help just to be close to me. And she was going to help me... in more than one way. She would go out of her way to make my experience as her lab partner as smooth as possible.

She cutely suggested we should work on our lab report after school. She waited in the stands during practice, cutely watching as I kicked ass on the field. She bopped cutely on her heels a bit as I met up with her after leaving the locker room. I let her follow me in her car as I drove home and whenever we came to a stop I could see her checking her hair and make-up.

As I led her up to my room and watched her kneel nervously onto the edge of my bed, pulling her books out and setting them down next to her neatly, I couldn't help but smile. Smile at the fact that she thought we would actually be doing homework. How cute. I knew she was a shy girl and she would never push the issue. I would have to make the decision for her. I had big plans for her.

I escaped for a few moments, claiming that I had to wash my dirty hands. She nodded and smiled, not suspecting a thing. So that brought us to now, me strutting my stuff as I returned, my clothes left behind.

"What are you doing?" she gasped out nervously, her cheeks, crimson, backing up farther onto my bed. Normally, most would be offended at how forward I was being. But judging by her reaction, she definitely wasn't disgusted as I watched her eyes take in my exposed frame, her eyes burning with lust, behind her black chunky glasses.

As I glanced at the mirror across the room and looked at my own fit frame, I smiled, as I realized no one would blame her for the lust she was feeling. I don't want to sound cocky, but I looked fucking good.

My muscles were rippling, fresh from a tough practice. My skin was evenly tanned. My abs were looking good, my six-pack being shown off proudly. My pecs were apparent, as were my biceps. My shoulder muscles, those muscles going from my shoulders to my neck were looking great. (I had to work extra hard to get those). My face looked good. I had heard girls tell me they loved my smooth lips, my perfect teeth, my piercing blue eyes, even the dimples I had when I smirked. And, I had my brown hair looking the exact way I wanted it to, with the perfect level of shagginess, that un-styled look that took a little bit to get just right.

But her eyes weren't drawn to my attractive face. No, her eyes traveled down my smooth, rippling abs, down those triangular muscles on my lower torso that the girls love, which led to the hanging meat between my legs.

The monster was being proudly shown, not at solid rock hardness, but full and ready. I hate to be cocky, but I couldn't help it. I knew I was sporting something special. A ten-inch, meaty, thick cock, combined with a large pair of balls. I always laughed a bit when I heard girls claim cock size didn't matter to them. That there was such a thing as too big. All I can say is, so far, I had heard no complaints. I had seen the looks of shock, of intimidation, sometimes even a bit of fear. I had heard girls almost laugh to themselves out of nervousness, as if confronted by something they never dreamed they would actually have to deal with first-hand. I had heard them muse to themselves with a smile, wondering how my monster could actually fit in a girl. But every time they did, they smiled to themselves, and I knew they intended to give it their best shot. My cock made the decision for them. And I knew from first-hand experience, it could fit. It always could. Those doubting girls would flex and shimmy, move their hips and breathe deeply, doing anything they could, not giving up till it was as far inside them as possible.

None had been able to take it fully. These were teenaged girls, and they were simply not built to be able to take such a man-sized piece of meat. I longed for the day my cock would be inside a real woman, till I could slide my cock all the way in and out, feeling my balls slamming against a girl's ass.

Carrie looked very capable. Like I said, she was a cutie. She wasn't a sex kitten or anything like that, just a very naturally warm and pretty girl. She had shoulder length chestnut hair, a cute, slightly freckled face, and plump red lips. She was dressed demurely but cutely. A nice purple blouse and a knee length skirt. She had pale skin, nice, firm legs, and a nice set of C-cups. She had potential, despite her demure demeanor. The way she bit her lips as she stared at me, the way her eyes kept being drawing to my stiffening cock, I could see her losing control.

"You don't mind, Carrie... do you?" I asked.

"Uh... no." she said softly. "I don't mind." She suddenly shook her head, realizing what she said. "No! Uh, sorry, I, uh, I mean..." she stammered. I smiled wickedly, and she smiled back, nervously. I could see her stiff nipples under her top. She was definitely down for some fooling around.

"Don't worry..." I replied softly, stepping a bit closer. "It's just you and me." Her big eyes looked up at me, her nervousness only slightly eased.

We were alone. But not for long.

Dad was working late, and Mom was at a PTA meeting. But glancing at the clock, I knew at this point, the meeting was just letting out. I knew exactly where she would be, what route she would take. I

could picture it perfectly in my head. I knew I could time things just right.

As Mom stepped out of the school, her huge tits no doubt bouncing as she walked, I sat on the bed next to the nervous Carrie, and put my hand on her leg.

As Mom started the car, my lips met Carrie's as my hand slid up her bare thigh.

As Mom hit the first traffic light, Carrie and I were clutched in a deep, lustful kiss.

As Mom hit the rush-hour traffic, Carrie's nervous hand slid around my cock, gripping it lightly.

As Mom's fingers strummed against the steering wheel impatiently, Carrie's fingers gripped my dick more firmly.

As Mom sat, her car not moving, Carrie kissed her way down my neck, leading to my chest.

As traffic moved slightly, Carrie moved slightly as well, falling to her knees on the floor in front of me.

As Mom was able to pass the line of restaurants along the main drag, my cock crossed the barrier and entered Carrie's eager mouth.

As Mom became stuck between the many cars on the highway, my cock became stuck in Carrie's mouth.

As Mom got closer to another traffic light, Carrie was energetically polishing my knob.

As Mom escaped the last of the traffic, I pulled Carrie up on to the bed.

As Mom was able to accelerate to cruising speed, my deft fingers began to unbutton the girl's top.

As Mom extricated herself from the main road, I extricated Carrie from her clothes.

As Mom turned towards our neighborhood, I wrapped my arms around Carrie tightly, making out with her again.

As Mom reached the end of the street, I filled my big hands with Carrie's cute C-cups.

As Mom pulled into the driveway, I put my cock in place, ready to fuck the cute 18-year old under me, insisting to her I'd pull out in time.

As I heard the small noise of the front door open, the head of my cock entered Carrie.

Carrie's pussy was tight and ready as I pushed myself into her softly.

"Aaaahh!" she moaned out. Her pussy was nice, almost enough to get me focused on her. But my ears were trained on the noises from downstairs, the clicking of her heels on the linoleum.

I drove myself into Carrie slightly, taking my time with her, knowing I couldn't just drive myself into her roughly. She was too fragile for that. I forced a few inches into her, causing her to purr with pleasure.

"Wow, it's so big!" she said, looking up at me, wowed. I smiled at her, and I felt her pussy moisten as I did so. I flexed my hips, trying to push more into her. As I did, I heard soft footsteps climbing up the stairs.

Carrie's pussy was tight, but I was able to get myself into her without too much trouble. I was about five inches deep when I met resistance, and I knew I wouldn't be able to get much deeper inside her.

"Oooh, Ah! Tommy, that's it! You're so big! I don't think I can take much more!" Carrie called out.

"Get used to it, babe." I whispered encouragingly. "You're doing so good." I added, and she flashed a smile. We were quiet, breathing deep, communicating in harsh whispers. I looked back at the closed door and saw a shadow beneath it, letting me know Mom was on the other side.

Okay. It was time to start the show.

I flexed my hips back, pulled back so only the tip was inside her, then drove back into her, burying half my dick into her.

"Aaaaaahhhh!" Carried moaned out, her moans piercing the silence.

"You like that?" I whispered, loud enough for Mom to hear.

"Mmmmmmmm yeaahhhh!" she moaned out, already almost drunk with lust. I picked up the pace, knowing she was ready for it.

"Tell me!" I grunted out. "Tell me what you like!"

"I love it!" Carrie moaned. "I love your big cock! It's huge!" she marveled. I leaned down and kissed her. She was doing her part better than I ever could have dreamed. She deserved to be rewarded.

"You ever been with someone like me?" I asked. I looked back. Mom was still there, on the other side of the door.

"Tom, you're the hottest fucking guy I've ever been with! By far!" Carrie moaned out.

"You've wanted me for a while, haven't you?" I asked with a smile. She slapped my chest lightly.

"You're so bad!" she said with a laugh. "Fuck yes! Yes, Tom, I've wanted you for a while."

"I know." I said arrogantly with a smile. My pace picked up. Her moans became more frequent as I fucked her faster.

"Oooh! AH! Be gentle babe! Be gentle. You're just so big!" Carrie said moaned out, tempering my pace, forcing me to slow down slightly. Carrie's hand slid along my back lovingly. I reached down and nibbled at her nipple.

"Ahh, not so hard, baby! Don't use your teeth. Oh yes!" she warned. "Wow, Tom, you're so buff!"

I think she was figuring out I loved to have my ego stroked. Good. I wanted Mom to hear. I wanted her to know that I was packing some

serious heat and I knew how to use it. I wanted her to know that her own son was every bit the sexual dynamo she was. I wanted Mom to hear Carrie's moans, and imagine that it was her in Carrie's place.

I nibbled at Carrie's neck as my hips bounced, driving into her, my bare cock covered in her juices.

"Aaah! Ah! Ah! You're so good at this!" Carrie moaned out.

"You're not so bad, yourself." I whispered in her ear, kissing it.

"Uhhhhhh! YES!" Carrie gasped. "I love it! I love this, Tom! How are you so good at this?"

"Lots of practice, babe." I said with a laugh.

"Uhhh, fuck! I heard you get around a bit." Carrie said.

"Just a bit, Carrie. Don't worry." I assured her. I'd had my fair share, sure, but I rarely brought girls home for this kind of thing. Most of my work had been done at the girls' houses, or at parties, or in the backseat of a car. Mom was typically always home and I was always nervous at the thought of fucking a girl under my parents nose. I didn't like to be quiet or restrained. I was a lion. I wanted to roar. But now, with my relationship so radically different with Mom, things

had changed. So it was nice to stretch out on my own bed and get down to business without restraint here.

Mom had driven me to this. She had me perpetually on edge, and doing so brought out my prideful side. If anyone was caught in the wake of my battle with Mom, that was on her. She did this to me. She made me act this way.

"Uh. Uh. UH! UH! UH!" Carrie moaned.

"Ughhhhh!" I grunted. Even though Carrie was inexperienced, her pussy was fantastic. It was smothering me with warm, wet pleasure. It almost got me focused on her. But I couldn't get Mom off my brain. I was still thinking about her, checking under the door for her shadow, hoping she would storm in, shove this young bitch off the bed, take her place and prove to me her mature pussy was even tighter and better than these young high-school sluts. Cause I knew it would be.

I leaned down and pressed my lips to Carrie's ear, kissing it lightly before whispering into it.

"I want to hear it!" I began. "When you cum, I want to hear you scream!"

"What makes you think you'll make me cum? Oh fuck!" she asked with a smile. I moved up and looked down at her.

"You will." I said confidently. She smiled lustily. I drove into her firmly, giving her as much of my length as she could take.

"Mmmmmmmmmm!" Carrie purred in pleasure, shutting her eyes cutely. "You're so good! The best!"

"Am I?" I asked arrogantly, my pace increasing.

"Fuck! You are! The best! You're the best fuck! The best! Ahhhh! So good!" Carrie moaned. I could feel her pussy twitch and quiver. She was close.

I could have gone on for a while longer, but I didn't want to wear out the poor girl. I could handle it, but she couldn't. So I began to let her pussy overwhelm me. I tried to release the stopper and let myself go over the edge. I felt the twitch myself and I knew I only had a few moments left. I felt that shiver go through me. I knew the end was coming. I vowed to make it good, to put on a show.

I imagined Mom standing there, listening intently. Cause she would be listening, listening to her stud of a son having sex. Her ear would be at the door, cause even though she had claimed she wasn't interested, it was natural motherly curiosity to want to know what her son gets up to in his free time, if he is having sex.

I'm sure she knew the answer to that one already. She wasn't clueless. And I'm sure my recent actions let her know exactly what kind of man I was. But I wanted to fill in the blanks of things she didn't know about me. How much sex I am having? What kind of sex I am having? How hard do I fuck? How big my dick was? How large my balls were? How much I cum? All the questions a curious mom wants to know.

I pictured her there, standing frozen, not making a sound and not wanting to disturb the action. Her nipples were no doubt hard, as they always were. But, I liked to think they were extra hard and throbbing today. I hoped her pussy was dripping with pleasure, because it was hard not to get excited when action was happening so close by, even if your own son was involved.

Part of me hoped that she was getting really caught up in the action. Part of me imagined her hand down her pants, her well-manicured fingers rubbing her moist cunt. Maybe one of her hands slipped under her top, playing with her own mammoth breasts, tweaking her own nipples. That listening to her own son pile-driving some high school slut was driving her wild with lust, her respect for me rising, as would her lust. But I knew this wasn't happening. I knew this was a fantasy. However, if there was one small sliver of a chance she liked what she heard, I vowed to give her the best show I could.

"Oh God! UH FUCK! I'M CUMMING! AHHHHH!" Carrie squealed out. Her slim body quivered as an orgasm shook her to the core. I watched the muscles in her flat belly quiver and flex as she came, her

muscles tightening. I felt her pussy clench around my driving shaft and that was enough to drive me over the edge.

"Here it comes!" I warned. Carrie was still a quivering mess as I pulled my thick cock from her vagina. I gripped my cock and gave it a few finishing strokes, aiming it at her belly.

"UGGHHHHH! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!" I grunted. The first shot of cum fired savagely from the tip of my cock, it's a departure a sweet relief. This stream of cum landed on Carrie's belly, a diagonal shot, from her right hip to under her left breast. I stroked myself, aiding in the exquisite pleasure. Another shot fired from me, a thick, creamy stream of cum, a shot more vertical than the last, going up the center of her belly to just below her boobs, my cum filling her belly button. Another thick jet of cum fired from me, landing again on her hand on her belly, which was resting lazily on her upper stomach. My cum fired from me again... and again... and again.

"Ahhhhh!" I grunted, jacking the cum out of myself. I watched the streams of cum, one after another, landing on Carrie's slim stomach, some firing far enough to land on her breasts. I was painting her with cum.

"Jesus, Tom!" Carrie marveled, watching my tensed body, my muscles flexing as my balls expelled a pint of cum onto her naked body. I kept stroking myself savagely, and the cum kept coming. "Do you always cum this much?"

My eyes were scrunched in pleasured concentration as I focused only on getting the cum out of my swollen dick. My jacking began to slow as the tanks began to empty, the beams of cum lessening in volume and strength, barely making it past her belly button. Finally, I forced the last of my cum out from my shaft, dripping it onto her. My muscles relaxed and my hands fell to my side. I looked up at Carrie.

She was fucking covered in cum. I tended to cum a lot, but never this much. I had painted her stomach with some of my cum having landed on her breasts and one shot landing on her sternum. Carrie dragged her fingers across her belly and pulled them back, letting the strands of cum stretch between her fingers and her stomach. She looked up at me and smiled.

"Seriously?" she asked in shock. "I'm covered!"

"Sorry, babe. I guess I should have warned you." I told her, regaining my breath.

"I guess I shouldn't have been surprised, judging by those balls of yours." She said. DING! Thanks, Carrie. Thanks for checking off that fact so my mother could hear. I glanced back, just in time to see her shadow disappear.

"You don't seem to be complaining. Most girls do." I said with an impressed smile. "You're a dirty girl, aren't you?" I growled, leaning down and kissing her cheek. She smiled cutely, biting her bottom lip.

"Tom, I'm a nice girl." she said with a dirty smile. "But, I am, like, literally dirty. Could you get me a towel?"

I stood up and glanced wolfishly between her belly and her mouth.

"Okay, I'm not that dirty." she said with a laugh. I smiled and nodded, trotting to the bathroom. I retrieved a pair of towels, tossing one to her as I wiped the sweat and juices off myself.

"Oh! Before you clean up..." I began. I stepped over to my desk. "For posterity."

"Hey! No!" she warned. "Don't do that!"

"Don't worry." I assured her. "It's just for me. I promise."

Carrie rolled her eyes but lied back slightly and posed.

"Give me a smile." I said. She smiled and I snapped a nice picture. I had a picture of each one of my conquests. Carrie would make a nice addition. I set my phone down and nodded at her.

"I'll be cleaning off cum for a week." she said, scrubbing her stomach, laughing. The bang of a cabinet slamming shut downstairs interrupted her revere. Her smile dropped.

"What was that? Is someone home?" Carrie said, panicked.

"Must be my mom." I said, naively.

"Do you think she heard us?" she asked. I shrugged. "Will we be in trouble?" she asked. I smiled.

"Don't worry about it."

Moments later, me and Carrie were cleaned up and dressed. I wanted to say we looked innocent, but I'm sure by the glow shared by both of us and the haphazard way our clothes were put back on, that we looked like we had just finished having sex. We trotted downstairs, her nervous to confront my mom. But I wasn't nervous at all. I was excited. I wanted to see what she would do. I wanted to see her reaction.

We found her in the kitchen. And as I looked at her again, I again marveled at her. I could not get over how sexy my mom was. I knew how fit she was. I had seen her flat belly, fit arms, and firm legs. But looking at her, all I could think about was that she was all curves. All smooth edges, even in her firmer areas. My mom was a fitness freak. Her body was a sports car, and she kept it well-maintained. Her legs were long and firm, but still possessed that delicious feminine curvature. Her arms were fit, the slight curves of her muscles hidden behind her smooth, mouth-watering skin. And she had a flat belly with a hint of abs. Nothing too severe, abs smoothed over in her soft,

feminine flesh. Fit as a fiddle, but all woman. She was, quite simply, perfect.

I would still want to fuck her even if she wasn't all tits and ass. But I couldn't picture her without them. Mom was the type of woman built to carry around of pair of massive, fleshy tits. She was built to sport a perfect, round, juicy heart-shaped behind. For a moment, we just watched Mom stride through the kitchen, graceful, sexy even in the innocuous act of packing away some groceries. Only she could make the act of putting away cans of soup sexy.

She wore a pair of slim, tight, sexy tan capri pants, which really hugged her firm ass, showing off its round shape. She was wearing some sandals, showing her bare feet as they clicked on the floor. Up top, she was showing her school spirit by wearing one of her shirts from my high-school. It was a simple grey shirt, but it wasn't built for someone with such generous proportions. It clung to her. It hugged the massive roundness of her ridiculous jugs, showing off how they jiggled with every step, even with her bra on. The top clung to her and her stiff nipples were apparent, as always. This was a casual outfit for her and even it couldn't help but show off her lush frame. Her hair hung in waves well past her shoulders, and her stylish sunglasses were on top of her head.

I glanced at Carrie, and she was shocked by the sight of my mom. She must not have heard the stories.

"That's your Mom?" she whispered. Before I could reply, Mom turned to face us.

"Oh." she said, appraising us. She looked at Carrie. "Hello, dear."

"Oh, uh, hi." Carrie said. Mom paused, a heavy silence between us.

"You guys have fun?" Mom asked, erasing any doubt in Carrie's mind that Mom had heard. Carrie blushed.

"I'm, uh, sorry." she said, looking down, bringing her hand to her forehead nervously.

"Sorry, Mom." I said, staring right at her. Her eyes flashed with amusement and a little bit of, dare I say, respect. She let the silence hang, letting Carrie wallow in the awkwardness. Finally, Mom spoke up again.

"You can go, dear." Mom said with a sickly sweet smile.

"Uh, sorry, Mrs., uh, McGee." Carrie mumbled. I smiled at Mom as I put my hands on Carrie's shoulder. I led her to her car, assuaged her awkwardness and guilt at being caught, and sent her on her way. With a shit-eating smile I went back inside, stepped into the kitchen, and leaned against the counter across from her. She watched me do this as she shut the fridge.

"Was that fun for you?" Mom asked.

"I should ask you the same question." I said, glancing at her nipples.

"You have to be careful, hon." Mom said. "You're gonna break that poor thing's heart."

"How dare you accuse me of not actually caring for her?" I asked sarcastically. "How dare you question my honor?" Mom rolled her eyes at this.

"And how dare you imply that you were actually thinking about her." Mom replied deftly. I smiled. "Poor girl seemed a bit fragile. We're lucky you didn't break her."

"Maybe I need someone who needs it a little more... rough. Someone a bit older. Someone who can take it a bit... harder." I said, staring at her.

"Well, good luck with that." Mom said, packing away some bread.

"Anyone you know?" I asked.

"Ha." Mom said sarcastically. Mom noted my smug arrogance. She stopped putting away a few oranges and looked at me. "You think that impresses me? Hon, you're a good looking young man. It's not hard for you. It'll never be hard for you. Especially with a girl like

her, a shy girl with self-esteem issues. I have no doubt that you could get down with half of the girls in your class, and that still wouldn't impress me in the least. You should at least aim a little higher if you want to impress me."

"I am." I said, staring straight at her.

"Well, aim a bit lower than that." Mom said, gesturing with her hands.

"You can't say you weren't at least a bit impressed." I said, stepping forward. "I mean, she did get a bit loud. And she shared some of my... attributes... to the whole neighborhood. That's got be a bit thrilling to know what you have right under your own roof."

"Keep dreaming, bub." Mom said, nonplussed.

"I guarantee Dad doesn't size up to me." I replied.

"Think what you want to think, dear." Mom replied, unfazed.

"Aren't you just the least bit curious? Isn't there some part of you that wants to see it?" I asked.

"I'm good." Mom said.

"Well, do you at least feel, uh... motherly pride?" I asked. Mom laughed.

"I'm beginning to question all the decisions I've made as a mother." Mom said. She paused then spoke up again, scrunching her nose. "Go take a shower. You stink."

I smiled then moved to walk past her, knowing I was right. Knowing deep down, she wanted to see what I was working with. But I could be patient. I could wait. Cause I knew, in the end, I would get her on her knees. I moved to walk away when Mom spoke up again.

"Oh." Mom called out. "I'm going shopping tomorrow. Do you need me to buy you any underwear?"

"What?" I asked.

"Oh, well, I was just wondering if you needed more underwear. I was just thinking, the ones you have now might be too small. I don't know if you need more room for your huge cock and giant balls." Mom said. I shuddered, hearing those words come from my mom's mouth was a huge fucking turn-on. Mom smiled knowingly.

"That right there..." she began, pointing at me. "That is why you will fail. Cause I could say a few simple words and have you shaking with need. And you... you don't affect me at all."

"Bull." I gulped, as she tore me down. She again smiled that arrogant fucking smile.

"That's why I don't care about anything I heard today. It doesn't matter what you're packing. It doesn't matter how big you are, cause I would still break you. You don't have what it takes. When I said 'you couldn't handle me,' I meant it. I'm sorry, Tom, but it's the truth. You might have a man's body, but you're still just a boy. Face facts. I would destroy you."

I stepped back, shocked at how vicious she was.

"Sorry." she said, seeing the effect her words had on me. I sensed a little worry, that maybe even she thought she went too far. Part of me just wanted to be unsubtle, to slam my dick on the kitchen counter and see if she could back up her nonchalance. But that would be so uncouth. So clumsy. But I couldn't let her know that she had me on the defensive. I gathered myself and replied.

"I want you to remember what you just said when you're on your knees, choking on my cock. When you're lustily deep throating me, sucking me as hard as you can. When you're a slave to my cock. Cause that's gonna happen, Mom. Face facts." I snarled at her. A slight smile crossed her lips, a slight relief that her words alone hadn't broken me. I turned and walked away.

"Don't take too long." Mom called out. "We're having ribs!"

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Although you might have forgotten this little factoid, I do in fact have a father. A lot of the action so far has happened with him out of the picture, but he was back now for a few months. So at this point, he was unavoidable.

For the most part I got along with him fine. I mean sure, we had our typical disagreements that teenage guys had with their fathers. But, him being gone so long kept things from getting too tense. When he got back, it was nice to see him. And by the time he left I was ready for him to be away for a while.

He was a bit stricter than Mom was. Mom was pretty laissez faire as a parent, and Dad was a bit more of a tight-ass. He was the one that did the punishing when I was a kid. He was the one who prevented me from getting anything too extravagant. Thanks to him, I had an economical car, an okay laptop and only a third generation iphone. At least with Mom, when Dad was gone, she didn't really pester me about how I spent money. She trusted me not to go crazy.

But despite that, Dad was alright. We got along fine, and I'm sure he saw himself in me a bit. While I might sound a bit critical of Dad here, I would slot that as the typical tension between a teenaged guy and his father. But he was always there for me when I needed him to be, despite his busy travel schedule. There was no-one happier for my athletic success than he, and there was no one prouder of any success

I had than he was. We might have our disagreements, but I knew he loved me, and he only wanted what was best for me and wanted me to work hard for my success. I could appreciate that fact. But that didn't mean I had to like it.

He was a football player in school, as am I. I kinda looked like him, but I was far from a dead ringer. I had him beat in height, muscle definition, and hair. Though there were enough similarities there where it was clear we were father and son.

Dad looked like one of those guys that used to be really good looking in his younger days. He was tan, his smile was boyish, but he now had wrinkles where he used to have none. His skin was a bit too tan, and while he was still fit, he wasn't what he used to be. His hairline had receded a bit, but nothing too bad. He still looked handsome, while a shell of his former self.

Dad was proud of my success on the football field. He made it to my games whenever he could and I could always talk football with him. We would still play catch in the front yard and watch the games every Sunday.

Mom tried to fight it, but she eventually had to give in and become a football wife. On Sundays, she was forced to listen the cheers from the living room as we grunted and roared in approval of the football on-screen. Mom would try to do errands during game-day, but eventually, she wore down and ended up sticking around. I think she realized this was one of the things me and Dad really bonded over, and she really enjoyed watching it.

"You know, I think this year is the Pats year." Dad said, sipping on a beer.

"Way to take a real leap there, Dad." I began. "Way to pick the most consistently good team of the last decade."

"Well, if all your picks panned out, the Chargers would have won the Super Bowl seven years in a row." Dad replied.

"Well, not this year. They're awful." I said, sipping a lemonade.

Me and Dad were in the living room, sitting on the couch as we watched the late-afternoon football games. Mom sauntered in, sitting on the loveseat and watching the game alongside us. After a particularly hard hit caused me and Dad to holler, Mom spoke up.

"Such a violent game." Mom remarked. "I want you to be more careful than that guy was."

"Well, I'm a QB, so I won't be getting hit like that." I replied.

"Well, Tanya," Dad began. "Maybe he needed a better mother to guide him down the right path."

"Maybe." she said with a smile. We watched the game for a little more. "So, these teams hate each other?" Mom asked.

"Really, Tanya?" Dad asked.

"What?" Mom asked. "I'm, like, sorry I don't know these footballers too well."

"Tanya," Dad said, always proud to know something someone else didn't. "These two teams have played in the Super Bowl twice in the past few years. They ruined the perfect season! Both times, the Pats should have won."

I rolled my eyes. Dad talked a big game, but he didn't know what he was talking about sometimes. He would sometimes get very pompous about things he knew little about, just cause he heard a sliver of info about it in some article. I knew football and I knew which teams were better. That's why I liked to bet with Dad on games. For little things, like what we would have for dinner or something like that. When I competed with my Dad, I tended to win.

"Well, hate is such a strong thing to feel." Mom remarked. "Couldn't they just, like, talk it out? Reason with each other?"

I laughed. Although things between Mom and I had been tense, to say the least, we still could get along fine. For the most part, things were relatively normal between us. I mean, she was still my mother.

Certain interactions between us were still very charged, and there was still that tension between us, but both of us were capable of acting normal. Especially with Dad around. Before all of this stuff happened, we got along great, and when she wasn't teasing me and I wasn't mad at her about teasing me, things were cool.

"What?" Mom asked, shrugging her shoulders. "Football would be a much better sport if I ran it."

"Mom, football wouldn't be a competition if it was up to you. They'd all be in a, uh... circle holding hands if it was up to you." I said.

"Hey, there wouldn't be so many injuries if they listened to me. Instead of the Super Bowl, they could just, like, go bowling. How much more fun would that be?" Mom asked. I rolled my eyes.

"Well, start your own league, dear, and we'll see if people watch." Dad said. Mom smiled and she stood up.

"Anyone hungry?" Mom asked.

"No, I'm good." Dad said. "I made me a sammich earlier." Mom rolled her eyes.

"How bout you kiddo?" Mom asked, smiling warmly, innocently as she looked down at me.

"Yeah, I can go for something." I said with a crooked smile.

"Well..." Mom began, bouncing her hips side-to-side cutely as she thought. "We could have... I could fry up some chicken breast?" Mom offered, lacking her typical naughtiness she would use when using the word breast.

"Sounds good." I said, giving my mom the thumbs up. "Do you need any help or anything?" I offered.

"No, I'll be fine." Mom said. "I'll make the sacrifice of missing the game."

Mom stepped out of the room, holding back from shaking her butt at me. This is what I kinda missed. Interactions with my mom where she didn't tease me. Where she acted like a normal mom, not the sexed-up tease she acted like. As soon as she was out of sight, Dad spoke up.

"Cherish it, son." he began. "You won't have this too much longer. Your mom cooking for you, cleaning for you. You know, very soon, you're gonna be your own man. You won't have these things for much longer. You can't lean on Mom for much longer. You won't have her at your beck and call, on her knees, cleaning up after you. So enjoy it while you can."

"What's your point, Dad?" I asked, annoyed at him trying to teach me this life lesson so pompously.

"Just letting you know, son. You've got to be your own man after a while, leave the nest and don't lean on your Mom for all your needs." Dad began. "Get ready to be doing all the stuff that she does for you. Be a self-sufficient man. At least, until you get married. Haha!" Dad said, laughing at his own terrible joke.

"So, you get to let her do all that for you?" I asked.

"Of course. One of the pros of getting married, son. I put a ring on her finger. I earned the right to have her do all those things." Dad said, laughing to himself. He noticed how un-amused I was by his sexist joke. "Tom, I'm kidding. Loosen up."

I wasn't so sure he really was, but Dad got up and stepped towards the kitchen. After a few seconds, I heard Mom giggle.

"Jay! Stop!" Mom giggled, as if being tickled.

"What?" Dad asked knowingly.

Not wanting to hear this, I turned the volume up.

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It was a couple weeks later. I stepped down the school hallway, reaching into my backpack. As I approached the open classroom door, where students where filing out of, I looked in and saw some of the last few students filing out and saw a familiar face approaching.

"Hey, Tom." Carrie said warmly.

"Oh! Hey, Carrie." I said. I had chatted with her a bit in class and it was clear she was smitten with me. I liked her. She was super nice and fun, and very good in bed. I knew I didn't like her as much as she liked me. But, I was happy to keep fooling around with her.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"Talking to you, gorgeous." I said with a smirk. She rolled her eyes.

"Really, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"I've got to talk with Ms. Graham." I stated, dropping the bravado.

"Well, tread lightly. She's in a bad mood." Carrie said. "I gotta go, but, are we still meeting up on Saturday... to, uh, study?"

"Yeah, definitely." I replied. "To study." I said with a smile. She blanched, looked at her feet, turned and walked out into the hallway. I turned to face the desk where Ms. Graham was sitting, talking to one of her students, this pompous, booksmart guy named Evan.

"Mr. Jones." Ms. Graham began, looking up coldly at Evan. "I know your answers were correct. But I said to use the full proof for each of your derivatives. I am aware there are quicker ways to do the derivatives, but we are not there yet."

"But, I'm being penalized for being ahead of the curve." Evan argued.

"I penalized you for not following directions." Ms. Graham said firmly. "There is a reason I force you to do it this way at first. You need to know the long way before learning the shortcuts."

"But, I feel like I should have gotten some credit..." he began.

"You get credit when you earn it, Mr. Jones." Ms. Graham said, having zero sympathy for the student in front of her. "18 other students followed the directions. It might be a good idea to stop trying to be the smartest guy in the room and just follow along with the rest of us."

Evan blushed, nodded slightly and hurried out of the room, leaving me alone with Ms. Graham. Watching that display, watching how ice-cold she could be when turning guys away, either when they

were begging for a better grade or begging for a date, made me realize again how none of the students here had a chance with her. She reminded me of Mom. Her will and discipline was iron clad. It would take more effort than any high school guy could manage to get into her pants.

Ms. Graham glanced over and noted my presence.

"Be careful, Ms. Graham." I stated. "I think you were about to make him cry." She rolled her eyes.

"I don't think it would hurt him to get brought down a few pegs." she stated simply. She backed up from her desk and stood up. She looked totally professional, in her simple white blouse and black dress pants, but even dressed this way, her body looked luscious. "Tom, you're not my student. I'm your mom's friend. You can call me Casey." she said, her tone softening from the firm stance she took with Evan.

"I don't know, Ms. Graham. You always tell me that, but it still feels kinda weird to call you by your first name." I said. She smiled lightly, her icy veneer lessening in my presence.

"So, what's up?" she asked.

"Oh..." I began. I reached into my bag and pulled out a book. "My mom said she wanted to give you this."

"That's right." she said, remembering it. She took the book from my hand.

"So, how's your mom? I haven't been able to see her in a while." she stated.

"She's uh..." I began. How do I sum up Mom in one sentence. "She's... the same as ever. Just busy with other things, I guess." I explained, shrugging my shoulders. Other things, like teasing me with her hot body at every waking moment.

"Tell her thanks for the book, and that I'm gonna call her and we'll meet up soon." she said.

"Will do." I explained.

"And one more thing..." she began. "Keep it up out there on the football field. You're kicking some butt out there. I am very impressed. Even though you did beat my school." I smirked lightly.

"Sorry, Ms. Graham, when I'm on the attack, I show no mercy." I stated.

"Well, you're good out there. But you're reckless. Everything's going great till you get punched in the face. You need to know your limits. Take care of yourself." she warned.

"What makes you think I'm reckless?" I asked.

"Hey, I did go to a football school, so I picked up a few things." she replied, leaning back against her desk.

"You went to SC, right?" I asked.

"Yes I did." she replied. "Your mom tells me they're on your short list for schools."

"Yeah. She wants me to stick closer to home, but I'm kinda leaning towards going there." I replied.

"Well, if you go there, let me know. I'll tell you all about the secret hot spots only us SC grads know about." she teased.

"Really?" I asked, intrigued.

"Yeah, you know, like the campus library, the best study areas, stuff like that." she said with a teasing smile.

"Ha ha ha." I laughed sarcastically. "Well, I outta get going. I'm not used to spending all this time after school, uh, you know, in the school..."

"Alright, Tom. Get going." Ms. Graham said warmly. "Tell your mom hi."

"I will." I called back. As I turned to walk away, Evan Jones re-entered.

"Ms. Graham, I'm sorry about before..." he began.

"Mr. Jones, I don't think we have anymore to discuss." she told him, her icy tone returning as soon as I'm gone and she's with another student. She wouldn't dare let any other student see her casual. Any other student but me. I smiled.

****

"Oh, Tom! Sorry I took so long." Mom said, setting down her purse recklessly as she jiggled towards me.

She wore a skin-tight black stretchy cat-suit. Her arms were bare, and the zipper in front was unzipped halfway down her chest, exposing a canyon of smooth, fleshy cleavage. Biting her bottom lip, she made

her way over to my seated form as quickly as she could in her ridiculous high-heels.

"Are you okay, Tom? I was so worried!" she asked, getting on her knees next to me, putting her hands on my thighs.

"It's okay, Mom. It's only been a few hours." I said, looking down at her kneeling form, glancing past her face to her cat-suit clad ass.

"A few hours? Hon, I know how hard it is for you... to go so long without. How torturous it must be." Mom gasped out.

"I knew you'd be back soon to take care of it." I said confidently.

"So, you're not mad at me, hon?" Mom asked, begging me not to be upset.

"I'm sure you'll make it up to me." I replied.

"Thanks for not being mad, Tom. I mean, you have every right to be upset. You're balls must be so full. So swollen. I promise it will never happen again. I'll make you cum twice as much... no... three times... just to make-up for it. I promise." Mom begged.

"Well..." I began. "Get to work."

Mom nodded. Her fingers slid to my crotch and deftly unbuttoned and unzipped me. Her experienced hand snaked into my pants and curled around my throbbing ten-inches and pulling it out so she could see it.

"Oh, baby. I'm so sorry I kept you waiting." Mom marveled at my throbbing dick. "God, it's so full of cum... I can practically smell it." she ran her nose along my length, gathering my manly scent. "It's like there's cum dripping from its pores!"

Mom rubbed her face against my cock, taking it in completely.

"Babe, I promise... I will suck your balls. Deep-throat the shaft. I will lick it. I will suck it. I will fuck it. I will let you ravage me with it in every hole. As hard as you can, as long as you fucking can! I will take everything you give and beg for more, like the slut I am. Okay?" Mom gasped out.

"I'll hold you to that." I said.

"I know you will. You always do." Mom purred, beginning to stroke me. My head fell back. She let some spit drip down my shaft, slickening it as she stroked me. I looked down at Mom, her eyes ravaging my shaft lustily. I looked past her hand to the cavern of cleavage she was showing off. The stretchy cat-suit really showed them off exquisitely.

"Take them out." I growled to her.

"What?" she asked, not taking her eyes off my cock.

"Take your tits out. I need to see them." I said.

"Hon, you see them all the time now. You can be patient." Mom replied.

"No! I, uh, I need to see them now!" I growled again. Mom looked at me.

"Be patient, babe. You'll see them soon." she said, her hand still pumping me.

"I'll see them now!" I insisted. Mom smiled.

"Okay, hon. If you incest... I mean, insist. Haha." Mom giggled. Mom stood up and continued. "I mean, with all of the sizzling hot incest you and me have been committing, I'm afraid I've got incest on the brain." she said with a smile.

"Just get to it." I said, rolling my hand, wanting her to just show me her tits. She stood directly in front of me.

"Anything you want, son." Mom said, biting her lower lip. Her hands moved to her zipper, ready to lower it. Slowly, she zipped it down, exposing the full sides of her breasts, her flat belly, stopping just below her belly button. Her hands grabbed each of the two sides of her cat-suit, ready to part them.

"You ready?" Mom asked, smiling cutely.

"Do it!" I growled.

In one smooth motion, Mom pulled apart her top, casting forth her giant breasts. And as she did, I exploded. Cum burst from my cock, the pleasure blinding me from consuming the visual treats Mom was offering. I grunted savagely, my cock exploded thick cum all over the place. This went on for almost a minute, and as my vision cleared, I realized I was all alone, in the middle of the night, in my dark room.

Gasping, my head fell back to the pillow. I lifted the bed sheet, only to see my hand gripped around my softening shaft and the inside of my bed-sheet soaked with cum.

"Crap." I called out softly to the darkness.

****

So, this is how things went for a little while. I was still dreaming about Mom, obviously. That hadn't changed. But, I kept up at being a bit more aggressive in my pursuit of Mom, and she was completely unfazed. She gave me nothing. No hint that I was having any effect on her. Not even the slightest acknowledgment of the hard work I was putting myself through.

I took her words to heart. She wasn't impressed by the fact that I could bring home any girl from school and make her squeal so loud half the town would hear. She wasn't impressed by the size of the weapon I was working with. I'm sure these things weren't negatives in her eyes. But it wasn't enough to break through her defenses. I didn't know what to do.

There had to be something. Some combination of actions and maneuvers I could perform that could break through her defense, demolish that motherly façade and unleash the slut within, the slut I knew was there. Something I could do to convince her to slip off her clothes and show me the goods.

My only plan of attack was to wave myself in front of her like a piece of meat and hope her appetite would overwhelm her. I had started by fucking Carrie under her nose. The only way I could have flaunted it more in her face was to do it directly in front of her, so she could see me in action, see my muscles flexing, see my cock in action, see how I made girls quiver. That idea was still on the table, but I felt like she wouldn't respect me being so forward. She wanted to be seduced in a more elegant manner.

But that didn't mean I would stop flaunting myself in front of her. Every opportunity I had to show her the goods I was working with, I would. I figured it wouldn't hurt matters. Every time she would be sunning herself in the backyard, I would take a swim. Let her see my body, see the water dripping down my abs, down my firm muscles. I wanted her to see my soaked trunks clinging to my cock. I wanted her to see first-hand what I was working with without actually seeing it.

When she was in the kitchen, cooking lunch or dinner, I would make it a point to work out in the back, put on some small stretchy work-out shorts and nothing else. I knew she could see me out the back window. See my muscles flexing and working. See my abs tightening. See my butt flexing as I lifted weights. See the sweat dripping off my near naked body. See my barely covered bulge. I wanted her to see me and lust for me. I wanted her to look at me and dream of licking the sweat off my abs.

But Mom... her will was iron. I could not break her, not even make her flinch in the least. One time, she came out and stood near me as I was lifting weights in the late summer sun. She clearly was out there to tell me something, but I ignored her and kept lifting the heavy weights. I wanted her to see my muscles bulging, among other things. Finally, she spoke up.

"One of my old high school friends is coming over." Mom said, and I didn't acknowledge. "You might want to cover up a bit."

"Why's that?" I grunted out. "You don't want to see one of your friends drooling over me." Mom laughed.

"Trust me, hon. I don't think she's your type." she said. She watched me as I kept lifting.

"Enjoying the view?" I asked arrogantly. She rolled her eyes.

"It's impressive, sure. But I've seen better." Mom replied. "You should ask Gail, my friend who's coming over. We knew this guy in high school, Johnny, and he... he blew you out of the water."

"I doubt that." I replied confidently, grunting as I lifted. "But if you want, you can stay out here, put on something a bit more appropriate for this heat, look at my body, get a good look, and tell me what areas you think need improvement. And don't be afraid to use your hands."

Mom smiled at this.

"While that does sound like a tempting offer, I'm afraid I will pass." Mom said. Mom moved in and stepped in close behind me, running her hand up my sweaty back and letting it settle on my tensed shoulder. She gripped it firmly then added in a harsh whisper.

"It's a shame, Tom. The last time I saw a body like this, I didn't hesitate to take my clothes off."

My concentration broken, I let the weights drop in front of me onto the ground. Mom laughed to herself and walked back towards the house.

"Care to share a few more details?" I called out.

"Not with you! You'll never get to see what he did. But, like I said, ask my friend Gail about him. She was there too." Mom replied, looking back before walking inside. I watched her butt shake as she walked back in.

Mom was right about Gail. She looked like a typical mom, more traditionally maternal. She looked like she was once beautiful, but time and children had taken its toll, adding extra weight and wrinkles. She wasn't bad looking, but like Mom said, she wasn't my type. I said hi to her and she was very warm and friendly, but I stayed out of the way, letting her and Mom giggle and laugh and reminisce while looking through her old yearbook.

They went out for drinks, leaving me alone at home while Dad had to go in to work. I went to the living room to watch TV. I put my legs up on the table and began to relax when I noticed Mom's yearbook on the side table. Reaching over to grab it, I began to thumb through it. And as I did, a smile spread across my face as a new idea came to mind.

A new plan of attack.

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Chapter 3: Mom's Past

"That woman..." the older man began, "is a destroyer of worlds. She is pure, concentrated sex. Ravenous. Unstoppable. Unbreakable. Unquenchable. A force of nature if there ever was one."

"Believe me..." I told him. "I know it."

I looked around, studying my surroundings. I had to drive 45 minutes to get here. I didn't typically go to places like this. It was a run-down hole in the wall, a grody looking restaurant, a place that would no doubt be shut down within a year. The tables weren't very clean and the waitresses weren't friendly. The perfect place to go when you didn't want to be caught.

I looked at the man across from me. He reminded me of Mom's friend Gail, in the sense that I could tell he used to be good looking, but time had worn him down a bit, putting his best days behind him. He probably had bout fifty extra pounds on him, a receding hairline, and a time-worn face. He was dressed kinda schlubby, clothes that looked plain and old looking. He also wore a tan coat and glasses.

This man was John Benson, aka Johnny. The one man Mom compared my body to. This was the man who Mom said was my superior. I think I was currently winning that battle.

I found pictures of him and Mom in her yearbook and I tracked his info down on Facebook. He was friends with Mom, so he was easy to find. I shot him a message and he was willing to talk. I told him I was a friend of her son, and I wanted to know if he had any tips on how to seduce Tanya McGee. I was surprised how eager he was to talk.

"So what do you mean, she's a destroyer?" I asked. He brought his beer to his lips and took a swig. I did the same with my water. He looked at me and smiled.

"You think you're the first guy to come find me?" he asked. "To come for advice on how to land her. Other guys at school, guys that went to college with her, guys that knew her after she got married. I got a text a few months ago from a guy we went to school with asking how I landed her."

"Yeah?" I replied.

"I could always tell which ones succeeded and which ones didn't." he said.

"How?" I asked.

"There's a look in their eyes. A look anyone that's been with her all share." he began. He had my attention as he took a long sip from his beer. "She breaks you. She breaks every man she's been with."

"How does she break you?" I asked.

"When you're a young man, a decent looking young guy, a football player, and a popular guy, you're on top of the world. You feel like a conqueror. You feel like your world is yours for the taking. You feel like a king. Any girl would be lucky to be with you. Imagine meeting a girl, the sexiest girl you've ever seen in your life. And when the time comes, when you get her alone, imagine if she showed up and completely outdid you, chewed you up and spat you out. She seems so nice, but she completely runs the show. She dominates things from beginning to end. When that happens, all that macho bravado goes out the window. You can't keep up with her. No one can. She is voracious. When you're done with her... no... when she's done with you, you feel like less of a man for not being able to keep up. And the worst thing is, it's not even close. Her giving 50% of her best to you is a normal man's 150%." John said. My eyes were wide and my dick was stiff at this description of my mother in action.

"What does she do?" I asked. "What makes her so good?"

"She never stops. She's like a marathon runner, but she's sprinting without breaking a sweat. She just keeps going. She'll get off like

crazy, but, when you're with her, it never feels like it's enough. You can always tell she wanted more, that she wanted it harder, harder than any man could ever give her. When you're with her, you can tell she's pandering to you, not giving it her all. She's toying with you, because to her, you're fragile. You can tell when you're in bed with her that she doesn't respect you. That she does not see you as an equal. For a guy so confident, so full of himself... do you know how emasculating that is? To have a girl run circles around you in the bedroom? When you're on the field, you're the king of the school. You're supposed to run the show. But then, this girl comes around and completely blows you out of the water in a way where you immediately know you will never match up to her. You will never be as good at anything as she is at sex. Can you be with a girl when you KNOW that you're not enough for her?" John asked.

I paused, deep in thought. I glanced around the dim restaurant. It was the type of place no one looked happy to be in. The light that shined through the grimy windows cast a dull glow in the whole place. John took a look at me and smiled.

"But you, boy, you're not worried about that, are you? Look at you. You're just like I was. You walk around like you own the place. You could have any pretty girl that you want. But you've bitten off more than you can chew, I think. You have no idea what you're doing here, son. She is more woman than any piece of shit 18-year old could ever dream of handling." John said.

"Oh, well, uh, thanks for that." I said, sipping my water. "So what's it like... seeing her body in the flesh?"

"It's... it's even better than you think it is." he said quietly. "And when she's in action..." A long pause fell between us. "She breaks you in every way." John said. "Not only does she demolish you in the bedroom, but she spoils you for other women. Once you are with her, you can't enjoy it in the same way as with others. You can't be with another woman without knowing she comes up short, that there is a woman out there that is superior in every way. I have a wife, and two kids, but the best moments of my life were the six months I dated Tanya. I would throw it all away for one more night with her. So you'd better be sure this is a battle you want to wage. You'd better think of the consequences of what would happen should you succeed. Not that there's any chance of that happening. Only one person should ever be with her. Her match. Her equal. Only the man that can keep up with her. He's the only one who wouldn't be destroyed by her. Are you that man? I think not."

"How did you meet her?" I asked.

"I've known Tanya since grade school." he said. "We were neighbors growing up. We were always friends. She was a stunner from the beginning. It wasn't till high school that I realized how I felt about her."

"What was she like?" I asked.

"With her, it was like, knowing someone who you just knew would be, like, a star. Someone that would be rich and famous. That she was

meant for something bigger. The guys obviously loved her. The girls just wanted to be seen with her. It felt like we were all just background stars in her story." he said.

"Did she date a lot?" I asked, sipping my water.

"She eventually realized the power she had. She realized she had her pick of guys to be with. She wasn't shy. She knew how to strut her stuff, and yeah, she dated around a bit. She was never without a boyfriend. I was just lucky she picked me for a little bit." John said.

"So..." I began. "Was she a... was she a slut?"

His eyes met mine.

"Well, it wasn't like she was banging every guy that moved. But she was probably having more sex than anyone in that school, students or faculty. But, I think she kept it to her boyfriends mainly. Although, she did have a lot of boyfriends. And she had a voracious appetite. She wanted it every day. I know, to a guy, at first that sounds great. But eventually, you need a break, but you don't want to tell her no. She's impossible to keep up with." John said.

"What kind of guys did she date?" I asked.

"The... hot guys. Football players. Guys in bands. I was on the football team, but I was never one of the arrogant douchebags she tended to date. She dated around the school quite a bit, but by the end, she had moved beyond the school. She was dating college guys and guys like that." he replied.

"You ever meet her husband?" I asked.

"Yeah. I was shocked she settled down. But I took one look at her man and saw the same look I had seen before with every other guy she went through. He can't keep up with her. He knows it. She knows it. Makes me think the only reason she married him was cause she got knocked up. I doubt she actually truly loves him in that way. How could she if he comes up short?" he said.

So, he thinks Dad couldn't match her. Interesting.

"Do you think she actually settled down? Or, do you think she is still the same, deep down?" I asked.

"I don't know her that well any more. But if I had to guess, I'm guessing she's still the same. I'm guessing she's acting like the good wife, the good mother, but deep down, she is exactly the same. I'm guessing she is still the same wildcat underneath." John guessed.

"Do you think she would have settled down if she hadn't gotten pregnant?" I asked.

"I never imagined her settling down. She seemed the type to just go through life like a queen, like a... Hollywood star. I am legitimately shocked that she didn't become something more. Like, a model, or an actress. The last thing I expected her to become was a regular housewife. A soccer mom." he said.

"Do you think she wanted that? To be something more?" I asked, as the waitress came by with refills.

"I can't imagine this is what she wanted." he began. "This was the girl who practiced walking down the red carpet when she was a little girl. This was the girl who was the lead star in the school play. She knew she was destined for big things. We all did. I feel kinda bad for her that she didn't."

Despite all the dirty thoughts I had about Mom, and despite the tension between us, she was still my mother, and I felt a pang of sympathy for her. I agreed with John. Mom was destined for big things. Her becoming pregnant stopped that train in its tracks, and the fact that she gave away her own destiny to be a good mother for me made my heart warm with affection. But she gave no sign of being dissatisfied or resentful of her lot in life. Not only was she a hot mom, she was a good mom.

"What was Mo... um, what was she like in school?" I asked, catching myself.

"She was great. I mean, she broke up with me, and part of me wishes I could say that she was, you know, a bitch, or something. I wish I could hate her so I wouldn't have to think about her. But she was super nice. The way she broke up with me, the way she laid it all out, I agreed with her! She was that good and that nice at breaking my heart that I... I couldn't blame her. I couldn't hold it against her. She laid it all out, that we were super great friends and we always would be, but it might be best for us to stay great friends, that we weren't meant to be together. She was so sweet and nice and friendly about it, it made me like her more. Her breaking up with me made me want her more! That's how fucking good she is!"

I knew exactly what he meant. I had never been more attracted to her than I was at the moment she first told me she would never fuck me. So, I empathized with him on that.

"Everyone loved her. Everyone got along with her. I mean, there were people that started off hating her, but she always won them over. She was so effervescent that she was just impossible to hate. And it didn't hurt that she flirted with everyone." John said.

"I know how that goes." I muttered.

"She flirted with guys, girls, teachers, students, she never turned it off. And to have someone like her turning on the charm to you... it's no wonder she got straight A's." he said.

"What was it like dating her?" I said.

"It was great. It was like dating a movie star. She made you nervous just being around her. And she was a great girlfriend. She made you feel like the greatest, coolest guy in the world. And plus, she put out like crazy. Every little thing she did was dripping with sex. Here..." he began. He reached down and pulled out his senior yearbook, slamming it onto the wooden table. It was the same one Mom had. He flipped it open. On the cover page, prominently was a picture of Mom and John, with her arm over his shoulder.

I had seen pictures of Mom in her younger years, but I still marveled at her. If a girl that looked like her went to my school, I would have hooked up with her the first chance I had. Mom's body at 18 was just ripe and juicy and youthful. Her breasts were like swollen grapefruits at that young age. And she hadn't lost much of those looks. Her body filled out as she matured but she maintained her best assets, so she went from a smoking hot young woman to a sizzling hot mature woman. And she still had that same naughty smile.

John flipped to the inside of the front cover, where all his friends had signed it. He pointed to a spot, and I recognized Mom's girly handwriting. I leaned forward and read it.

"I know we broke up Johnny, but just so you know, you still make my nipples hard.

See you around babe

Tanya"

"Jeez." I said.

"I know." John said. "My ex writing that in my yearbook. It's... ridiculous. She owned me. She had me by the balls."

A long silence fell between us, a pause where I didn't know what to add. The clinking of glasses on the tables and the voices on the TV over the bar filled the room.

"So, you said I'm not the first to contact you?" I asked.

"That's right." he said.

"Then why bother helping? If she's so unbeatable." I asked.

"I like seeing arrogant assholes like you get brought back down to Earth." John replied.

"Or is it something else?" I began. "Maybe you want to see if someone could actually do it. If she could be conquered? If it's possible?"

He held my gaze for a minute before shrugging his shoulders. He sipped his beer again and spoke up.

"So, you said you're friends with her son?" John asked.

"Yeah. I, uh, go to school with him." I lied.

"And you met her and want her to yourself, right?" he asked. I nodded. "You want to know the tip to get in her pants. Here it is..." he began. I leaned in. "The trick is... there is no trick. No secret maneuver to convince her to spread her legs. She chooses. Always. I never saw any guy take her down. Conquer her. She doesn't fall for any simple tricks. She doesn't like guys who try to use pick-up lines. She doesn't like grungy guys trying to pick her up."

"What does she like?" I asked.

"There's no rhyme or reason to it. Some guys were athletes. Some weren't. Some were popular. Other's weren't. Some were older. Some younger. If I had to guess, I would say the guys she liked were the ones who were fun to her. She was always looking for a new toy to play with." he said.

"What was fun to her?" I asked.

"She liked to make guys squirm." John began. "She would flirt with everyone, but tease only the ones she really liked."

"Really?" I asked, the blood rushing through me.

"Oh yeah. She knew what she was doing. She would flash her cleavage, shake her butt, show herself off. And she was very good at it." he said.

"So, she only teased the guys she really liked?" I asked.

"Yeah. She teased me all the time. Every chance she got. At least she had the good will to follow through and not keep me waiting too long. But yeah, I saw her do it to other guys too." John said.

"What if I told you that she did it to me too? That she teased me?" I asked. John raised his eyebrow.

"Really? Well, I would say you've gone farther than most. But you still don't have a chance. One thing about her, despite how sex crazy she was, she never cheated. She was straight up like that. She had a code. And she's a married woman. And her will is unbreakable." John said.

"I can do it." I said firmly. "I can get her." John smiled.

"You're a cocky little shit, I'll give you that." John began. "Yeah, she might tease you. And that's probably farther than most could get nowadays. But at best, she is toying with you. She's not a girl anymore. Say what you will about her when she was in school, but when she got married and took those vows, I have no doubt she meant it. And if she would throw all of that away for one night with some cocky teenager, then everything I know about her is wrong. You are, at best, a toy for her amusement. Nothing more." My temporary high at thinking I had a chance began to diminish. "Next time you see her, look at her. Take a good look. Do you really think you can handle her? Do you really think you're enough? I've seen guys like you crumble next to her. Why are you any different? She is more woman than you could ever dream of handling. The things she does... can't be described. She may act nice, but she is absolutely filthy. You don't know what you're getting into with her. My advice. Walk away. Get her out of your mind. Because the worst thing that could happen is that you succeed. Cause she will show you the truth. She'll bring that out of you. So look deep inside, think about it, and truly decide if you could actually match up with her. Cause if you're not really up to it, she will ruin you."

My eyes fell as I was lost in thought. John smiled again, knowing he had thrown some doubt in my eyes. He polished up his beer and stood up. He was about to walk away when he took one last look at me.

"You've got balls, kid. I'll give you that. And that will get you far in life. Don't waste your efforts on a fool's errand. Be happy with what you've got. Cause once you've sampled the finest meal, everything else is bland." He said. I looked up at him.

"But was it worth it?" I asked. His eyes went vacant for a moment, lost in thought. He regained his composure, but judging by his reaction, I knew the truth. He wouldn't change a thing. He nodded goodbye to me and walked away, leaving me alone.

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I had thought about John's words all day. He made me consider whether I could actually handle Mom. If I had what it takes. Putting bravado aside, I realized it was something I had never considered.

I had never failed to nail a girl I was after. Never. But Mom... she was different, obviously. Mom was the first real woman I had ever really targeted. I knew what I was working with, and I never failed to leave a girl unsatisfied. But Mom was a different animal altogether.

She was a woman. A real woman. A sexy, hot bodied, mature woman. And from John's descriptions, she was fucking damn near perfect. Her character was solid. Her will was unbreakable. Me succeeding would mean breaking through, like, 800 barriers. And no man had ever broken through one barrier.

She was married. She was a 40 year old woman. She was my mother. I had to break through all three of these before I could make her mine.

And looking back, I really hadn't made much progress since my confession to her. It was like John said. She was toying with me. It might just be that she's having a little of the fun she used to have with me. Any other woman would have given in by this point, I'm sure of it. But not her.

Sure, the game was still on between me and her. Despite part of me still being frustrated with her, she had toned down things since our discussion at the pool party. Yeah, there was her having loud sex with me in the house, and she still flirted with me, but not at the level she was doing it initially. But she had vowed to stop completely. I had vowed to conquer her and I had made moves on her, showing off my body, having sex with Carrie under her nose, but it had not really changed anything. I was no closer to fucking her now than I was before.

I sat in the living room that night and watched her sashay around the house, about to cook dinner. She didn't even look at me. She walked around gracefully, lithe like a cat. She shook her butt slightly. I watched it jiggle with every step. I watched her wide, prominent hips. Her round, jutting ass. I studied the slight indentation through the jeans of her ass-crack, which no doubt had the string of a thong running up its length. I had dreamed of diving in face first, burying my face between those cheeks, rimming my mother's no-doubt tasty asshole. But that ass was mighty. Powerful. She could easily smother me in its fleshy, firm goodness. Grind it on my face roughly, grinding it into the bed, till I can't breathe. Till I have to beg for mercy.

Then there were those legs. The only fear I would have eating my mother's juicy cunt is putting myself at her mercy, putting myself between her firm legs, knowing she could wrap them around my head at any point and have me, again, begging for mercy.

And then there were her tits. My mother's gigantic, titanic rack. Huge mounds of smooth, luscious flesh. I could easily lose myself in them. Drown in them. And she would let me. She would let me lose myself, to the point that all my bravado, my macho arrogance, would be thrown out the window. She would smother me with them and take me down a few pegs.

That's why she hasn't taken me up on my offer. I'm a toy she would break, at least in her eyes. She has me curled around her finger, and she knows it. She could crook her finger at me, and she knows I would come crawling.

She owns me.

Panic set in as I began to realize that maybe John was right. Maybe Mom was right. Maybe I couldn't handle her.

She hasn't even let me close. I'm a joke to her. She is not at all taking me seriously. She is toying with me, having a little fun, but not letting me get anywhere. I had done nothing. Nothing! All that work was wasted. Why would she want to play with a toy that would break when it came to playtime? No, she wanted something more durable.

But how? I needed Mom to take me seriously, and I had no idea where to start. I had no idea what to do.

"Tom." Mom said, suddenly in front of me. I looked up and took her in.

She looked amazing, as always. Her dark jeans, flattering her lower half. Her black top, hugging her massive rack, nipples standing proud. Her gorgeous face, studying me as I sat below her, like a peasant in front of the queen. At this moment, I felt something I had never felt before. Intimidation. Mom was so much woman, so luscious in every way. But she was also like a warrior. An Amazonian goddess. All I was, was an 18-year-old with a big dick who'd banged a bunch of chicks from school. I was not even close to being on her level, and the thought made my heart drop.

"Tom!" she repeated.

"Uh, yeah?" I asked, shaking my head. She smiled coyly.

"You need to set the table." she said airily. I nodded in reply and she sashayed away.

I looked at her angrily. Knowing it was a strong possibility I would never have her even once was terrifying. It just felt wrong. I always thought I could land her. Make her scream on my thick dick. But she wasn't even close to giving in. And I didn't know where the hell to

go from here. What I should do next? At that moment, fucking Mom never felt farther away.

Me, Mom and Dad sat down. Dad took the first bite of his steak and moaned.

"Oh buddy." Dad said, glancing at me. He turned to Mom. "This steak is incredible, Tanya." Dad turned back to face me and smiled. "Son, you're mom's a hell of a woman."

I glanced at Mom and she smiled knowingly. I stared at her hungrily. I resumed eating, and seconds later, I glanced over at Dad. He was looking at Mom while she focused on her food. I watched how he looked at her. I saw a mixture of pride, pride that he had landed such a gorgeous woman as his wife, as well as something else. A look that at first I couldn't place, until I had realized I had seen it before. Earlier that day in fact, with John. He felt pride for his hot wife, but there was a certain fear there as well. Fear of his wife, my mom. Fear and... intimidation. Mom intimidated him. Like she was too much woman for him and he knew it. Like he knew he was lucky to actually have her. Like he knew was lucky to still have her, that she hadn't traded up. That she had stuck around when she was destined for better things. That this whole arrangement could fall through at any moment. His expression said a thousand words, hidden under a layer of bravado. He was as owned by Mom as John was. As all her boyfriends were. As I was.

Mom dominated this relationship as she dominated all of her others. She wore the pants in this relationship. She had Dad by the balls, and he knew it.

Dad was right, though. She was truly a hell of a woman. And unlike him, I would never know it. I would never know what she is capable of. I would never be so lucky. I glanced at her mammoth jugs, and sighed as I realized I would never see them. Unless I came up with something remarkable. Some incredibly elegant plan, some bold gambit to make her mine. A plan so precise and subtle in its intricacies that there was no chance of failure.

What could I do?

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Chapter 4: See Mom's Tits

Okay, maybe I would never actually get to fuck my hot-bodied mother. Sure. I was about to pack it in and give up altogether on my plan to fuck her. But I vowed to myself, at the very least, that I would get to see her huge tits bare at least once. I had to. I had been too tortured by her not to at least get to see them once.

Even for a guy like me, a guy who wants to fuck his own mom, fuck her with my thick cock as hard as I could and fill all of her holes with my cum, even for a guy like that, this part of my journey with her felt

a little over the line. I mean, there was a certain honor in doing battle with her, trying to convince her to take off her clothes for me, conquering her in the process. But sneaking around, desperate to get a glimpse of her body without her knowledge, that felt a bit creepy to me. However, at this point, I was desperate.

Come to find out, Mom had an incredible talent for locking doors behind her. Every time she took a shower, or went to her room to change, I checked the doorknob, checking if it was locked. Like I said, it felt wrong to be trying to metaphorically leap out of the bushes just to see her naked body, and part of me was kind of relieved that it never came to the point where I had an unlocked door and had to decide what to do. I had no plan, other than to just barge in. Nothing more complex than that. But those doors were the only barrier between me and Mom's body. Mom would be in the shower, her body slick, her breasts covered with soap, her ass bare and her pussy exposed, but that sight was locked off to me.

Part of me considered just jumping forward and ripping her blouse apart, or just reaching out and groping her mammoth rack. But I talked myself out of that quickly. That felt over the line. That was, like, legit assault. I felt shame at even considering it. What was I doing? What had I been driven to, considering something like that? I realized then I had to step back, and really consider what kind of guy I was becoming.

I fancied myself as being a good person. But I was seeing depths of my character I didn't know I had. And it scared me. I had to take a step back and cool down.

Obviously, any thought of just groping her body was off the table. But I couldn't run from the fact that I was still obsessed with my mom's chest. And I would never be able to forget about them. I just... I needed to see them. I just needed one glimpse at them. If I wanted to see my mother's enormous breasts, I would have to find a way to get eyes behind those locked doors. Eyes in her room, eyes in the shower, eyes all over the house. If her body was exposed in this house, I wanted eyes on it.

That's how I found myself, about a week later, opening a box that just arrived in the mail. In the box were six small spy cameras. I only originally meant to buy just two, but then I talked myself into three, then four to be safe, then I noticed if you buy five, you get a sixth free. So I would be stupid not to do that. Now, I found myself with six small spy cameras. I spent a pretty penny on these, and hopefully, they would get the job done. Each camera was about the size of a AA battery chopped in half. They would have to be plugged in to be charged and were able to hold the charge for about 12 hours. Each held a small memory card where all the footage was recorded onto.

Once I figured out how to use them, I had to decide where to put them. I had to figure out where they would be most effective and the most hidden. When Mom was out, I placed one on the fancy trim around the mirror. In the shower, I placed one on the shower caddy next to the shampoo that only I used, so no one should be messing with stuff near that area. I stuck one in a decoration in the living room. I stuck one on the patio overlooking the pool in case Mom went out for another swim and another wardrobe malfunction occurred. I stuck one in my own room, in case Mom had some secret,

sexy ritual in my room when I was gone, like rubbing herself off in my bed or something like that. (Hey, I can dream.) With one camera left, I stuck it in the kitchen, on top of some random cookbook. So, the bait was placed, and now I had to wait for the results.

I wasn't able to recover the footage till the next day. And, unfortunately, the first day's results were kinda boring. By the time the cameras were placed, it was after Mom had showered, so there was no chance of seeing her soaped up tits. Plus, it was a Sunday, and Mom typically did chores on Sunday, so most of the footage was Mom dusting, cleaning, and watering the plants. When Mom changed for bed, it was out of sight of the camera, so I got nothing there. The best footage I got was a primo shot of Mom's cleavage when she was dusting in the living room.

But I was excited for the next round of footage. It would be footage of the house when Mom was alone. I would wake up early to turn on the cameras, and when I was at school, it was all I could think about. Mom, alone, all cooped up, with nothing to distract her from how horny she was. I couldn't wait to watch. I was rock hard just thinking about it.

Luckily, football practice ended early, so I was able to zoom home quickly. Mom was in the kitchen, working on prepping stuff for dinner later on. I said hi and took advantage of her being distracted, grabbing all the cameras I could, except for the one in the kitchen, obviously. Excitedly, I entered my room, locked the door, booted up my laptop and started examining the footage.

The first bit of footage I looked at was the living room stuff. On it, I watched Mom curled up on the couch, on her laptop, sipping a latte while watching TV. I fast forwarded through it quickly, noting nothing of importance. I swapped out memory cards, and found footage of my room. It was 10 hours or so of nothing. Mom didn't enter my room once, unfortunately. I put in footage of the pool next. And, I had some luck. Mom jumped in for a swim. I got some good footage of Mom in a bikini, her hard nipples against the wet fabric of her top, her flat belly exposed, water dripping down her body. But no wardrobe malfunctions, unfortunately.

The next footage I looked through was footage of the bedroom. I was on the edge of my seat watching this, knowing there was a good chance I could have some luck here. I zoomed through footage of Dad changing, cause no one wanted to see that. Dad left. I saw Mom get up, in her nightgown. I fast forwarded for a while. Then, she appeared.

She wore only a towel, tied around her tits, her body covered with a sheen of moisture. I watched her pad across the room. And then, just as she walked off-screen, I saw the towel drop. I saw a side view of her bare back just as she walked off screen. She was gone for a few moments, until she re-emerged. She was there, her still bare back to the camera. I watched her toss a top and a bra onto the bed as she moved towards it. Her hands now free, she reached down to her waist. As she moved closer to the bed, her lower half emerged. As it did, I saw Mom was pulling her tight jeans over her butt. As she did so, the top half of her thong-clad ass was exposed to me, but it quickly disappeared into the jeans. Only her top half was left bare. I watched her move towards the bed, towards her bra and top. I was

willing her to turn around, to let me finally see her rack in the flesh. She reached towards the bed, picking up her bra. 'C'mon.' I thought. 'Do it. Turn around!' I willed. Mom slipped the bra straps on, still facing the bed. She reached behind her, connected the bra deftly, and as she turned around, she used her fingers to pull the bra-cups into place, facing the mirror just as her tits were covered. I hit my fist into the desk angrily, knowing how close I just got. Mom pulled on her top and checked the fit into the mirror. She checked her cleavage before cupping her breasts lightly before smiling and stepping out of the room. The rest of the footage was boring and inconsequential. That left me with the final camera. The shower. This one had to yield results.

Again, I fast forwarded through Dad showering. I waited, and watched, waiting for Mom to appear. I saw some shadows through the glass door, and I knew it was time. I let the footage play normally. I watched. I saw the door slide open. I held my breath. I saw a bare, feminine leg step in. My eyes widened. And then, Mom entered the shower, facing the camera, and I gasped.

She was wearing a bikini. Are you fucking kidding me? Mom doesn't wear a bikini in the shower, does she? Trust me, she's not shy about her body. Why would she be doing this? I mean, sure, she still rocked the bikini like no one else could, but what was going on? She took the whole shower this way, washing her hair, and her body. When she went to wash her covered areas, she peeled the bikini back to give her hand room to wash. Finally, Mom turned off the faucet, effectively ending the shower. But then, she looked up, directly into the camera. She smiled teasingly at the camera, at me, and gave me a wink before stepping out of the shower.

I banged my fist on the table before gasping out loud. Mom knew. She knew about the cameras. She knew about them, and was teasing me. I'm sure my lack of seeing anything good was by design. I gritted my teeth, stood up and stomped downstairs.

This woman was unbeatable! It seemed like she was three moves ahead. Any angle I tried on her she deftly deflected. I was again baffled by her, wondering if any guy could out maneuver her. If she was on the football field, she would be a shut-down cornerback. If she were an army general, she would never lose. How could I crack her?

Mom's cocky smile adorned her face as she stood in the kitchen, awaiting my arrival, sipping a glass of water. I looked at her, annoyed, and her smile widened.

"How'd you know?" I croaked out.

"Hon, please." she began. "This is my house. I know everything that happens here. I know when somebody has been sneaking around here, doing things they shouldn't be doing."

I rolled my eyes.

"Hon, you've got to do a lot better than that. I mean, a lot better. What you want is not gonna happen, especially when your efforts are as

clumsy as this. It takes a lot to faze me, Tom. At least put some effort in next time." Mom said, polishing off her glass of water and setting it down on the counter between us. I didn't know what to say, so I remained quiet. "Go get the cameras. Bring them down here and give them to me. Okay?"

I looked right at her, holding her stare for a few moments. I stepped forward and looked at her. As I did, I reached forward and snaked my fingers around the empty glass she was drinking out of.

"Sure, Mom. I'll be right back. Give me a few minutes." I said, turning and marching back upstairs. So my plan with the cameras didn't work. This house was her home turf. But, she assured me that I couldn't faze her? Well, we'll see about that.

A few minutes later, I returned, ready to wipe Mom's smug smirk off her face. She walked over to face me and held her hand out over the counter. I smiled confidently.

"Here are the cameras." I said, dangling the cameras over her palm for a second before placing them in her palm.

"Thanks for doing what I asked, Tom." Mom said. "But, I am surprised you gave in so easily. I mean, if I were you, I would have at least kept trying. I mean, I'm not perfect or anything. There had to be some point where you could have got a glimpse of something good." she postulated, playing with the cameras in her palm. "But, I

guess that's why we're in here right now, and not in the bedroom." she said with a laugh. I smiled.

"Oh, yeah, I did forget one thing." I began. With my other hand I lifted up the thing I was holding under the counter. With a smirk, I slammed her glass back onto the counter, only now it was very, very full. In my few minutes apart from Mom, I had been quite busy. Mom looked down, her eyes wide, staring at the contents of the glass, awed by the sight of it. Shocked at the fact that the glass she had minutes before finished drinking from was now three-quarters full of my cum. Cum was literally dripping over rim, over the lip marks she had left there.

"Is that...?" she began.

"Mom, that is exactly what you think it is. That's about, um, 10 or so hour's worth. I rubbed one out this morning. And, I'm just gonna leave that right there. It doesn't faze you, right? So, it shouldn't bother you to lift that glass, feel how warm it is. See how full it is. Wonder if I could fill it to the brim with the right stimulus. I mean, it shouldn't faze you in the least to see your lip marks on the glass covered with my cum, right? Knowing where your lips were moments before now covered with your son's jizz. I'm gonna walk away and you can do whatever you want with it. But no matter what, you're gonna have to decide whether you're okay with still drinking out of your favorite glass even though you know it's been full of your son's cum." I said. I began to step away confidently. "But... like you said, you can't be fazed by me. I mean, it shouldn't even bother you to tip that glass back and just chug that cum down, right? It's gotta

be a pretty tempting sight for a woman like you. A glass full of a young guy's cum. I'm surprised you're not drooling."

"Ha ha." she said sarcastically, with a small, almost impressed smile. "Go clean yourself up." Mom called out. "You're filthy." I smiled, and as I turned to walk away, she looked down at the glass of my cum, looking at it appraisingly.

I gave her a few minutes, confident that I had in fact fazed her a little bit. I washed my hands, wiped the sweat from my brow and made my way back down to the kitchen, eager to see some hint of what Mom had done with the glass of cum I gave her. I stepped into the room, only to see her at the sink, running the glass under the faucet, scrubbing it out with a dishrag. She looked up at me as I entered. I raised an eyebrow at her, hopeful that she had disposed of the cum in the way I hoped she would. She laughed.

"I dumped it down the sink, you nasty, nasty boy." Mom said, clearly not disgusted at all.

"Sure." I replied arrogantly. "I totally believe you." she smiled back at me.

As I sat through dinner and I saw Mom eating, I couldn't help but wonder what she had actually done. She had probably just washed it down the sink like she said, but there was the small part of me that hoped that she had actually done what I wanted and chugged down my load like the cum-thirsty whore I just knew she was. She kept

glancing at me, smiling coyly. As she picked at her food, I couldn't help but wonder if she wasn't hungry due to the healthy dose of my jizz she just swallowed. But alas, as I retreated back to my room, I realized there was no way to know for sure.

I really wished I hadn't forgotten about that spy camera I left in the kitchen sitting on those cookbooks.

Chapter 5: Going All In

I knew I didn't have a lot of time, so I needed to finish fast. We were about to leave. I needed to get this out of my system, then I wouldn't be distracted the entire night.

I had one hand furiously stroking my cock as I stood next to my bed, one hand on the headboard holding me up. Me and Mom were about to meet Dad for dinner, and judging by the dress I saw Mom in and the amount of cleavage she had displayed, if I didn't take care of this now I would be throbbing later.

So there I was, my hand firmly gliding up my slick cock, trying to get this done with quickly. I usually liked to draw things out, make the pleasure last, and so doing this fast wasn't nearly as fun or pleasurable. But I had to do it. I had to have this pressure relief.

But it just wasn't happening. My cock was hard. My shaft was throbbing, but I just couldn't get myself over the edge. Maybe it was

because I was in a rush or I was almost expecting to be interrupted by Mom yelling out that we needed to go now. I kept stroking, but still nothing.

Then the door opened.

"Having fun?" she asked. Startled, I jumped and looked up. In my doorway stood Mom. She looked amazing in her black dress, the thin fabric flattering her body while looking comfortable and effortless. The thin straps of it left her arms bare and most of her upper chest exposed, showing off a healthy amount of cleavage without being indecent. The dress ended just above her knees, and she wore black high-heels, so her legs looked great. Her hands were on her hips, and she did not look happy.

I again had to take in how intimidating she could be. Mom had never been the disciplinarian, but if she had been, she would have scared the ever-loving shit out of me. I would have been terrified of her. I would have never crossed her. I could only imagine if Mom's life had gone a different direction, and if she used her talents for evil. I could see her being a dominant principal, or a cruel taskmaster of a CEO, or a twisted cunt of a dictator.

I wondered how Mom would act if she were put in a position of power. I imagine she would have been corrupted by it. She exploited the superiority and power she had over me, the power a parent had over their children, as much as she could. And that was a slight power, to be honest. By my age, parents and their children were essentially peers, our relationship dictated by the closeness of family

and less reliant on the guidance a kid needs in their youth. Mom had taken that slight power advantage and exploited it to its max, lording it over me. If Mom was in a position of real power over people, I think she would enjoy it. She would enjoy playing with people, like she played with me.

Her stacked body only added to her intimidation factor. Her body being so luscious and fit, curvy in the right areas, made her powers of intimidation. She used her sex appeal as a weapon and it was the most dangerous weapon she could use on a person.

Being under her disappointed stare, her body still sexy even in her anger, made me think again about John's words from awhile back. Mom was too much woman for any man to handle. No one man could handle her. Mom could probably take on a football team in the bedroom and be the only one left standing. I once again thought Mom might be right.

I couldn't handle her.

"You said to give you a few minutes... and this is what I find you doing?" she asked. She looked down at the shaft protruding outward, my hand wrapped around it. The best I could say is she didn't look unimpressed by my size.

"Mom, I..I..I..I.." I stammered. She looked at me for a minute as I froze under her gaze. She looked down at my dripping cock then back up to my eyes.

"You can't get off, can you?" she asked. With a red face, I shook my head no. She began to walk slowly into my room, confident that she was in complete control. "I read this article awhile back. It said that... when a man confesses a sexual infatuation with someone who is naturally in a position of power over them, say a boss... or a teacher... or even a mother, and when this woman of authority rebuffs their desire and tells them it's wrong, these men will naturally convince themselves this desire is wrong. But... they just can't get their minds off the women they desire. So, that leads to the problem where these men have all this... craving... built up inside, but there is this mental block that prevents them from letting this... desire... reach the surface. To put it simply, these women of power quite frankly own these men, from brain to balls." Mom said, circling around me slowly.

"And so these men have been told this is wrong, and they start believing it. They can't let themselves cum because they don't have permission." she began, as she moved around behind me. "And that's where you are at the moment. I told you this is wrong, this is just messed up, just so filthy, and you are starting to believe it." she said, moving in close behind me and lowering her voice. "So you can try all you like, you can stroke yourself stupid, but it won't work anymore." I was frozen as I felt her press herself against my back, her breasts billowing outward against me. "The only thing that can help you at this point is... me." she whispered in my ear, and as she did, I felt her fingers curl around the base of my shaft. As she continued speaking, her fingers tightened around me. "All you need is one... motherly... stroke." With that, her hand slowly, agonizingly gave my cock one long, firm perfect stroke. And it was perfect. Like a

musician expertly manipulating an instrument, my mother's hand drew the cum from my balls. As her firm, feminine hand traveled up my shaft, the cum followed it, traveling up my urethra, my cock swelling with want...and need. And finally, as her fingers reached the tip, and tickled that spot just under the head of my cock, she released her fingers. And it was as if she removed the stopgap.

"Fuck!" I grunted, falling back into her as streams of cum began firing from my cock, stream after stream of it. It went everywhere, hitting my carpet, the garbage can, and even my bed sheet. As I rode out this hard orgasm, Mom re-gripped my shaft and began to jack the cum out, each stroke rewarding her with jets of cum firing from me. And she was jacking hard and fast, so there was a lot of cum bursting from me. Finally, after a minute or so of cumming, the tension left my body and I began to relax. Mom guided me on to the bed and I sat down, catching my breath. I looked up at Mom as she examined her hand. A little bit of cum coated her fingers, and she studied them before looking down at me, looking almost disappointed at how completely she owned me.

"You have five minutes." she said. "Clean up, get changed, and then..." she began, looking down at the mess I had made. "When you get home, clean up your mess."

She stepped daintily around the cum soaked carpet and walked away. And as I looked up, I swear I saw her bringing her cum soaked fingers up to her mouth. I watched her plump lips open, about to take in her fingers, when...

I woke up.

Another dream about her. Now, the dreams felt almost too realistic. And that was almost far worse than the dreams where Mom was an oversexed, underdressed slut begging for my dick. The mom in my dreams had transformed. She started off as being someone similar to my normal mother. A sexed up version of her, sure, but still her. But now, in my dreams she had transformed into something else. Someone cruel. Intimidating. Callous and uncaring of my plight. Still my mother, but a different version of her. In my dreams, it felt like she was 10 feet tall, looking down at me like I was a mere peasant, not her son. Bossing me around, dominating me. She had become like a movie villain. The evil witch. The twisted temptress. The terrifying force of nature that could not be stopped.

But this wasn't the movies. This was real life. In the movies, the good guys win in the end, not get defeated over and over again, beaten to the point where they had no choice but to accept defeat. Was I the bad guy here, getting conquered and owned by the triumphant goddess? I mean, sure, I wanted to fuck my own mom and that's not the mark of most heroes. But, it felt so right to me. In my eyes, this was a just cause. I had only acted in reaction to her. She was the one on the attack. I opened the door, but she started the war.

Her reaction was disproportionate to the 'crime'. It was like stealing a candy bar and being sent to the electric chair. I had made an honest and embarrassing confession, and her reaction was so callous and over the line, teasing me to the point of insanity. She just kept coming after me, teasing me, even after she said she would stop. She couldn't

help herself. It was in her nature to do this, to be a tease. This was who she was. My confession had simply exposed it.

I had always seen my mom as warm and friendly and flirty, and I enjoyed that in her. And for the most part, she was still that way. When she had to be a regular mom, she could be. But I had exposed the dark side of her. She had shown her true self to me, exposed her true colors. She had shown a capacity for crossing the line to the point of being sadistic. Beyond her sexy, hot motherly veneer, she had the capacity to be scary in her skill of teasing me, demolishing me with a hint of cleavage and a cocky smile.

I didn't know what to do anymore. I was terrified of making a move for fear of her repercussions. Any move I made, she responded tenfold. I had to be sure of what I was doing. My aim had to be true to have any affect. Mom was confident in her skills, unflappable in her defenses, her will iron. She was unconquerable. Unbeatable. There was nothing I could do. I had no idea how to make her even flinch.

She was Goliath and I was David. I shouldn't have a chance with her. Mom said as much, as did John. But I wanted this to be like a movie. I wanted to be the conqueror, rising from the ashes of my failures. Mom had to be my rival. The confident, arrogant, seemingly unbeatable obstacle. She was so cocky because in her mind, I didn't have a chance. My story had to be me conquering her in the end. Right? It had to be. What kind of story would this be if I just got shot down in the end? I had to prove her wrong, prove myself right. I had to become better than her. Superior to her. And most importantly, I

actually had to be better. All I had at this point was confidence and that would not be enough to conquer her. I had to make her admit I was better, someway, somehow, to make this whole thing worth it.

But that seemed so far away. Mom seemed so unconquerable. I had done nothing to affect her. Everything was against me at the moment. Even my own mind was against me! Even in my dreams, Mom owned me. I didn't know what to do.

And the worst thing was, just like in my dream, I was running out of time.

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The one thing I needed to make Mom mine was time. I needed time to chip away at her defenses, develop a plan of attack, but time was running short. It was almost summer. Football season had ended long ago. We finished 12-1, losing in the state championships. Mom was at every game, jiggling and bouncing, but never anything more. And sure, she comforted me like a good mother would after we lost the title game, but she couldn't help but put some salt in the wound, telling me it's a shame I lost, because if I won the state championship, she would have had to give me her ass. So yeah, there was that.

We went through the holidays, Christmas and New Year's. I got through spring break just fine and I got through my school work without any issues.

Mom's behavior was still back and forth. I had no read on her anymore. Most of the time she would be cool and normal. But when opportunity struck, she did not hesitate to tease me, with either her hot body or teasing innuendo, and just the knife a bit. And when she did, just when I thought the game was over, she dragged me back in, making me again confront the fact that I could never have her. This game had gone way past cool a long time ago. I think Mom wanted me to get mad at her. Blow up at her and call her out on it. And God, I really wanted to. But I knew that when I did, she would know she had me wrapped around her finger. She would know she owned me. So I had to stay calm and disciplined, not let her know she was getting to me. Not giving her what she wanted. I had to find a way to get what I wanted. I could play along and be the good son when she was a good mom, but when she teased me, I had to be ready to respond. And while our first few interactions after my confession had been fun and thrilling, our interactions now had a harder edge. A lot of the humor was gone. She had worn that out of me.

Me and Mom had visited a bunch of colleges. Mom drew eyes wherever we went, and we found ourselves both invited to parties on campus. Our guides would be helpful, but whether they were male or female, they all found themselves distracted by Mom's beauty. Mom was very affectionate and hands on with me during these times, although no more than usual. But, when I left her unattended for even the slightest bit of time, I would return to find her swarmed with frat guys or college douchebags, and she would be just as flirty and hands on as she was with me. She knew how to drive me nuts without even talking to me. I adjusted and learned not to leave her on her own.

I decided on a school pretty quickly. Mom wanted me to go to one closer to where we lived, but I chose one a bit farther away while still in state. She really put the hard sell on me to go to the one closer by, and when I told her what she could do to change my mind, she let the issue go.

I tried to think up something new to get Mom to change her mind, but any angle I thought of yielded no results. So I found myself running out of ideas, and as school came to a close, I didn't know what I would do with myself cooped up with Mom for the summer. I didn't have any other moves to make. I tried to be more confident, more in control, more assertive, but it's hard to try to be those things. In the realm of high school, I was the cock of the walk. But against Mom, I was nothing.

So, on the last day of finals, I found myself at home, alone, with no idea what to do next.

Then... a plan literally came walking to the door.

It was around six o'clock. Dad was traveling for work and would be back the day before graduation. Mom was running some errands, and she called to say she got delayed. I had been watching TV when I took this call and as soon as I hung up, the doorbell rang.

Padding to the door, kinda beat from the pressure of exams, I opened the door to see a familiar face.

"Hey, Ms. G, what's up?" I asked. Ms. Graham was standing at the door, and she was dressed to kill. She had on a brown, button up blouse with a few buttons unbuttoned. She had a dark gray skirt which clung to her legs and ended a few inches above her knees. She also had on mesh stockings, which clung to her taut legs, and black high-heels. Her hair was done-up and looking very good.

"Hey, Tom, what's up?" she said.

"What brings you here?" I asked.

"Is your mom here?" she asked.

"Oh, she just called. She said she is running super late. Were you guys supposed to meet?" I asked.

"Yeah, did she not mention it?" she asked.

"No, not really. She might have forgot." I said.

"Well, we did set this up a few weeks ago. I should give her a call." Ms. Graham said. "Can I come in?"

"Yeah, of course." I said, stepping aside, letting her pass. Her perfume hit my nose and sent shivers through me. As I closed the door, she looked back and took a glance at me.

Thoughts were flying through my brain. Mom had turned my cool, relaxed nature into that of a hardened war general. All I could think about now were tactics, strategy, a plan of attack. A plan was clicking into place. This was my next move. Right in front of me. Looking at Ms. Graham, I tried not to appear too distracted.

"You look relaxed." she said with a laugh as she retrieved her phone. I looked down. I was barefoot, wearing a t-shirt and shorts.

"Hey, school's out. I'm done. I get to relax and sit on my ass and do nothing for the entire summer." I said.

"Well, don't get too crazy." she said with a smile as she dialed her phone. I backed into the living room as I heard her get a hold of Mom. I listened to her side of the conversation.

"Hey, hon." Ms. Graham said. "Yeah, I'm at your place... yeah, I was starting to figure that... no, it's okay, that's fine. When are you gonna get back...hmm... well, I don't know if it's worth me heading back home then coming back... well, it's a lot easier just taking one car... I could just stay here, have Tom keep me company... don't worry, I can handle him... okay, I'll see you then... alright Tanya, bye."

As she talked to Mom, I looked at her. No other student got to see her like I did. I got to see her in her night-ware, all sexed up for a night on the town. She wore clothes that clung to her, showed off her assets. I watched her, with her back to me, bouncing her leg lightly.

Her doing so caused her butt to jiggle ever so slightly. That jiggle was enough for my plan to be set in motion.

I was gonna fuck Ms. Graham.

Not only because she was crazy hot, but it served the greater plan as well. I couldn't make a dent on Mom's defenses. But, I could attack her allies. I could fuck her best friend. I could fuck Ms. Graham so well that she becomes more attached to me that to my mom, her best friend. Mom kept telling me my maneuvers wouldn't work on any real woman, just teenage sluts. But if I could get Ms. Graham at the end of my cock, I would prove how expansive my talents of seduction and sex were. Ms. Graham was a real woman, and landing her would show Mom what I was capable of. I could fuck Mom's friend, steal her friend from her, and show her the damage I could do. Make her pay just a little bit for what she's putting me through. I could ruin Mom's friendship, piss her off, and get what would no doubt be the best pussy I had ever had.

How could I resist?

"Well, Tom," Ms. Graham called out, turning her attention to me, "Looks like I'll be sticking around here for a little bit till your mom gets back." I stood up as she joined me in the living room, her heels clicking on the floor. As I did, I gave her the once over again. Everyone at school viewed her as severe and bitchy, and it was amazing how differently I viewed her. She was always warm and friendly to me and far less intimidating than she was to everyone else. Looking at her, I didn't feel fear or intimidation. I looked at her

like I looked at any woman I thought was hot. And Ms. Graham was very hot. Her clothes flattered her form. Her legs looked long. Her ass looked round and juicy. And her breasts looked huge. Her rock-hard nipples showed through her top.

Ms. Graham wasn't just a friend of my mom's anymore. She was in my crosshairs, and it was time to treat her like all the other women I intended to bed.

It was time to turn on the charm.

"Cool." I replied, welcoming her to the living room, inviting her to sit down. She began to walk towards the couch.

"So, you survived your last year of high-school?" she asked with a smile.

"Yeah, Ms. G. And you survived another year of students awkwardly flirting with you." I replied. Ms. Graham laughed loudly at this.

"Yeah, Tom. And they were so close to wearing me down this time." she said sarcastically.

"Maybe next year." I replied, sitting down on the love seat. As she sat on the couch, she replied.

"Yeah, maybe... maybe next year, someone will finally cash in on the bet." Ms. Graham said coyly.

"Oh, so you know about that?" I asked with a smile.

"You mean, the bet about who will be the first student to do me? Yes, I've heard." Ms. Graham said. "What do they win, anyway? Money?"

"You know, I don't really know. Respect, I guess. Legendary status in the school. But Ms. G, in your case, I'm sure the journey would be far better than the goal." I said. She cocked her head, raised an eyebrow, and smiled.

"You're smooth, Tom. You need to be careful with that. You're gonna get in trouble in college." Ms. Graham said. "Which by the way, I heard the good news! You're going to my alma mater! USC! Hopefully, you'll make us fellow Trojans proud."

"Yeah... I can't wait." I said with a smile.

"You gonna play football there?" she asked.

"Nothing official or anything, but I might be a walk-on." I replied.

"Awesome!" she said with a smile. "Hopefully, I see you out on the field."

"You go to the games?" I asked.

"I don't get there as often as I want to. But I absolutely make it up there for Homecoming. I meet up with old friends there. We should definitely meet up whenever I'm up there. We can get dinner or something." she offered.

"Sounds like a plan, Ms. Graham." I said.

"Tom, you can call me Casey." she said for the thousandth time.

"Ms. Graham, I don't know if I'll ever feel normal calling you Casey." I said to her.

"Well, maybe once you're out of school here for a while, you can get used to it." she said. She paused and looked at me, shaking her head. "Look at you. I knew you when you were this tall!" she said, holding her hand about three or four feet in the air. "Now, going to SC. Maybe playing football. And you're a smooth operator, hon. Like I said before, you'd better be careful. A guy like you could get into a lot of trouble."

"I hope so." I replied. "I love trouble."

"Who doesn't?" Ms. Graham replied deftly.

"Well, Ms. Graham, you shouldn't. You're a teacher. A responsible member of society. You can't be getting into trouble. Tearing up the town with my mom." I said.

"Hey, don't worry. I keep it classy out in public. The only trouble I get into is behind closed doors." Ms. Graham said coyly.

"Oooh, so tell me a bit more about this trouble you get into?" I asked, leaning in. She laughed.

"I don't think so. That discussion is for adults only." she said.

"Hey, I'm an adult now." I began. She rolled her eyes. "Should I ask my mom? Does she know?" I asked.

"Yeah, you do that." Ms. Graham replied with a laugh. "And besides, I get into far less trouble these days. I've got a boyfriend now."

"Yeah, I heard about that. Some successful doctor or something?" I asked.

"Yeah, he's a surgeon. He works a lot, though, leaving me free to live it up with my girls." she replied.

"Well, maybe he should work less. Who knows what trouble you might get up to going out into town without him?" I said.

"I can handle myself." she replied.

"I bet you can." I said. A bit of a silence fell before I spoke up again. "So what do you guys do when you go out?"

"Usually go out for a few drinks. Nothing too crazy." she said.

"No flirting with boys?" I asked.

"Haha... not anymore at least. Before I met Ron, sure, maybe a little bit of flirting and dancing." she said.

"Did Mom partake as well?" I asked. She smiled.

"You know your mom better than I do. She's such a shameless flirt she does it all the time. I just have to keep up." she said. "But don't get the wrong idea. She was just playing around. She didn't cross any lines or anything like that."

"I know." I began. "Trust me, I know." Another pause arose between us, before I spoke up again. "So, a doctor, huh?" I asked.

"Yeah." she said with a nod. "And he's great. We got set up by a friend, and he's really nice. It's not every day you date one of the best spinal surgeons in the world."

"Wow." I said. "Is this the guy who's gonna end Ms. Graham's days of being single?"

"I don't know about that. We've only been together a few months, so it's not like we're exactly set to walk down the aisle. Plus, he's a bit older than what I'm used to..." she said.

"How old is he?" I asked.

"He's like, uh, 45 or so." she answered.

"Oh." I replied. "You're not into older guys?"

"Not typically. I mean, I don't discriminate. I don't mind there being a few years difference, but I've never been with a guy this much older than me. But like I said, things are going great, so what do I know?" she said.

"You prefer younger guys then?" I asked.

"Wait, wait, wait..." she began with a smile. "Don't... don't take this like I'm saying I date younger guys. Don't go telling all your friends

that. Give it a few days then the story will be that I love banging 18-year-olds and their big 18-year-old... uh, muscles."

"I would never imply that. I would never tell my buddies you're a fan of 18-year-old guys and their big... muscles." I said. She tossed a pillow at me. I dodged it deftly. Regaining my composure, I continued. "But, do you typically go for younger guys?" I asked again.

"Like I said, I don't discriminate." she replied.

"'l'll take that as a yes." I said. I suddenly felt another pillow being tossed at my head.

"Okay, enough about me. I've probably already said too much." Ms. Graham began with a laugh. "How about you? Any girl you're interested in?"

"Uh..." I began, thinking about how to approach this. I thought for a few seconds before deciding, what the hell. "Uh, yeah, there is."

"Oh, yeah? Tell me about her. Anyone I know?" she said.

"Um..." I began. "Probably not." I lied. "But yeah, there is a girl I'm interested in. She's a bit, uh, a bit older. And... she's the total package. But... she's giving me nothing back. She's making me jump through

hoops. She's the type that likes to toy around with guys." I said. Ms. Graham nodded, knowing the type. "I'm not sure where this ends. Is she just playing with me or is there a prize at the end? I mean, she's gotta be into it. She's got to. I think she's the type that wants to be conquered. She wants to be, you know, seduced. She wants a guy to earn it."

"Is she, like married or something? Cause, I've known a few like that and they've always been married." Ms. Graham said.

"Um..." I began. "No comment."

"Tom." she said warningly. "You are playing a dangerous game here. You should know better."

"Trust me, I do, but like I said... I love trouble." I said.

"Tom, I've known you for years, and look at you now. All I'll say is that this is very adult stuff you're dealing with here. And you're just 18. You have your whole life ahead of you. There are a lot safer waters to seek." she said.

"That's the problem. She thinks I'm a boy. And trust me, I'm not." I said.

"Tom," she began, "I hate to tell you this, but you are still just a boy."

"I'm not!" I said firmly, taking her aback again. "I'm all grown up." she smiled.

"Grown-ups don't have to prove it, Tom." she replied. "There is a difference between wanting to be something and actually being something."

"Then, how do I change the conversation?" I asked. "How do I stop getting seen as one thing and start being seen as the other?" She shrugged.

"There's no magic formula. It's just a thing that happens. Maybe stop trying to make it happen, and let it happen. Things happen in time. It can't be avoided forever. What you want will come. You just have to stop looking for it." Ms. Graham said.

"So, you're saying... step back and let things happen naturally?" I asked.

"Yes." she replied. I sighed. It was good advice, and I would take it in and think about. Little did she know, she was contributing to my plot to fuck my own mom, her friend, but she didn't need to know about that.

"But I want it now." I whined sarcastically. She laughed.

"And you wonder why you are still seen as a boy." she joked.

"Sorry to get heavy there." I said.

"Don't worry about it." she said. "But, I'm still single, technically, so what do I know?"

Despite the serious nature of the conversation, my plan was to still bang her. I was thinking on the fly here, but I knew I had to change the direction of conversation a bit.

"So, what you said is one way to do it." I replied. "But in all seriousness, what if I can't be patient? What if time is against me? Is there a more direct approach?"

"Well, maybe for some people. I can only speak for myself." I replied.

"But what you're saying is all in a bubble. An ideal. Nice, but impractical. And I kinda don't believe in it." I began. "But you can't say a lot of girls have that much patience. Whenever I look at a problem, I think that there has to be a solution. When I look at a girl, I think the same thing. No matter who she is, there has to be a combination of words and actions I can do to, uh, you know, get with her."

"That's an... interesting idea." Ms. Graham said.

"And, if you can get something to happen in three weeks, you can probably make it happen now, right?" I asked.

"I think you're oversimplifying things." she began. "Time changes people and context."

"Yeah it does, but it doesn't really matter. You take one look at a person and you know whether or not you would ever be with them. You may tell someone you're not interested, but you've already made that mental checkmark that decided instantaneously if you would hook up with someone or not. So my question is... why wait? Why put it off? Why play this game if you both are rooting for the same thing, especially when the only changes will be, you know, cosmetic?"

Ms. Graham took a long pause before laughing lightly.

"You've clearly put some thought into this." she said. "I can't say I've never led a guy on a bit. And sometimes... there might be a 2% chance I would ever be with someone, but sometimes, it's fun to see a guy humble himself and work a bit. I will say I've become more interested in a guy when I see him take the time to work, to put in the effort."

"But why wait then? You've already decided you would be willing to hook up with this guy, then why mess around? Why not take what you both want?" I asked. She smiled.

"You're trying to make it sound simple, but it's more complicated."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Context changes everything." she said. "A guy could be super cute, super nice, but he could either be a lawyer, or a homeless bum on the street. Things change with context. Somebody might be cute, but I might not hook up with someone if he was my boss, or coworker," she began.

"Or student." I interjected. She sighed.

"Yes, or a student. But, if he was some stranger, from a different place in the world, a different context, those doors might be open." she said.

"But either way, the decision's already made. You've already made up your mind about this person. The only thing deciding your level of interest is the circumstance. You spin webs to tell yourself you're not interested when you are. So why not ignore the context?" I asked.

"Cause you can't." Ms. Graham said. "You can't ignore those things when dealing with another person. That's how society works."

"But do you think this context can be overcome? Can you convince someone to ignore it?" I asked.

"I'm sure it's possible. It's hard, but I suppose it's possible." she said.

"So then you agree with me! It is possible, through some words or actions, to get someone to ignore their preconceived notions, ignore what society says and just do what they want?" I asked.

"Theoretically, yes, I guess." she replied.

"Take you, for example, and this whole silly bet thing..." I began. "It is against the rules, against all ethics for you to hook up with a student. But would you agree that it is theoretically possible that some student of yours could do just the right thing to make you forget about all that other stuff?"

"Well, I'm guessing it's possible. It would take something a hell of a lot more that what I've seen out of any student before, but it is theoretically possible, I guess." Ms. Graham said. "I think the bigger the barrier, the more work it would take to break it down quickly. The Grand Canyon didn't form in a week. It took millions of years of erosion."

"I don't have a million years." I replied.

"But you do have a couple years." she said. "You can be patient. Taking your time is always the best policy, in my opinion."

There was a long pause before she shook her head and smiled.

"Wow, Tom. Little did I know I could have a philosophical conversation about the nature of relationships with the high-school quarterback. That was fun! I'm impressed." she marveled.

"Hey, I'm full of surprises." I said. I stood up and stretched, my shirt lifting up a bit, showing off my fit torso to Ms. Graham's hopefully greedy eyes. I stepped over towards the couch.

"You want anything to drink or something?" I asked.

"No, I'm good. Thanks, though." she replied.

"So..." I began, checking my non-existent watch. "Mom's gonna be awhile. What are we gonna do to pass the time?" I asked with a cocky smile. She looked at me inquisitively.

"Don't get any ideas." she said with a warm smile. I held up my hands and smiled.

"Well, you did say there was a chance." I replied, sitting close to her arrogantly, putting my arm on the couch behind her. She rolled her eyes and readjusted herself, moving a bit away from me.

"Don't embarrass yourself, Tom." she said, amused. "I must say, I agree with your mystery crush. You're still a boy. Stick to girls your own age."

"I already stuck it to all the girls my age in school." I said proudly. "I'm looking for a challenge."

"Ewww." Ms. Graham said. "I didn't need to hear that. And... besides, judging by the girls in your class, that's not that impressive of an accomplishment."

"Wow, Ms. Graham. Look at you, judging your students so harshly." I replied.

"Hey, I'm still human." she began. "Just because I'm their teacher doesn't mean I ignore the facts. It's actually my job not to ignore the facts."

"Hey, you would be surprised about the girls I've been with." I bragged.

"I don't want to know." she said, grossed out by this line of conversation.

"I think Carrie Mulder was in your class, right? One of your favorite students... one of the, like, five girls who took your AP Calculus class? The valedictorian?" I said.

"Yeah, right." she said, now interested once I mentioned one of her favorite students. "No offense, but I don't see her as your type."

"Well, like I said..." I began, reaching for my phone and scrolling through it, before turning it so she could see. "I'm full of surprises."

"Ewww. Ew ew ew..." she repeated, glancing at my phone before turning away, standing up and backing away in disgust. On my phone was a picture was Carrie's cute, smiling face, coated with my cum. "I did not need to see that! That's gross, Tom."

"Hey, you doubted me." I replied, nonplussed. "Like I said, I'm full or surprises." I repeated.

"You're clearly full of something." she replied.

"You have no idea." I replied with a smirk.

"I think I should go. Clearly, you've lost it." Ms. Graham said, stepping towards the table to grab her purse. As she reached out to grab it, I stepped between her and the table. Her outstretched hand jolted back, coming dangerously close to my crotch. She stood up and straightened her blouse. Annoyed, she looked at me.

"Tom." she warned, the humor in her voice gone as her tone became more firm. "Stop this now while you can still pass it off as a bad joke."

"I'm not joking, Casey." I began, slowly approaching. "Trust me, I've seen it from for a while now. You flirting with me. Twirling your hair. Winking. I know you want it. Let's just cut through the bullshit and do this."

"Keep dreaming Tom," she began with a sneer. "I've dealt with cocky little shits like you for ten years now. And not one even got close."

"Well, I was never in your class." I replied. "You want to know why the guys always went after you?" I began, walking slowly towards her. "It's not just cause you're smoking hot and you're packing those giant DD's." she nodded, clearly slightly impressed that I had guessed her cup size. "It's cause you are clearly gagging for it. They can smell it on you. I think you're hornier than we are. I think you're exactly like the woman I'm pursuing. You love playing games. You want to be conquered. You want a student of yours to step up and take you like you a man." Ms. Graham listened intently as I spoke. "You said there was only a small chance, but you admit there is a chance. You want it, cause you know how hot it would be. Some brash, arrogant, 18-year-old douchebag charming the pants off you.

You're such a smart, bright, professional woman. You're dating a rich, talented surgeon, but there's that nagging part of you that knows you would risk it all just to get railed by some dumb, dickhead high-school football player with a huge cock."

Ms. Graham's eyes were glassy with lust, so I knew I was hitting a nerve. Her butt bumped into the glass kitchen table, and I stopped a few feet in front of her. I pressed on, going on the offensive.

"Just admit it, Casey." I began. "Admit I'm right. I can see it on you. You're a bitch to any student who hits on you. You push them all away but you want to pull them closer. You're gagging for it. You can't stop thinking about it. The thought of a teacher fucking a student drives you wild. You go every week to the bar and shake your hot ass and those big fucking tits and hope you run into one of those high-school studs you want so much. You hope they see you slutting it up on the dance floor. You told me you like guys who take it nice and slow, but deep down, you want it hard and fast, don't you? Don't you?" I asked firmly, stepping in close, our bodies inches apart.

I looked at her. She was breathing deep. Her red hair was shimmering past her shoulders. Her nipples were pointing at me through her top. Her plump lips parted slowly, a single band of spit connecting them before snapping. Her head moved to my ear and she began to whisper.

"You asked me before if I preferred older men. I told you I didn't discriminate." she paused, moving her lips millimeters from my ear.

I could feel her breath on me as she whispered airily into my ear. "But... I lied. You're right... I do like younger guys. I love it when you young guys, my students or... frat guys from the college... I love it when they hit on me. I love it when they ignore the girls their own age in favor of a real woman like me. I love it when they have to go home and pleasure themselves to the thought of me."

My dick throbbed at this confession. I pressed on.

"How often do you partake in the meats of a younger man?" I asked.

"Not often enough." she whispered. "Never with a student, but I have thought about it. But they're too weak. They don't have the balls to get the job done."

"But I do..." I began. "You know I do."

"I know." she whispered, pulling her head back. "That's why I have to leave, before I do something I regret." she added, her voice reaching normal level again.

She stepped to my side and walked around me. As she walked to grab her purse, I spoke out.

"Ah, I knew it!" I called out excitedly. "I knew you had a thing for me!"

She looked back at me and smiled.

"You're mom has no idea what a filthy young man she raised." she said with a smile.

"I think she has an idea." I replied. I looked at her, waiting for her to admit the truth.

"You're a good looking young man... okay? You're hot! Okay? You happy? But, you're a student, and my friend's son, so you are off limits." she stated, grabbing her purse.

"But that makes it better, doesn't it?" I began. "Doing something forbidden... something so nasty... so filthy... so wrong... breaking the rules just to get in my pants... that makes it so much hotter." Her eyes gazed lustily at me for a second before she shook herself from her thoughts.

"Goodbye, Tom." she said, spinning on her heels, and walking towards the door. Moving deftly, I sprinted the other way, sliding in front of the front door just before she reached it. She stopped and looked at me with a smile.

"Tom, this can't happen." she began. "Now please, step aside."

"You don't want me to do that, Casey." I began. "You don't want to go anywhere."

"Tom..." she began, putting her hand on my shoulder, feeling my firm muscle lightly with her fingers. "Ask me in a few years. Then we'll talk." she teased.

"You don't want to wait." I began. "You want it now. Just like I do. What you said before was bullshit. You want to be conquered... swiftly... efficiently... and completely. You want to go upstairs, right now, and finally see the inside of a student's bedroom."

"Tom... please. Step aside." she asked impatiently. Looking at her, I paused and nodded.

"Fine. But... just one thing." I began. Before she could move, I reached down and lifted my shirt up quickly, pulling it over my shoulders, tossing it away, leaving myself bare-chested in front of her. Her eyes couldn't help but lustily consume my exposed tan pecs and abs. "You can leave, Casey. But before you do, all I ask is that you give my abs one... innocent... feel. What's the harm in that?"

"Tom, please..." she begged. Before she could say otherwise, I grabbed her wrist firmly and pulled her hand till her outstretched palm was pressed against my abs. She turned her head to look away, but her fingers squeezed my abs lightly. I stepped aside, leaving room for her to open the door, but keeping her hand on my abs. Her fingertips rubbed against my stomach lightly as she stepped

forward, not looking at me and grabbing the doorknob. She pulled the door open slightly, and I spoke up.

"You like my abs, Casey? You like feeling the high school quarterback's abs?" I seethed out. Instead of just stepping out the door, she turned to glance at me. Her eyes appreciated my fit form again, the only clothes I had left on was the loose pair of shorts I was wearing. Her eyes followed those muscles on my lower belly that point the eyes towards my crotch.

"You're not a student anymore." she stated.

"Well, I graduate in three days, so until then I am." I began. She stood, poised at the open door, her hand still fingering my abs. "So, I can still help you live your little fantasy. You can still fuck a student. Admit it. You want someone to win the bet... and you're rooting for me to get the job done. You want me to win. Don't you?"

She looked at me, her eyes leering at me hungrily. She could walk away at any time, walk out the door and leave me hanging. At this point, I couldn't stop her. But she couldn't tear her eyes away. Her hand traveled lower, her fingers running past my belly button, her fingers sliding towards the hem of my shorts. I felt the pads of her fingers running in the area between my belly button and my crotch, running back and forth teasingly. Eventually though, she pulled her fingers back.

"Tom..." she warned softly, the door still open. She opened it slightly wider, ready to step out. She turned her head to leave when I called out to her.

"Casey!" I said. "Does this change your mind?"

She glanced back, just in time to see me reach down and scoop out my pulsing meat into the open air.

"What the fuck!?" Casey yelled out, slightly laughing in shock, jumping back in fear, accidently slamming the door shut behind her. "Jesus, Tom! What the fuck is that thing??"

Her eyes were wide in shock as she stared at my throbbing shaft. It was rock hard and pointed right at her. He eyes consumed every nook and cranny of my smooth, bare cock that was hanging over the hem of my shorts.

"This doesn't change things right?" I asked, taking one step forward. She was backed against the door, as far away as she could get from me. From it. She might be afraid of it, but that did not stop her from looking at it hungrily. "You're a professional woman. A teacher. I'm just some dumb boy. An 18-year-old who should wait a few years. Isn't that right? You should be better than this. Letting a dumb jock back you into a corner like this. Make you drool like this. Isn't that right? Or maybe, taking a look at what I'm packing changes things? You know now how much of a man I truly am, don't you? I'm more of a man than anyone you've ever met. And you're a nasty, filthy slut

who wants to get demolished by some young, hard cock. Aren't you? Tell me, Casey!" I said, confidently, approaching her slowly, on the offensive. I looked at her and she looked at me.

I felt her fingers running across my abs again, near my belly button. They worked their way down lower, towards my meat, before veering off to the side slightly. I felt two of her fingers snake past the hem of my shorts, curl back against them, and with a firm tug, she pulled me towards her, till her chest pressed into mine, her face inches from mine.

"It's Ms. Graham." she whispered huskily, almost sneering. I smiled arrogantly. In the span of a second, she leapt into my arms, her lips meeting mine fiercely. As soon as her soft lips pressed into mine, they immediately parted, and she forced her sinewy tongue into my mouth. Our tongues mashed together, our saliva mashing together as I made out with this hot bodied teacher. Her hands clawed at my bare back as mine surrounded her, putting one on her back and the other taking a greedy handful of her juicy ass. Her body pressed roughly into mine as she backed me up until my back hit a wall hard, causing the wall decorations to rattle. I sucked at her tongue as she sucked on mine, our lips mashed together forcefully. I let my other hand slide down to cup her ass as well, squeezing it roughly. I pulled my lips from hers and leaned down to her neck, sucking at it.

"Oh, fuck!" she moaned out, clawing at my scalp. She rubbed her hands along my firmly muscled back appreciatively. I nibbled at her neck fiercely, grinding against her as I did so. "Tom...Tom... hold on... wait." I kept going, fearing she was trying to push me away. "Tom!"

she called out, forcing my head back so I was staring at her lust-filled face. She was gasping hard as we shared this moment. Finally she spoke up.

"Tom..." she said huskily. "Take me up to your room and fuck me!"

Seething with lust, I reached down and took the back of her nylon clad knees and lifted her up. She wrapped her legs around my hips as her lips met mine again. The smell of her perfume hit my nose, and the pleasure I was feeling made her feel weightless in my arms. Muscles flexing, I walked towards the stairs, and effortlessly began to climb them, making out with my mom's hot-bodied friend as I did so. We kept making out as I climbed the stairs and rushed impatiently to my room. Once inside, I let her go, her heels landing on my carpet as she looked at me with lust in her eyes. She took a hold of the front of my shorts again and dragged me towards the bed. She pushed me to a sitting position on the edge of my mattress and stood in front of me. This allowed her to just look down and appreciate what I was packing.

"Holy shit." she said, her eyes going cross-eyed as she stared down the length of my thick meat. For a few moments, she studied it, appreciating its size. "That's the biggest fucking cock I've ever seen!" she gasped out in awe. I let my shorts and briefs drop to the floor. She tilted her head, studying it from different angles. "Jesus, look at those balls." she mused to herself. I reached down and gave myself one firm stroke.

"Is this what you want?" I said. "What you've been dreaming about?"

"You have no idea." she said hurriedly, kicking off her heels as she ripped out her tucked in blouse and began to furiously unbutton it. "I have got to suck your cock." she gasped out.

"The doc doesn't match up?" I asked cockily.

"Not even close." she said with a laugh. "He's got your bank account beat, though." she added, her belly button appearing behind her parted blouse.

"I think we know what matters more to you." I said, slowly pumping my cock. She smiled wickedly. Her fingers deftly unbuttoned her blouse, till finally, she ripped apart her blouse, exposing her bra-clad breasts to me. The bra was snug on her, making her breasts practically explode out of it. Her nipples showed through the lacy black fabric, and the overworked bra-straps dug into her shoulders. I looked at her sexy thin, trim belly, and another rush went through me.

She began to tug on her thin skirt, and as she did, more and more of her tiny black panties emerged. I shook my head at this. Ms. Graham was by far the hottest woman I had ever fucked, well about to fuck. Plus, she was the first older woman I would be banging. But hopefully, she would not be the last.

Her skirt puddled at her feet, leaving her clad only her black bra, black thong panties, and dark stockings. My mouth was probably

gaping open, gazing at one of the teachers at my school dressed like a porn slut. I had never been harder in my life.

"I hope you live up to your hype." Ms. Graham said, reaching behind her back. Deftly, she unhooked her bra, and her massive breasts burst forward, causing her bra to spring down her arms onto the floor. My eyes widened. Finally, after so long, I was seeing Ms. Graham's massive bare breasts. I was the first student to get the job done, to convince Ms. Graham to take off her clothes and show off the goods. And I was seeing the goods first hand.

Ms. Graham's tits were enormous! If I didn't have a mom with mammoth FF-cup tits jiggling around the house, these would have been the biggest tits I could ever imagine seeing. They were full and round, yet still perky and firm. Her nipples pointed outward, and her breasts jiggled slightly with each slight movement. Her rack was pale and creamy, like the rest of her skin, and her flat belly really enhanced their size.

"You like?" she teased, grinning proudly, cupping her arm under her jugs.

"Biggest I've ever seen." I replied, as she bent over to slide her thigh-highs down. "Leave them on." I ordered, and she smiled lustily and obeyed. She moved towards me and got on her knees in front of me, between my spread legs. She put her hands on my bare thighs and slid them upward. I sighed in pleasure as I felt her fingers curl around the base of my shaft. Her mouth opened in a sigh as she gazed at my throbbing cock and gave it a slow stroke.

"Oh my God! I love this big teenage dick!" she moaned out.

"You've wanted this for a while, haven't you? Admit it!" I seethed out. She sighed as she jacked my dick slowly.

"If the question is, do I find you sexy?" she began, staring up at me. "If I noticed how hot and buff you were getting every time I visited here? If I noticed how hot your ass looked in your football uniform? If I ever wondered if your dominance on the football field translated to the bedroom? If the thought of licking the sweat off your abs ever crossed my mind? The answer is yes."

With that, she lowered her head towards my crotch, putting all her focus on my manhood. Her mouth opened and as I felt her warm breath on the tip of my cock, my head fell back. I glanced back down just in time to see her open mouth surround my dick, allowing it entrance. I felt her tongue graze along the bottom of my shaft as her spit dripped onto me. Finally, I felt her plump lips close around shaft, forming a perfect seal. Her tongue mashed against the underside of my shaft, and her cheeks hollowed as she began to suck.

"Ahhhh, fuck!" I grunted out. I looked down to see my cock buried halfway in my mom's best friend's mouth. Her tongue was swirling, and she lowered her mouth even farther on my dick, inhaling my cock. "Fuck!" I grunted, resting my hand on her head as she bobbed on my shaft. "Ms. Graham, you know how to suck some cock." I complimented. "God damn!"

She lifted her mouth off my dick, the top half soaked with her spit.

"I've had a lot of practice." she panted out. She resumed sucking me, attacking my cock fiercely, choking herself on my sizable meat.

She was so good at this! She sucked cock hard, inhaling it like she meant it. She bobbed deeply and smoothly, taking more of my cock down her throat. She sucked on my penis like it was the best thing she had ever tasted. She reveled in the act, as if she was born to do this. The sensation of her plump lips wrapped around my shaft was almost enough to make me lose it. She looked up, holding my gaze as she attacked my pole. She took more of my cock down her throat than any other girl ever had. High school girls were so dainty about it. This was a first for me. An older woman. A real woman. And she was not afraid. She knew how to do it and do it right. She attacked my big dick like a starving woman, sucking long and hard, trying to savor every bit of flavor my thick cock provided. She was unflinching in her efforts as she gave me a deep, smooth, wet and hard blowjob, her spit dripping down my shaft to my balls. I didn't know if I could go back to dainty, tentative, 18-year-old girl blowjobs anymore.

"I'm gonna tell everyone about this." I told her. She smiled around my cock as she sucked me. I had no plans to actually tell any friends about this, but it sounded hot. She lifted her mouth off my dick and mushroom tip, her copious drool soaking my cock and connecting it to her wet, hot mouth.

"I hope you do." she panted, kissing the underside of my cock fiercely. "I hope you let the whole school know what a slut I am!" The thought clearly turned her on too. And she dove back to work, greedily sucking me again, taking a good 8 inches down her tight throat. Her palm cupped my balls, her fingers gently manipulating them, adding to the pleasure I was feeling. She used the hand on my balls to spread her spit around the rest of my shaft, coating what was left with her saliva.

I looked up at the mirror next to my door. The reflection I saw was thrilling. Me, naked, a light sheen of sweat coating me, my firm, lean muscles looking awesome. The only part obscured in the reflection was my cock. And that was due to the kneeling figure in front of me. Looking at the reflection, I saw the back of the red-haired woman's head bobbing in my lap, not seeing her face, just watching her work. Seeing her crimson hair fall onto my thighs and her being so engrossed in the act of sucking my dick that she didn't bother tucking it behind her ears affirmed in my mind what a sex-vixen she truly was. Her firm, bare back looked stunningly sexy. She was up on her knees, her hands clawing my thighs as she blew me. But the best part of seeing this reflection was getting my first good look at Ms. Graham's fabulous thong-clad ass as it directly faced the mirror. The black string threading between her cheeks was microscopic, so her ass was practically bared to me. Each cheek was round and full and fleshy in just the right way. Hers was an ass you just wanted to grab and squeeze and not take your hands off of. In her position, her cheeks parted naturally I could see her asshole behind the tiny piece of string, and it looked nice and hot and tight. Seeing a teacher so exposed, having her kneeling in my bedroom, exposing her asshole to me, it was a thrilling sight. And lastly, seeing her long firm legs covered in those smooth thigh-highs added to this teacher's obvious

sexual appeal. I was pulled from my admiration of her body when she pulled her mouth off my cock with a smack and panted her wet, open mouth against my ball-sack.

"Jesus..." I called out, groaning in pleasure. Ms. Graham's tongue worshipped my balls lovingly, cradling my nuts as her tongue slathered my sack with her spit. "Ms. Graham..." I panted. "You are so much better at this than the girls in school." I declared. She pulled her off her mouth from my nuts with another wet smack and looked up at me.

"I don't think any of those girls would know what to do with this monster." she said, before planting her open lips around my balls again, taking what she could into her mouth, sucking lightly. I scrubbed my fingers in her silky hair, holding her mouth against my balls. She pulled back again, her warm breath surrounding my sack. She gripped my dick in one hand and slapped it up against my stomach. She extended her tongue from her mouth and before I could react, she ran her tongue against my sack, then up my shaft, from the root to the tip. Her tongue ran over the tip before running down to my belly. She ran her tongue in the ridge between my abs, living her dream, licking the sweat from my fit stomach.

Ms. Graham pushed me back onto the bed as her tongue ran up my body. She climbed onto the bed, her tongue running up the middle of my chest. As she crawled up my body, her fingers ran over my lithe frame, lightly rubbing my stomach and chest. A shiver ran through me as her tongue ran across my neck. As her tongue entered my open mouth, she let her weight fall onto me. Her bare chest was

now against mine as our mouths mashed against each other again. I planted my hands on her ass and squeezed it roughly in my palms. I let my fingers run presumptuously into the crack of her ass, teasing her a bit before letting my hands rise to her waist. I tugged down her thong with a jerk. Continuing to make out, we crawled up the bed till I was laid out completely on the mattress. She followed, pulling her thong off as she crawled with me.

Finally, she pulled her lips off of mine and she looked down at me. My mom's best friend, a teacher at my high-school, was naked on top of me, her giant tits pressed into my bare chest. With a smile, she got up on her knees, now kneeling on me. She put her hands on her hips and looked down at me. Her massive tits looked even bigger from this angle, jutting out from her chest, nipples hard as rocks.

"You ready, teach?" I asked confidently. Smiling wickedly, she reached down and took my shaft in her hand again, pointing it upward. She swiveled her hips, positioning her dripping, bare cunt over my towering cock. She slapped the head of it against her puffy lips and raised an eyebrow at me.

"I can't believe I'm doing this." she told herself.

"Trust me, it'll be worth it." I said, grabbing her hips.

"Oh, I already know it will be." she purred. Looking at me, she began to lower herself onto me. Her eyes scrunched up as the head of my dick began to enter her.

"Ffffffucckkkk!" she moaned out. One of my eyes scrunched shut as I felt the tip of my cock press against the entrance to her tight pussy. The lips of my mom's best friend's vagina began to split apart, trying to grant me entrance. She had to wiggle her hips, and I had to push up firmly. But finally, the tip of my cock entered her.

"Ohhhh, damn that's fucking big!" she squealed.

"Ssssshit!" I grunted out. Her pussy was clinging to the tip of my cock, and she was soaked. She really wanted this. She wiggled her frame and tilted her body, angling herself in just the right way to allow more of my shaft to enter her.

"Jesus, Tom!" Ms. Graham called out. "I can't believe how huge you are. Fuck!"

"Just keep going." I grunted out. "I want to give you every fucking inch."

She exhaled, and I swear her nipples got harder. She began pushing herself down against me, forcing another few inches of my thick shaft into her quivering snatch. The lips of her cunt were stretched to the max, desperate to take my meaty invader.

"God, I want it all! I want to feel your huge balls against my ass!" she begged.

"You've almost taken more than any other girl." I said. "You can do it."

"Oh, I'm gonna fucking do it!" she sneered. "You're fucking a real woman, not those snotty teenage brats!"

"Prove it!" I dared. "Prove you're better than all those teenage sluts. Fuck me better than they ever could! Fuck me so well I never think about doing a teenage girl again!"

"Oh, hon." she said. "When I'm done with you, you won't even be able to get hard for girls your own age!"

"Do what they can't then!" I groaned out. "Take my dick up to the balls! Do it, bitch!"

She reached down and grabbed my hips and, grunting and grimacing, forcing a couple more inches inside of her. She relaxed and gasped, now eight inches inside of her.

"You've got the record, babe." I began. "Just a few inches more. Take it all, bitch! Take it all!"

Breathing deep, Ms. Graham held her breath, gritted her teeth, and drove herself down one more time. She wiggled slightly,

maneuvering herself. Finally, flexing her hips, she drove herself down as hard as she could, forcing her ass into my lap, taking the entirety of my large cock inside of her.

"AAHHHHHHHHHHH! FUCK FUCK FUCK!" Ms. Graham screamed, my dick buried in her tight snatch.

"Mmmmmmmm." I groaned, my eyes shut as the pleasure was too great. Her cunt was spasming around my cock as it got used to my size, causing her to groan lightly. I was groaning as well. I just could not get over how tight she was! I tell you, I've fucked virgin teenage girls, but I have never felt a tighter cunt than Ms. Graham's. It was not even close.

Other than the fact that I was about to hook up with this gorgeous teacher, I had an ulterior motive, other than the other motive which was to piss my mom off and show her what I could do. I was testing myself. This was the first time my cock was in a real woman. And despite Mom's claims, I was relieved to find I, in fact, could handle this. Her pussy was incredible, just incredible, but it wasn't like I was about to cum after five seconds. It was an exquisite bliss, but I could keep this going. I could go on like this for a little while. I looked up at Ms. Graham again.

"Duhhhhh." Ms. Graham sighed, her body relaxing slightly, her full weight now on my torso as her head fell back and her arms hung from her side. She breathed deeply as she adjusted to me, and the sight of her massive breasts jutting outward was too much to resist.

I reached up and took hold of Ms. Graham's enormous rack, taking one in each hand and finally giving each one a firm squeeze.

"Uhhhhhhh, fuck that's nice." she moaned. God damn, Ms. Graham had some amazing breasts. I couldn't take my hands off of them. They were so soft, and perky, and full. They filled my palms as I played with them, running my strong hands against her soft flesh. I had been with some rather busty girls, but Ms. Graham's rack easily took the cake. They were the biggest breasts I had ever had my hands on. But again, I planned to get my hands on an even bigger set in the future, though getting hands on her jugs was more than most men could ask for. I ran my fingers across her soft flesh before taking her nipples in my hands and twisting them lightly.

"AHHHHHHHHHH! YES! I love it!" she squealed. Her cunt clamped down around me as a jolt of pleasure ran through her. She was slowly swiveling her hips and flexing her ass, getting used to my big cock inside her, getting it ready for the rough sex we would be having momentarily.

Her neck straightened up and she looked down at me as I continued to molest her massive titties. She stayed silent for a minute or two, staring down at me, rolling her hips slowly and smoothly, her movements small but the effect huge. Her tight, clenching cunt smothered my cock in pleasure, her small movements driving me to the edge, but I had enough stamina to not let her take me over. A younger girl would have just started uncreatively bouncing. But not Ms. Graham. She knew what the fuck she was doing. She was charging up the cock, giving me slow, agonizing pleasure, making

my balls swell with cum, training them to get full the brim without letting it lose control. She was priming it for what was ahead. Training it for a long, hot fuck session.

"You're so good!" I groaned out.

"I know." she agreed, putting her hands on my chest as she ground against my pulsing cock. Her tight, clenching cunt was driving my cock wild. My dick was almost numb with pleasure. "Mmmmmmmm. Teaching is beyond stressful, Tom. Fuck yeah! Dealing with irritating, hormone-filled teenagers. The whining, the bitching, the complaining. All the other teachers, and the work politics, it's all such a pain in the ass. Plus, the pay is crap. And everyone wonders why I'm such a bitch. Aaaahhh, that's it! But luckily, I've found a way to relieve the stress. And Tom, I have a lot of stress. Fuck!" she moaned, grinding on the cock.

I slid my hands down from her fleshy rack, running down her sides and cupping her ass cheeks. I gave her right cheek a firm slap.

"C'mon, Ms. G. Let's make this happen. We don't have much time." I warned.

"Tom, what did I tell you about being patient?" she said with a smile.

"If you don't speed up, I'll show you how much better it is when I move hard and fast." I dared her.

"Alright, babe." she said, still squeezing her cunt around me. "I'll show you what I'm made of. I hope you can handle it."

"Ms. Graham, you have no idea what I can handle." I said cockily, squeezing her round ass. "You'll be the one screaming for mercy by the end of this."

"Bring it on, stud." she dared. She gripped her nails on my chest roughly and finally began to lift herself up. Her pussy did not want to let my cock go, clinging to my cock as her ass rose from my lap. My hands rested on her lips as she lifted herself up. I looked down to see my wet, pulsing shaft appear from the warm, loving confines of her sweet cunt. My cock had been marinating inside of her, so it was soaked with her juices. The lips of her cunt were stretched around my shaft, and I watched as she rose so just the very tip of me was left inside of her. I felt the muscles in her back tighten. I saw her ass flex, and with one fierce thrust, she drove herself into me as hard as she could.

"Ughhhhh!" she grunted out as our skin slapped together.

"Mmmmm." I groaned out, gripping her hips as she ground into me. She lifted herself slowly again, as if the sensation of my cock leaving her cunt was a sweet agony. She again rose to the tip and then drove into me, her ass driving into me. She repeated this motion, a bit faster. Then again. Then again, building up the pace. Finally, she stopped and looked down at me.

"You ready to fuck an older woman... a teacher.... your mom's friend?" she said.

"Give me all you got." I told her. She smirked, and then that smirk transformed into a sneer. As quick as a flash, she bounced on my dick, rising and falling on my meat. This time, her hips didn't stop. She rose and fell, building up momentum, beginning to bounce at a firm, steady pace, and finally me and her were fully in action.

Me and Ms. Graham were fucking.

"Damn!" I grunted out as the teacher rode the full length of my cock. She bent forward and put both of her hands on the headboard of my bed, gaining more leverage that she used to force her body onto my cock harder, her hips driving into me.

"God, it's so fucking big!" Ms. Graham grunted out, her ass slapping against my thighs. Her whole body was tensed as she used her entire body, her lithe arms, her fit stomach, her strong legs, her round ass, to roll into me, to drive her body into mine, to fuck my cock, to pleasure me.

She was picking up the pace and it was fucking incredible, but I was doing alright. I could handle this. She worked at an incredible speed, but I had enough self-control not to lose it. I felt like I could do this for a while. Ms. Graham was already the best fuck of my life, and I was not wearing down. A boy would have lost control.

I was a man.

"You like that?" I asked. "You like that cock?"

"Yes!" she gasped. "I love it! I can't believe this. I can't believe I'm doing this. Riding a student's great big cock! Riding it like a fucking whore! Fuck!"

"You are a whore." I grunted out. "You're my whore! My slut!" I said confidently.

"Mmmm, I like the sound of that." she purred. "Walking down the hallways, shaking my ass at all those adoring students. I know they all think I'm an uptight bitch. Little do they know, I'm a total slut for one of them. FUCK YES!"

She was bent forward over me as she held the headboard and doing so allowed her massive breasts to hang over me. I watched as they jiggled and bounced as she rode me. I couldn't resist the urge. I leaned up and took both of the teacher's massive breasts into my hand, squeezing them roughly as I attacked one of her nipples savagely with my open mouth.

"Uh, yes! That's it!" she grunted out. Her bouncing slowed down, as she brought her hands down around my head, forcing me onto my back, smothering me with her massive rack, forcing as much of her

fleshy breast into my sucking mouth. "Hnnnn, suck my nipple. Suck on my big tits, Tom. God, they've needed a mouth for so long!"

Keeping her arms around my head and my face smothered in flesh, she began to pop her hips, her ass bouncing up and down, still taking my cock in her pussy from knob to root.

"I love that cock! I love that cock!" she moaned out. My cock and balls, well, my entire crotch really, was soaked with her juices. She clearly really loved that cock. Her juices were dripping so copiously that my cock was now smoothly pistoning in and out of her tight, squeezing cunt. Her bouncing was relentless. Up and down. Up and down. Our sweaty flesh smacking together.

Thwack! Thwack! Thwack! Thwack!

My hands were playing with her fleshy tits, trying to force as much of her breasts into my mouth. I squeezed both of breasts with my big hands as I sucked at them, pushing her away slightly so that I could switch nipples.

This went on and on, her bouncing unyielding as she rode me. Her cunt easily the tightest I had ever fucked. Me squeezing her breasts firmly, sucking at them. It was bliss. I could have been there forever. But I knew we didn't have much time. So did she. So, finally, she pulled her breasts back from molding around my face, putting her hands back on the headboard.

"Alright, stud, let's bring this thing home before your mom catches us." she said. At that moment, I realized, I didn't care. I had been enjoying this so much I had forgotten about the greater goal, namely, Mom. A plan hit me like lightning. Much like with Carrie, I realized I wanted Mom to catch me in the act. I wanted to see her standing in that doorway, watching me fuck her friend, proving that my skills were more than enough to land an older woman like herself. That I was not a boy. I was a man. So, in that moment, I was in no rush. The cum was simmering in my balls, but I could keep going like this and not cum. Ms. Graham was giving me her best. This older woman, this slut, was riding me as hard as she could. She was no doubt experienced in pleasuring a man and all that skill was focused on me. And me, a man half her age, was withstanding the barrage. I was her better. I was better at this than she was. I could outlast her best. And realizing that filled me with an arrogant pride. I could do this! I could fucking handle it! I could compete with an older woman and come out superior. Ms. Graham was incredible, but I was even better. I knew for sure Mom was going to catch us in the act, no doubt. I could keep up like this till she got home no problem. Arrogantly, I put my hands behind my head and let Ms. Graham do the work, let her ride my cock, let her fuck herself on me, let her use me like a piece of meat for the sole purpose of getting herself off.

Ms. Graham dug her nails into my headboard and coiled herself, before driving her hips into me as hard as she could, nearly taking the wind out of me.

"Oof." I groaned out, surprised.

"Alright, Tom, it's time to show you why I scare men off. Why no man has what it takes to keep up with me." Ms. Graham said arrogantly, lifting herself slowly. With that, her body flexed, and she began to drive herself down onto me as hard as she could, her ass slamming into me. I had never had a girl, no, this was a woman, I had never had a woman fuck me so hard. Usually, they were dainty and precious. Not Ms. Graham. She knew what she wanted and she had no shame about taking it. She wanted to get fucked, to really get drilled, so she was taking that from me.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Her ass was slamming into my thighs, and she was unrelenting. She just kept driving into me firmly, insistently.

"You like that, Tom? Huh! You like that pussy? Oh, why aren't you answering? You like the way I fuck? Huh? You can't take it? You can't handle it? I thought you were a big strong man?" Ms. Graham spat out, her tone getting nastier and meaner the closer she got to cumming.

"I'm doing just fine." I replied, annoyed at her attacking my manhood, ignoring the pleasures her tight cunt was giving me. Yes, this was fucking good. But I was still better.

"You know... fuck yeah... you kept telling me you prefer hard and fast. Shit yeah, that's good." she began, driving her wet cunt down on me as hard as she could. "But look at you, letting me do whatever

I want to you, not able to keep up with me, just lying there and taking it. I must say, Tom, I expected more."

I gritted my teeth as she attacked my manhood again. I was holding back, not wanting to speed things up, giving her my best, but Ms. Graham's arrogance and attacks were tempting me. She saw my struggle and smiled.

"Aww, did I hurt your feelings, Tom? I didn't realize you were so sensitive." Ms. Graham spat out, looking down at me as she rode me like a cowgirl.

"Man, when you get horny, you get mean." I replied.

"Why do you think I'm so bitchy at school?" she replied.

"Like I said, I was expecting more, Tom. Ughhh, yeah! I mean, you are very cute, and your body is yummy, and your cock is to die for, fuck yes, but I expected more. I didn't expect you to just lie there and let me do all the work. Typical teenage arrogance." she said, shaking her head while riding me roughly. My pride was tempting me to just take over and dominate this, but I had to stick with the plan. My goal was not Ms. Graham. It was Mom.

"I thought you said you were my slut?" I said, reaching up to squeeze her boobs again. If I had to listen to her disparage me as a lover, I would at least squeeze her tits in the process.

"Hey, I tell that to any guy who can make me cum. And you are good enough to make me cum. But I thought you wanted to make me squeal. Trust me, if a guy makes me squeal, I'll do anything he wants. I'll be his slut, his whore, his tramp, his disgusting, nasty bitch." Ms. Graham said, still bouncing on me.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

I gritted my teeth, squeezing her tits rougher as she doubted me. God, I wanted to give this cocky bitch my best, but I wanted to keep things going till Mom got back. I was on the edge of losing control, but I just gritted my teeth and kept fucking her. And as I did, I kept squeezing her mammoth, sweaty breasts.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Even though she was really making me angry, she still looked damn good. Her red hair was shimmering as she bounced. Her trim, firm body was covered with a sheen of sweat. Her massive tits were still jiggling in just the right way. Watching her body flexing and bouncing as she fucked me made her look like this was her purpose. Her purpose was not to teach the young minds of America.

Her purpose was to fuck.

"You're probably the best I could have hoped for a guy your age." she began. "Like they say, young, dumb, and full of cum. I should have known I would fuck you into the bed." I gritted my teeth.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"I should have known you couldn't handle me." she added, off-hand.

I think I snapped right then. Ms. Graham did not know how loaded those words were for me. Ms. Graham just kept bouncing, the steady rhythm of our skin slapping together invaded my ears, making my blood boil.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

I knew we still had a bit before the time Mom said she would be back.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

I knew the sole focus of my plan was Mom.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

I knew I should stick to the plan, to draw this fuck out.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

But the words she said, the tone she had taken, that cocky fucking smile... fuck the plan. I had to act. I would show this bitch what I'm made of.

Effortlessly, I sat up and wrapped my arms around Ms. Graham's waist. I held her down against me and spoke up.

"Alright," I said firmly. "It's time for me to teach you a few things."

She jumped a bit in surprise at this, but she didn't have much time to react, as I threw her down onto the bed and rolled around with her, so now I was on top of her and she was on her back, with my cock still buried inside her.

"Okay..." I began loudly. "I've been holding back, Casey. I was afraid I would break you."

"I don't think that's possible." Ms. Graham said, rubbing my arms.

"Well, we'll see how you feel about that when this is over." I said coolly. Then, without mercy or care, I lifted my ass, pulling my dick out to the tip before driving it back inside her as hard as I could.

"Gahhhhhhh!" she grunted out as I buried myself up to the balls. Before she could recover, I drove into her again. And again. And again. I was giving her it all. Every inch of my thick shaft into her sweet cunt. I didn't care how tight Ms. Graham was. Before, I let her get used to it, slow and easy to get adjusted to my size. Where before I showed mercy, now I showed none. I drove into her roughly, my ass a blur as I fucked my mom's slutty friend, fucking her harder than she was fucking me. I looked down and noticed how Ms. Graham closed her eyes, her mouth hanging open as I drilled her.

"Is that more like it?" I growled. "Is this what you wanted?"

"Uh... uh... it's... uh... fuck... fuck... shit... fuck... it's... uh...." she began, barely able to get the words out I was fucking her so hard.

"Oh, c'mon, Ms. Graham..." I spat out mockingly. "I thought I was a disappointment. I thought I wasn't fucking you hard enough?" I asked, my balls slapping into her ass loudly.

"Ugh... ugh... this... uh, fuck yes... this is... uh...ugh... hnnnnnn... this is... fuck... better." she finally gasped out.

"I'm sorry, I can barely understand you." I said, putting aside the pleasure her grasping cunt was giving me. "Am I fucking you too fast?"

"Uhhh... um... shit... it's a bit... fuck... it's a bit fast." she panted out, her eyes still closed as she gasped in pleasure.

"Oh, you sound like you want me to stop. Do you want me to stop?" I asked teasingly, and with that, I pulled my dick out of her pussy with a pop. I couldn't help but look down, and see my cock literally coated with her sex juices.

Her eyes opened and she regained her bearings.

"Or..." I began, reaching down to guide my cock back into her hole. "Do you want me to go slow and gentle, like I'm sure all your pathetic boyfriends do? Or do you want me to keep fucking the shit out of you? C'mon, Ms. Graham. It's your turn to answer."

I began fucking her slowly, gently, almost mockingly slow.

"Please, a little faster." she begged. I kept fucking her slow.

"No, no, no." I began. "It's all or nothing, Casey. I took my time before. No more of that bullshit. You either get slow and gentle or hard, fast, and rough. No in-between. Pick." I asked, still going slow.

"Please." she gasped. "Fine... I want it hard."

"I want to hear you beg for it." I growled. "Beg me to fuck you as hard as I can."

She looked up at me, fire in her eyes.

"Tom, fuck me!" she moaned. "Fuck the ever-loving shit out of me! Fuck my cunt with your giant cock! Make me scream."

"You got it." I said coldly. My ass went to warp speed again, quickly able to resume the pace I had before, my cock pummeling in and out of her at a furious pace.

I knew what I was doing. I knew how to make girls squeal, so every motion I made added to her pleasure. I'm sure an onlooker would have seen my body coiling on top of her, all of my muscles flexing and working together for one sole purpose: to fuck Ms. Graham as hard as possible.

I was used to fucking girls my own age, so I was used to having a girl under me. But this was different. This was an older woman. When you're young, it feels like older women are a different level of person, almost intimidating, larger than life. So, having her slim body covered under my 6'2" frame, having her squirming beneath

me, it felt like an accomplishment. An accomplishment, and proof that in the end, sluts are sluts, no matter the age.

Ms. Graham's eyes closed again as I banged her. Her head rested back on the bed, rolling as I drove into her. I leaned into her and whispered.

"Now, who can't handle who?" I asked.

I felt her cunt quiver around me, a small orgasm passing through her.

"What happened to the big bad bitch that was just here?" I asked. My fucking was so forceful her firm breasts were rolling on her chest. She still didn't reply, the only sound in the room was our breathing and the sound of my balls hitting her ass.

"Were you lying before? Did you really want it nice and gentle?" I said, on the offensive. Still no response.

"Is it you who can't handle me?" I asked. "Is the thirty-something teacher who's fucked men for years willing to admit that this cocky 18-year-old is so much better at sex than you?"

I was unrelenting, showing no mercy to her, wanting her to respond, still pressing my advantage.

"It's never been like this, has it?"

"You've never been fucked into the bed like this, right?"

"Just admit it, Casey. Admit I'm better at sex than you."

"Admit you can't handle me."

"I can go all day."

"Are you my slut now?"

Her cunt was quivering, as if she was constantly cumming. As if every stroke into her was increasing her pleasure, driving her wild, keeping her small orgasm ongoing. She was frozen, her eyes closed, her mouth open, her nipples throbbing. She was loving this treatment.

"Give me some feedback." I asked. "Tell me how much you're loving this. Give me something."

Still, she just wasn't moving. The pleasure was too great. I drove myself to the root inside of her and stopped, holding my cock inside of her. I looked down at her. All of her muscles were tensed as she

rode this out. She was barely breathing, the pleasure was so great. I reached down and took her sweaty tits in my hands and began playing with them. Squeezing them, pressing them together, twisting her nipples, licking the sweat from her cleavage. I didn't move, letting my cock marinate inside of her dripping hole.

I looked down at her, watching her breathe as the pleasure coursed through her veins. This went on for a few minutes, before I finally sensed a change in her. I sensed her body relax. I sensed her coming back to Earth. I leaned over and kissed her cheek.

"C'mon, Ms. Graham." I whispered in her ear. "Give me something."

There were no words from her. Nothing verbal. No response at all, until I felt her hand on my back. I felt it rest there, slowly running her fingers lovingly up and down my back, squeezing it gently. Finally, her head began to shake, her eyes opened and she looked up at me. My ear was near her mouth and I heard her whisper.

"It's never been like that." she whispered. Some volume returned to her voice. "I've never cum that much in my life. I couldn't breathe it was so good." At that moment, she realized I was still throbbing inside of her. "How did you not cum yet?"

"It's simple." I smirked at her, both of her hands lightly rubbing my back. "And you know the answer. I just want you to tell me. To admit it."

She smiled lightly.

"Okay." she asked, still gaining her breath. "You're much better at sex than I am. You're a better fuck than me. Happy?"

My cock twitched inside of her. She smiled and let her head rest on the bed.

"But, if you are really that good," she began. "You should be able to make me cum again, right?" she asked with a sly smile, both of her hands grabbing my ass and squeezing it firmly.

"I'll make you squeal." I said, and quick as a flash, I sat up. Before she could react, I took the back of her nylon covered knees in the crook of my elbows, and rolled her up so her knees were on either side of her head.

"I want to hear you this time." I ordered firmly, looking down at her, seeing her eyes widen in shock to find herself in this position under me. With her ankles around my ears, I rose my ass up, keeping only the tip inside of her, before pile-driving my cock into her to the brim.

"FUCK!" she screamed out loudly as my cock filled her up again. Holding onto my bed sheets, I began to piston myself into her again, my wet cock driving in and out like a well-oiled machine.

"I love it!" she panted. "I LOVE IT! You're so good at this, Tom!"

"I know." I said arrogantly, causing her to smile. "Keep it coming, Casey. If I'm so good, tell me. Pump my ego while I pump your cunt!"

"Tom... fuck yes! You are the best lay I've ever had!" she said.

"Better than the doctor?" I asked.

"Ughhh, fuck, I'm only with him for the money, not the sex." she said. "If I was out there looking for just raw sex, I would be dating someone like you."

"You said before I was young, dumb, and full of cum. Am I?" I asked, driving into her firmly.

"Uhhhhh, no! No you're not. Ffffuuuucckkkkk yeahhh!" she moaned. "You're young... smart... sexy... hung... and full of cum."

"I'm the biggest you've had?" I asked. I know she said I was before, but I wanted to hear her admit it again.

"YES! Yes, you're the biggest! The best!" she squealed out. "I don't know how I'll be able to keep my hands off of you. I hope you don't ruin me for other men."

"FUCK!" I grunted how, her pussy squeezing at me. "And what if I do?"

"AAAAHHH! God dammit!" she grunted out. "Well, then, you'd better keep your cell phone close, cause I'll keep you busy!"

I drove into her, focusing on fucking her.

"You like that?" she asked.

"Yeah!" I grunted out. "That's good pussy!"

"Better than all those high school girls?" she asked.

"Much better." I affirmed. "You're a hornier slut than all those girls put together."

"Mmm, I know it! GOD DAMMIT! AHHHH! God, that's good!" she screamed out. I felt a shiver run through me. I was getting close and so was she.

"Ahhh, fucking shit!" I groaned out. "Ms. Graham... tell me... tell me the truth. AHHH, YES! Are you my slut?" I asked, gritting my teeth to hold off the pleasure.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she repeated. "Yes, Tom! I am your slut. Your filthy whore. Your nasty skank. Your naughty tramp. Tom, I will be anything you want me to be, as long as you keep giving me that dick! SHIT! GOD FUCKING DAMMIT! AHHHH! Ahhh! Call me whenever you want. I'll be your girlfriend. Your booty call. Your slut to use. Whatever the fuck you want!"

"Don't worry, Ms. G." I began. "This won't be the last time we hook up."

"Oh, God, I'm close. Make me cum again! Make me scream! Make me break the fucking windows!" she begged.

"Mmmmm, I'm close too." I grunted out. "I'm going to cum inside you. I'm gonna fucking fill your cunt with my cum!" I told her.

"Please! Do it! Whatever you want!" she squealed. "I'm close!"

My hips went into overdrive.

"I'll fuck you in school!" I told her. "I'll fuck you in front of your boyfriend. I'll fuck you at home. In public. Even if my mom walked in here, I would keep fucking you."

"Oh, fuck yes!" she squealed. "I'm close! I'm close! I'm close! I'm close! Keep fucking me! Keep fucking me! Keep fucking me! Keep fucking me!"

My hips kept bouncing, driving my slick cock into her ridiculously fast.

"Look at you!" I spat out. "You're a fucking teacher! You're supposed to be a good fucking example! Training the young minds of America, giving them life lessons for the real world! But look at you! You're a fucked up, filthy slut! Instead of teaching a student, you're just fucking one instead! Throwing all that respect away just to fucking cum! Throwing all that good work away, risking your career, just for young dick! Admit it, Ms. Graham! Admit how much of a filthy fucking slut you are! DO IT!"

"OH FUCK! I ADMIT IT! I can't go back after this! I NEED YOUNG DICK! I NEED IT! MORE THAN ANYTHING! C'mon, Tom. Give me more! GOD, YES! I LOVE IT! I LOVE YOUR DICK! FUCK YOUR TEACHER! MAKE ME THE SCHOOL SLUT! FUCK ME HARD! FUCK YOUR MOM'S FRIEND! AHHH! YESSS! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM! PLEASE! GOD! YES! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHH! YESSSSSSS! FFFFFUCKKKKKKK! FUCKING FUCKIN FUCK FUCK! YES! YYYYYYYEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!"

"FUCK YEAH!" I grunted, her cunt going crazy around my shaft, taking me over the edge. "Here it is! Here it is! I'm gonna cum! Here it is. Take my cum! Take my cum! AAAHHHHHHHH!"

I drove myself into the root, burying my cock inside her just as I began cumming. Streams of cum burst forth, firing from my cock in creamy strands, firing inside her tight wet cunt. Rockets of cum fired from me, entering the tight clasping cunt of the slut teacher below me.

"I feel it! I feel it! I feel it!" she babbled, belligerent as waves of orgasms ran through her. Her body quivered below mine as we drove into each other, riding out our orgasms together. My cock just kept cumming, firing stream after stream of cum into her pussy.

"Fffffuuuucckkkk! It's so fucking good!" I groaned out, my body tense with pleasure. My ass was flexing as I tried to cum as deep inside of her as possible. Ms. Graham's hands went to my arms, gripping my biceps as she came.

It felt like I kept cumming for an eternity and Ms. Graham was right there with me. We were both on another plane of existence as we rode the wave of pleasure.

"UHHH! UHHH! SO GOOOD!" she squealed out. I felt my balls clench and tighten, as one last major peak went through me.

"AHHHHH FUCK!" I groaned out. "TAKE MY CUM, MOM!"

It was a good thing Ms. Graham was so belligerent with pleasure that she didn't catch that. She was too busy squealing.

"AHHH, SOOOOO GOOD!" she screamed. "Ahhhhh, that's it! Yes! I love it!"

"Uhhhhh, fuck, yes!" I grunted, knowing I was coming down from my high, as was she. Her body began to relax, as did mine. I flexed into her, firing the last few shots of cum into her, as she drove up at me, the last quivers of her orgasm running through her body.

"Uhnnn. Mmmmm. Yyeahhhh." Ms. Graham cooed. My body relaxed as well, and I released her legs from above her head, allowing her feet and back to hit the bed. I rolled off of her, lying on my back next to her, catching my breath.

This was how we spent the next few minutes, in silence, regaining our strength to move. Ms. Graham had easily been the best fuck of my life. This thirty-something teacher, one of my mom's friends, had been the hottest fuck I had ever had. From now on, I would be comparing all other girls to her, and no doubt she would be comparing all her future fucks to me.

Finally, Ms. Graham got up on her elbows and looked over at me, an awed expression on her face.

"Jesus, Tom!" she said, her massive breasts heaving. "Just... wow. Where the fuck did you learn to do that?"

"Well, Ms. Graham." I said, getting up on my elbow and looking at her with a smirk, "Lots and lots of practice."

"I bet." she said with big smile. "With a body like that, it'd be a shame if it's not put to good use."

She leaned over and ran her fingers between my abs.

"You don't have to worry about that." I replied. She laughed, causing her boobs to jiggle, drawing my eyes. She reached down and fingered her pussy.

"Jesus, you filled me to the brim. There's so much cum..." she said quietly.

"That's what I do." I replied.

"Well..." she began. "I think we're pushing our luck. Your mom will be home any minute."

I nodded and sat up. She moved to get out of bed before I put my hand on her shoulder.

"Before you get up, just say one thing. Now that we're out of the moment. Tell me what I want to hear." I said. She looked up at me, my half-hard, soaked with her juices, cock hanging right in front of her face. She eyed it before looking up and smiling.

"Tom, you were, without a doubt, the best fuck I've ever had. I am your slut for now on. You're a better fuck than I am. I couldn't handle you." she cooed. I took my hand off her shoulder and stepped back. She went to stand on her feet, but as she did, her legs were shaky.

"Jesus, Tom." she said, laughing to herself. "You fucked me so good I can barely walk. That's definitely never happened."

I moved towards my pile of clothes to grab them. I saw my phone buzz and went to grab it. It was a text from Mom.

"Traffic is nuts. Be there in 20. Tell Casey."

I turned to look at Casey. She walked towards her clothing and bent over, her bare ass pointed at me. She noticed my wolfish stare and looked over her shoulder at me.

"Don't tell me you want more?" she said, glancing at my half hard dick.

"I'm always up for more." I said with a boyish smile.

"Shame we don't have more time." she began. "Cause I would totally give you my ass." she said, glancing down at her bare rump. The cheeks were jutting out, facing me, round and perfect. Looking at it caused my cock to reverse course. I held up my phone at her, showing the text.

"We've got twenty minutes." I dared her.

"I think it would take me twenty minutes to get cleaned up." she said, turning to face me, looking down at herself, casually showing her naked body to me.

"Well, you did say anywhere, anytime." I said, the slight humor of my tone fading into a more firm tone.

Ms. Graham looked at me, a small smile crossing her lips.

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The next few moments were a blur.

As soon as the last words left my mouth, whatever clothes Ms. Graham had in her hands hit the floor. She crawled onto my bed and

got on all fours, looking back at me daringly. Without hesitation, I jumped onto the bed behind her.

Before I knew it, I was running my firm tongue up Ms. Graham's ass-crack, soaking it with my spit, causing her to swivel her hips and moan. I showed some restraint, only worshiping her asshole for a minute or so. I got into position behind Casey, giving my cock a few courtesy strokes before putting it in place, pressing it against her butthole.

Mom was on her way home, that was for sure. She was driving home and at the same time, I began to drive my cock forward, causing Ms. Graham to scream in pleasure, her asshole yielding to my big cock. I was in no rush. I wanted Mom to catch us. I wanted Mom to catch me fucking her friend's asshole as hard as I could. I wanted her to see the man she had raised.

I gave Ms. Graham a few minutes to get adjusted before building up a good pace, driving my shaft into Ms. Graham's yielding ass, my balls smacked against Ms. Graham's pussy as I did so.

As Mom drove by cars on the highway, I drove my cock in and out of the teacher's crazy tight asshole. I had Ms. Graham's chest pressed against the bed, driving my cock into her raised ass.

As Mom ran her fingers impatiently over the steering wheel, I arrogantly spanked one of her best friends on the ass, called her a slut, and admired the way her asshole stretched to take my thick

shaft. I yanked at Ms. Graham's hair, causing her to moan, rearing her back as I drove into her. I fucked Ms. Graham's ass at a blinding speed as she screamed out in pleasure, cumming as I drilled her.

When Mom turned the corner to enter our neighborhood, I turned the corner myself.

I pulled back from Ms. Graham, pulling my slick cock out from her loving asshole. Removing the tip, I saw her asshole wide open before it began to tighten up, what was once a tighter-than-tight hole now a well-used sex-hole.

"Get on your knees." I grunted, stepping off the bed and stroking my dick. Ms. Graham leapt to action, sliding off the bed and onto her knees in front of me. "You know where this one is going." I told her.

"Do it!" she agreed. It usually took a bit of coaxing to convince a girl to let me cum on their face, but not Ms. Graham. She was ready and wanting. "Paint me with it. Drain your big balls all over my face." she pled.

"You want it?" I asked rhetorically. "You want my cum all over your face? You want me to make you my property?"

"YES! Please!" she begged. My hand was stroking my dick viciously.

"Ugh! FUCK! Here it comes! Oh, fuck yes!" I moaned out. Feeling my balls tighten, I guided my cock into place. It was just in time, as a stream of cum burst from cock, aimed square at her nose. The first stream hit pay dirt, and the next streams followed. I pointed my dick all over, coating her cheeks, then her forehead, then her chin, then her lips.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I groaned out.

"Oh, fuck, this is hot!" she moaned. As she did, I fired a few bands of cum into her open mouth, coating her tongue and teeth. I kept stroking, the climax lessening as I wrung out the last few streams of cum out, splattering her face with it.

"Fuck... so good." I said, stepping back, releasing my drained dick and leaning against my dresser. I looked down at Ms. Graham.

This woman was a high school teacher. A total professional. One of my mom's best friends. And now, she was on her knees, in my room, her face covered with my cum. I mean, covered with it. Her cheeks, her forehead, her lips. One of her eyelids was weighed down with my cum. I was filled with manly pride at this sight. This was a memory I had to preserve.

I grabbed my phone quickly and stepped forward one more time. Ms. Graham noticed what I was doing. I pointed the camera lens at her.

"Smile." I said. She looked up, clearly worn out, but with no shame, she gave me a sparkling smile. I snapped the picture, and set my phone down as she guided some of my cum into her mouth. I glanced out the window, just in time to see a car enter the driveway.

Mom was home.

"Is she home?" Casey asked. I nodded. She began to panic.

"Okay, get dressed and stall her. I need to get cleaned up fast!" she said, getting to her feet and gathering her clothes in a flurry. I took my time, in no real rush, wiping myself with a towel before slipping on my briefs, my jeans and a t-shirt. More self-assured than I ever felt, I slipped out of my room.

"Hello?" Mom called out from the front entrance. I made my way to the top of the stairs and looked down. Mom was standing there, looking around. She wore a tight pink cotton top, her mammoth breasts stretching it to its max. From this angle, I had a good view of her canyon of cleavage. She just put her sunglasses on top of her head when she noticed me.

"Hon, you have no idea what I've been through..." she began. "Traffic was beyond insane." she said, setting down her purse. I reached the bottom of the stairs.

"Oh yeah?" I asked.

"Yeah, I swear, there were, like, four accidents, and construction, it was just... unbelievable." she said, finally looking at me. At that moment, I knew she sensed something was off. I maintained my confidence under her glare.

"So, you still going out?" I asked.

"Ha! Yes. After today, I need a stiff drink." Mom replied, still looking at me slightly curiously. "Where's Casey?" she asked, looking around.

"Oh, she's in the bathroom upstairs." I replied. Again, she seemed suspicious. But I didn't really care. I wanted her to know. I wanted her to know what me and Ms. Graham did. I only hoped she would find out the truth somehow.

Then, Ms. Graham emerged. And taking one look at her, I knew I had nothing to worry about.

"Hey!" she called out towards Mom as she emerged at the top of the stairs.

"Hey." Mom replied. "You have no idea what I went through to get here." Ms. Graham began to descend the stairs, and as she did, Mom noticed something amiss.

Ms. Graham looked like a woman trying to act like she wasn't just having sex. She was fully clothed, obviously, and it looked... fine, but she was always so precisely dressed that her outfit being slightly mussed was a clear signal something was up. Plus, Ms. Graham looked a bit wobbly and definitely worn out. And as she reached the bottom of the stairs, the signs were more clear. Her hair was a little off, as was her make-up, and then there was one more thing that was a clear giveaway, something I noticed quickly. Mom was not a stupid woman. She would notice it. She would have to. Mom looked at her, eyebrow raised, before glancing at me. As Ms. Graham got closer, I saw something I had never seen before.

Mom's mouth fell open in shock.

Mom was unflappable. She was never shocked by anything, never caught off guard. But Mom was taken aback by this. She looked between her and me, noting Ms. Graham's slightly off appearance and my cocky grin.

"So, are we, uh, still going out?" Ms. Graham asked. Mom looked at her, her eyes narrowing in anger. (A look I'm very used to.) Mom looked up at Casey's eyes before speaking up.

"You missed a spot." Mom said, pointing at her own nose. Yep, she had noticed it to. On the side of Ms. Graham's nose, next to the nostril, that's where a bit of my cum remained. Ms. Graham acted quickly, wiping her nose with a nearby tissue.

"Oh, that's, um... that's..." Casey began.

"You should go." Mom said coldly to her friend. Ms. Graham looked at Mom, noticing her clearly apparent fury, a look rarely seen on Mom. In that instant, Ms. Graham realized that Mom knew.

"Yeah, that's fair." Ms. Graham said, looking away from Mom's insistent gaze, stepping by her and out the front door. Mom was kind enough to open the door for her, and then slam it behind her. As soon as Ms. Graham was gone she turned to look at me. At my cocky, smiling face.

"Well, well, well." I began. She looked at me, staring me down, cold anger on her face. "I thought you said I couldn't match up to an older woman. You said my tricks would only work on teenage sluts. But here's the thing about that... I fucked Ms. Graham!"

Mom's eyes looked around the room, not wanting to look at me at the moment.

"And you know what she said? She told me that I was the best she had ever had. She told me she was my slut now. That she would do whatever she wanted for me. That she couldn't handle me!" I said, excitedly. Mom looked at me with her hands on her hips.

"I bet you're pretty proud of yourself." Mom said.

"You're damn right I am!" I said. "I did what you thought was impossible."

"Yeah, but here's the thing about that." she began. "When me and her go out, while it doesn't happen much, I have seen her get picked up. So, while what you did was impressive, I'll give you that... what you accomplished wasn't exactly impossible."

"Bullshit!" I said. "I know her. I probably know her better than you do, now. She's not out there trolling for dick. That's a woman who is put together. Professional. Not a hair out of place. She's not the type to fall for some pickup line by some idiot. That's a real woman. So her ending up on my dick was not some accident. She knew she shouldn't fuck me, but she did it anyway. Why? Cause I'm that fucking good!" Mom rolled her eyes. "Did you see her? I wore her out. I broke her. Have you ever seen her like that? I doubt it!"

"Tom..." she began, sighing deeply, closing her eyes deeply and rubbing her forehead.

"I've never seen you like this, Mom. I've never seen you not know what to say." I began, knowing I had an advantage, so I was pressing it. "You know what I did was something you thought was impossible. You are not dumb. If you thought this could actually happen, you wouldn't have wanted her to wait here with me. If you thought this could happen, you wouldn't have let it happen. I fucked

your friend and made her my slut. And you didn't see it coming. Admit it?"

"Fine!" Mom said, raising her voice. "I didn't think it would happen. I never considered it."

"So you admit I might be better at this than you thought?" I asked.

"Well, it's either that, or she is a bigger slut than I ever thought." Mom said.

"C'mon Mom." I began. "Face facts. Your son is a bigger stud than you thought. And the reason you are so mad is simple: you're jealous."

Mom laughed at this.

"No joke, Mom. You are burning with jealousy. Knowing you might have missed out. Knowing your friend got to sample the goods first when you wanted it all to yourself." I said, approaching her. She rolled her eyes.

"Nothing's changed, Tom." Mom began. "And if you think because you fucked Casey means I'm gonna jump into bed with you, then keep dreaming. She's good, and you hooking up with her is an accomplishment. But if you think that means when you are alone at

night it won't be me you're thinking about, you're lying. Like I said, I go out with her a lot, and she gets hit on a lot, but do you think it's her all those men approach first? She's a gorgeous woman. She's probably a 10 for most guys. And even so, it's my tits all those men stare at first. And she's gone home with them occasionally. I never have. I've never cheated, never even close. So, while you banging her is shocking, it is in the realm of possibility. But me falling for it... impossible. Never gonna happen. And that will never change. No matter how many women you get into your bed. I am your mother. I am a married woman. I'm 40 years old. No matter what way you cut it, it's wrong. Get it through your thick skull!"

"That's not what Ms. Graham said." I began. "In fact, I think the 'wrongness' of the scenario made it even better for her."

"Well, not for me." Mom said firmly. I smiled.

"Mom, you can tell yourself that if it makes it easier for you to deal with. But, I don't buy it. I know there's something nasty in you bursting to get out. I know you want this deep down. I know you want what she got. The teasing, the flirting, it's the only possible explanation. You just don't want to admit it. Either that, or you know exactly what you want, and you're lying to me now. You do want me, but you want me to earn it. You want me to jump all your hoops before giving me the honor of seeing your body. I just jumped through one of your big hoops, so... what's it gonna be?" I asked, moving to within a couple feet of her, looking at her confidently. Mom looked away for a second before looking back at me. Her nostrils flared for a second, before she replied.

"Go clean up." Mom said, sniffing my sweaty body, which no doubt still smelled of sex. "You stink."

"I see how it is. We're still playing this game. But..." I began, ready to step around her. As I did, feeling no fear, I reared down and firmly spanked her ass.

"Ah!" Mom called out in shock. I began to ascend the stairs.

"The shower is awful big. So... feel free to join me. I'm sure it'll relive your stress." I said. Mom looked up at me as I ascended.

"Make sure to wash that filthy mind as well." Mom called out.

"Oh, on an unrelated matter, check this out." I said, stopping at the top of the stairs, texting her a picture quickly. Mom rolled her eyes and grabbed her phone as it buzzed in her pocket. She glanced at the picture I sent her.

"Ew!" she called out, looking away quickly. "Tom! I did not need to see that!"

"Hey!" I began, backing up and holding my arms up. "Just wanted you to know I wasn't bullshitting you."

Mom rolled her eyes and walked away, avoiding looking at her phone, avoiding looking at the picture of Ms. Graham's cum covered face again.

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Any anger Mom felt towards me faded away by graduation. She was the proud, doting mother in the stands, standing next to Dad, watching me in my cap and gown. Hearing me get my name called out by the principal. Seeing me cross the stage confidently, shaking his hand. And... I'm sure very much noticed me get my diploma from Ms. Graham. I'm sure Mom watched as Ms. Graham shook my hand, her fingers playfully rubbing my palm. I'm sure Mom noticed her lean in to whisper in my ear. But she didn't hear the words. No one else did. Only I and Ms. Graham shared this one moment when she handed me my diploma, pulled me in close, and whispered:

"Congratulations... stud. Come to my classroom later. I'll congratulate you one on one."

I smiled and walked away. There was a little party for the seniors in the evening after all the ceremonies were done. A lot of the teachers were chaperoning and there was food and games and wholesome fun for everyone involved. And I was having fun with my friends, until I caught Ms. Graham making eyes at me before walking away, beckoning me with her shaking ass. I followed her down the hall and into her dark classroom, shutting the door behind me. She jumped into my arms, her tongue leaping into my mouth, as we made out for a few minutes, before she guided me to her desk, shoving me into

her chair. Smiling lustily, she kneeled in front of me, under her desk, unzipped my pants, scooped my dick out and inhaled my thick cock to the root.

Needless to say, about an hour later, when we stumbled out of her classroom, and I felt very congratulated.

Summer began and it was a good one. I hung out with my friends, knowing this would be one of our last occasions to do so before graduation. I hooked up with a few girls, worked a summer job at a sporting goods store and made lots of new friends. To most people, this summer would be considered a rousing success. But for me, it wasn't as good as it could have been.

Mom was stonewalling me at every turn. She was doting and loving, like any mom would be. I was the apple of her eye at my grad party and she was clearly proud of my success and my wide circle of friends. But every effort I made to push matters in the direction I wanted them to go ended up failing. She wouldn't even let me run a little game on her. She shot me down every time. Where before, she was actively teasing me, now she kept her distance.

Part of me hoped that I had had an effect on her, that I had scared her by how well I did with Ms. Graham. But the more logical part of me figured she didn't want to encourage me.

She made me react. She crossed a lot of lines, but I turned the tables on her by fucking her friend and spoiling their friendship in the

process. I made things real and she was affected. So, she kept her distance. Sure, I still watched her jiggle around the house, occasionally seeing her in a bikini. But other than that, no ground gained with her. Plus, her and Dad went on vacation to Europe for three weeks, so all that time I had planned to try and seduce her was gone. But at least it left me on my own at home, allowing me to bring home as much tail as I wanted, relieving my frustration at Mom with other girls. That was fun, but it wasn't what it could have been.

I knew that if Mom and I hadn't hooked up by now, it wasn't gonna happen. I held out hope that I had a chance, but those chances were dwindling fast.

So by the time summer neared its end, I had accepted the facts. Me and Mom were probably not gonna happen. And... I found myself being very contemplative.

It was the night before I was heading out to college. I was pretty well packed, and it was just me and Mom at home. Dad had to set off a few days ago on a trip, so he said his goodbyes and good lucks then. We were doing a little cookout, cooking up burgers and hot dogs as the sun was setting. It was a beautiful night out, and me and Mom were actually having fun. It was, unfortunately, platonic, non-sexual fun, but fun nonetheless.

I sat down at our patio table, looking over the back yard, about to dive into a burger when Mom sat next to me and slid a can of beer over to me. I looked at her with a raised eyebrow and she smiled warmly.

"Beautiful night." I said, looking out at the sunset, sipping my beer.

"Sure is." she agreed. I took a bite of my burger before turning to look at her.

"So, I have to ask... all games aside... and please be honest... did I ever have a chance with you?" I asked. Mom smiled and rolled her eyes slightly.

"So, all kidding aside?" she asked. I nodded. "Did you have a chance with me? Did I ever think about maybe letting you have a crack at me? Did I ever at least consider showing you the goods at some point? Tom, did I want to make your fantasies a reality? Did I think about you and me locked in heated sexual action, our bodies naked, rubbing against each other as we drove each other to world changing pleasure? Tom, the answer, is of course... no."

"I said no games." I replied, having fallen victim to her build-up. "But I suppose you can't stop a game player from playing."

"Sorry." Mom apologized. "But honestly, son... no. I'm sorry to tell you that, but it's the truth. Obviously, I know it's something you really want, but some things you can't have."

"Thanks for the life lesson, Mom." I said, a little hurt that she once again said I had no chance.

"Tom, I'm serious. I told you the first time we talked about this. This is a phase. In a couple years, you'll meet a pretty girl, and you'll look back at this and wonder what the hell you were thinking. You will wonder why you had this sexual fixation on your own mom." she said, taking a bite out of her hot dog.

"Well, I'm sorry. That part of the discussion kinda faded from my memory. What I mainly remember is when you stood in my doorway, squeezed your tits at me, and said that I couldn't handle you. So forgive me if I thought I was getting mixed signals." I said. I wasn't angry. I was just trying to argue my case.

"Sorry about that." Mom said sheepishly.

"So, why did you do that if I never stood a chance?" I asked.

"It's simple... you're really fun to tease." Mom said with a laugh. "You take yourself so damn serious all the time, it makes you that much more fun to screw around with."

"And that's... the only reason?" I asked.

"That and the obvious underlying sexual tension between us." Mom said with a teasing smile. "I will admit, I might have taken it too far."

"You showed your tits to the entire football team!" I exclaimed.

"Yeah, sorry about that." Mom replied.

"Yeah, you've been kinda torturing me." I replied.

"Well, I think the games are over, Tom. After tomorrow, you won't have to deal with it anymore. You'll be the big man on campus." she said.

"But... we still do have 24 hours till I leave, so there still is time..." I began.

"Don't even bother." she cut me off, but I knew I had to try. One last chance. One last gambit.

"I'm just saying. I'll be gone, your only son, living it up at school. You'll be here, alone while Dad flies all over the world. I mean, what better way for you to see me off, what better way to remember me by, then for us to go upstairs, rip off our clothes, and get down to business? I can make you scream like Ms. Graham did." I stated.

"Tom, give it a rest. I swear, you're the one torturing yourself by bringing it up all the damn time." She said.

"Yeah, it was all from me." I said sarcastically. She smiled slightly, an admission of guilt.

"And don't get me started on Casey." Mom said.

"It was worth a shot." I said. "You think you'll ever make up with her?"

"Casey? I don't know... it's hard to forgive a friend when she fucked your son." Mom said.

"Especially when you so obviously want to do the same." I said. She slapped my arm, knocking my burger out of my hand onto the plate.

"Stop!" she said, with humor in her voice. "Give it up already."

She stood up and slipped inside to refill her drink. I was hoping to push the 'me going away to school' card, and hoping she might at least give in based on that. It was one of the last plays I had at this point, and I didn't really expect it to work. It was worth a shot though.

We finished our meals, chatting about school stuff mainly. As we began packing up, and the crickets were starting to chirp, I gave it one last shot.

"Alright..." I began, grabbing her attention. "I know that, uh... sex isn't gonna happen. But, could you at least... show me your bare tits? Just once?" I asked.

"You know..." Mom began, stopping what she was doing to address me. "I'm gonna have to go in and get these suckers lifted in a few years." she said, pointing at her tits. "I'm lucky they've stayed so firm for this long. But I might have the doctor take them down a few cup sizes, to save me from all this... unwanted attention."

"Mom, don't even joke about that." I said. "If anything, you should get them pumped up a few sizes."

This caused Mom to laugh loudly, making her boobs bounce. Mom was typically very even keeled, rarely showing any extremes emotionally. So making her laugh like this was an accomplishment in and of itself.

"Well, I don't think I can go much bigger." she began, still laughing. "I'm sure I would get, like, some confused looks if I asked for implants."

"I think you'd carry them well." I complimented.

"Aw, how sweet." Mom said, sarcastically touched by my compliment. "You have no idea how what it's like to carry these suckers around all day."

"Well, don't worry." I began. "I'll be here to help."

Mom smiled and laughed again.

"So..." I began. "What do you say? One glimpse at the goods?" Mom sighed.

"Tom..." she said, resuming picking up from our dinner.

"How about your ass? I'll take that." I called after her as she moved to step inside. Mom looked back and slid the door shut in my face.

Another rejection. But I was used to it. And hey, I still had 24 hours.

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You think you have all the time in the world, but it seemed like no time at all passed when I was loading up the car, getting ready to set off for College.

I had been in a weird mood the entire day. Over the past year, it felt like I had all the time I would need to bang Mom. Now, suddenly, the end was here and I was staring failure in the face. I had never

failed to land any girl, but now I was about to. And the thought of losing this little game pissed me off.

I was a sore loser, I admit it. When we lost the State Championship, I was furious. But losing this battle, this game to Mom, that felt far worse.

The day was too busy to test any angles of seduction on Mom. Things were so hectic that there was no time to relax. No time to admire her mammoth breasts. No time to gawk at her hot ass.

So before I knew it, I was slamming the trunk shut on my car, having loaded the last bit of luggage for my voyage to the next stage of my life. As I did, Mom followed me outside.

"So, are you ready? You got everything?" she asked.

"Just about." I said. She looked at me warmly. I studied her. She looked stunning. Wearing a bright blue cotton blouse, showing a few inches of cleavage. Some slim, tight jeans. Her hair hung in waves down her back. Her lips were smooth and plump. Her eyes were twinkling. My dick throbbed. I wanted her more than ever.

I knew it was pointless, but I had to give it a shot.

"Mom...we still have a couple hours before I have to leave. There's still a chance. C'mon, Mom. Please. Give me something here." I practically begged.

Mom smiled and stepped forward. I looked at her, nervously. She stepped forward and put her arms around me, pulling me into a hug.

"Give it up, Tom." she said. "It's over. I won." She stepped back and looked at me warmly. "Have fun at school. I love you. Call me when you get there."

"So... no chance?" I asked. She shook her head. I nodded. "I should go." Mom stepped in and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

It was official. It was over. I had lost. I would never fuck Mom. I would never see her body. I would never experience what was what supposedly the world changing experience that was fucking Tanya McGee.

Like a zombie, I got behind the wheel and reversed back onto the street. As I shifted into drive and prepared to move forward, I took one last look at Mom. And as I pulled away, she stepped towards the car, about to say something. I rolled down the window as she approached.

"Face it Tom." she said smugly. Then again, she brought her hands up and gave her huge breasts a firm squeeze. "You could never handle this."

I saw red.

I spun the wheel severely and zoomed back into the driveway, her stepping onto the lawn in surprise. Leaving the engine on, I stomped out of the car.

"You know what?" I said, approaching her imposing body, and that fucking smug look on her face. Despite the fact that her arrogance, this moment of her showcasing her raw sexuality had my cock throbbing, I was still furious. "I've had enough of this!" I began.

"Good." Mom said. "Like I said before, no chance..."

"You say that, but then do what you just did! You're no mother. No mother would torture her son this way! You're sadistic. Make up your mind!" I spat out.

"My mind's been made up since the beginning." she replied. I gritted my teeth and nodded angrily.

"Bull fucking shit!" I said angrily. "I was ready to let this go when you said no the first time! But ever since then, you've been teasing me!

Torturing me! You're the bad guy here, Mom! You're the one that kept this going, not me. I just responded."

"Think what you want to, Tom." Mom said casually. I could barely speak, I was so mad.

"You know what? I'm done with this. I'm over it." I began. "Mom. You are crazy hot. Your body is out of this world. But you are not worth this. No woman is worth this much trouble. Even you." I said angrily. Her look softened slightly

"Tom, I..." she began.

"No!" I said, cutting her off. "I'm done with this. I know you love these games. But I'm not playing anymore. I'm over it. I'm done! You're gonna get what you want, cause I'm moving on. Goodbye Mom. I hope you're happy!"

I stomped back to my car and angrily backed out of the driveway. Glancing at Mom, she looked at me, her expression unreadable. I turned away and drove off.

I meant every word I said. I was done with this game. I was done torturing myself. Done with this bullshit game. Mom was a bitch. An evil, teasing temptress. And I was over it. She was right. I had to move on. I had my whole life ahead of me. I was about to go to

college. It was time to move on. Time to find an object of fixation that wasn't also my mother.

So it was off to a new life. Off to college. Away from this town. Away from Mom.

At that point, I thought it was over. I was willing to accept that sacrifice, just to be free from her games. And judging by her reaction, she believed me. But... I didn't know what I had just unleashed. Not a clue. I didn't realize that I had accidently opened the door to something I had been deliberately trying to do for a year now. I had said something to my mother that no man had ever dared to say to her.

I told her no.

And I was about to realize the consequences of that action.

I didn't realize it at the time, but I had released something inside of her. And while I was starting a new adventure at school, evolving and growing up, Mom would be going through an evolution of her own.

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Chapter 6: College Life

My relationship with my mother changed after I told her I was done trying to fuck her. It'd be weird if it didn't, really. But that wasn't the end of our story. Not even close. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

It was a long, long drive to school. My mind was racing after what I had just done. On one hand, I was crushed that what I had wanted to happen would never happen. I was furious that Mom kept pushing and pushing me, even though her position never changed, even though it was all supposedly already over. I was angry with myself for playing this game with her, reciprocating, letting myself become obsessed with my own mother when I knew deep down it was a losing battle. I was disappointed that I had been beaten. And most importantly of all, I was unhappy with the man I was becoming.

I had done a lot of wrong in this last year since making my initial confession. In my tunnel-vision, in my singular focus to fuck Mom, I had started to do things I would never dream of doing before. I felt myself slipping away, I felt myself becoming the arrogant jock, douchebag everyone always initially thought I was. I was becoming the very person I worked so hard to not be seen as.

My arrogance had gone through the roof. I was using my sexuality aggressively in every facet of life. I was flirting with girls for a purpose, like, for example, flirting for help on homework, or tests, like I did with Carrie. I was using girls, which was not a cool thing

to be doing. I was flirting with girls that I knew had boyfriends and seeing how far I could get with them. I was testing my own power, using my sexuality as a weapon the way Mom had, but I found that I wasn't necessarily as cold-blooded as Mom was in that fashion. I felt guilt, while clearly, she felt none.

I was involving others in my games. Guys had seen me talking to their girls and they got pissed at me, rightly so. Even though I had never taken it all the way, the fact that I was infringing on other guys' territory, so to speak, that was enough for other guys to hate me. To cause a fight between an otherwise happy couple, and, in one case, a break-up. I was callous enough at the time to not be bothered by it, but my exploits had reached a head with Casey.

I had used her as I had other girls. I had used her as a weapon to attack Mom. Sure, she had clearly enjoyed being used in a sense, even though she didn't know what she was truly being used for. Nonetheless, I had used her. And in doing so I had broken a friendship that had lasted for years between her and my mom, as well as her relationship with her boyfriend, a rich doctor who would no doubt give her a comfortable life. And, I kinda think I had broken Casey in the same way Mom claimed she had broken me. Casey had become super into me, and she was eager to hook up whenever we got the chance. I had kinda made her addicted to me. And I totally took advantage of that and really enjoyed it, but part of me knew what I had done was messed up. Even though Mom was cold-blooded in many ways to me lately, I felt bad that I had severed one of her best friendships.

Mom was right about one thing: I had to move on from her. For my own sanity, I had to move on from her. I hoped that being free from her sphere of influence would help me. Being away from her, and her tight, jiggly body, was probably the best thing for me. In order to move on, I had to evolve. I had to become a different person and not follow the path I had been marching down, one which would have led me to disaster. To ruin. If I kept going the way I had, I would have become a monster. And I didn't want that. For my own sake, I needed this. To find a nice girl, to be a good boyfriend, to be a good man. To not be solely focused on the needs of my dick. I'm sure that would be a hard journey, knowing the stories I had heard about the type of girls I would come across in school. I would have to wean myself off those girls I solely wanted to hook up with, and find a girl with something more.

Most importantly, I had to expunge Mom from my mind. I had to stop thinking about her, stop jacking off to thoughts of her body. If I had to move on, I needed to do it completely, and the only way to do so was forget about the perfection that was Mom's body. I vowed to myself that I would never spill another load of cum to thoughts of her. I was done. I had to be. It would be tough, it would be hard, but it was for the best. I had to move on.

I didn't realize just how fast I would do so.

I reached school without any major issues and was able to unload the contents of my over-packed car into my dorm room, my new home. I was surrounded by new people, a new set of peers. I had the

chance to reinvent myself, to have a fresh start. And I vowed to take advantage.

My roommate was named Luke and he seemed like a nice enough guy. He was a guy more into computers and games and stuff like that than I was. In high school, I may have been a lot of things, but I was never a bully. With that said, with guys like Luke, I never had anything in common with them, so I just never really interacted with them. But, like I said, I was vowing to be a better person, and so I made it a point to expand my horizons and try to take an interest in those things. So, despite our obvious differences, we actually got along really well. He was a cool guy, and if I needed help with anything, he was there for me. He was a good guy, and he became one of my better friends during my first year of college.

But honestly, he plays a small role in the story of my college life. The real star of that story for me was Carmen. And the part she would play was a huge one.

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"Okay guys, this year can be pretty easy." Carmen began, addressing everyone on my floor. "I'm not too strict. I won't be all over you guys, but that being said, I do enforce the rules. If I see any alcohol, I will confiscate it, and..."

"Drink it." some guy finished with a self-impressed laugh.

"Yeah, good one." Carmen replied quickly, unimpressed. I smiled. "And, if I find any drugs or anything illegal, I will not hesitate to call the police. I have them on speed dial. I know this is college, and some things are inevitable, but I don't want to see it. Act around me like you would around your grandma. And one last thing, this is my last year of pre-med, so my workload is pretty heavy at the moment, so I would appreciate it if you could keep it quiet. Preferably, all the time, but especially when it's late. I know it's a lot to ask, especially for some of you..." she said, glancing around the room at a few people, including a quick glance at me. "But if all of you could do your best to make this as smooth of an experience as possible for all of us, it would make me very happy. And that should be everyone's goal here, to make me happy." The room of freshman laughed at this. She smiled slyly. "Does anyone have any questions?"

As a few people asked some questions I admired the girl answering the questions. Her name was Carmen Tanucci, and she was my RA for my floor of the dorm. And... I couldn't take my eyes off of her. There was something about her. Her ease at talking to this group of brash freshman, combined with a certain snarkiness and humor that was immediately apparent in her. I liked girls who could talk a little shit back at me and not just roll over, and it she seemed like she could talk the talk in that sense. She also seemed to have a certain casual disinterest, like she knew she had a job but she couldn't care less about it. I'm guessing she had been an RA before, and so she had probably seen it all by this point. It was probably tough to faze her, and that drew me to her. It also didn't hurt that she was extremely attractive.

I found her eyes the most striking part of her. They were deep and dark and bristled with intelligence and worldliness. This girl was no airhead. She had seen the world. Her skin was pale but creamy and smooth. Her lips were plump and soft, and even though she was dressed very casually with little make-up, she was naturally beautiful. She had straight black hair, down to her shoulders.

Now, I said before that I was trying to evolve in terms of the type of girls I was going after, but that's not to say my fetishes had changed. Carmen was very pretty and her personality seemed fun, and that was enough to make me attracted to her immediately. But, it didn't hurt that she had really big tits. Obviously, they were not as big as Mom's hooters, but they were still large nonetheless. Just at a quick glance, I would put them at DD's. I could appreciate the fact that she wasn't parading them all over the place. They were tucked inside a simple school t-shirt and combined with her loose, comfy looking sweats, made her look very casual, looking hot without having to try.

I studied the rest of her. While she was not the fitness freak that someone like Mom or Ms. Graham was, the look worked for her. I would describe her as curvy. She had maybe 10-15 extra pounds, which made her body seem lush and sexy. Her legs seemed smooth and firm, and her butt looked nice and round.

She kind of fulfilled my every need. She seemed to suit me from a personality sense, her body met my needs in terms of what I liked, and hey, if you haven't gathered it at this point, I liked older women, and even though she wasn't quite as old as the other women I had been attracted to, she clearly had the experience and worldliness and

a confident sexuality that made older women attractive to me. I was smitten with her from the start.

The only problem was, I don't think she actually liked me... at all.

I had met her in passing while I moved in, and she had said hi and welcomed me to the dorms. But in every interaction we had she had seemed very guarded, very short and curt, as if she was distrustful of me. I think she had made an assumption of what type of guy I was. It was my job to change her mind.

Over the next couple weeks, I had Carmen on the brain. Maybe it was the well-noted short attention span of a teenager, but I now had a new crush, one much healthier than my previous one, and this new thrilling chase had my mind off my last failed attempt. I was slowly but surely moving on from Mom, and I couldn't be happier.

I was very friendly and polite to Carmen when I passed her in the hall, and beyond a curt reply, she showed no indication of affection towards me. Finally, I had to dig in and engage her for a bit.

I was coming back from the cafeteria and I saw Carmen standing in her doorway, talking to one of the girls that lived on this floor. Their conversation finished up right as I was walking towards them, so I knew this was my chance. Carmen saw me coming and unable to retreat without being blatantly rude, she stayed put, allowing me to sidle up to her.

"Hey, Carmen, can I ask you something?" I asked.

"What's up?" she replied, looking up at me.

"I just..." I began. "Ever since I moved in, I've gotten weird vibes from you, so I wanted to know if I had done something to offend you or anything?"

"No." she replied simply.

"Then, uh, what's the problem?" I asked.

"There's no problem." she shrugged.

"Carmen, I'm not stupid. I know you have something against me." I replied.

"Are you trying to convince me to not like you?" she asked, confused.

"I don't think any convincing is necessary at this point. I think the damage is done." I said.

"Well, the longer this conversation goes, the more damage you're doing." Carmen stated. I shrugged my shoulders, not knowing what I was doing that was pissing her off. Carmen saw my confusion and

showed me some mercy. "Alright, it's not that I hate you, or anything like that. It's just... I have met lots of guys like you. You know, too cool for school, thinks he's God's gift to women, you act all charming and cool and smooth, like you're the best guy in the world! At least until you tell a girl you want to stick your dick in her butthole! Then you toss her away. I've seen this play out SO many times before, preying on all these easy girls here. So, let's just cut to the chase here." My eyes widened at her willingness to speak so frankly.

"What gave it away, all the nothing I said to you?" I replied.

"I might be wrong. I totally admit that." Carmen said. "But I know the type, and you fit that role to a T."

"What, the role of... uh, douchebag buttfucker?" I asked with a laugh. She smiled slightly at this, which was an accomplishment, cause she was not an easy laugh. "Carmen, you don't know the first thing about me."

"Maybe you're right. I'm totally working on my own first impression of you, and it's totally unfair, but that's the vibe I've gotten. But luckily for you, McGee, you have a whole year to change my mind." she said. Carmen nodded slightly and stepped into her dorm, shutting the door in front of me. I stepped down the hall towards my dorm, and as I did, I thought over what she said and smiled.

To me, that sounded like a challenge. She was daring me to change her mind. Daring me to prove her wrong. Just like Mom had. But I had experience playing this game. And this time, I would not lose.

There was nothing stopping me. No moral or ethical barriers preventing me from going after her. I could do this without becoming the monster I had almost become before. I could play this game straight, and clean, not cross any lines. This wasn't about conquering her. This was a game of seduction, just a girl and a guy. I liked her. I liked that she wasn't rolling over for me. I liked that she was sparring with me, so to speak, talking a little shit to me. I think, deep down, she liked me more than she let on.

This wasn't me becoming a sex-crazed beast wanting to fuck his hot-bodied mom. At this point, Mom was the last thing on my mind. This was a guy trying to seduce a woman he had a crush on. And in doing so, I would make her eat her words. Sure, there was some pride involved, but I was trying to expose the truth. She was one of those girls who denied a guy initially, even though she kinda liked him, just cause she wanted to see what he'd do. She was playing a game, and I knew game players. But I was a player too, and I was better. I would respond in kind. I liked her. A lot. And I would prove her wrong, proving that she did in fact like me too. A lot. And to do so, I would prove that her initial impression of me was accurate.

I would have Carmen's ass. And, if I was right, that was exactly what she wanted.

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I walked down the hall of my dorm, and Carmen was walking in front of me. She looked over her shoulder at me teasingly, and as she watched me, she shook her jean clad butt at me. I smirked and blatantly looked down at her butt, and she noticed my lusty stare. She shook her butt side-to-side, taunting me. As I reached the door to my dorm, I opened it and asked.

"You want to come in?"

Carmen smiled teasingly at me.

"McGee..." she began. "Keep dreaming. You will never have my ass."

"We'll see about that." I called after her as she walked into the stairwell. I entered my dorm room, enjoying this flirtation. I looked into my room and stopped in my tracks.

On my bed was Mom. She was on all fours, ass pointed at me. She looked back at me and smirked arrogantly. She licked her lips and spoke up.

"You may not get her ass, but you can have mine." Mom purred. With that, she reached back and yanked her jeans down over her ass.

And with that, I woke up.

I sat up angrily. I checked the clock, seeing it was only about 1:30 AM. I brought my hand to my head and wiped off the light layer of sweat.

Yes, I still dreamt about Mom. I tried to purge all thoughts of her out of my memory, but my subconscious wouldn't let me. She was a specter, hanging over my dreams, changing even my most innocent of dreams into nightmares.

I could be dreaming of being back in high school, or visiting a twisted carnival, or at a place I went to on a field trip in second grade, or be battling aliens heroically, and Mom would enter the picture. Mom would suddenly be there, inserting herself in places she did not belong. And she would be the teasing, taunting sex-bomb, her boobs jiggling and bouncing, her round ass firm as always, her voice breathy and lusty. Some people had nightmares about ghosts or werewolves. My nightmare figure was my mom. She had really done a number on me.

But I was happy to at least have a new featured player in my dreams, namely Carmen. I had dreamed of her a few times, and in my dreams, she was a teasing, sexual creature, a lot more outwardly sexual than the real her. At this point, I would much rather have Carmen in my dreams than Mom. I would much rather be teased by Carmen than Mom. I had had my fill of Mom teasing me. That ship had sailed.

It had been a few week since my big conversation with Carmen. We had talked a few times in passing, and I did my best to appear as the polite, handsome, considerate guy. I don't think she bought it, but if I kept feeding it to her, she would have to believe it wasn't an act eventually... right? I mean, it wasn't an act. All these things are things I would do normally, I was just making sure she saw it. But, I was an impatient guy, and when I wanted something, I wanted it now. I needed to find a way to speed up proceedings, but I needed a flash of inspiration or something to chip away at her defenses.

Then, I heard the loud crash of broken glass from outside my door, and a scream of pain.

Without second thought, I leapt out of bed, wearing only a pair of boxers. I ran towards the door, making it to the door in a few long strides. I pulled open the door, and was confronted with a sight right outside my room.

A girl was on her knees, her arm dripping with blood, a beer can dropped on the floor next to her. Standing above her was another girl, looking shaky and panicked, a beer can clutched in her hand. I felt the cool night air on my neck, and I looked and saw that the window next to my door was shattered.

Both girls spoke quickly, voices panicked and slurring as they tried to tell me what happened. Listening to their drunken ramblings and using my deductive skills, I figured out what happened quickly.

Both girls had gotten drunk and were racing down the hall. One of them didn't realize that she actually had to, you know, stop, so she had slammed into the waist-high window, her arms and head going through it.

I studied her injuries. She had cuts on her forehead, blood leaking down her face. Her right arm was now covered in blood, and it was now I noticed a large shard of glass sticking out of her forearm. I winced as I looked at this. Thinking fast, I grabbed a discarded t-shirt from inside my room and got on my knees next to the girl.

"It hurts, it hurts, it hurts!" the girl said, babbling as her other hand shakily approached her injured arm.

"I know. I know." I replied. I used the wadded up shirt I had grabbed and began to lightly rub off the bits of glass on her forehead and her arm, avoiding the big shard of glass sticking out of her.

"Take it out! We need to take it out!" the injured girl said, a girl I recognized as Janie, who lived down the hall. She reached towards her bloody arm, both hands shaking.

"No!" I said, grabbing her wrist. "Don't take it out! Leave it in! Taking it out will make it worse!" I said, having watched enough medical shows to know that. "Okay, Janie, I need you to focus. I'm gonna tie my shirt around your arm. I think that might help... maybe. And then, I want you to lift your arm over your heart. Okay? Janie! Listen to me. It'll be okay." I said calmly. Staying focused, I tied my shirt

around her arm, hoping that putting pressure above the wound would help. I guided her to lift her arm up, and helped her hold it up.

I looked up at the other girl. Her name was Jodi, and she also lived on this floor. She looked terrified.

"Jodi." I said calmly. "Go get Carmen. Go wake her up."

"No, but, uh, I think she's okay. I mean, we've been, uh, drinking, and... we could get in trouble." she babbled. I rolled my eyes and turned my head and looked into my open dorm.

"Hey Luke!" I called out. A few moments later, he emerged into the light, groggy.

"What's going on, ahhhh holy shit!" he said, realizing what was happening.

"Go wake up Carmen!" I told him. He nodded and sprinted down the hall. I gave Jodi the evil eye as she took her beer can and Janie's and tossed it into the stairwell. I looked at Janie.

"It hurts, Tom. A lot!" she cried out, tears rolling down her cheeks.

"I know, I know." I said calmly. "Carmen will be here soon. She'll help out."

"Please, can we take the glass out?" she begged.

"It's okay, Janie. Listen to me. You have to leave it in, okay. And you need to stay calm. I know it hurts a lot." I said. "Let me tell you a story, Janie. Okay? I knew this girl in high school. Her name was Kelly. We were at this track meet, she ran the, um, the relay. She was the last runner, the anchor."

I looked to my side and saw Carmen and Luke running towards us. Carmen got on her knees next to us.

"Let me see." she said to Janie. She turned Janie's arm, which caused a jolt of pain to surge through her. Seeing this, I continued talking, trying to grab her attention.

"So, Janie, this girl Kelly, she started running. The problem was, it had rained that morning. So, she was making the turn and she collapsed to the ground." I said. Carmen held Janie's arm and studied the wound.

"Don't take the glass out." she warned us both.

"I know." I replied quickly, returning my focus to the injured girl. "So, Kelly fell to the track, and didn't move."

"What happened?" Janie asked.

"She shattered her ankle. I mean, it was pretty gnarly. So, they all finished the race, but she was still on the track. All her teammates ran to check on her, and so did her boyfriend. He came out of the stands." I said.

"Keep your arm up." Carmen said. "Luke, can you call 911?"

"Yeah, no problem." he said, jumping into our room.

"Jodi, go wake up Chantal. They've known each other for years." Carmen told the panicked girl. She was unsure at first. "Go!" Carmen ordered firmly." Finally she padded down the hall to Janie's room.

"So, what happened?" Janie asked.

"So, yeah, she was on the track for like ten minutes, talking to her friends and the paramedics. And finally, her boyfriend pulled her up. She leaned on him, and he supported her. She wanted to finish the race." I said.

"Really?" Janie replied as Carmen cleaned up the blood.

"Yeah, it was crazy. She got up on her good foot, and she hopped along the track. She ignored the pain. She pushed through it. Sure, it looked bad, hopping along, and she was screaming in pain. But she did it! She fucking finished! And the whole crowd was on their feet, applauding! It was one of the coolest things I've ever seen." I said.

"Really?" she asked again.

"Yeah." I said with a smile. "She did. She finished the race, and she vowed that she would race again."

"Did she?" Janie asked.

"What do you think?" I asked with a smile. She smiled slightly. "So, I know this hurts, Janie, but you can be strong. You can push through this. Ignore the pain. Right?"

"Yeah." Janie said, nodding softly. I glanced at Carmen, and she smiled slightly.

"Okay, Janie, I'm gonna want you to stand up, okay. Tom, be next to her, she might be a bit wobbly." Carmen said. I nodded. Putting my arm around Janie, we stood up together. I held Janie tight as she swayed slightly.

Her roommate Chantal approached with Jodi, and they talked with the shaken Janie for a bit as I supported her. Finally, the elevator opened, and paramedics made their way down the hall towards us. They took over and they stuck her on a gurnee, despite her protests, and they rolled her down the hall, Chantal following, as she was going to accompany her friend to the hospital.

Jodi tried to sneak away, but Carmen caught her before she could leave, and spent the next few minutes putting the fear of God into her, telling her she has to grow up, be an adult, don't drink in the dorms, that she would be written up, etc. Eventually, Carmen let her go, and she sprinted off in fear. Me and Luke were talking through this whole thing and Luke eventually stepped back into our room, exhausted. I waited for Carmen to finish reaming out Jodi. Once Jodi was gone, Carmen noted my presence and walked towards me, as I leaned near the broken window.

"What a mess." Carmen noted, looking at the carpet, soaked with blood and beer, and covered with glass.

"I'm sure this carpet has seen far worse." I replied. "Need help cleaning this up?" I asked.

"Would you mind?" she asked.

"No problem." I replied.

"I mean, normally, I would call in maintenance, but they wouldn't be able to get here till the morning." Carmen said.

"It's fine." I said, stepping into my room, grabbing a broom.

She went to her room and grabbed a garbage bag and duct tape. When she returned, she saw me sweeping up the broken glass.

"Put on some shoes, McGee! Broken glass." she pointed out. I just smirked at her and continued sweeping up while barefoot. I was a man. I don't fear broken glass. She stepped over the glass and began taping the garbage bag over the broken window. I finished sweeping and helped her attach the garbage back over the window.

"Well," she said, backing up. "I think that's everything." she said, looking up at me.

"I think so." I replied, stepping between her and the window and leaning against the wall there. As I did, my face scrunched up in a pained expression. She looked up at me, confused, before she put the pieces together.

"You just stepped on some glass, didn't you?" she asked, smiling smugly.

"Yeah." I relented, lifting my foot up to see blood dripping from the sole of my foot.

"Hold on." she said, rolling her eyes. She grabbed a first-aid kit, which she had brought over to help with Janie. She removed some tweezers, some alcohol, some wipes, and a band aid. "Lift your foot up, idiot."

Smiling lightly, I complied. She kneeled and looked at the underside of my foot.

"I will tell you, McGee." she began, reaching forward with her tweezers. "You did really good with Janie. I appreciate the help. At least someone stepped up."

"What kind of trouble they gonna get into?" I asked, wincing as she pulled out the bit of glass.

"They'll be written up." she said, setting the glass down.

"Anything worse than that?" I asked.

"I'm still thinking about it." she replied. She wiped down my foot with the alcohol, soaking up the blood and cleaning up the wound. A few seconds later, she bandaged up the small wound and I took a tentative, pained step.

"Well..." she began. "Other than being too cool to wear shoes around broken glass, you did really well tonight. You were kind of a natural. You might have a future in it."

"I don't know about that. I'm just a big, dumb jock, right?" I said.

"What are you going into, anyway?" she asked.

"I don't know yet." I replied.

"Well, it's something to think about. Keep an open mind. You were really good at it." she said. I smiled coyly. "Alright, it's late and I need sleep. And I need to clean up too, as do you."

"Yeah." I said simply. We just stood there, facing each other, neither of us moving. She shook her head.

"Yeah, okay. Good night." she said, turning to walk away. As I stepped into my room, she stopped and turned around. "So, uh, what happened to that girl? The track girl?"

"Oh," I said, smiling. "I don't know. I made the whole thing up."

"Seriously?" she asked, her eyes flashing, clearly kind of impressed. I smiled proudly.

"Good night, Carmen." I called out.

"Night, McGee." she replied.

****

I was making some progress with Carmen. After the window incident, she was more friendly and talkative with me, actually being willing to stop me and talk for a bit. And I loved it, cause I couldn't stop thinking about her.

With Mom, my obsession was a raw animal lust. But with Carmen, it was something less primal. It was something far deeper than that.

At first, with Carmen, it was as if she was playing on a different level than me, a level above me, and it was unthinkable that she would ever be interested in a mere freshman. But, she had warmed to me. I was chipping away at her defenses.

I made even more progress a few weeks later. Me and a bunch of friends were going to the movies. As we were chatting in the lobby, I looked over as I heard a couple fighting.

I looked over and saw a girl with her back to me, and a tall, handsome, studly looking guy arguing with her.

"I swear, Carmen, you make a big deal over everything!" the guy said.

"I'm not making a big deal." she said firmly.

"You complain about everything." The guy said. "Why can't you just relax and enjoy a movie."

"Cause it looks awful. I don't want to see it. Why do you keep dragging me to these crappy movies?" she asked.

"You know what? I'm done with this. You go see the movie you want to see. Okay?" he said, storming off and angrily walking out of the theater. I studied the girl, and watched her huff and puff in anger. She grabbed her phone and began texting furiously.

Curious, I sauntered over and approached. Confirming my suspicion, I spoke up.

"Well, Carmen..." I began, grabbing her attention. My RA turned to face me, and she rolled her eyes slightly as she saw me, as if saying that I was the last person she wanted to deal with. "Now that guy... that guy looked like a real douchebag buttfucker."

Her lips curled up in a smile.

"Trust me, I'm calling him far worse things in my head." she replied.

"You okay?" I asked. She exhaled.

"Yeah, I'm fine. It's been almost over for a while now." she said. I let that hang for a bit, and she continued. "You know, it sucks when you have a type, and you know deep down that it's bad for you, and you just can't stop yourself." I nodded in agreement.

"I know exactly what you mean." I told her firmly.

"Guys suck." she said, shaking her head.

"Yeah." I agreed, causing her to smile again slightly. "But you can't resist them, can you?"

"No." she said softly, shaking her head. I laughed.

"So, did he ditch you?" I asked.

"Yeah." she said. "'I'll probably just call a taxi or something."

"Carmen..." I began. "Carmen... Carmen..." I repeated.

"What?" she asked, annoyed.

"There's a very obvious solution here." I began. "Come see the movie with us. Then, afterword, I'll give you a ride back."

"Tom, I don't think that's a good idea." Carmen replied.

"Carmen, c'mon. This is nothing more than what it is. A friend helping a friend." I said.

"Friend?" she questioned.

"Ouch." I said, grabbing my heart. She smiled again. "Carmen, let's go. C'mon."

"Uhhhh, fine." she relented. "It's not the car movie, is it? Cause that's what me and 'douchebag' were fighting over."

"No, no no no no no." I replied. "Do you really think a guy like me, with such impeccable taste in the finest of cinema would go see such a simple movie about racing cars? No... our movie's the one with the big robots."

"Oh, boy." she said, her voice monotone. "You'd better not make me regret this, McGee." she added, following me.

We sat next to each other in the theatre, my group of friends on my other side. We watched the action on screen, the crowd oo-ing and ahhhing as the explosions boomed on-screen. My friends were pumped to watch this stuff, but I don't think Carmen was enjoying this nearly as much. I tried to focus on the movie, but I couldn't stop letting my eyes drift to her. Just watching her, seeing her outside the dorms, in a casual setting... it was nice. I could get used to it.

Carmen was as quiet as me and my friends discussed the movie, recalling the best scenes. After a few minutes of this, I led Carmen to my car and let her in. As we got settled and I started the car, I spoke up.

"Yeah, that movie sucked."

"I KNOW!" Carmen said, ready to burst. "Thank you! I mean, I can enjoy an action... robot... sci-fi movie as much as any other girl, which is to say, not at all, but that was crap."

"Yeah. I mean, I expected more. I thought, you know... there would be more story to it." I replied.

"You expected the robot, guns, action movie to be Shakespeare?" she asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Not necessarily that, but sci-fi movies can have a good story." I replied.

"I guess." she said. "I might have to take your word for it."

"Well, come down to my dorm sometime, and I'll show you." I replied.

"I bet..." she said, smiling. "I bet you'll show me something."

"C'mon." I said with a laugh. "Why can't I be genuine? Why do you always think I'm up to something?"

"Cause you are up to something. I know boys like you. Douchebag back there... he reminds me of you." she said.

"So, you date guys like me?" I asked. She rolled her eyes and smiled.

"I didn't say that." Carmen said.

"Yeah, sure." I said. "I've known girls like you. You like to tease... to taunt."

"Is that right?" she replied.

"Yeah." I began. "You say you don't like me, but you can't stop yourself from dating guys like me. You have a weakness for them. So, either you were lying before, or you are lying now. Maybe you are barely stopping yourself from leaping into my arms."

"Keep dreaming, McGee." Carmen said, amused. "You will always be a 'douchebag buttfucker' to me." I laughed at this, as did she. "But at least I know you are one from the start. That's the advantage I have with you."

"Fair enough." I replied. "If you want to think you're in control here, that's fine."

"McGee, I'm always in control." she said confidently.

"Well," I said, turning at an intersection, "We'll see about that." I didn't look at her, but I could feel her smile.

We made our way back into the dorms. I walked her to her door, and she opened it up. She stood in the doorway and faced me.

"So..." I began.

"So..." she repeated.

"Well, Carmen... you up for some buttfuckin'?" I asked. She burst into laughter at this, and I smiled in response. She composed herself and smiled warmly.

"Good night, McGee." she said, closing the door.

"Good night, Tanucci." I replied, walking away.

I was definitely making progress with her. With most guys, she was relatively sarcastic and unamused by their antics. And me, I could make her giggle. She liked me. I was sure of it. And I definitely liked her. I couldn't take my mind off of her. It wasn't just the challenge or the chase. I liked her, and I wanted her. Not just cause she was hot, but cause I actually liked her. And sure, the competitive side of me wanted to defeat her in our little game, but that alone wasn't enough for me to want her. There was something else at play here. Something I had never encountered before. I couldn't put my finger on it.

Nevertheless, I had a plan. The homecoming game was coming up, and our entire floor was going as a group to the football game. She had warmed to me, and going to the game, with her again in a casual setting, maybe with a few drinks in her, progress could be made. This was my chance. My opportunity. I had big plans, and I knew I had a good chance of making something happen.

Little did I know, someone else had big plans for me.

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Things had been going pretty well between me and Carmen. We had been talking causally, being friendly. If she saw me in the cafeteria, she would join me and we would talk about random crap. It was great. She was definitely warmer to me than anyone else on my floor. So, yeah, I was making progress.

On the day of the homecoming game, as a group, we walked towards the stadium. I walked next to Carmen as we sort of led the group forward. She looked very cute, wearing a tight T-shirt with the team name and logo on them, and some tight, short denim shorts. I was already craving her before we even said to a word to each other, but our conversation on the way to the school confirmed my desire for her.

"So..." she began, "I thought I heard a rumor you were gonna try out for the team? Or you did try out, or something?"

I had planned to try out for football when I initially decided to come here for school. But, seeing that competitive side, and what that brought out in me, I thought it might be best to just step aside and leave that part of me behind. That's not to mention, this was a top 5 in the nation football school, and I had a nearly zero percent chance of actually ever making the team. The football player side of me had to be left behind.

"You know, I thought about it." I began. "But, I kinda thought, you know, I'm almost... too good. I should probably give everyone else a chance."

She laughed.

"Yeah, that's typically a huge problem. Players being too good at football." Carmen said. She got my humor. She saw through my bravado and took my arrogance with the humor in which it was intended. Some people saw my faux bravado and took it as actual arrogance, when I like to think that was not the case. "I think you realized that all your success was based on pure luck and happenstance and not on any appreciable skill."

"Hey, it wasn't luck that I kicked the shit out of Central. It was raw talent. Pure McGee." I boasted. She laughed some more at this.

"And how many state championships did that get you, huh? Cause Central won it twice when I was there, and I seem to remember us buttfucking you all on the field every year I was there." Carmen said. Oh yeah, it came out at some point that Carmen went to Central, my school's hated cross-town rival. So, we grew up not too far from each other. Small world, huh?

"Well, I wouldn't go that far..." I began, "I mean, Central wasn't exactly, uh, literally sodomizing us on the field. And besides, that changed when I got there. I became the, uh, supreme 'buttfucker'."

She giggled at this. Any girl that could so casually toss around the term buttfuck and all it's derivatives like she could was a keeper in my book.

We made our way into the stadium and got some pretty good seats in the student section. I stood next to Carmen, and feeling her pressed next to me, seeing her smile warmly at me, feeling the tension in the air, something was gonna happen today. I was sure of it. And that was good, because I had kind of held myself back sexually lately, making sure I was super-charged for this one day, cause I expected something to happen. I needed something to happen today. I couldn't wait any longer.

Things started off great. We cheered together, we celebrated together, she hugged me when we got a touchdown, and she squeezed my arm a few times. She even took a few pictures of us together, putting her arm around me. It was great. Things were happening. But then, things changed.

"Landon?" she called out. I looked over and saw some guy approaching Carmen. I looked him over. He looked older than us both, probably in his late 20's. He was tall, decently fit, his hair and goatee impeccably styled. He looked like a model for some male fashion magazine, like, uh, 'Douchebag's Monthly.'

"Carmen! I thought that was you." This Landon guy said.

"Oh my God!" she called out, squealing more girlishly than I had ever seen before. She jumped forward and gave him a tight hug. "How've you been? It's been, like, forever."

"I know! I've been good. Been working in Minnesota." he said.

"Yikes." Carmen replied.

"Yeah, it's cold, but I'm working in one of the best surgical rotations in the world." Landon said.

"Wow. That's... awesome." Carmen said.

"How's school going?" he asked.

"It's good. Tough, but good." She said.

"You got an internship lined up?" he asked.

"Nothing official, yet. Hopefully, I'll be sticking around here." She said.

"So, you're doing med school here too?" he said.

"Yeah." Carmen said. She glanced at me. "Oh, Landon, this is my, um, friend, Tom. Tom, this is Landon. He was the TA in one of my classes a while ago. I probably wouldn't have gotten this far without his help."

"Hey." I said curtly.

"Hey man." he replied.

I immediately burned with jealousy as this new guy, this interloper, this asshole, stole Carmen's attention. I tried to interject myself, but it was clear I was on the sidelines of their conversation. Between plays, I heard them talking shop, talking about medical stuff, talking about all the times they had together. It was clear they had a history, maybe he was an ex or a long lost love or something like that. The way she looked at him, the adoration in her eyes, it was clear she liked him.

Now, I knew what it was like. I was on the other side of things. Being with a girl, making progress, only to have some cocky lameass stride up and steal her from within your grasp. She led me on, let me think I had a chance, but in the end, she would happily leap into bed with this douchebag older guy at a moment's notice. I had no doubt it would be this cocky asshole fucking her sweet asshole by the end of the day. An asshole that was supposed to be mine.

The game became a lot less fun for me to watch. And standing next to her, listening to her gab energetically to this guy, was torturous.

She was typically so sarcastic and biting with her humor. I had never seen her act this relaxed and girly around someone. It pissed me off how quickly she would crumble around someone, especially someone that wasn't me.

Suddenly, being right next to her was the last place I wanted to be.

I stepped away from a distracted Carmen, and she didn't seem to notice my absence. I angrily strode down the steps, walking past the drunk, cheering mob. I made my way into the tunnel, and I angrily began to just walk around, past the food shops and the people scrambling to the bathroom. I must have walked the circumference of the stadium two or three times, lost in thought.

I was angry. Angry at having been led on, again! Falling victim to a teasing, flirty girl, only for her to go to bed with some other guy, again. I had wasted my time. I had lost again, hadn't I? I considered whether I was maybe overreacting, but you don't just throw a guy aside like that unless you really meant it. If she really liked me, she would have kept me involved. She wouldn't have cast me away like that.

Again, I was wrong. Mistaken. Misled. I had put all this time and effort into a woman, again, only to come up empty handed. I had never been more furious.

I tried to walk out the anger. After maybe three laps of the stadium, I felt a little tired, a bit exhausted, a bit hollow, not wanting to be

angry or upset anymore. My nerves were frayed and I needed to just let this tension, this anger, go. To forget it completely. To let my mind wonder elsewhere.

I walked back out through a tunnel and looked over the field again. For a few minutes, I just watched the action on the field, trying to forget about Carmen and her games. I let my arms rest on the guardrail as I tried to erase all thoughts from my brain. I let the wind blow across my hair, the sounds of the crowd gliding into my ears, the sights on the field reflecting off my eyes. This moment of peace was short-lived.

"Tom!" a female voice called out to me. Shaken from my reverie, I turned to look for the source of the noise. And it was not who I expected.

"Ms. Graham!" I said, shocked to see her. She was walking towards me, before stopping a few feet away from me.

"Well, how do I look?" she asked, holding out her arms. I couldn't help but admire her. I forgot just how stunningly sexy she was. She was wearing a t-shirt, a tight, dark cardinal-red shirt, hugging her fit, mature frame, our school's logo stretched around her massive breasts and leaving part of her flat belly exposed. Her lower half was adorned with a denim skirt, showing off her long, firm legs. She wore brown, leather boots, adding to her sexiness. I glanced at her face. Her lips were curled in a smile as she flashed her teeth brilliantly. Her crimson hair hung past her shoulders, looking full and sexy.

"You look... good." I said with a slight, confident smile.

"I've been texting you, but you've been ignoring me." she said, jutting her lip out in a pout.

"Sorry, I've been a bit, uh... distracted." I replied. "How are you?"

"I'm good. Just caught up with a few friends, been watching us kick ass on the field. Oh! Let's take a picture!" she said. I let her pull me in next to her, with her arm around my shoulder, our backs facing the field, as she snapped a picture of us.

"New profile pic?" I asked. She smiled as she pulled away slightly, keeping one hand on my shoulder.

"I don't know about that. Don't want to make it too obvious that me and one of my former students are lovers." she purred. "Speaking of which, you feel really good, Tom." she said, squeezing at my shoulder firmly. She stepped in close and put her other hand on my stomach, feeling my abs through my shirt.

"Any big plans tonight?" she whispered, her voice the only thing hitting my ears through the din of the football again. "Cause I made some plans with some friends, but those can easily be cancelled."

I turned to look at the stands, back where I had been seated. I saw Carmen taking to, uhhhh, Landon, that fucking douchebag. If she could look elsewhere, then so could I. I turned back to face Casey and her smugly smiling face.

"No plans. Not anymore." I said with a smile.

"Well, what I'm thinking..." she began. "Is that as much as I like meeting up with my friends, or watching my alma mater kick ass on the football field, I can think of one thing I like doing even more." she said, stepping closer to me, her boobs jiggling under her tight top. I glanced at them and looked up at her, smiling wolfishly.

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(1 hour Later)

"Fuck me, Tom! Fuck my ass!" Ms. Graham grunted out as I drove my thick shaft into her tight asshole as hard as I could.

It didn't take long for us. Hand in hand, we left the football game and jumped into a cab back towards my dorm. Barely able to keep our hands off of each other, we made our way inside, making out in the elevator. Finally, we made it to my room. I shut the door behind us, making sure there was a sock on the doorknob.

From that point on, there was nothing holding us back. She didn't take the time to admire the inside of my dorm room. She was all over me, pressing herself into me as we made out. We fell to my bed, our hands all over each other, her groping my muscles and my crotch, and my hands molesting her ass and massive titties.

We were too hot for each other to just get naked and make things easier for us both. She savagely attacked my dick, pulling it roughly from within my jeans and devouring it with her hungry mouth, inhaling it to the root. I returned the favor, pulling up her skirt around her waist, pulling her soaked white thong to the side and sucking at her needy cunt.

This went on for a while, her soaking my cock and balls with her spit and me nibbling at her tasty pussy and asshole with my tongue. Finally, she pulled herself off of me and got on all fours, shaking her ass at me, looking back at me hungrily.

That brought us to the now, me behind her, my jeans around my thighs, my shirt thankfully discarded as I drove my throbbing cock into her needy ass.

"God, I've needed this! No one can fuck me like you can!" she panted out as I slammed into her. Her thong was still pulled to the side, her skirt at her waist, and her top pulled up over her breasts. They swayed under her as I fucked her, and I couldn't help but reach down and squeeze those mammoth, smooth breasts again, pinching her nipples roughly.

"You like that, bitch?" I grunted out savagely. "You like that young dick?"

"God yes!" she squealed out. "I love that thick teenage dick! God, it's good! C'mon, fuck me, Tom! Fuck me as hard as you fucking can! I fucking need it!"

I picked up the pace, slamming my cock into her, her ass slapping against my torso loudly.

"What, the doctor doesn't give you the good stuff?" I asked arrogantly.

"Fuck no, I dumped his sorry ass a month ago!" Ms. Graham panted out. "You made me a monster, Tom! I can't go on any longer without young dick!"

"What? You gonna start hooking up with another student?" I asked, smirking as I straightened up and slapped her fleshy ass.

"Maybe..." she teased, looking back at me, her head bouncing as I pummeled her ass. "If one hits the same spots that you do."

"Well, good luck with that." I said arrogantly. "Good luck finding someone that stacks up to me."

"Oh, I know baby. I hope you haven't ruined me for other men! GOD YES!" she screamed out.

"I hope I did fucking ruin you!" I grunted out. "I hope no man can keep up with me! I hope no man can make you cum anymore, except for me."

"FUCK YES!" Ms. Graham screamed out. "YES! I love it! I love your cock! God, you're so deep in my fucking ass! I love it!"

"Your ass is so fucking tight! Holy shit!" I said, slowing down for a second, savoring this teacher's tight asshole. "This is what you came back here for! You come back to school to get reamed by young college dick, like you fucking used to!"

"YES! I was such a fucking slut in college!" she groaned. "Still am a huge fucking slut!"

"Look at you!" I spat out. "A fucking whore for a guy half your age!"

She slammed the mattress with her hand repeatedly. Clearly, my words were very appealing to her. I kept it coming.

"I own your ass! Don't I, teach?" I groaned out.

"YES! You own my fucking ass!" she panted out.

"Anywhere, anytime, your ass is fucking mine!" I boasted. "I want you to get a fucking tattoo! I want it to say "Tom's Slut" and I want right on this fucking ass!" I said, slapping her ass firmly.

"Anything you want! Anything you fucking want! My ass is yours!" she gasped. "Just fuck me! Make me cum! Fuck my motherfucking ass! Make my ass cum! Please!" she begged.

I roughly pushed her head down, so her ass was the only part of her raised off the bed. I moved forward so part of my upper half was over her ass. Grabbing her hips and gaining leverage, I pulled back and began to drive my cock into her, pistoning my thick shaft into her as hard as I could.

"AHHHHHHHH YES!!!!" she squealed. As I drove into her, I looked down to admire the way her tight asshole wrapped around my cock, stretched so taut, yet so eager to swallow every inch of my shaft. Straightening my back, I drove into her, my hips and ass flexing as I pummeled her. Her moaning turned into a babbling mess as I hit the sweet spot in her ass.

"UHHH! FUCK! FUCK! I LOVE IT! FUCK! SHIT! YES! YES! YES! AHHH! UGHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! AHHHHHH! YYYYESSSSSSSSSSSSS!" Ms. Graham screamed as she came. Juices squirted out from her cunt, and her asshole tightened around my driving shaft. The sensation of her asshole

tightening and squeezing my cock was enough to send me over the edge.

"Ahhh! Fuck yeah! Oh, shit! Her it comes! FUCK YEAH!" I groaned out. I drove into her, burying my shaft into her completely just as the first rocket of cum burst from my dick. I ground my dick into her, as shot after shot of cum burst from my balls deep into her ass. "Your ass is so good!" I groaned.

"I feel it! I feel the cum inside me! I feel it in my ass!" Casey babbled, flexing her ass into me as I ground into her, my cock pulsing as I pumped her ass full of cum.

My body tightened up as I fired the final few streams of cum into her asshole. She kept her ass planted against me, eagerly accepting each and every drop of my cum inside of her. Finally, my body relaxed and I pulled back, removing my shaft from her stretched asshole. I fell back onto my bed, admiring my work, looking at Ms. Graham's gaping butthole. Casey collapsed onto her belly, panting for breath. We lied next to each other, facing opposite directions, as we both regained our strength.

I wasn't feeling much guilt at the moment. Too many times, these girls had fucked me over. They twisted me around their fingers, toyed with me and ultimately threw me aside and left me hanging. Well, no more. No more of me being fucked with. It felt good at this moment, to just demolish a woman in bed, make her my slut. It felt good to be the one in control after all the bullshit I went through.

I looked down at my softening shaft, lying on my belly. I felt relieved of all tension. Content in my actions. At peace for the moment.

It was probably about ten or fifteen minutes later when I felt Ms. Graham begin to stir. I was about to fall asleep until I felt her fingers curl around my shaft.

"Mmmmm, I hope you're not done." she purred, pointing my cock upward and kissing the tip. She squeezed my dick firmly, trying to breathe life back into it. She began stroking lightly and two soft fingers over my sack. "This dick has shown me a lot of raw talent every time we've been together. I hope that talent hasn't faded away in your old age." she said with a teasing smile.

"Keep playing with it like that and you'll be filled with that raw talent very soon." I said with a chuckle.

"Mmmm, I can't wait." she said, kissing the tip of my hardening cock again. "I love being filled with raw, throbbing talent."

With that, she opened up her mouth and wrapped her lips around my thickening cock. As I felt the tip of my dick hitting the back of her throat, I exhaled in pleasure and let my head rest on the bed. Her hot, wet mouth smothered my cock with pleasure, causing it to harden in her mouth. The thought that mere minutes after this cock had been buried up her ass, she was now ravenously attacking it with her eager mouth. Showing no fear, no hesitation, like a true slut. Her hot

mouth, her plump lips were doing a hell of a job at getting me back into action mode again. Her spit was quickly soaking my shaft, coating it and my sack, preparing it for more pleasure. She was incredible at blowjobs, able to wrap her lips around the root of my shaft, taking all of me into her slutty mouth. Finally, she pulled back, bands of drool connecting my now throbbing dick to her mouth.

She kneeled up straight and pulled her top the rest of the way off. She bent over and slipped her skirt and her thong off, and that joined her top on the floor. She pulled roughly at my jeans, pulling them off, leaving us both naked.

Smiling evilly, she crawled over me. She planted her hands over my shoulders, balancing herself over me. As she settled in place, I reached up and cupped her huge breasts in my hands, squeezing them greedily with my big hands. She reached down and took my ready cock in her hand and pointed it upward. She poised her ready cunt against the tip of me and with no hesitation, began to push herself downward, forcing my cock inside of her tight cunt.

"Mmmmmm." I grunted out.

"You like that?" she asked with a wicked smile. "All that college pussy you get doesn't match up to a real woman's cunt, does it?"

"Fuck no." I groaned out, twisting her rubbery nipples as more and more of my cock was forced up her tight, clutching hole.

"Mmmmmmmmmm." she purred, chewing on her lower lip, wiggling her butt to get more of my dick inside her. She opened her eyes as she did so, looking at me. "I love this dick Tom. I love it! This is the type of dick you settle down with. The type of dick you take a hold of and never let go."

"You want this dick on a more... permanent basis?" I asked with a smile, wincing as I felt her grasping cunt smothering me with pleasure. "I'm a young guy in college. I could have my fill of young, slutty girls. It will take a lot to make me settle down with an old lady like you." I said with a teasing smile.

"Old lady huh?" she said, her plump lips curled wickedly. "I'll show you what an 'old lady' can do. I'll show you things none of these young skanks would ever dream of knowing."

With that, her hips met mine, and she ground herself against me, tightening her cunt around me. I squeezed her perky breasts roughly as she did so. A shiver of pleasure ran through us both

"C'mon babe. Get to work. Show me what you can do that those college bitches can't." I dared her. With that, she raised her ass up, letting my soaked shaft hit the open air, every bit except for the tip, which stayed inside her. "You're moving pretty slow, Casey. Don't you have enough in those rickety old bones to prove you're better than those college girls anymore?"

"Oh, you're gonna fucking pay for that!" she said, both horny and pissed off at me.

"Prove it." I dared her.

****

(10 Minutes Later)

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" I screamed out as Ms. Graham bounced roughly on my cock, traveling the length of my cock on each bounce.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

Her ass was literally slamming into me on each bounce, the bed straining under the force. She had worked out a good rhythm on her bouncing, her ass driving up and down, traveling till just the tip of my slick cock was left inside of her before driving back down, swallowing my cock to the root.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT!" Ms. Graham babbled.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"Holy shit!" I said through gritted teeth. "You know how to fucking ride some cock!"

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"You're so BIG!" she squealed out.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"You're so fucking good." I groaned out. "You have the best fucking cunt I've ever had!"

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"I love it!" she screamed out. "I love fucking your huge college cock!"

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"Scream it out! Let the entire world know!" I dared her.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"I LOVE FUCKING TOM MCGEE'S MASSIVE TEN-INCH THROBBING COCK!" Ms. Graham screamed out. "Any girl that hears me needs to sample him yourself. He's SO FUCKING GOOD!"

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

I felt a shiver run through us both. We were both nearly there. We each buckled down. She pressed herself into me, wrapping her arms around my neck, pressing her bare breasts against my bare chest. I wrapped my arms around her waist. She now used her ass to drive into me, flexing her ass as she continued riding my cock, bouncing from knob to root. Using her added leverage, she really ground into me, her bouncing more firm and insistent, trying to draw this heated sexual action to a close, trying to draw the cum from my swollen balls.

THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK! THWACK!

"Mmmmm." I grunted. "Fuck! I'm gonna cum!"

"UH! UH! UH! UH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! MAKE ME CUM, TOM! MAKE ME CUM! AHHHHHHHHHH! YYYYYYYEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSS!" Ms. Graham screamed, her cunt flexing around me.

"Fuck YES!" I groaned out, her spasming cunt taking me over the edge. "Ahhhhh! FUCK, FUCK! AHHHHHHH! SHIT!"

Cum exploded from my cock, firing directly into her cunt. Her cunt was squeezing at me as she came, drawing the cum from deep in my balls.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" I groaned as jet after jet of cum blasted from me.

"YES! YES! YES!" Casey squealed. "Fill me with it! FILL ME WITH THAT CUM! YES!"

"UGHHHHHHHHH!" I grunted, each jet of cum a sweet pleasure. I fired stream after stream of cum, until finally, she tightened up as she twisted with one last jerk, drawing one last jet of cum from my balls, before we both collapsed, catching our breath, our sweaty bodies exhausted. Both of us were silent, and this peace lasted for about thirty seconds before...

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

My head jerked up, not sure if I actually heard that.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Forced to move, I rolled Casey's sweaty body off of mine. My knees wobbly, I rolled off of bed and got to my feet.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"I'm coming!" I called out, pulling on my jeans to make myself decent. Shirtless, I sauntered towards the door. I pulled open the door to find out who was interrupting.

There stood Carmen. She was looking out the window, not looking at the door. This emboldened me to speak up.

"Hey, Carmen." I began. "How's, uh, how's old Landon doing?" I asked arrogantly, knowing I had gotten one over on her. Then, she turned to face me, and I saw how mistaken I was.

She had tears in her eyes, and a cold fury across her face. She looked past me, catching sight of the naked woman within.

"Can you please keep it down?" she croaked out, looking up at me, lips pursed. Any resentment or anger I felt towards her faded away, and my heart went out to her.

"Carmen..." I began, but before I could finish, she rolled her eyes at me and stomped off. She walked down the hall and slammed the door behind her. I saw the anger, the heartbreak she felt. It was

because of me. Because my default reply to being mad at a girl is to fuck someone else.

What had I done?

****

Needless to say, Carmen was pissed at me. Any warm feelings she felt towards me had turned frosty. She hadn't said one word to me, and whenever I approached, she took off at the sight of me.

I had blown it. I had a good thing going. I had her in my grasp. But I made something out of nothing. She talks to another guy, and my response was to find an older slut and fuck the shit out of her right under Carmen's nose. Of course she was mad at me. She had every right to be. I just needed to talk to her. I just needed to explain my side of the story.

The only problem was I couldn't get her to talk to me. Finally, I reached the breaking point. I had done enough waiting. Enough of her running from me. We needed to talk this out, like adults.

I knocked at her door around 10 PM on a Wednesday. I heard some movement behind the door and saw a shadow fall over the eye hole.

"Go away!" she called out.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Carmen, please! We need to talk." I said. I got no response.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

"Carmen, I will literally knock all night until you open up." I called out. Still, nothing.

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!

Finally, the door opened. There she stood, dressed a t-shirt and loose sweats.

"What?" she said coldly, lips pursed angrily.

"Can we talk? Please!" I asked.

"I don't really have anything to talk about. I had all my questions answered." she said, about to shut the door in my face. I grabbed the door in my hand, stopping it.

"Carmen... please." I begged softly. "Let me talk, and then, if you don't want to talk ever again, that's fine."

She paused, thinking my of offer, then finally, she stepped back and opened the door. I stepped inside, into her room for the first time. Her room wasn't especially girly. That wasn't her style. She had some posters on her walls of a few pretty decent bands. She had some interesting art there as well, and her bookshelves and DVD shelves showed she had pretty good taste in art all around. The color scheme of the room was darker colors, nothing bright and girly about her. She pointed me to her desk chair as she sat on her bed. For a few moments, neither of us really spoke up.

"So..." she began. I bent over and put my head in my palm. I thought over my words carefully. "McGee, speak up!" she demanded.

"You were right about me." I began. "You were right about me from the beginning. I'm a douchebag. I'm the 'douchebag buttfucker' you thought I was."

"Yeah, I kinda put that together." Carmen said. I smiled slightly.

"When I was in school, high school, I always fought that perception of me. People take one look at me and think I'm just some jock asshole. I tried to always be a good guy, but people always thought that of me. And then, you know, this last year or so, I had this crush. I couldn't control myself around her, and she knew that. She drove me wild, she teased me, she did everything she could get away with.

She played games with me, and in the end, I didn't get her. She didn't let me. But, in my pursuit of her, I started doing things. Bad things, things I never would have done before. I started to become THAT guy. That jock asshole, that 'douchebag buttfucker'. I started to think I wasn't good enough, so I overcompensated. I tested my skills, and in doing so, I did things I never dreamed of doing. I flirted with girls that had boyfriends. I was with girls who were friends of my crush. I ruined friendships just to get what I wanted. I saw what I was becoming, and I didn't like it." I said, looking at Carmen. Despite her anger, she was hearing me out.

"When I came to USC, when I came here, I wanted a fresh start. I wanted to be a good guy again. I didn't want people to think I was that asshole. I was becoming a monster, and that's the last thing I wanted. And I met you, Carmen. I felt something for you immediately. Something about you felt right to me. I felt we had a connection. The me you've seen is the guy I want to be. Sure, some of the bravado and stuff is a bit of the old me, but you've seen the real me, the good guy I want to be. The guy you saw after the homecoming game, that was the old me. The bad me. The bad guy I became to chase after... that one girl. That was a... relapse. I hate that I did that. I hate the hurt I saw in you. I hate that I did that to you. You know, I... I saw the way you talked to that guy at the game, Landon, and I got jealous. I did. You were so enraptured. You know, I was hoping something would happen between us, at the game, or after. But, he came and just started chatting you up, and I got furious. I thought... you were just messing with me. I thought you were playing the same game my old crush was. Leading me on, and ultimately shutting me down and going with some other guy. Twirling me around your finger and making me squirm. I immediately thought the worst in you."

"I don't... want to distrust women. I don't want to always think this is some game. I'm sorry I thought that but...this crush I had last year... she really fucked me up. I don't want to always just think with my dick. I don't want to hurt anyone the way I made you hurt." I told her. "Carmen Tanucci, I am sorry. For everything. For not trusting you. For doing what I did right under your nose. For being a fucking asshole, a 'douchebag buttfucker'. I hope you can forgive me." I looked up at her, my eyes wet for some reason, with some mysterious salty discharge. Were these... tears? She looked at me, and she saw the genuine emotion on my face.

"Wow, I didn't think you were capable of actual, you know, uh, self-reflection." she began. "I guess, uh... I guess I could have been more clear about Landon." she said, taking advantage of this genuine moment of emotion by speaking earnestly. "I mean, I guess I was teasing you a little bit, but I didn't know your history with that. But um, yeah, Landon was not, like, an ex or anything. He was just, like, someone I kind of idolized. When he was a TA, he seemed like he knew it all. And, at first, yeah, I was attracted to him, but it didn't take long to find out that that would never happen. Because, um, Landon is like... totally gay."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, I mean, he's not obvious about it. But yeah, he's super gay. But, anyway, that's beside the point." she said, pausing. "Yeah, I was kinda messing with you a bit. I'm sorry about that. I mean, even at your best, you are kind of a douchebag. No offense."

"None taken." I replied.

"But, I could always see you trying, and I was impressed at your effort. Believe it or not, I've been told I'm pretty closed off. I've been burned quite a bit, too. I have a type, but it's totally wrong for me. And I know it, and I do it anyway. I guess... I always expect to get burned, so I kinda cut off things before they happen. I'm sure all my exes fucking hate me." she said.

"Then, I guess we're both the bad guys here." I said.

"Well, let's not go that far. I never fucked another guy in front of a guy I liked." She replied.

"Fair enough." I said with a nod.

"I'm not blameless in this, I guess. I pushed you, and you pushed back. I was kind of a bitch to you, and you were an asshole to me." she said.

"Agreed." I said. "I guess we're two peas in a pod."

She smiled lightly.

"Maybe." she said. "Two twisted fuck-ups who always shoot themselves in the foot. Who sabotage everything because they are too afraid to get hurt again."

"Exactly." I agreed. "But maybe... even though we both have our flaws, maybe we're perfect for each other. Maybe you're the twisted, scheming bitch I've always wanted, and maybe I'm just the right asshole douchebag buttfucker you've always needed."

She smiled at this. She stood up, and I followed suit. She looked up at me.

"I'm not gonna forget about that shit you pulled on me." she said. "And if you ever do that again, I'll have your balls for it."

"Eeehhh!" I said, wincing.

"I mean it!" she said with a smile. "You'd better be a good douchebag and keep it in your pants. I'm a med-student. I know how to do things." she warned.

"I got it." I said. "Don't play games with me. I'm done with it. If you do, I'll, uh, I'll..."

"You'll what?" she asked.

"I don't know, it's just..." I began. "I really like you, Carmen. And I don't want to ruin that." She rolled her eyes.

"Okay, you don't have to get too girly on me." she said.

"But, I'm kinda serious." I said, trying to be genuine.

"I like you too, McGee." she relented, smiling lightly. "Don't make me regret it."

"I won't." I said, stepping closer to her. She looked up at me, expectantly. I moved downward, my lips approaching hers. She closed her eyes and pursed her lips. My lips met hers softly.

I felt sparks.

Neither of us wanted the pleasure to end. We fell to the bed in each other's arms. Any hurt or emotion we felt increased our passion. We were hungry for each other. We both felt the connection being forged between us. We both needed to extend this connection, to prolong the pleasure we were feeling.

We both got naked, and she made no comment on my body, and I made no comments on her body. I honestly didn't remember any part of her, and I'm guessing she felt the same. This was unlike any

encounter I had had before. This wasn't about rough sex. This wasn't indulging any egotistical needs, or seeking solely pleasure.

That night, I made love for the first time. It was gentle, loving. Her coos of pleasure in my ear was better than any sex noise I had heard before. I was on top of her, both of us naked, and that was how it stayed. One position, a slow steady pace. It was like nothing I felt before. I felt sparks. I felt electricity.

I felt love.

I made love to my RA, Carmen Tanucci. And it was the greatest experience of my life.

****

I woke up the next morning in Carmen's room. I was in the bed alone, and I looked up to see Carmen at her desk, typing on her laptop.

"Morning, Tanucci." I said. She spun around and smiled, looking at my ruffled hair and fit chest.

"Morning McGee." she said, smiling warmly.

"Hard at work?" I asked.

"No, not really." she said. There was a long warm pause between us as we just looked at each other. She gazed at my chest hungrily before speaking up. "You know, I think I gave you the wrong idea last night."

"What do you mean?" I asked, a little worried. She noticed my worry and smiled.

"I mean, last night was nice. Really... really nice. But, I maybe gave you the wrong idea about me." she said.

"What, are you a delicate, pure, virginal angel?" I asked. She rolled her eyes at me.

"No, actually, quite the opposite." she said with a small laugh. "I mean, like I said, last night was... fantastic. Just incredible. I've never been with any guy who treated me like that. But, I don't expect that from you every time, or even a lot of the time. Quite frankly, with a body like yours, I feel like doing that every night would be, you know, a waste of your talents."

"What do you mean?" I asked, posing on my side, my lower half covered.

"It's just, like, last night was, you know, like uh... making love. And that was great, but, um..." she began. Looking at the way she was admiring me, I knew exactly what she wanted.

"You want to fuck." I finished.

"I want to fuck." she agreed. "And even though we spent the night together, I did not get a look at the goods."

"Well, I'm not one to be shy." I said with a smile, getting ready to stand. "And I'm glad you're up for something harder, cause I'm not normally into the soft stuff." With that I stood up, letting the sheet fall from me, exposing my naked body to Carmen for the first time.

"Well, I can certainly see you're not into the soft stuff." Carmen said, eyeing my body hungrily. My body was a lot of things, but soft was not among them. Carmen eyed my firm chest, my tight abs, and most importantly, my throbbing, jutting cock.

"What do you think?" I asked confidently, hands on my hips.

"Wow." she gasped, licking her lips. "I see I chose wisely."

"That you did." I replied, giving myself a courtesy stroke. "But..." I began, sitting down on her bed again. "I did not get a good look at

you last night either. If I'm entering into something serious, I have to know what I'm dealing with here."

She smiled, enjoying this highly charged back and forth. She stood up in front of me. Even wearing a tight, causal t-shirt and a loose pair of sweats, she looked incredibly sexy. She reached down and pulled her shirt up, peeling it off of her and revealing her smooth olive skin and her bra-clad breasts. She wore a bright purple bra, and her large breasts poured over the edges. She reached down and pulled her sweats down, revealing a matching purple, tiny thong. She stepped out of them and held out her arms.

"Well, what do you think?" she asked. I spun my finger, asking her to give me a spin. She complied, exposing her nearly bare back and her thong-clad butt. She faced me again and gave me a confident smile. This girl was all curves. She had a few extra pounds, which really worked for her. Her body was curvy and juicy and sexy. She was in shape, but no fitness freak. She had a rocking body, she knew it, and she knew that she didn't have to change a thing. Her breasts were huge and fleshy and perky. Her ass was round and juicy. Her legs were curvy and sexy. I had seen women with better bodies, but I had never wanted a woman more than I did that moment with Carmen.

"Really fucking good." I said, stroking myself. "But hey, Tanucci, I'm naked, and you still have clothing on."

"You're right." she said teasingly, "But not for long."

With that, Carmen reached behind her back and unclipped her bra. And before I knew it, it fell to the floor, and I was staring at Carmen's bare breasts. They were very, very big. They stood proudly on her chest, large and firm and perfect with no tan-lines or anything. Her hard nipples were jutting out from her smooth and round areolas, aching for pleasure.

"How many freshman have you let see those?" I asked, stroking myself.

"Only the ones I like." she said, "So none." she added. She then bent over and peeled her thong down, letting it drop to the floor. She was now completely naked, and I could see her exposed pussy. She had a landing strip above her pussy, neatly trimmed and styled. Her lips looked snug and tight.

"I've never wanted anyone more than I do you right now." I told her. She smiled.

"Well, McGee, you'd better be able to handle this." she said, slowly approaching. I jumped a bit at her wording, but that moment passed quickly.

"You have no idea what I'm capable of." I bragged.

"Well, I think I have a little bit of an idea, after your performance after the homecoming game." she said, giving me a look.

"Sorry. I like to show off a bit." I said.

"Mmm, so do I." she said, coming to a stop in front of me. "And I really want to get down to the good stuff, but I have GOT to suck that dick. Holy shit!"

With that, she eagerly got on her knees in front of me. I released my dick from my own grasp and gripped the bed. She curled her fingers around my dick and began to slowly stroke it.

"Wow! It is so hard!" she gasped, admiring it. "I could play with this thing all day."

"Take your time, hon. It's ready for whatever you want to give it." I said, patting her head. She bent over and put her eyes near it, admiring every inch of my meat as she stroked it.

"Mmmmm, that is nice." she gasped out, running her fingers over my hard-as-concrete dick. I felt her warm breath hitting my shaft, making me shiver. She leaned forward and gave the side of my shaft a wet kiss. This was followed by another kiss, and another and another, giving the sensitive area under the tip of my shaft a wet smooch. She followed this with a wet kiss directly on the tip. Followed by another. And another. With each kiss, her lips parted

more, her plump lips smothering more and more of the tip. As her lips spread more, I began to feel some tongue on me. These kisses kept coming, until finally, the head of my cock entered her warm mouth, and her tongue licked across the sensitive area.

"Ahhh! Fuck!" I groaned out. I looked down to see my RA's mouth wrapped around my cock, taking more and more of my dick into her mouth as she bobbed on me. "Suck that cock, Carmen. Suck it!"

She groaned, liking the dirty talk as she began diving deeper onto my cock.

"You like that, Carmen?" I asked. "You like choking on fat cock?"

"Mmm-hmmm." she grunted around my dick.

"Look at you, Carmen. You're supposed to be trusted. Someone the school put in charge, someone the parents trusted. You're supposed to look after the student body, not suck their dicks. What a slut you turned out to be." I said. Her eyes lidded over and she dove deeper on my shaft, inhaling my cock as hard as she could. My head lolled back.

"Ah, that is good!" I complimented. "Tanucci, you know you're way around a dick."

She finally pulled her mouth off of me and caught her breath.

"I've had a lot of practice." she said. "You're right, I'm a total slut. And I've dated a lot of douchebags. And, say what you will about douchebags, but they usually know what they're doing in the bedroom. Gave me time for lots of practice. Not on any this big, though. Holy shit, Tom! You should have just showed me this during orientation, I would have gotten on my knees right then!"

She then dove forward stacking the side of my cock with her mouth, licking it worshipfully, before tonguing her way down to my balls.

"Mmmm, suck my balls, Carmen." I said. Her tongue nibbled gently at my sack, manipulating it, soaking it with her spit. She licked all around the root of my cock, soaking my crotch with her saliva before licking her way up to the tip and resuming her work sucking me off. Her lips wrapped tightly around my rod, her eyes looking up at me as she inhaled my meat. She bobbed eagerly on me, diving deeper and deeper. This went on for a few minutes before she pulled away, her tongue connected to my cock through bands of spit.

She swept them away with her hands and stood up. She forcefully shoved me down onto my back on the bed. She crawled on top of me and stuck her tongue in my mouth. We rolled on the bed, making out furiously, our naked bodies pressed against each other. Finally, I ended up on top of her. I pulled back and she reached down and took the back of her knees in her hands and pulled them back, spreading her legs, showing off her cunt and asshole to me.

"What kind of guy are you, McGee?" she asked. "Are you in it for the long-haul? Are you gonna take my hot, wet pussy with your bare cock and be in it for real? Or, are you gonna be the buttfucker you were born to me and just own my hot ass?"

Looking at her, I made my mind up fast. I placed the tip of my cock against her pussy, reached down to hold her legs with my elbows, and began to push.

"Mmmm, holy fuck, you're big!" she grunted out. I kept pushing, forcing the thick tip of my cock into her hot, wet, ready pussy. She was really fucking tight, tighter than any of the younger women I had been with by a wide margin. It took some effort, but the tip of my cock entered her silky cunt, followed by the first few inches of my dick inside of her.

"Oh my fucking God!" she groaned out.

"You like that?" I asked. "You like that freshman dick?"

"Mmm, it's so fucking big!" she gasped out. She looked up at me, her eyes meeting mine. "I love it."

I kept pushing, forcing more and more of me inside of her. It took a few minutes of angling and pushing, but finally, I had my cock

smothered deep inside her up to the balls. I exhaled, now balls deep in Carmen Tanucci.

Admittedly, Casey's cunt had been tighter, the only cunt I had had that was tighter than Carmen's. But they were 1 and 1A in the tightness department, a 12 out of 10 and an 11 out of 10. But Carmen's pussy was different. Something about Carmen's cunt was electric to me. It was a perfect fit for me. It just felt perfect around me. It felt right. And the way it squeezed at me was just the exact right way I wanted it. Her cunt was silkier, smoother, maybe even wetter. And I had great stamina with other girls, but Carmen's pussy already had jolts of pleasure coursing through me. Carmen's pussy was perfect for me.

"You ready to see what I'm made of, Carmen?" I asked.

"Show me what you got, McGee." she dared me.

With that, I pulled out to the tip and then drove it back into her. Rolling my hips smoothly, I drove in and out of her pumping my cock into her, in and out, in and out.

"Mmmmm, fuck, that's good!" Carmen moaned out.

"You like that dick? You like it?" I asked her.

"I love it!" she moaned out. Her hands slid up to my butt, grabbing it roughly, forcing my thrusts into her to be harder.

"You've wanted this from the beginning, haven't you? You've wanted my cock since you first saw me?" I asked.

"Fuck, you were always a d-bag, but you were also always fucking hot!" she moaned out.

"You wanted to sneak into my dorm room every night and suck me off, didn't you?" I asked, picking up the pace, my thrusts getting harder.

"Mmmm, I had to resist the urge." she agreed. Her hands slid up my back, appreciating my firm muscles, before sliding up around my neck. She pulled me down into a deep, open mouth kiss, her tongue shoved in my mouth. My pace slowed down a bit as we made out, and I was stunned when she wrenched me to the side, rolling with me so she ended up on top of me. She pulled away from me and laughed.

"Ha ha!" she said. "I want to ride you. I want to drive here."

"Go for it, babe." I told her, appreciating her playfulness.

"Don't call me babe." she warned.

"You got it... babe." I said with a smile.

"Oh, you're gonna pay for that." She said. Getting on her knees, she raised up, letting all but the last inch of my cock emerge from her wet hole, before driving herself down on me.

"Mmmm." I groaned.

"You like that?" she asked.

"It's pretty good." I began. Taking the opportunity, I reached up and took both of Carmen's massive boobs into my hands, squeezing them firmly. They were incredibly soft, and full, and firm. I pinched her nipples between my fingers and spoke up. "But I can handle a lot more than this."

"Oh yeah?" she asked, smiling wickedly. "Well, you haven't seen the full, Carmen Tanucci experience."

"Bring it on... babe." I dared her. She reared back, rose up, and drove down into me, her ass hitting my thighs with a smack.

"Ahh!" I groaned. Carmen bounced on my cock, using the springiness of the bed to aid her bouncing. "Fuck, you're good at

this!" I marveled, still molesting her massive titties. Her cunt was making me shiver. She was really fucking good!

"You like my cunt? Huh? You like fucking your RA's slutty cunt?" she moaned out.

"I love it! Your cunt is so fucking tight." I replied.

"Fuck, your cock is huge!" she complimented. "It's like a fucking flagpole!"

Carmen's skin slapped into mine as we both worked up a sweat.

"Mmm, babe, I thought you said I couldn't handle you?" I asked. "I thought you were gonna actually fuck me hard?"

She sneered and doubled her efforts, driving into me, her ass a blur as she rode me. I slid my hands down to her ass and assisted her in driving down into me.

"C'mon, bitch! Harder!" I demanded, pulling her into me. Sweat was dripping from her brow onto me as she rode me like a bull.

"You fucking like that?" she spat out. "You fucking like that you piece of fucking shit!"

Her nasty talk sent a thrill through me.

"Yeah, I fucking love it! Give it to me! Be a slut on my cock! DO IT!" I demanded.

"If that cock makes me cum, I'll be your filthy fucking whore!" she screamed out.

"What? The other douchebags can't make you cum?" I asked, slapping her ass.

"Fuck no! Not the way I need to. Fuck yeah, that's it!" she replied.

"Well, you won't have to worry about that with me. I'll make you fucking squirt!" I bragged.

"FUCK! I hope you do. I hope you fucking do! I want to cum all over your fat fucking cock!" she moaned out.

"GOD FUCKING DAMN, you're good!" I grunted out. "I'm gonna fucking own you by the end of this! I'm gonna own your hot body. These big fucking tits! This hot, tight cunt! Your juicy ass! Your gorgeous face! You're supposed to be above banging freshman. You're supposed to be with older guys, or guys your own age. By the end of the night, a fucking freshman will own your ass!"

Before I could react, her mouth met mine in a fiery kiss, her tongue entering my mouth savagely. Our sweaty bodies pressed into each other as she kept slamming her cunt onto me. We made out as we banged, before I finally pulled my mouth from hers and brought my mouth to her ear.

"You want that, don't you?" I hissed. "You want me to own your ass?"

"Fuck yeah!" she moaned, her ass a blur as she fucked me. "But I want you to fucking earn it!"

"Oh, I already am!" I bragged. "I'm already fucking you better than you've ever been fucked before."

"We'll see about that!" she replied.

"C'mon, babe." I urged her. "Let that dick make you cum! Let that dick make you lose control! Let that dick make you squirt!"

"Mmmmm, I want it so bad!" she begged. I wrapped my arms around her used the leverage to drive up into her. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" she screamed out as I drove the full length of my thick shaft into her. She was quivering on top of me.

"You like that? You like that cock? You want to be my slut?" I grunted out.

"YES! Make me squirt and I'm fucking yours!" she squealed. Holding her tight, I drove up into her as she slammed herself down into me, our bodies slapping into each other roughly. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! YES! FUCK! FFFUUUUCKKKKK YEAH! AHHHHHHHH YYYYYEEEESSSSSSS! I'M FUCKING CUMMING! AHHHHHHHHHH!"

I felt moisture fire-coat my cock and drip down my balls as she came all over me, and her cunt tightened in an unholy clench. I had been holding off, but that spasm sent a jolt through me that was enough to make me lose control.

"OH FUCK! SHIT YEAH! I'M FUCKING CUMMING! AHHHHHH!" I groaned out as my cock spasmed and cum burst from deep in my balls into her waiting cunt. My pulsing cock kept pumping cum into her grasping hole. Stream after stream of cum entered her tight snatch, filling it to the brim, filing my RA with my seed. Her body kept flexing as she came, grinding into me as I drove my cock deeper into her. Her cunt kept squeezing me, drawing the cum out of me, extending my orgasm greatly.

After a few minutes of this, we collapsed to the bed, her sweaty form on top of me. We both caught our breaths for a bit, before I finally pushed her to the side, rolling her off of me. As she gasped next to me, I leaned over and took her large sweaty breast in my hand, squeezing it before bringing my mouth to it, sucking at her nipple.

After a few minutes, she brought her hand to my neck, getting my attention. I looked up at her, a mouthful of nipple.

"Ooh, that was fun." she panted out with a satisfied smile, coated with sweat, as was I.

"Was?" I asked. She scrunched her eyes in confusion. "Babe, we are far from done here."

Her eyes flashed with lust as I got up on my knees, exposing my stiffening erection to her. She looked up at me.

"Well... you made me squirt, you fucked the hell out of me. I guess all that's left is... this." She said, getting on her knees, pointing her ass at me. "You said you would own my ass. It's time for you to live up to your claim." I stared at her juicy, round ass, primed for the taking. Her ass cheeks parted exposing her asshole to me again. "McGee, be the 'douchebag buttfucker' you were born to be." I smiled wolfishly and got behind her. Stroking my cock a few times, I slapped it against her ass a few times before putting it in place. I held it there and leaned over her, grabbing her hair and pulling her head back. I brought my mouth to her ear.

"You want me to own your ass, babe?" I sneered.

"Can you handle it?" she asked.

"I'm built for it." I bragged.

"Then do it!" she said. "Take my ass! Make it yours! Make me your bitch, if you can." she dared. With that, I began to push into her.

"FUCK!" she screamed as I tried to force my thick cock into her tight asshole.

"Give in! Give it to me! Let me in!" I growled to her.

"Hhhhnnnnnnnn!" she grunted, trying to yield her ass to me. I kept pushing forcefully, till her asshole finally gave in and allowed my cock entrance. "Aaaaahhhhh! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

I straightened up and took my time, not knowing how used she was to anal. I let her writhe and wiggle, getting used to me as I slowly but surely forced more of my thick cock up her asshole. Her ass was crazy tight, nearly tight enough to rip off my skin. I forced more and more into her as she mewled in a mix of pain and pleasure. After a few minutes, I got as deep as I could before stopping, letting her get completely adjusted to my size. Finally, she exhaled deeply, turning to look back at me.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked with a smile. I gathered steam before pulling back and driving myself back into her ass.

"Ahhhh!" she groaned out. I repeated this, picking up steam as I began to piston myself into her. She turned back to face me. "I thought you wanted to own my ass? If you want to fuck my ass, then do it!" she spat out.

"Fine!" I replied. I then reached down and gave her right ass-cheek a firm slap, before reaching forward, grabbing her hair, and yanking it back, pulling her head back towards me.

"You want me to own your ass?" I whispered.

"Do it, you son of a bitch! Do it!" she begged. I began to drive into her harder, picking up the pace, driving my thick shaft in and out of her tight asshole. "Oh my God!" she moaned.

"You like that?" I asked, driving my cock into her, her ass slapping against my torso.

"I love it! I fucking love it!" she babbled out.

"You wanted me to own your ass the moment you saw me, didn't you?" I asked.

"YES! I couldn't get over how fucking hot you were! I wanted to fucking bang you the moment I saw you! I knew you were man enough for the job." she said.

"Nobody's ever fucked you as good as I do, right?" I asked.

"No! You're the best! The best I've ever had! You know how to fuck!" she screamed out, her head bouncing as I fucked her ass. I slapped her ass again. "FUCK! I love it! I love it!" she squealed. I drove into her ass hard, and she showed no signs of slowing down. She was loving my thick shaft as much as I was loving her tight ass.

"HOLY SHIT! You're so fucking huge!" she screamed out. My hips were driving into her harder, causing her whole body to shake.

"So fucking good!" I grunted like an animal.

"So good, Tom! So good!" she called out.

"Who owns this ass, Carmen? Who owns this ass?" I asked.

"You do! You own my ass, Tom! FUCK YES!" she replied.

"Scream it! Let the world know!" I told her, pulling back on her hair roughly, driving my cock into her.

"TOM MCGEE OWNS MY FUCKING ASS!" Carmen screamed. "HE'S BUTTFUCKING THE FUCK OUT OF ME!"

A jolt shot through me at this. Her asshole tightened around me as she declared my ownership of her ass. We were fucking each other roughly, me driving into her as hard as she drove back at me. Her asshole was quivering. My cock was pulsing. We were close.

"Ah! Fuck! Fuck! Uh, uh, uh, uh! YES! YES! I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! Fuck me, Tom! FUCK ME! FUCK MY ASS! YES! YES! YES! YES! I'M GONNA CUM! YES! YES! YYYYEEEESSSSS! I'M CUMMING! AHHHHHHHHHHHH! YYYYYESSSSSSSSSSS!" Carmen screamed.

"FUCK!" I grunted out. "Here it comes! YES!" I screamed out, cum bursting forth, firing deep into her asshole.

"Holy FUCK!" Carmen screamed, feeling my cum inside of her as her asshole quivered with pleasure.

"AHHH! UGHHHHH!" I grunted, driving into her, trying to extend the pleasure I was feeling as my dick was nearly numb with pleasure. Jet after jet of cum fired from me, filling her ass. "FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" I added, driving into her with each expletive.

Her asshole kept clenching around me, tightening as she came on my dick.

"EEEEEEEUUUUUGHHHHHHHH!" she groaned out, the pleasure making her moans more guttural.

"Fucking fuck!" I groaned, pressed against her, flexing into her, as the last few shots of cum left my cock. I fell onto her as she collapsed, us falling together in a sweaty mess on the bed.

We were silent for a while. I eventually curled up next to her, my softening dick between her butt cheeks, spooning with her as we both came back to life and tried to gather the strength to move. After about fifteen or so minutes, she spoke up.

"Tom... that was... fucking incredible." she gasped out.

"You're not so bad yourself." I said into her ear. She looked over her shoulder at me.

"That was the most fun I've ever had." she said with a laugh.

"Well, I think all that cum inside you should tell you how much I enjoyed myself." I told her. She turned over and kissed my cheek.

"I can't believe I fucked my RA." I marveled.

"I can't believe I fucked a freshman!" she marveled in return. "But, is it weird that the thought of me hooking up with one of the freshman on my floor is really fucking hot?"

"So hot." I agreed, causing her to smile mischievously. We were silent for a few moments before she spoke up again.

"For a while there, I thought you were all talk." she admitted.

"I think I proved it was confidence, not arrogance, right?" I asked. She laughed.

"Yeah, I think so." she replied. She looked at me, studying me a bit more.

"What?" I asked with a crooked smile.

"When, uh, it was when I saw you helping out, uh, what's-her-face, Janie... when I saw you helping her, I knew you had potential. That you could be something more than a cute, cocky freshman. That if we hooked up, that maybe it wouldn't just be a one-time thing. Not like, you know, that I'm the type of girl to do that kind of thing..." she stammered, nervous around me, for once.

"It won't be a one time thing Carmen." I assured her, causing her to smile. I leaned over and kissed her ear. "And Carmen..." I whispered, "I knew you were something special the moment I saw you."

"Really, McGee?" she said with a laugh, "I thought you could do better than a cheesy line like that."

"What?" I asked with a laugh, "I really meant it!"

She rolled her eyes and smiled. She may think it's cheesy, but I could see she appreciated the sign of affection from me anyway.

We lied there, cooling off, not really saying anything. It was perfect. I had never felt this content. She kind of had it all. She was fun to talk to, she was beautiful, she had a great body, and she was spectacular in bed. And the good thing was, she seemed to be able to compartmentalize that need for rough nasty sex, where we could do that to its fullest, then let things go back to normal once we were done. She could be a good person outside of the bedroom, while still having good, nasty sex. That is kinda who I wanted to be. All the things we said and did to each other during the sex didn't really carry over beyond it. It was hot, thrilling sex-talk and nothing more. The sex stuff didn't completely bleed out into her everyday life.

Plus, the best thing was, even though outside of the bedroom she came across like normal, in the bedroom, she was an animal! I mean, I knew I had to outgrow certain things regarding my sex life and how I pursued women, but that didn't mean I didn't want good sex. I

loved sex and I couldn't imagine ever being with someone long term who didn't enjoy it a bit nasty like I did. And Carmen did. Among the girls in my age range, she was easily the most fun in the bedroom. She wasn't a dainty high school girl. She was an assertive woman who got what she wanted. And what she wanted was to get reamed by a dick in every hole. And I was more than willing to provide my part of the bargain. She was an animal in the sack, just like me. We were seemingly a perfect match.

This was a relationship not based solely around the sex we had. This wasn't a thing based on pure lust. This wasn't a disgusting infatuation with someone you shouldn't be infatuated with. This was healthy, fun sex between two adults, two peers, two people finding each other. This was something with a future. The great sex was just icing on the cake. Another aspect of our relationship that left me completely content and satisfied. I had never felt this happy with myself, happy after being with someone. All my relationships before had felt so hollow compared to this. So one note, so focused on the sex and nothing else. This was something that filled me happiness, with joy, with contentment... with peace.

It was great. She was curled up and all kissy-kissy now that the sex was over, like any other girl. But, the most important thing was, there was just something about her that sent electricity through me. There was something deep between us and we had both felt it.

We both basked in the glow for a while. We both passed out slightly, exhausted, and when we awoke, neither of us wanted to break this moment. We talked and snuggled, clutched to each other, a far cry of

the harder edge of the sex we had just had. She got kissy with me, kissing my neck, my cheek, and my mouth. I kissed her back, and soon, I rolled on top of her. Before I knew it, she was spread for me again, and I was inside of her.

This was like the night before. This wasn't fucking. It was lovemaking. I was on top of her, slowly, passionately pleasuring her as she returned the favor. Her gasps and moans were hotter to me than anything I had heard before. And when I lost control and came inside her one more time, and made her cum one last time, I heard the words 'I love you' pass through her lips, and in that moment, I had never felt happier. This was so right. So perfect.

This was true love.

****

Now that we had found each other, we couldn't stay apart. I would be coming home from class, and she would pull me into her room for a fevered make-out session. She would sit next to me at dinner, and rub my dick under the table. During floor meetings, she had to stop herself from staring at me. The sneaking around did wonders for our sex life.

We had more innocent interactions too. We went to the movies a lot, sometimes legit good movies, sometimes terrible movies that we could make fun of. We went out to eat a few times, we walked around campus, we went to a couple football games together. We

weren't just a couple young, horny college students seeking satisfaction. We were a boyfriend and girlfriend doing boyfriend and girlfriend stuff.

She felt the same sort of immediate obsession with me that I felt with her. This was beyond just the typical newness of a relationship. We were able to open up to each other and talk about anything. Well, almost anything.

The subject of Mom, and my twisted relationship with her, was a subject I didn't want to discuss with anyone, let alone my girlfriend. She would think I was a freak or something. This was a thing that had to be kept between me and Mom. No one else could know.

Mom was right about one thing, though. Despite everything me and her went through, she was right that the best thing for me to do was to move on. To find a girl my own age and become infatuated with her. And I had. So maybe despite all the things that had occurred between us, maybe deep down, she was being a good mother and was out for the best for me.

That's not to say things had become peachy between Mom and I. Sure, we talked on the phone occasionally, and she had at least kept things on the up-and-up, no teasing, no flirting, no games. Straightforward, mom and son stuff. But, I was still angry at her for what she had put me through, so I had no urge to go home and visit and put myself in a position to be put under her spell or allow her to continue her games.

And those feelings were even stronger now. I had expunged Mom from my system. At first, in the dead of night, if I needed relief, my thoughts would fall to her body so I could find my pleasure. But now, Carmen dominated my thoughts, and my dreams. I had stopped dreaming of Mom! No more of her hanging over me like a specter. That need in my mind was erased, fulfilled by Carmen and the love and pleasure she gave me.

I would be happy to keep my distance from Mom. Now that I had cleaned my system of her, I saw no need to put myself through her games again. But, she was my Mom, and I knew it would be impossible to run from her fully. And she had at least shown a willingness lately to pull back, to not play any games. Maybe she knew she had crossed the line.

Despite everything, I could sense the disappointment in her voice when I told her I wouldn't be coming home for Thanksgiving. I told her some friends had invited me along to Thanksgiving with them. She was disappointed, sure. We usually did a big Thanksgiving with lots of family involved, so it wasn't like we would be missing out on any platonic, mother-son time. Things would be too hectic for that. But she did insist that I would be home for Christmas without question, no ifs, ands or buts. I agreed, knowing I could get away with missing out on a few days with them, but two weeks would be hard to justify.

I didn't tell Mom about Carmen. I didn't tell her it was her family I was spending time with during Thanksgiving. I was actually not too

far from home, but I felt a world away. Her folks loved me, and I got the impression they hadn't approved of many of her former boyfriends. I guess I was different, and they felt the love between us. They had never seen her so happy.

We were both happy. This relationship didn't feel like a temporary one. It kinda felt like the real deal. So when we got back from Thanksgiving, and she told me she loved me, I felt no hesitation in telling her the same.

Her folks were well off and they told us they were going to Europe for Christmas. Carmen was invited along, of course, but I could tell she really didn't want to go, she didn't want to be apart from me for that long. So, I invited her home for Christmas with me. Her family had welcomed me into their home, my family would no doubt do the same with her.

It would be good. I would show Mom I had moved on, like she wanted, and that I was turning out okay. Plus, Carmen would no-doubt be a buffer between Mom and me, preventing Mom from playing any games, if she still wanted to. But from the sounds of it, Mom had moved on too. She hadn't pushed at me, flirted or teased me in any way. Maybe she had finally gotten the message. Maybe the games truly had stopped for good.

It was almost funny, looking back. I had wanted to fuck my own Mom! Part of me wondered how I could really think that way. It felt so wrong, in retrospect. It felt silly. I mean, I was kind of a catch, I guess. So it kinda felt like a waste of any potential if I had to keep it

in the family and have it be my mom who's pussy I'm filling with my cum.

Moving on from Mom was the best thing for me. I had met the love of my life, and I had never felt more fulfilled, more driven. It felt like my future was more clear now than it ever had been. I had a purpose. I had a destiny, and it was bright.

Part of me was excited to go home. To show Mom I had moved on, and to confirm she had moved on as well. To officially put an end to the game we had been playing. To show her I had grown up and matured, to show her I was happy. That despite everything, I had turned out alright. I needed to go home so that I could move on fully from that period of my life, so I could have a normal relationship with my mom, and a normal relationship with my girlfriend, Carmen.

Plus, I hadn't been able to really hang out with Dad in a while. I know it's not the coolest thing for a guy my age to say, but I kinda missed my dad. We got along pretty well. I mean, sure, we had our disagreements, but that seemed so long ago. And it would be, you know, nice to see him. Also, he had swung it so he would be off from work the entire time I was home. It would be cool to have the whole family home for the holidays, with my awesome girlfriend in tow. I couldn't wait to show her off to them, and show them I had done well for myself.

But part of me was worried to go home. Maybe Mom hadn't moved on, maybe she did still want to play. I was done with that. With

Carmen by my side, I wasn't yearning for anything else. I was happy. And besides, how bad could going home and seeing my mom possibly be? There was nothing Mom could do to dissuade me from the happiness I had found.

Yet again, I was about to find out I had no idea what my mother was capable of.

Chapter 7: Christmas

"You look nervous." Carmen said, looking over at me and putting her hand on my thigh as I drove.

"Oh." I said, "Um, well, me and my mom didn't leave on the best of terms." I explained vaguely.

"Really?" she asked. "About what?"

"Um..." I paused. "That would take far too long to explain." I said with a laugh. "It's nothing too severe, you know, we've been cordial on the phone and stuff like that. It was just, when I left for school, we had a bit of a fight, so I'm interested to see how she treats me."

"I'm sure it'll be fine." Carmen said. "She's your mother. She'll forget about all that once her baby boy walks through the door." she said with a smile.

"Yeah, you're probably right." I agreed.

"I mean, look at you." she began. "You are a lot different than the McGee I first met. You seem more... sure. More confident. Happier. And plus, you have a super awesome girlfriend. She'll be proud. I'm sure of it."

I smiled at this, but I wasn't sure if it was accurate. Carmen didn't know my mother. I wasn't too afraid when Carmen and I made this plan for her to come home with me for Christmas, but as we got closer to heading home, the more nervous I got. Nervous about what Mom had planned for me. Nervous if Mom still wanted to play our little game. Nervous about what Mom would think of Carmen.

But Carmen was right. I was a changed man. I had grown up a lot in these last few months. I had a mature relationship with a woman much closer to my age. Despite everything that had happened between us, she was still my mom. She would be proud of my growth and maturity. Right?

As I drove through my neighborhood, I remembered that the last time I drove away, I was angry. Now, I returned a changed man. I had moved on from that immature, lustful crush on my own mother into a mature and adult relationship with Carmen. Returning home, I was happy. And Mom would have to deal with that.

I saw my home in the distance, and I steeled my nerves, ready for the moment I had been dreading for months. Mom and I, face-to-face

again. I pulled up in the driveway, turned off the car, and smiled at Carmen. As she put her hoodie back on, I stepped out of my car and breathed in the cool, late afternoon air. I looked at my house and held my breath. This was it. I stepped towards the front door and opened it, stepping inside, into the lion's den. I heard approaching footsteps from the kitchen. I looked over just in time to see Mom appear, leaning around the corner.

"Tom!" Mom called out, tossing the towel in her hands to her side. From behind her, more footsteps as Dad appeared.

"There he is!" Dad called out, a big smile on his face. Both of my parents approached me proudly, but my eyes went to Mom. Despite having moved on from her, I couldn't help but look at her, and appreciate her. She was still as gorgeous as ever. Her black hair hung in waves past her shoulders, her tan made her skin glow, and her boobs looked bigger than ever. My time away from her almost made me forget how massive they truly were. I had no idea how she packed those basketballs into her lime-green tank top. Her slim, stylish jeans completed her look. But, I was not as awestruck as I used to be. I could appreciate her, but I would not be obsessed. Not again.

I looked at Mom's face, gauging her reaction, seeing if any of the tease remained. But she looked back at me warmly, genuine happiness painted across her as she beamed proudly. And I knew then she had moved on, like I had.

"Hi, Mom." I said, holding out my arms. She moved in close and hugged me, her breasts pressing against my chest as she clutched me tightly.

"It's so good to have you back home." she said softly, genuinely. I pulled back from her and smiled before turning to face Dad.

"Hey son." Dad said, holding out his hand. I took it in mine.

"Hey Dad." I said as he pulled me in, patting my back proudly.

"How was your drive?" he asked.

"Oh, it was fine." I said. "Oh!" I exclaimed, realizing what I had left behind. "I have a surprise."

Both Mom and Dad looked at me curiously as I smiled mischievously, backing towards the entrance. I moved towards the door and pulled it open. There, on the front steps, stood a slightly nervous Carmen.

"You didn't have to leave me behind." she said with a smile.

"Well, I had to set up the moment, you know, make it dramatic." I justified.

"Who's this?" Dad asked.

"Um, well, this is... Carmen." I said, moving close to her, taking her hand in mine as she waved at them. Carmen glanced at my folks, first at my dad and then Mom. I didn't have to look at where she was looking to know she had caught a glimpse of Mom. Her eyes widened, as if someone had made a shocking comment to her.

I turned to glimpse at Mom. I couldn't help but watch Mom's reaction.

Her face flashed many emotions. First, a curiosity at the sight of this girl in front of her, curious at where this was going. Then, I watched her smile fade as I took Carmen's hand in mine. This was followed by a quick, full glimpse at the girl in front of her, appraising her, followed by a slight smile. Then, her lips pursed slightly looking slightly mad.

"Hi." Carmen said lightly. "You're, uh..." she began.

"That's Mom and Dad." I confirmed, knowing exactly what was going through her head. She looked sideways at me and smiled, as if she had something good on me now. I turned away from her.

"Me and her, uh, have been kinda together for a few months now." I explained to Mom and Dad. "Her family is traveling, so I... um, told her she could stay with us."

"Well..." Mom began, "I wish you had told us." she said, scratching her head.

"I wanted to make it a surprise." I replied. "Is there a problem?" I asked pointedly. She looked at me, holding my gaze for a second or two before she smiled an annoyed smile.

"Of course not." she said with a put-on grin. "Just... not prepared to have a guest, you know." she turned to look at Carmen. "So, uh, how'd you two meet?" she asked.

"Oh, well, we live on the same floor." Carmen said.

"You look a little older than him?" Mom quizzed.

"Oh, uh, yeah, well, I'm 22. I'm kind of... the RA on his floor." Carmen said.

"Do they allow that?" Mom asked coolly.

"Uh, well, I don't think they really encourage it, but... well, you know, things happen." Carmen explained.

"You dog, you." Dad said, smiling at me. I smiled back.

"Yeah, we've been together a few months, and it's going really well." I said, clutching her hand lightly, and she returned the favor.

"He's treating you right?" Dad asked her.

"A perfect gentleman." Carmen replied.

"Well, that's not the Tom I know." Dad said with a laugh, causing Carmen to laugh in response. I glanced at Mom. She still did not look pleased at this surprise of mine. She noticed my glance, and her expression softened.

"Well, I guess Tom can show you up to the guest room." Mom suggested.

"Well, uh, I was thinking she would just stay in my room." I said. "Is that a problem?" I asked, daring Mom to forbid it. Her lips pursed again, but before she could reply...

"Of course not." Dad said, putting his hand on Mom's shoulder. Mom glanced at him, annoyed. "Right?"

Mom put on a pained smile.

"Of course." Mom said.

"Well... lead the way, McGee." Carmen said to me.

"McGee?" Mom questioned.

"Yeah, that's, uh, that's how we talk up at school. It's what us cool kids do." I replied. "Stay close, Tanucci. It's easy to get lost in here."

We began to walk towards the stairs when Mom spoke up.

"Carmen, dear, we're having steak tonight? Does that work for you?" Mom asked.

"Yeah, sure." Carmen affirmed. As I began to lead her up the stairs, she continued. "Don't worry, I'm not into that hippie vegetarian stuff. I'm a meat-eater." she said with a light giggle.

"Yeah, good one, Tanucci. Real subtle." I said to her as we reached the landing.

"I didn't think it was that bad." she replied.

I thought about my parent's reactions. Dad seemed happy at the revelation of my new girlfriend, but Mom definitely looked annoyed. Was she annoyed simply because of having her plans missed up, or maybe mad that I had truly moved on? Wait, it doesn't matter. I moved on from her. She would just have to deal with that. I pushed Mom out of my mind as I led Carmen into my room. Knowing we were out of earshot, she spoke up.

"Well..." Carmen said, smiling smugly. "That's your Mom?" she said with a laugh.

"Yeah." I said, dropping my head, knowing where this was going.

"I'm sorry Tom, but you have to know, your mom is, like, stupid gorgeous." Carmen said.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." I said, turning away.

"I'm guessing all the boys loved coming to Tommy's house to play." Carmen teased.

"Okay, get it out of your system now." I said, setting down my bag on my bed.

"You know what the first thing I noticed was?" she asked. "Her abundant, generous personality." she said with a laugh, holding her hands in front of her, the universal symbol for huge breasts.

"Yeah." I called out, eager for this line of conversation to end.

"I'm sorry, McGee. It's hard not to notice." she said with a laugh, grabbing my arm lightly.

"Yeah, I know." I said.

"You've had to deal with guys drooling over her your whole life, haven't you?" she asked knowingly.

"Yeah." I said, looking down at her, smiling lightly.

"Well, now, you'll have to deal with guys drooling over me." she said, smiling proudly.

"Keep up the jokes, and we won't be together long enough for that to happen." I replied. She hit my stomach lightly.

"Okay, I'll stop talking about her." Carmen said. "It's probably for the best. Cause I get the impression she doesn't like me very much." she said with a knowing lilt.

"Yeah, she's weird about stuff. She doesn't like any of my girlfriends." I explained.

"How many girlfriends have you had?" she asked.

"Thousands." I replied. She rolled her eyes and set bag down at my desk. For the first time, she studied my room, taking in the posters of bands and movies on the walls, and the general haphazard organization commonly found in the domicile of the standard American teenage male.

"This is your room?" she asked.

"Yeah." I said proudly. "Is there a problem?" I asked. She sighed.

"Ugh. You're such a boy." she replied, remarking on my taste of decoration.

"Alright, we can unpack later," I said, putting my arm around her shoulders. "Let's go downstairs and face the wolves. Get ready to get the third degree."

"Oh, well, with my masterful knowledge of dictation, I'll win your folks over in no time." she said sarcastically.

"We'll see about that." I replied, leading my girlfriend back downstairs to face my parents.

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"So yeah, hopefully, if it all pans out, I'll be at home quite a bit pretty soon." Dad said, cutting his steak.

"Cool." I replied, swallowing the food in my mouth. "That'd be so weird. I can't remember the last time you worked a normal schedule from home full-time. Is this all, like, set in stone?" I asked.

"Well, Craig brought up this thing about possibly moving up to a higher position sometime next year when Del retires, but, I might have to, you know, step back a bit. This house needs some male presence now that you're gone." Dad said. "Wouldn't want this house to get too pink and girly with your mom around." he added with a laugh, leaning over to rub Mom's shoulder. She looked up from her meal and smiled at him.

Mom, Dad, Carmen and I were at the dinner table, eating dinner. Mom had cooked up my favorite, steak, and it was delicious. But I kept one eye on her, and clearly, she was not happy.

"So, what do you do again?" Carmen asked. "I'm not sure if Tom told me."

"Tom! I'm hurt." Dad said, grabbing his heart sarcastically. "You're telling me that the main topic of conversation between you two isn't your father? How dare you?" Dad joked, and I laughed dutifully. "No, uh, I work at a place that sells luxury private planes to VIP's. Um, we started pretty small, but we got some good guys designing these things. I'm just the pretty face they send out to sell the things. I fly all over the place, I meet with, you know, CEO's, the rich and famous, and even foreign political figures. All the big muckity mucks."

"Oh, that sounds interesting." Carmen said. "Do you, like, fly or anything?"

"You mean being in a plane, or like, a pilot?" Dad asked.

"I meant, like, yeah, a pilot. Can you fly a plane?" Carmen asked.

"Oh, no no. Before this job, I didn't really like being in a plane, but it's how I pay the bills." Dad replied.

"My dad's a pilot." Carmen said. "He was in the air force for a while, but now, he does, like, commercial flying."

"Oh, cool." Dad replied.

"I didn't know that." I said to Carmen.

"I thought he told you." she replied.

"You met her parents?" Mom asked, breaking her silence.

"Uh, yeah, about a month ago." I said.

"Yeah, he came over for Thanksgiving." Carmen finished, telling Mom what I had been afraid to say. "My parents hate all my boyfriends, but they like this bozo, so maybe I picked right this time." Carmen said, pointing her thumb at me.

"Bozo?" I said, questioning her wording with a laugh.

"Wait, you were at her place for Thanksgiving?" Mom asked.

"Uh, yeah." I said. "Is that a problem?" I asked.

"I thought you said you were with friends?" Mom asked.

"Well, this bozo is a friend." I said, pointing at Carmen. She smiled at me co-opting her word.

"Seems like more than a friend." Mom replied, looking at me. I shrugged.

"Yeah, seems like it." I said. "Is that a problem?"

"No." Mom began, staring at me. "It just seems like you were keeping her a secret from us."

"Of course not." I said with a knowing smile, glancing at Carmen. "Trust me, I'm not shy. When I feel like it's time to say something, I say it. You know that, Mom." I said, looking at her pointedly. The sides of her lips curled up ever so slightly at this, but I couldn't completely break her annoyance at the situation.

"So why did you hide me from your parents, McGee?" Carmen asked with a pointed smile.

"Maybe I liked you being my secret." I said to her. She smiled at this, knowing like I did that part of the fun we've had out of being together was the sneaking around.

"So..." Dad began, "What are you going into, Carmen?"

"Oh, I'm in pre-med. Going to be a doctor. I'm gonna, you know, cut people open." she said.

"What, uh, branch of medicine you going into?" Dad asked.

"I don't know yet." Carmen said. "I'm gonna obviously see what I like when I actually, you know, do my internships and stuff, but I guess I always imagined being a surgeon."

"Oh, so it looks you might be the bread winner here." Dad said. "You'll be taking care of my son while he decides what he wants to do with his life."

"Thanks, Dad." I replied, his joke hitting a little too close to home.

"Well, do you know what direction you want to go yet?" he asked.

"Well, I'm still deciding." I began.

"We talked about this, and he might... well, he might go into the medical field too." Carmen mentioned.

"Is that right?" Dad mentioned.

"Um, I don't know for sure." I began.

"This girl got hurt on our floor and he was so good with her. Helping her. He probably has better bedside manner than I do." Carmen said proudly.

"Really?" Dad said.

"Well, don't... sound so surprised, Dad." I said.

"Could it be, my son, a doctor?" Dad speculated.

"Let's not get too far ahead of ourselves. I'm still deciding. And I don't even know if I'm smart enough to be a doctor." I said.

"McGee, you can be anything you want to be if you put your mind to it." Carmen said with joking sincerity, putting her hand on my knee.

"Awww." I replied, mocking her motivational speech.

"So, what happened to football?" Mom asked.

"Oh, well, I don't know, I just... I just didn't really want to go through it anymore. And besides, it's not like I actually had a chance to make the team. And, it's just... being on the field was making me super competitive all the time, and I didn't like the guy I was becoming." I said, glancing at Mom, knowing that she knew exactly what type of guy I would have become.

"Oh. Okay." Dad said, nodding.

We made small talk for a while as we ate. I told them about my classes, and how school was going, you know, the rundown. Mom was pretty quiet during the whole meal. She was paying attention, but the annoyance she was feeling was clear. I spent most of the meal wondering why she was so mad. Sure, I'm guessing part of it was that she was mad I surprised her with having a girlfriend, and springing it on her, and suddenly having a guest at home. But those were things a normal mom would be annoyed with, and my mom was definitely not normal, nor was my relationship with her. The last thing that happened before I left was our big fight, telling her that I was done playing her games. Things had been pretty clandestine between us whenever we talked on the phone, and we when she first saw me here, she seemed happy to see me, until she saw Carmen and she knew I now had a serious girlfriend.

There was something more to her anger. Could it be maybe... jealousy? Mom had always claimed she was never interested, but now that she saw me with another girl, were her feminine competitive juices flowing? Did she now want what she can't have? Not that I cared, I mean, I was truly over her. Was this jealousy though, I wasn't sure. I know she enjoyed toying with me, so maybe me having a girlfriend truly confirmed that I was done with her, that she didn't have me wrapped around her finger anymore. Maybe she was mad that she couldn't play her games anymore, that I had succeeded in getting over her. Maybe she was worried cause she had never had a guy get over her before. Maybe she was worried she had lost a step, that was losing some of her skill. But like I said, it didn't really matter. I was happy with Carmen, and that's all that mattered.

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The next morning, I made it a point to hit the exercise room. I liked to work out in the morning. It helped wake me up and get my day going right. Mom was in the shower and Carmen and Dad were in the living room, sipping coffee. Dad had warmed to Carmen quickly, but Mom was still very frosty. I could hear Dad and Carmen laughing as they watched some morning show. I don't think Carmen found my dad especially funny, but she knew enough to suck up to him and get on his good side. She was a good girlfriend.

I focused on what I was doing, curling the weights, keeping my breathing steady. The only thing I had on was a loose pair of basketball shorts. I kept my focus as I smoothly lifted the weight and I worked at a pretty good pace until I was startled from my routine.

"Good to see you in here." Mom said from behind me. I set down the weight and turned around to face her.

She was leaning up against the doorframe. Even dressed casually, in a snug black top and slim jeans, she looked great. Even though I had moved on, I could never escape the fact that Mom was fucking gorgeous. As I met her gaze, she continued.

"I was afraid you had gotten a bit soft at school, but clearly, that is not the case." she said, stepping towards me, reaching out to pinch some of the skin on my arm, testing my body fat. We heard Carmen

laughing in the background, and now, being in private with Mom, I had to speak up.

"So, what's been up your butt since I got home?" I asked. She shook her head slightly.

"What?" she asked.

"Well, ever since you met Carmen, you have been super bitchy." I explained.

"I have not been 'super bitchy' to Carmen." she replied. I just raised my eyebrow in response to this. She looked at me and sighed. "Okay, maybe I've been a little bitchy. I don't know, I guess I just got a bad vibe from her."

"Why? She's been nothing but nice. Way nicer than she usually is, actually." I said.

"I know, it's just... maybe I'm just being overprotective." Mom postulated.

"Mom, you need to be nice... give her a chance. I really like her." I said. I then lowered my voice. "Mom, you told me I had to move on. I told you I was moving on. This is me moving on."

Mom appraised me for a second. I saw the wheels turning in her head, until finally, she relented.

"I'll give her a shot." Mom agreed, her expression unclear. Part of me was hoping her agreement to be nice to Carmen was based on warmth and affection for me and my new maturity. But her expression and inflection seemed more like she was playing along with me. I realized that, despite me wanting this game to be over and Mom claiming that she didn't want to play, I would have to keep my eye on her. Her expression softened into one more motherly and she spoke up.

"So... how are you liking school?" she asked.

"It's been really good." I said. "I've never been happier." Mom smiled warmly.

"That's good. I'm glad." Mom said, squeezing my shoulder lightly. "You keeping out of trouble?"

"Yeah, of course. Carmen is... keeping me honest." I said. Mom smiled lightly.

"She sounds great." Mom said, and I couldn't tell if her expression was pained or genuine. I wasn't sure if being complimentary towards Carmen was a struggle for her, if she truly distrusted and disliked her as much as she said she did. "So... I'm doing some shopping

today. Maybe I'll take Carmen along, scope her out, make sure she is good enough for my son."

"Okay, that should be cool." I began. "I've got to go out anyway, find something for her, so this might work out." Mom nodded.

"Sounds like a plan." she said with a nod.

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I walked downtown, eyeing the windows of the stores, searching for something Carmen would like. Carmen was kinda tough to buy for. Her general sarcasm and snarkiness made it hard to tell what kind of stuff she would genuinely like to have. She didn't have a lot of genuine hobbies or interests, so I was racking my brain trying to come up with something. And it was as I was doing this that I had heard my name called.

"Tom!" I heard. I looked over, and there stood Casey, with a big smile on her face. She sauntered over, her large breasts jiggling under her orange top. "You should have told me you were in town." She stepped into me and gave me a hug, pressing her large breasts into my chest. I heard a purr from deep in her throat as she pressed herself into me. I pulled back from her and looked into her smiling face.

"Uh, sorry, Ms. Graham." I stammered. "How are you?" I asked.

"I'm great, Tom. Work's going well. No other star students like yourself, unfortunately." she replied.

"Well, I am one in a million." I replied smoothly.

"So..." she began, letting the silence hang between us. "What are you up to? Are you... free... for a while?" she asked, her intentions clear. She stepped forward and let her hand run lazily against my stomach.

"Um..." I began, grabbing Ms. Graham's wrist lightly and pulling it away. "Casey, uh, here's the thing, I, uh, I kinda have a girlfriend now." Her smiled dipped slightly at this.

"Really?" she said, raising her eyebrows in surprise.

"Uh, yeah. We haven't been together too long, but it's kinda starting to feel pretty serious." I said. "I'm actually looking for a gift for her right now." I studied her for a few moments, wondering how she would react. She smiled warmly and pushed out her lower lip in a slight pout.

"I knew you'd get snatched up fast." she said. "And I also know I should have made a few more trips up to school when I had the chance." I laughed lightly at this, as did she. "So, you're serious about her?" she asked.

"Yeah. Definitely." I replied.

"You're treating her right?" she asked.

"Of course." I replied. Ms. Graham took a look at me, an almost proud look.

"Look at you. Tom McGee is starting to grow up." she said. I smiled lightly and nodded. "Well, I can't say I'm not a bit disappointed, but... if this thing is serious, it's not my place to get in the way."

"Thank you." I said. Then, she stepped forward again, moving close to me.

"But, if this dick..." she said, firmly placing her palm against my jean-covered dick. "Ever becomes available again, I expect to be the first to know." I smiled.

"You got it." I replied. She stepped back, and glanced at the window next to us.

"You want my advice?" she asked.

"Uh, okay." I said, unsure of what she was referring to.

"Girls like having guys spend money on them, but what they like even more is having a gift with a story to tell. Something that you can look at and remember the feelings that are tied to it. You want to wow her? Then, go for something like that, something that she will look at and always think of you." she said.

"Good advice." I said genuinely. "Thanks."

"And if that fails, buy her some sexy underwear. It'd be a gift for you both." she added. I laughed, as did she. We said our farewells, and I watched her shake her butt at me as she left. I looked around the street, until a storefront caught my eyes. Inspiration hit me.

I knew what I had to do.

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"So, did Mom warm up to you?" I asked Carmen. Her and Mom had come back from shopping soon after I had, and once I got her alone in my room, I was able to question her.

"I think so." Carmen said. "I mean, things were still kinda frosty, and I got the third degree from her on a few things. I don't think she likes the fact that I'm your RA. But we hung out most of the day, we went clothes shopping, talked girl stuff, and I think she's warmed up to me more than before."

"Cool." I said. "I was hoping so."

"I mean, we have way different tastes on things. Your Mom's a bit more into girly crap than I am, but, we got along okay."

"Awesome." I said, pulling her in for a kiss.

"How was your day?" she asked.

"Oh, it was pretty great. A definite success." I said.

"Cool." she said, kissing me. We pulled back and begin organizing some stuff in my room. I was about to step out of my room to head downstairs when Carmen stopped me.

"Oh." she began. "I know I told you I would drop it, but uh, when we were shopping and changing and stuff, and dude, I saw your Mom naked." I was suddenly hit with burning jealousy, knowing my girlfriend, who had known my mom for, like, a day, had gotten farther with my mom than I had. I tried to suppress these thoughts, having moved on from Mom, but it wasn't easy.

"Carmen..." I began. "I don't want to talk about this."

"Dude, I know, but... holy shit!" Carmen remarked.

"Ha ha." I called out sarcastically, stepping out of my room. In my detoxing from my crush on Mom, I always tried to snuff out thoughts of her as soon as they began. But sometimes, those thoughts burned brighter than normal, and the thought of Mom showing off her naked body to my girlfriend had my dick uncomfortably erect.

I found Mom in the kitchen, putting some stuff away. Dad was watching TV, so me and her were alone.

"So... what'd you think of Carmen?" I asked her. She turned to face me.

"Oh, um..." Mom began. "She was great. You know, I had my doubts, but I can see what you see in her."

"Good." I said. "I'm glad." I said, relief filling me. The Mom I had dealt with over the last year would have gotten super competitive and kept being bitchy, but maybe Mom was moving on as I was. I was afraid her showing her body to Carmen was some maneuver on her part, but maybe it wasn't. "I was afraid this was, you know, gonna keep going." Mom looked at me, her eyes studying me, before she spoke up.

"No. If she's good enough for you, that's fine with me." Mom said with a light, but warm smile.

"Great." I said.

Things were looking up. Mom had seemed to have finally moved on. Carmen was happy. I was happy. Things were finally getting back to normal.

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Both me and Dad were up early the next morning, before the two women. Knowing we had some time, we decided to head outside and do something we hadn't done in a long time: toss the football around.

"Son, I must say, you've done well." he said, tossing the ball at me.

"What do you mean?" I asked, tossing a perfect spiral back at him.

"Carmen." he said simply.

"Oh." I said.

"She's a great girl, Tom." he said, throwing the ball back at me. "I can see why you like her. If I was your age, I could see myself liking someone like her."

"Okay." I said, catching the pass. "Cool your jets, Dad." I replied. He smiled.

"What I'm saying is, she's a catch. She's good for you. Don't blow it." he explained.

"I don't plan to." I said, passing the ball back. He nodded then caught the ball.

"Bring it in." he said, and I began sauntering over to him. He held out his hand and I took it, as we shook hands. "I might joke around a bit, but I am really proud of you, Tom. You're becoming a good young man."

"Oh. Thanks Dad." I said. Dad was never really the emotional type, so this type of thing was new for us. I noticed Dad glance at the house, looking for life.

"I'm gonna tell you something, and... you can't tell your mother I told you this." he began.

"Okay." I said, curious as to where this was going. "What's up?" He sighed then spoke up.

"I just want to tell you that... your mother really doesn't like Carmen." he said.

"What? I just talked to her yesterday and she was fine with her." I said.

"Well, I talked to her last night, and I had to listen to your mom list off all her problems with Carmen for like an hour." Dad said.

"Like what?" I said.

"I won't get into it. You don't need to hear the specifics, and I don't agree with her. But, I think it's, like, maybe her being your mom and being overprotective. Or, maybe's it's just sort of cattiness. I don't know for sure. And plus, you know how your mother gets when she makes up her mind. No one can change it." Dad said.

"Tell me about it." I mumbled.

"So, I know you like Carmen. And I can tell Carmen's crazy about you. So, don't let your mom get in the way of that." Dad said.

"Oh, trust me. I won't." I said.

"Well, I just wanted to warn you." Dad began. "I'd better get inside, get coffee going."

"Yeah, I'll be in in a minute." I replied. Playing with the football in my hands, I began to think.

What was Mom playing at? Why did she lie to me about Carmen? Carmen had been nothing but nice and charming, and Mom still disliked her. This went beyond a normal situation of a mom not approving of his son's girl. With our history, I knew Mom had reasons beyond that.

Was Mom still playing her games? Was she evaluating Carmen, and what she found made her act shady again? Mom hadn't been overly flirty to me or anything, it seemed like she had made an effort to move on, but she was being utterly two-faced in regards to Carmen. I didn't know what she was playing at, but Dad was right. I had to keep an eye on Mom, make sure her games didn't ruin things for me. I could only hope Mom wouldn't unleash her nasty side again.

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It became clear very quickly that the teasing, twisted Mom I had gotten to know was beginning to re-emerge. While she wasn't being nearly as blatant as she had been before, due to there being two other people around, my trained eye saw every move she made.

Suddenly, her tops had a couple more buttons unbuttoned, and she was not afraid to parade around her juicy cleavage, and the delights within. She did nothing directly. It wasn't like she was shoving them

in my face or anything like that. No, she was just reaffirming that her massive breasts were still there, perky as ever, aching to be squeezed in the way they deserved to.

Mom wasn't necessarily even directing any of this at me. Sure, in such proximity, I got caught in the crossfire, but I would almost say she was doing this more towards Carmen. Carmen was doing her best to stay on Mom's good side, so she would help out with the cooking, or go shopping, and stuff like that. I would watch them at work in the kitchen. I would notice Mom eyeing Carmen when she wasn't looking, appraising her, appraising her looks... her body. When Carmen bent over to reach into a low shelf, I noticed Mom eyeing Carmen's waist as the hem of her jeans lowered, and I'm sure she caught site of Carmen's thong, hidden tastefully under the hem of her pants. I then saw Mom step out, then return a few minutes later. And when she did, and I saw her reach up to grab something, the hem of her shirt lifted up her back, revealing her exposed g-string, now lifted over the hem of her jeans.

When Mom and her would talk, Mom would face her, forcing me to look at them standing next to each other, forcing a comparison upon me. In the distance between them, Mom's massive breasts closed the gap far more than Carmen's large pair. Mom's ass jutted out more noticeably than Carmen's did as well. Mom's long, firm legs were highlighted by her tight jeans, while Carmen dressed a bit more casually, in comfortable lounge pants. Mom dressed to highlight her assets at every opportunity. Carmen didn't bother playing that game. She had nothing to prove to me.

And even though Mom wasn't directly addressing me, she was sending me a message: she had my girlfriend beat in every category, and she wanted me to know that. Carmen was no slouch in every category either, but Mom had her beat. Mom had more stylish hair, a more gorgeous, model-like face, much bigger breasts, a rounder, juicier ass, longer legs, and a more blatant, obvious sex appeal. And, depending on your tastes, her older age and higher level of experience added to her appeal. Mom's body was a work of art. She was sculpted out of the most immaculate flesh imaginable, carved with the finest features possible. And only until the last year or so, I would have said that the only thing she was better at than being a mother was fucking. Even though I had never experienced that side of her, I knew it would be true. Mom had it all. If some artist wanted to design the ideal woman, she would no doubt look a hell of a lot like my mother.

But she wasn't Carmen.

The old me wanted Mom. To the old me, Mom had everything I wanted. Tits. Ass. The old me was only concerned with the lusts of the flesh. But the new me, the evolved me, wanted Carmen. Sure, I still enjoyed boobs and butts, but I needed more. Mom had shown herself to be cold, calculating, and slightly sadistic in her unending sexual teasing of me. Carmen, she gave me everything I wanted. She was a spitfire, with a filthy mouth and a mind to match. Her sarcasm and her wit made me laugh, and her body and her mind made me shiver. Yeah, Mom had Carmen beat in a few physical aspects, but Carmen more than made up for it in many other ways. And besides, Carmen was no slouch physically. Her body was more than what I needed and the fact that she didn't have to show it off so much, that

she saved it for certain, special people, made it better. Her body being a secret only I was privy to made me know she truly did genuinely like me.

So, let Mom play her games. I could see what she was offering, appreciate it, but not need it anymore. I was over it. Her sadistic teasing had put an end to the filthy lust I had for her. I knew now that attraction I had was messed up. She was my MOM! Guys don't want to fuck their own moms. They shouldn't. It was so wrong. Guys should look outward. There were a lot of fish in the sea. I shouldn't set my sights at home. Not to sound too egotistical, but a guy like me had a pretty good pick of the litter. I should be able to land any girl I wanted, and not be aiming at my own mother, the woman who birthed me and raised me. Who walked me to school and took me shopping. Who taught me how to ride a bike. Who took me on family trips, and to the doctor. Who cheered from the stands during T-ball, and baked me cakes on my birthday. She kissed my wounds when I was younger! Once I grew up, all I could think about was her putting those plump lips to a much more adult use to ease my pain.

She shouldn't be the woman I want sucking my dick. I should remember her for all the good things, and not immediately think of nasty thoughts. I should remember her riding her bike next to me on the bike trail, and not imagining her riding my cock like an animal. I should appreciate all the times I came home after a rough day at school, only for her to give me her tight, squishy hugs. I shouldn't be thinking about how savagely I would fuck her juicy tits. I should remember all the home cooked meals she made for me, not the fact that I want to bend her over the kitchen table and drive my cock into her juicy ass. In my younger days, she would get on her knees and

put a band-aid on my skinned knee. Now, as a full grown young man, all I could do was imagine her on her knees, swallowing mouthful after mouthful of my cum as it burst from my pulsing dick. I remember going to her bedroom during thunderstorms when I was very young, looking for refuge from the booming thunder. Now, at the thought of her in bed, all I could do was imagine her naked, her lying on her side, the thin bed sheet barely covering her lower half, her massive boobs stacked on top of each other, that teasing smile on her face as she curled her finger at me, urging me to join her on the bed. I literally had to shake these thoughts out of my head. She was my mother! It was so messed up. Despite everything that had happened between us, I shouldn't let those good motherly memories fade away, replaced with thoughts of her with a sexual tone. I had to grow up and move on. No son should imagine what his mother is like in the bedroom, but I was a different animal, apparently. And in my defense, most moms weren't like mine. It's not like I could share this struggle with anyone. This lust for her was so indecent, people would never even hear me out.

But I had been made stronger. Despite Mom's efforts to bring me down, I emerged stronger. My will had become iron. Despite her twisted games, I was a better man now. And that man had found true happiness, complete peace, in another girl. In a more healthy, appropriate relationship. Despite Mom's efforts, I had emerged on the other side, at complete peace.

But that didn't stop Mom from trying.

Thoughts of Mom from my younger years came to mind cause Mom had seized the opportunity to bust out a family album and show Carmen pictures of me as a kid. Carmen giggled as she saw pictures of me, saying that I was such a cutie. But this maneuver was two-fold for Mom. It was nice for my girlfriend to see pictures of me as a kid on the beach. But these pictures also happened to, totally coincidentally, I'm sure, show off pictures of my younger, twenty-something mother bursting out of her bikini. Yes, I knew these pictures very fondly, and yes, Mom was an absolute fucking babe in her twenties. Mom kept highlighting pictures for Carmen to look at, all of which happened to also have Mom looking super hot or be in proximity to pictures of Mom looking hot and busty. Mom wanted to make sure Carmen knew how hot her boyfriend's mother was.

Mom would also needle Carmen a little bit, or needle me about Carmen. Like wondering why I didn't bring Carmen with me to the gym, insinuating Carmen wasn't as fit as she was. Or saying Carmen should dress better, and asking Carmen's opinion on the flattering outfits she wore.

One little thing my family did near the holidays was play some games. Sometimes it was board games, or another type of game. It might sound a bit childish, but it was fun. And with me, Mom, and even Dad all being competitive, the games could get heated. But Mom took advantage of even this traditional family activity, twisting it to her own ends.

We were playing poker at the kitchen table. Mom was pretty good at poker, as was I, but Carmen wasn't so good. And she admitted as much. As Mom took most of her pot, she spoke up.

"Sorry, guys, I'm guess I'm not so good at this game." Carmen remarked, pushing her chips towards Mom.

"Trust me hon, I know when someone's totally outclassed." Mom said with a laugh. Mom glanced at me, and I glanced at her, letting her know I knew what she was doing, that I didn't like it and I was unaffected by it.

The game came down to me and Mom. I raised the pot and she followed suit. I raised the pot again, confidently, and she went all in. Looking at her, staring at her teasing eyes, her poker face, I stepped up, and went all in as well. And when she put all her cards onto the table I did the same and I did so with a swagger, cause I knew I had her beat.

And as I made of show of pulling all the chips onto my side of the table, Mom spoke up.

"You'd better savor this, Tom. Savor a victory while you can still get one." she said knowingly. I looked at her, knowing the message she was sending. As a response, I simply smiled.

"I've already won." I said, leaning over to kiss the top of Carmen's head. Carmen looked up at me, beaming.

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Nothing was sacred to Mom. Even on Christmas day, she didn't take a day off. She spent Christmas morning wearing an almost indecent silk nightie. She was clearly nude under the thin material, judging by how her rack jiggled under it. It was held up by two thin shoulder straps and hung halfway between her knees and her crotch. It was just decent enough to not raise any eyebrows on its own, but a woman with her proportions should know better.

I just kept my focus on Carmen, looking endearingly cute in some loose pants and one of my old shirts. I ignored Mom bending under the tree, pointing her butt at me, leaning towards me, that kind of thing. It wasn't blatant enough to be noticed by anyone but me, but I knew what she was doing. But my focus was on Carmen, and I would not let any thoughts of Mom enter my head. I snuffed them as soon as they came about.

As Mom and Dad got some coffee, I leaned over to whisper to Carmen.

"I got you a few gifts under there, but I'm saving one till we get back to school. Okay?" I told her. She rolled her eyes.

"You're gonna make me wait?" she whined sarcastically. "I hate waiting."

"Trust me. It'll be worth it." I affirmed. She rolled her eyes, amused by my bravado.

"I got you a, uh, secret gift too." she said.

"Oh yeah." I replied.

"Yeah, but you're fucking waiting like I am." she stated. I smiled.

Gift-wise, I got a good haul. A fair amount of good clothes, a new webcam for my computer, some books and movies and stuff. Carmen got me a new Ipod, which was awesome, as mine was still, kinda old and outdated. I gave her a big kiss, flattered at the money she spent on me.

I got Carmen a few classic vinyl albums, as she liked that sort of thing. I got her a couple books she liked as well, but I was holding off on her big gift till later.

I always had trouble buying for Mom, so I usually collaborated with Dad on ideas. Thanks to him, I bought her a nice new camera, which she had been asking about, and some jewelry Dad picked out for her. Mom was genuinely appreciative, but she did make sure to wiggle

her chest against me when we hugged. Dad bought her a bottle of her favorite perfume, among other things, so she was appreciative about that. Though, I couldn't help but notice, she didn't give Dad the same treatment she gave me to show her appreciation.

It was my best Christmas ever. I was at peace thanks to Carmen, happier than I had ever been. And plus, the turmoil Mom put me through was over. I was over her, totally. I had detoxed Mom from my system. And I knew that for sure. Cause that night, when I made love to Carmen in my bed, I didn't even look back at the door for the shadow under the door. The shadow I knew would be there, the shadow letting me know someone was listening.

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Normally, for Christmas break at school, the dorms and stuff are closed over the Christmas break, and only open up the Saturday before classes start. But since Carmen was an RA she had to go back to school a few days prior and she said it would be okay for me to come back as well since I was her ride and it wasn't worth me making the drive back twice. So we would have the floor to ourselves for a few days, which worked towards my plans.

So with Carmen and Dad's presence, my departure back to college was far different from the last time. Dad shook my hand proudly, and Mom couldn't do anything but give me a platonic, motherly hug and wish me good luck. I knew it ate at her not to be able to do more, but she was limited by the presence of the other two. She gave me a

heated look, but I was a wall, unflinching to her whiles. Unlike last time, I was leaving to school happier than I ever had.

When we reached the dorms and I opened up my room, I knew I had to move fast, cause Carmen would be coming over soon once she was unpacked. I got everything in place, then called out to her.

"Hey Carmen!" I called down the hall.

"What?!" she called back.

"I, uh, I think someone left something here at the window." I said.

"What is it?" she said.

"I don't know. You'd better come look." I called back. As I saw her emerge from her room down the hall and come closer, she began talking.

"If someone left some food out, I swear to God..." she began, before catching sight of what I left there. She stood frozen, staring at the window sill, and the item sitting there.

"Are you fucking serious?" she asked. I smiled smugly. "Tom, this is..." she began, but she couldn't find the words. I stepped forward,

next to the window, and grabbed the open ring case. Turning to Carmen, I got down to one knee.

"Tom, this is a joke, right?" she asked. I looked up at her and smiled. Overly emotional displays were not her deal, so she didn't know how to react.

"Carmen Tanucci, I know we haven't known each other long, and I know for half the time we knew each other, you hated my guts." I began.

"True." she interjected.

"But in the time we've been together, I have never felt so strong about something. I have never been happier, and nothing has ever felt this right. Carmen, in the place we first bonded, in the building we first met at, at the school we both chose, I'm giving you my Christmas gift. Carmen Tanucci, will you marry me?" I asked. She looked down at me, half touched, half annoyed.

"Tom..." she began, "You're sure you're not joking, right? Like, that ring isn't, like, candy or something?"

"I made sure when the salesman gave it to me. It's all real." I said. Carmen looked around, unsure. For a second, I worried I had misjudged things. After talking with Casey, I caught sight of the jewelry store, and as soon as I saw it, I made up my mind. We had

only been officially together two months, but the thought of us being together forever... as soon as I thought about it, it just felt right. I couldn't explain why, but I knew deep down it was true. We get each other. We made each other laugh. We thought the same things at the same time. And our physical connection was amazing. I knew Carmen felt the same intensity of affection as I did for her. We had a connection, and we both knew it. We both felt it. So, why wait? Being with each other felt natural. Sure, both of us had our own hang ups. Carmen could be a bit sarcastic and push people away, and I had, you know, the whole Mom thing. We were very different in a lot of ways. But I truly felt us being together was the best thing for both of us. We brought out the best in each other.

I had worked hard to be a better man. Move on from my obsession with Mom, move on from such a lust-filled existence. Be a better man, a better friend, a better person. What better way to truly cement all these changes than officially move on to the next stage of life with my true love?

Sure, it might be dumb. This might be too fast. But it just felt right, and that's all that mattered.

"Well?" I prompted, looking up at the frozen face of my girlfriend. "You gonna do it?"

"Well..." she began.

"Tanucci! C'mon." I urged. Rolling her eyes, she replied.

"Well, yeah, I suppose so." she said coyly with a small smile. My heart bursting, I leapt up took her in my arms, lifted her off the ground, and kissed her. She responded in kind, meeting my passion with her own. When we parted, and she held out her fingers at me, she smiled at me, tears in her eyes as I slid the ring on her middle finger.

"Wrong finger, idiot." she said with a laugh. I laughed and put the ring on her ring finger. I looked at her, my eyes wet with tears.

"How long you've been planning this?" she asked.

"Only a few weeks. The thought hit me, and it felt right." I replied. "Was I right?" She nodded and I kissed her again.

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I booted up the webcam, and gave it a test call to home. A few minutes later, a picture appeared, and Mom and Dad's image appeared, sitting at Dad's laptop.

"Hey!" Dad said. "You guys made it back okay?"

"Yeah, we did." I said, looking at Carmen, seated next to me as I smiled at her coyly. "Oh, I guess I should tell you I did something really stupid when we got back." I began.

"What did you do?" Dad asked, putting on his concerned parent voice. I turned to Carmen and nodded. She smiled, brought her hand up, and held out her fingers to the camera. It took a few moments before they realized what they were seeing. Suddenly, I saw their eyes widen.

"You're kidding?" Dad said excitedly.

"You're kidding?" Mom said, her jaw dropping, the humor absent from her voice.

"We're getting married!" Carmen and I said in unison.

"Holy crap!" Dad said. "Why didn't you tell us you were planning this?"

"I wanted it to be a surprise." I said, my eyes glancing at Mom. As expected, she looked furious.

"Do her parents know?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, I called them." I stated.

"You did?" Carmen asked.

"Of course." I said, looking at her. "They were pretty excited." I added. She looked at me, and her adoring look made her feelings clear: she was in luurrrvee.

"You haven't thought about when this is gonna happen, have you?" Dad asked.

"Oh, who fucking knows?" Carmen said with a laugh. "It'll probably be awhile, but it'll be worth the wait." We smiled at each other and gave each other a kiss.

"Well, I am super happy for you guys. Congrats, son. You've got a great girl." Dad said.

"Thanks." Carmen said.

"C'mon Tanya, talk to your son." Dad urged.

"I'm sorry, I'm just shocked." Mom said, glancing at me. Suddenly, a painted on smile spread across her face. "Congratulations, Tom." she said, in a slightly condescending tone. "I'm really happy for you. For you both."

"Thanks, Mrs. McGee." Carmen said. Mom nodded.

"Well, congratulations guys. We'll let you two lovebirds go." Dad began.

"Okay." I replied, distracted by the happy events in my life.

"Oh, I'm glad the webcam seems to be working." he added.

"It works great." Carmen said.

"You got anything to add, Tanya?" Dad asked. Mom looked lost in thought, but with a jolt, a thought hit her.

"Oh. Yeah!" she began. "Tom, I found a Christmas gift I forgot to give you. It got lost in its hiding spot. I'll mail it up express." Mom said.

"Alright, whatever." I said, not really caring. Nothing could spoil my mood.

"Bye guys." Dad said.

"Bye." Me and Carmen said in unison. The image disappeared and me and Carmen, my fiancée, looked at each other. For a second, we

just stared at each other, basking in our love. We pecked at each other a few times, before a thought hit me.

"Oh!" I began. "You said you had a gift for me? Give it up. What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, um, I just bought some sexy underwear. I thought you might enjoy it." she said. "I know it's not much..."

"Well, c'mon Tanucci, put it on!" I said, lust in my eyes. She bit her lip cutely.

"Okay... wait here." she said, skipping off. I leaned back in my chair and waited for my future wife to return. And when she did, when she stood in my doorway, in a tiny, lace thong and matching bra, I had to speak up.

"God, I'm glad I'm marrying you." I said. We fell into each other's arms, ready to cement our love completely.

I had never been happier.

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It kinda felt like the story was over. I had overcome the obstacles, got the girl, the love of my life. Academically, it was beginning to feel

like I had direction, thanks to Carmen's advice. I was thinking of going into medicine, like her. Maybe not to be a doctor, but something in the field. Nothing was certain, but at least I had direction, and that was the most important thing. It felt like my future was set. Even my first day of classes couldn't get me down. I was floating on air. Things were going my way.

I was caught off guard when the girl at the front desk flagged me down and let me know I had a package. I had practically forgotten that something was on its way from home. I grabbed the small box and took it to my room.

As I walked down the hall, Carmen saw me approaching, and as I walked close to her, she spoke.

"You should come in." she whispered. We weren't telling anyone about our engagement. It probably wasn't a good idea to expose our relationship until the year was over. And besides, as I said before, we both liked sneaking around.

"Let me set this stuff down. Give me five minutes." I told her. She sighed first, but smiled nonetheless.

"Don't keep me waiting." she said as I walked away.

Finding my roommate gone, I let my bag fall to floor. I examined the light box in my hand. Debating whether to open it now or open it

later and just go to Carmen's now, the temptation to see what this gift was won out. Finding my letter opener, I cut open the small box in my hand, curious as to see what I would find.

Inside, within some tissue paper, was a small gift box with a bow on it. It looked the size of an earring box. Curious as to what my parents would get me that was this small, I lifted off the lid. Looking inside, I was shocked at what I found.

It was a spy camera. One of those small cameras I had bought a while back to see Mom naked. I held the camera in my fingers a bit, confused. What the hell was this about? Why would Mom give this back to me? Then, with a jolt, I remembered. The memory card. Maybe what she was giving me wasn't the camera, but the contents on the card. I pulled the tiny card from the camera and booted up my laptop without a second thought.

As I searched for the proper slot on the side of my laptop, I stopped myself, card poised at the slot. Should I do this? Mom made a point to send this to me. Knowing how she had been lately, I knew the contents couldn't be good. I could guarantee this wasn't a loving congratulations for my engagement. I debated just tossing the card away and never looking at it, but I was bad with temptation. I had to see what was on it. I had to know. It would eat away at me if I didn't.

Pushing the card into my computer, the window popped up, and sure enough, there was recorded footage on it. Hovering the cursor over the icon, I debated whether or not to pull the trigger for a half-second before double-clicking the movie.

Once I would see what was on the recording, I would wish I hadn't.

As the footage began to play, it took me a minute to figure out what I was seeing. I realized I was staring at the kitchen back home. I racked my brain, trying to remember what I saw when I watched the old footage in the kitchen, until I realized I had completely forgotten it. I had never watched the footage, because in my anger, I had forgotten the camera. So what I was about to see was completely new.

I fast-forwarded the footage, until near the end when I saw Mom wiggle her way on screen. I saw her prepping for dinner, pointing her ear upstairs, listening for movement. Finally, she filled her glass with water to turn and face me as I walked in.

As I watched myself yell at Mom on screen, mad that she had found my cameras, I remembered this day well. I let the video play, and heard her speaking.

"What you want is not gonna happen, especially when your efforts are as clumsy as this. It takes a lot to faze me, Tom. At least put some effort in next time." Mom said, drinking her glass of water and setting it down. "Go get the cameras. Bring them down here and give them to me. Okay?"

I watched myself storm out, stealing her glass in the process. I looked at Mom, nonplussed, bopping her head as she continued working on dinner.

I knew what was coming, and fast-forwarded till I saw myself return. I watched me hand over the five spy cameras, and then, catching her off-guard, slam the glass of my cum onto the counter.

"Is that...?" she said quietly. I heard myself speak up confidently.

"Mom, that is exactly what you think it is. That's about, um, 10 or so hour's worth. I rubbed one out this morning, so it's not quite a full batch. So, I'm gonna leave that right there. It doesn't faze you, right? So, it shouldn't bother you to lift that glass, feel how warm it is. See how full it is. Wonder if I could fill it to the brim with the right stimuli. I mean, it shouldn't faze you in the least to see your lip marks on the glass covered with my cum, right? Knowing where your lips were moments before now covered with your son's jizz. I mean, I'm gonna walk away, and you can do whatever you want with it. But no matter what, you're gonna have to decide whether you're okay with still drinking out of your favorite glass even though you know it's been full of your son's cum." I said. I began to step away confidently. "But, like you said, you can't be fazed by me. I mean, it shouldn't even bother to tip that glass back and just chug that cum down, right? It's gotta be a pretty tempting sight for a woman like you. A glass full of a young guy's cum. I'm surprised you're not drooling."

"Ha ha!" she replied. "Go clean yourself up. You're filthy." I watched myself smile arrogantly, noting how Mom glanced at the glass on the counter. She was left alone in the room, a glass full of my cum in front of her.

Suddenly, with a flash of insight, I knew what I was about to see. Mom wouldn't have sent this if it was anything else. I hovered the cursor over the stop button, but I couldn't bring myself to do it. I had to see it. I had to know.

I watched Mom approach the glass like a wild animal before finally wrapping her fingers around it. She lifted it and began carrying it delicately to the sink. As she did, I saw her fingers running against the glass, feeling it, feeling the warmth of its contents. As she walked, she let the glass bounce slightly, testing its weight. As she reached the sink, I saw her head jolt. The scent of my jizz hit her nose, and she was clearly reacting. She then teased pouring the glass into the sink, but she paused. She studied the contents of the glass intensely, tipping it, testing its thickness. I watched her lean down and place her nose above the rim of the glass, smelling the rich cum. I saw Mom's body shiver, and suddenly, I knew it was close to the moment of truth.

'Don't do, it,' I begged. "Don't do it." I didn't want to see this. I couldn't handle seeing this.

As quick as a flash, I watched my mom lift the glass to her lips, and without hesitation, she tipped the glass back. I watched in shock as my thick cum slid into my mother's mouth. I watched Mom chug my

cum, let it fill her mouth before gulping it down. I watched strands of my cum, MY CUM, stretching between Mom's open lips. I saw her lick the rim of the glass and stick her fingers in it, gathering my warm cum on her fingertips and bringing it to her open mouth. She licked my seed off her fingers savagely.

Mom slammed the empty glass down, gasping in pleasure. I watched her bring her fingers up to her nipple and pinch it roughly through her top. She squeezed her legs together, aching for pleasure. Mom gasped for a few minutes, gathering herself before shaking her head clear. She stood up straight, calmed herself, and washed the glass under the sink. It was only minutes later that I returned, just missing out. Mom had regained control, and she was back to normal, no sign of anything out of the ordinary.

A million thoughts ran through my head. I was right. I was right! I knew it! I fucking knew Mom was more into this than she let on. I knew part of her wanted me. And there she was, footage on screen of her chugging her own son's cum like a cum-guzzling whore. I had never seen Mom so blatantly turned-on as she was swallowing my thick cum. She fucking loved it.

I could have had her. I could have fucking landed her. I could have fucked my MOM! Looking at the Mom I saw on this video, she was definitely interested. I just... I just didn't do the right thing to land her. I had a chance, but I blew it somehow.

But then I remembered Carmen, my new fiancée. I remembered the fact that I had moved on, left that silly crush on Mom behind. I had

spent the last few months convincing myself how wrong that lust I had for her was. I had moved on! I loved Carmen! She made me happy. There was no conflict, no turmoil with her. She made me feel good. She's all I needed.

But my dick was harder than it had ever been in my life.

My breath was short. I couldn't think straight. I knew Carmen wanted to swing over to her room, but I couldn't get myself to move. I couldn't get that footage out of my head. I couldn't stop feeling the throbbing of my giant erection.

Furiously, I re-wound the footage, to just before Mom chugged my cum. Those words felt so raw. As I hit play again, I slipped my hand into my pants, scooped out my hard-as-concrete dick, and began to stroke. At that moment, Carmen was forgotten. All I could think about was Mom, and how eagerly she swallowed my jizz. I couldn't wait to watch it again. And again. And again.

My obsession on Mom was back in full force. I was back at square one, after months of hard work getting over her. And as cum quickly exploded from my throbbing dick, I could only hope I had what it took to overcome her again.

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Chapter 8: Mom and Dad

(Tanya)

I closed my eyes, maintained my focus and controlled my breathing. I let any stray thoughts drift away, focusing on the task at hand. I exhaled coolly, letting the air blow out through my slightly parted, smooth lips.

I sat in the lotus position in the exercise room, my ass planted on a yoga mat. I had done yoga for a few years now, and I had gotten pretty good. I started out taking yoga classes at the gym, but I got tired of having to work off of others' schedules, so once I got good enough, I started doing it at home, on my own time. And someone had to put the exercise room to good use. Now that Tom was out of the house, I didn't want all this equipment to go to waste.

Exercise and body fitness were my favorite pastimes. Some women liked to shop, some liked to tan, some like to knit or sew, some liked to read. I liked to stay fit. I mean, sure, I liked most of those other things too. Like, what woman doesn't love shopping? But exercise was my absolute favorite thing to do.

Well, my second favorite thing, maybe...

Working out, or doing yoga, it kept me focused. It helped me keep my thoughts in order, my impulses under control. You see, I had a

bit of a problem with impulse control. And I knew what kind of trouble I could get into if I didn't control myself.

I extended my right leg out, stretching it out before bending forward, placing my forehead against my knee. As I felt the burn in my stretched back, I felt the bottom of my stretchy red exercise top pull up my back, and the hem of my black stretchy exercise pants pull down. I held my bare foot with my hands and held this pose.

I used to be controlled by my impulses. But looking back at how my youth went, I think it's hard for anyone to really blame me.

For the longest time, I didn't realize I was considered beautiful. Honest. It might come across a bit ditzy or fake to say that, but it's the truth. My parents and other people said that they knew I'd be trouble from a young age. At first, I didn't know what they meant by that, but looking back, those people had no idea what I was capable of doing.

I was a pretty normal child. I was a nice, sweet young girl, a good student and friendly to all. But those innocent feelings of youth transformed once I hit puberty.

I felt like I got hit harder than anyone I knew by that period of growth in my life. My body went into overdrive seemingly overnight as I was bombarded by hormones. Suddenly, I was a foot and a half taller and I was wearing a DD bra. My hormones were out of control. I remember looking around at my classmates and wondering why

they weren't being driven as insane as I was. I could barely control myself. I became OBSESSED with boys, and my body craved constant satisfaction just so I could think straight. At first, that attention came from myself, obviously, and I paid a lot of attention to myself. I had this constant thirst that needed to be slaked, and I did the best I could to slake it. And it's not like that desire ever went away. I still feel as overcharged now as a woman in her 40's as I did in my teenage years. I just got a lot better at hiding it.

My parents were relatively religious and conservative, so at first I felt ashamed at how overwhelming my sexual needs were. The way I felt was very much contrary to the things I was raised to believe in. I tried my best to control those urges, but that was like fighting a tidal wave. These desires weren't going to be stopped. They simply needed to be dealt with.

I rolled over smoothly onto my belly before leaning back into the upward facing dog pose. The weight of my large breasts hung down in front of me, forcing me to work harder. My massive breasts stretched my top, testing its tensile strength.

It took a while for me to get used to all the attention I began to receive once my body filled out, to realize that these boys liked me as more than a friend. I was very naïve at the time, clearly, and it took a long time for me to accept the fact that all men reacted that way around me. And I recently confirmed that this was absolutely true. ALL men react that way around me.

I was still pretty naïve at the time, like I said, so any jealously girls felt towards me at the time was disarmed by my friendly, warm personality. I didn't know any better. Despite my body, I was still very innocent. I didn't realize my body had inadvertently placed me into the very adult game of sexual competition. I was still friendly and likeable, and this, combined with the fact that boys were flocking around me, had a startling effect. Girls came to me, wanting to learn my trade secrets. I didn't have any secret at the time, but that didn't dissuade them. It reached the point where even girls began to flock around me, wanting to be my friend, and be on the receiving end of the attention I got. I became popular without even trying.

It took me awhile to realize I was different. Boys would keep telling I was hotter than any of the other girls my age. While barely trying, I became well connected with the elite cliques and social circles of girls in school, and I always went to the best parties. It took me a while realize that none of the other girls were having the same experience I was. It took a while for me to see the way people would treat me, how they would do anything I wanted to gain my approval. Boys would preen and pose for me, and girls would include me in any juicy gossip. People would get nervous around me, even adults.

It took me awhile to realize the power I had.

I got on my hands and feet and arched my back, assuming the downward facing dog position, my breasts weighing me down again. I exhaled evenly as beads of sweat dripped down my forehead

The knowledge of the power I had went to my head. Not that I became a huge, cocky bitch or anything like that. No, I was still typically friendly and positive, but I began to realize I could do whatever I wanted and get whatever I wanted. I could get away with just about anything. I had power. I was superior. At first, I never really took advantage of this fact, even though there were times where I had to suppress my darker urges. Like, when there was a boy that I wanted that was interested in someone else, and I just wanted to scream out that I was way hotter than that other girl. Like, just look at my body! I was able to suppress those flashes of arrogance, but they had a way of bleeding out anyway. I liked seeing the boys play for my attention. I liked seeing the other girls get so desperate for my approval.

I liked to make people dance for me.

I tested my limits. Like I said, I was never cruel or callous. But I liked seeing how far boys would go for me. I liked to see them want to spend money on me, make them break their bank account. I liked seeing them try to be cool and smooth.

And I looked to push boy's limits in the bedroom.

I was the type of girl who was good at everything she did. I used to dance ballet, but that stopped when my breasts came in. I used to play the violin and I easily made first chair. And that natural talent extended to the bedroom.

I got very, very good at sex very, very quickly. My naïve nature and innocence began to fall by the wayside once I lost my virginity. My growing popularity allowed me to handpick the boy I had lost my virginity to, an older boy, a senior at the school. Even in my first, fumbling attempts, I held up my end of the bargain. My natural urges took over and helped me perform until my desires were quenched. And I thought that was how it was supposed to go. Fuck till we pass out, fuck till we're completely spent. But, as I soon realized, that was not the case. It was more along the lines of 'fuck till the guy is done and leaves me needing more'. Just as I was working up to my stride, these guys were all finished. At first, I thought it was due to my advanced experience and talents at sex. But each and every time it ended the same. Me, desperate for more, with the guy wiped out beneath me. They would beg me to slow down and take my time. Some guys wanted to just 'make love.' But honestly, I just wanted to fuck. I wanted it nice and hard. Outside of the bedroom, I was still nice and friendly and sweet. In the bedroom... I went a little crazy.

Some of the more jealous girls called me a slut. But I really wasn't a slut. Well, maybe I was a bit of a slut. I was more than likely the most experienced girl in my graduating class. By the time most girls were beginners, I was already an expert. I knew how to flirt. I knew how to read the signs. I knew how to seduce. I had my fair share of boyfriends who I was happy to put out for. But I didn't just put out for any guy. I mean, I dated all shapes and sizes of guys if they interested me, but none of these guys were never really anything beyond a brief fling. Some guys interested me cause I thought they had potential in the bedroom. Some were cause I simply liked them as a person. But, all these relationships fizzled. I could not get over

not being able to find a guy able to keep up with me. I needed more. I needed to find my match.

I got used to hearing the embarrassing apologies from guys. They said I was too hot. Too good at sex. They couldn't help but lose control in a flash. It happened every time with every guy. I began to realize this was the curse of my beauty. And the most disheartening thing was I had chosen from what I thought was the best of the best. Guys were so willing to do anything for me that I literally had my pick of the litter. And still, I would fuck circles around these guys. I got used to being sweet and understanding with these guys when they let me down, but hiding my disappointment became harder and harder. I stopped being so nice and sweet.

I just wanted one guy to take me and fuck the mother-fucking shit out of me! Was that too much to ask? Behind the bravado and posturing, all these guys couldn't match up when it counted. My needs were overflowing, and I needed relief.

My tastes became a bit harsher, more rough and depraved. I became more impatient with my high school lovers, demanding more, until it finally reached the point where I had to swear off high school guys altogether. Even the best of the best, the cocky jocks with their big, throbbing dicks, even they weren't enough. I needed more. By the time I graduated high school, the thought of a high school guy keeping up with me was laughable. My needs were as demanding as ever, my breasts just did not stop growing, and my body had filled out in every way. When I turned 18, I was no longer a girl. I was all

woman. And I realized I was too much woman for any mere high school guy.

I stood up and got in the warrior pose, my breathing controlled, my thoughts focused, a bead of sweat dripping down my cleavage.

I went nuts at college. I mean, like, legit nuts. College guys were SUCH a better match for me than the boys at high school. But even saying that, they could not keep up. Sure, they hung in there a lot longer, but by the end of the action with a college guy, I was still aching for more. It was still the same story as in high school. Them, begging me to slow down, to not be so rough, so demanding. They wanted me to 'take it easy' on them. I refused to go easy. I craved more, but my search proved elusive.

I got DP'd by a pair of frat guys a month into college, and even then, by the end, they were the ones who could barely stand, and I was the one screaming at them to man up and fuck me till I screamed. But they were too worn out to even try. These guys, hot guys who no doubt had dozens of easy college girls in their beds, dozens of girls to practice on, even those guys weren't ready for me. If they weren't enough for me, who was?

I did everything. I fucked frat guys, freshmen, a professor, I even fucked my roommate's dad. I experienced a little of everything, vainly in search of the one guy who could meet my needs. There had to be one person out there for me, my perfect match. I just had to find him.

My needs got more demanding. I craved it in every hole, as hard as possible. I wanted to be treated like the slut I was. I wanted a guy to make me drunk with orgasms. I wanted a guy to make me spasm, to make me lose control. I wanted a guy to make me squirt my girl cum all over the place. I wanted a guy to be able to dig in, man up, and really fuck me!

This search made me into a different person. I used to be a friendly, positive, warm young woman. That girl was gone. I was becoming an arrogant, dismissive, haughty, demanding slut. I discounted others just so I could have my own pleasure. I cast aside good friends just to indulge my obsession with men. I was happy to fuck a guy with a girlfriend, or a wife. I had no limits. I didn't care who I hurt. I was demolishing people everywhere I went. Besides that, I was partying way too hard, drinking way too much, and even dabbling in drugs once or twice. I was travelling down a very dangerous road. My tastes were getting nastier, my demands were increasing, my self-control slipping away, and my impatience was overflowing. Something had to give.

Then I got pregnant.

Jay was a cute guy I had a few classes with. He was fit and firm and cute, but I wasn't looking for that by the point I met him. I wanted to get reamed, and while Jay was a catch by most girls' standards, he was never anything but a friend to me.

I ran into him at a party, and I was craving some action. There were no other interesting guys there, and I knew Jay was smitten with me, so I dragged him back to my place. And he was good. I mean, he didn't keep up with me, obviously, but he was fine, just... not enough for me. And I was so overcharged that he at least granted me temporary relief. It was just a one-night fling. I knew that, and so did he.

Then he knocked me up.

The thing was, he wore protection. Jay was wearing a condom when it happened, but I guess it split apart during the action. Part of me wondered if he knew the condom had broken, and maybe he just got lost in the moment, or if it truly was an accident. But the damage was done. I was preggers, and it was the sign I needed.

Something had to change. Getting pregnant made me wonder for my future. I had always been told I would be a star my whole life. I came to school for drama, so I could learn to be an actress. All the directors and professors there affirmed the feeling that I had a big future ahead of me. I also modeled, and they told me I had a bright future there too, though I suspected they were hoping I would do a very specific type of modeling. But when the drama teachers and the modeling agency found out I was knocked up, I suddenly became a lot less interesting to them. I had nowhere else to go but go forward with this pregnancy. That became my future.

Jay was a good man. Very sweet and good hearted. He had a bit of bravado to him, but I kinda liked that in a guy. He clearly had a

future, his heart was in the right place and he had a good head on his shoulders. He was totally there for me when I told him I was pregnant and he was excited when he said we would be in this together. Jay was everything a girl could ask for, but I had to convince myself he was right for me. I didn't have that raw animal attraction for him that I had for other guys. He was a genuine, good-hearted guy, but I tended to prefer the bad boys. But even the bad boys had led me to disappointment, cause even though the sex was great, it became clear that they were bad boys for good reason. Maybe I needed to change my tastes. It was that thought that led me to accepting Jay's proposal of marriage, and we were married soon after.

I became a mother to Tom a few months after the wedding, and my life truly did change. Looking at him, knowing this little boy was made from me, was part of me and was my responsibility, I vowed to be a good mother. I vowed more than anything to cast aside my actions of the past and grow up. This was my purpose in life. This was my future.

Becoming a mother was the best thing that could have happened to me. It forced me to evolve. To change. My search for my match, a lover equal to me, was turning me into something I didn't want to be. I didn't want to be the dismissive, arrogant, self-centered narcissist. I didn't want to be so scheming and callous to others. I didn't want to parade my body in front of girls, making it clear to everyone around that they were inadequate to me. I didn't want to make fun of girls to their boyfriends' faces. As hot as all that sounded, as hot as that all was, it had to stop. I was a mother now. Not a slut. I couldn't be the sex-crazed nympho anymore. I had to be better.

Jay provided me a good life so I never had to work. At first, I dreaded this future. Mere months prior, I had dreams of being a big star in Hollywood or on the cover of magazines. Now, my future was being a housewife, and I couldn't help but be disappointed at this prospect. It felt like an incredible letdown after living my whole life as if I was meant to be something special. Maybe it was karma for my bad behavior and being unable to control my needs, letting them run rampant over me and letting them control my actions. The idea of being a doting wife, cleaning the house, being in a fucking book club with the neighborhood wives, it sounded like the ultimate penalty to me.

But maybe it was for the best. I was traveling down a dark road. If I ended up in Hollywood, going the way I was going, that could have ended very badly for me. My urges were running so out of control that I could totally imagine losing myself in the glitz and glamor. Indulging my narcissism and forever searching for the pleasure I sought among Hollywood's best and brightest. Going to the best parties, doing hard drugs, and sucking as many cocks as I could get my hands on. With my lack of discipline, a future of fame and power would have destroyed me. So, as much as I hated the idea, being a housewife probably provided me my best possible future. I needed to change, to learn control. To practice discipline. With that being said, there were moments when I thought about what could have been, and that filled me with burning disappointment. Luckily, I was able to suppress those feelings.

I learned to suppress my sexual urges. I redirected them to healthier pursuits, like fitness or yoga. I devoted myself to being a good

mother and let this new phase of my life be my focus. I learned to accept the pretty good sex I got from Jay as what I would be getting for the rest of my life. And honestly, he wasn't bad, more than enough for most girls. But he simply did not match up to me and I knew that from early on. I eventually had to be less demanding of him. Knowing what he was capable of handling, I tailored what I asked of him. It was like when he was in drive, and I had to learn to shift into neutral.

I had to make sacrifices. I had to learn to not wear my husband down, not making him feel inadequate in the bedroom. That was a good wife's job, especially one who was much better at sex than he was. The old me would be happy with taking it twice a night, every night, but I had to learn to be happy with twice a week. I had to stop using my patented blow-job technique, because I could make him cum in 30 seconds flat doing that. I had to be more dainty with him, which was not my preference. I stopped making him fuck my ass. My asshole would drive him wild, but he couldn't deal with how vigorous I would get, my driving ass bruising his torso, making him sore for days. And unfortunately, I had to give up expecting to cum all the time. In the beginning he had enough to take the edge off with small orgasms, but he didn't have enough to make my world shake. Nobody did.

Nowadays, my desire was as strong as it ever was, but his had waned. My body had become so well trained, so finely tuned, that he couldn't get the job done at all anymore. It took someone who really knew my body to make me cum. And, due to that, the only way I came these days was due to my own fingers or with my big, rubber dildo, but that was no substitute for the real thing. I didn't even push

him for sex anymore, letting him control our sex schedule, and it was almost a relief to him. When we had sex, it was almost as if I was forcing him to run a marathon and he was relieved not to have to. And that was fine. My fingers and my dildo did a better job than he ever did. And it allowed me to control my own pleasure. It was simply a pressure relief, so I could function as a normal adult and quiet the urges within me. Cause I knew what happened when those urges overwhelmed me.

I was scared of the woman I was becoming before I got pregnant. That is why I didn't even let myself consider going down that road, of acting even remotely like the slut I used to be. Even though I knew I outclassed my hubby in the bedroom, and I'm sure others saw I was out of his league, I never once considered actually cheating on him, of finding someone to slake my hunger. I had to get used to not taking advantage of guys falling over me. Sure, I found myself tempted on a raw animal level, but honestly, it wasn't like I would be getting any better than what I already had. I had to get used to spending my days with perpetually hard nipples, an always throbbing clit, and an ever-ready, wet cunt. I was on another level sex-wise than every guy I had met and I knew that it would require someone on my level to make me cum. Since no one else on my level was around, I was forced to do the job myself.

The biggest advantage of being a housewife was that I had a lot of time on my hands. Jay had no idea how much I masturbated. I'm sure he imagined me going shopping, swimming, or cleaning the house, or meeting up with friends. I was more likely to be in bed with two fingers roughly fingering my cunt while I had a dildo jammed up my ass. I was more likely to be washing the sheets only because I had

squirted girl-cum all over them. I can't saw how many times he called home while I was in the act of giving myself the pleasure he should be providing. I had to get my pleasure one way or another. That was not up for debate.

I had to give up on my pursuit of someone who could match me. It was fool's gold. I could go on that journey and maybe I could find someone, but it would likely destroy any semblance of the good person I needed to be. Sure, I was tempted a few times, but I had to make a choice. I could either be a productive member of society or a nasty slut who spends all day, every day, riding cock. And that sounded really fun... like really, really fun, riding a big, thick meaty cock... but, uh, life was about having control over yourself. Your body, your mind, your urges. I had to have self-control or I would lose all control. Sex was my addiction and if I relapsed... I would not be able to conquer it again. And keeping my cool, maintaining control, that required a level of discipline I had never had before.

I didn't want to be even close to the slut I was becoming. And I thought I had done the job. I felt pretty confident that I had expunged any trace the filthy slut I was becoming. I mean, sure, I still flirted and found ways to have some fun, but it was all innocent, really. I was calm. I was focused. I controlled myself completely.

I was a warrior. A samurai. I had conquered my own dark urges. I dismissed those who sought to conquer me, dismissing them deftly. Friends of my husband. Dirty old men. Cocky young guys. Friends of my son. Even the occasional woman. But I would not yield. I

would not be conquered. My sight was clear. My virtue was true. My focus... unyielding.

Then my son told me he wanted to fuck me.

When it first happened, I honestly thought it was pretty funny. Tom was typically cool and collected, but with a good smattering of healthy teenage arrogance. Seeing him so nervous, stammering and sweating, stumbling over his words while admitting he wanted my body, it was kind of adorable, to be honest. There was no part of me that even considered giving him what he wanted. I was ready to just shut him down, ruffle his hair, and send him on his way.

He was just a boy! It was really that simple. A young, stammering, nervous young guy was not the man to match up with me. It was cute that he even thought he had a chance. He was an 18-year-old boy. I was a 40-year-old woman. His sexual history could fill a coloring book. Mine could fill an encyclopedia. He could play checkers. I could play chess. At this point in life, a woman like me could fuck circles around a guy like him. When I told him he couldn't handle me, I meant it. I would break him. I broke guys far more capable than he was. Guys more confident than him, older, more experienced, more self-assured, had crumbled at my feet. I tore my son down and made it clear that what he wanted would never happen. And I'm sure it hurt to hear it. I had never seen him react that way. He was so fragile in that moment, so exposed to me. If he got what he was asking for from me, I would demolish him. I was being a good mother, preventing him from going down a path that would lead to his destruction. I had broken so many guys like him

before, ruined them for other girls. Asking to have me was the worst thing he could ask for. So, like I said, he didn't have a chance, which is why I dismissed him so easily. Plus, you know, there was the fact that he was my son.

I was ready to walk away from him when I looked back. He looked so crushed. So broken. It was a moment of weakness in me, I guess. A bit of mercy. So, when I posed at him in his doorway, squeezed my tits at him, and purred that he couldn't handle me, I thought I was giving him something to pick him up, to motivate him and prevent him from getting too down. I had shot him down, but at the end, I couldn't resist throwing him a bone. I thought it was over there.

I bent over at the waist, touching my toes, ignoring my throbbing nipples.

When I saw Tom for the first time after his confession, and saw the lust in his eyes, a surge of pleasure went through me. A feeling I hadn't felt in years went through me. A bit of the old me re-emerged. Knowing I had him wrapped around my finger so obviously, knowing I could drive him wild, make him squirm like I had done to so many men before, it sent a jolt of dark pleasure through me. I couldn't stop myself from teasing him a bit more, rubbing salt in his wounds a little bit. I didn't plan to take it beyond that night, honest. I just planned to have a little fun, taste a bit of that raw, nasty side of me I used to revel in, and move on from there.

But that night, I couldn't stop thinking about it.

I mean, it was absolutely filthy. That much was clear. My son had confessed he wanted to fuck me! His own mother! It was incest! My son had practically admitted he wanted to fill his mother with his thick teenage cum! It was so wrong! So incredibly nasty. And yes, I had turned him away easily, deftly, and sure, I was amused by the whole thing. But the thing was, it shouldn't have been that easy. This was a big deal. I was his mother and he was my son. He wanted to bathe in the dark waters of incest, and the most disturbing thing was how little this admission disturbed me.

It should bother me more, shouldn't it? I mean, he was my son. I should be skeeved out, or worried, or upset. I found it funny. What did that say about me? Why didn't it bother me that much? I told myself it was because I had kinda truly seen it all sex-wise, so seeing someone expose a strange fetish was nothing new. But even after seeing this, confronting incest first-hand, something that would bother most mothers and make them drag their sons to counseling, I wasn't bothered by it at all. I laughed at it, and teased my son mercilessly about it. I had fun with it, cause I always had fun teasing men about how much they wanted me. But this was so very different. This was my son. This was incest! Why didn't this level of depravity bother me?

I tried to quell these thoughts. I was thinking like the old me. Thinking about all the nasty things I used to do. And it was the nasty side of me that wondered how far I could push this before it began to bother me? How far was I truly willing to go?

I tried to forget about it the next morning. I was getting dressed, trying to decide what I needed to wear for the day. What would I be doing? I had a few errands to run, but I couldn't stop thinking at how easily I could make Tom squirm, and how tempted I was at the thought of teasing him a bit more. Would I wear comfortable, flattering but appropriate clothing for running errands? Or would I wear something to show off my body? I knew better, I really did, but I had those old thoughts bubbling to the surface, tempting me in a way I hadn't been tempted in years.

Needless to say, by the time Tom came downstairs, he saw me wearing the shortest skirt he had ever seen on me. He saw me in one of my more cleavagey tops, and he saw my thong straps lifted over my hips. I justified it to myself. It was just a little bit of fun. What harm would it be to dress a little slutty?

I hadn't played the game in years, and once I began playing again, I found myself sliding back into my old ways. My animal side took over. My competitive streak returned. I loved the game. The tease. The control I could exert. It didn't matter that it was my son. He was another guy I could exert my power over, and the thrill of doing so was indescribably hot. It was a slippery slope, though, and I had no doubt taken it too far. I probably shouldn't have shown Tom's friends my tits. That really pissed him off. But I tell you what, the anger and jealousy he felt, combined with the lust I saw from all those high-school students when they saw my rack... let's just say, that night... I came harder than I had in years!

I tried to stop myself but the tease was becoming second nature. I would tease on accident, almost. Then he would get mad or he would respond, and I would respond in kind. It was a vicious cycle, and the tension was becoming overwhelming. I knew eventually, he would explode.

I tested his limits and I was impressed by his control. I remember when we talked in the bleachers after football practice. He was on the offensive and I loved seeing the effort he was putting in. I loved forcing men to step up, to change themselves for me. And as he was on the attack, I jutted out my chest at him, practically begging him to just reach out and touch them, even though he knew he couldn't. But he didn't. He showed a bit of control. A bit of discipline. He stepped back and let me walk away. His attraction was far more than him wanting a simple roll in the hay with his mom. His game was a bit more complex. I realized then he didn't just want my body. He wanted to conquer me.

His efforts were cute. Trying to be confident and suave or trying to show off his body and his prowess in the bedroom. I enjoyed the game, and Tom was very cute, but my opinion on him never changed. He still didn't have a chance with me. He tried hard, I will admit, and I was slightly impressed. My favorite move of his was buying those little cameras just to see my naked body. Ha! I soused that one out immediately. Tom wasn't as subtle as he thinks he is or at being secretive. But I didn't see his reaction coming. He was furious that I was always one step ahead at all times, sure, but I didn't realize I had driven him over the edge.

When he came back minutes later, and slammed that glass of cum on the table, I realized Tom had stepped up the game quite a bit. He had taken this to a new level. He was transforming before my eyes, from a young, slightly cocky boy, to an arrogant, driven young man. His smirk as he left that cum in front of me impressed me. He was more capable than I thought.

I couldn't help but confront that glass of cum he left for me. Something had to be done with it. I really meant to just pour it out, honestly. I really did. But to do so, I was forced to lift it, to carry it to the sink. And when I did, I felt its warmth, and its weight, a glass half-full with my son's thick cum, with some slopping over the edge. This was cum that mere minutes prior had been swimming in his balls, swelling his balls because of me. I should be disgusted, but as I reached the sink, a waft from the glass hit me, and that smell, that smell of hot, fresh cum... it brought back lots of memories. A lot of very good memories. My nostrils flared, my mouth watered, my nipples tightened.

I looked down at the glass of cum, tipping it, testing its thickness. Yep, it was the good stuff, nice and thick. Just because this cum belonged to my son didn't mean I wasn't able to appreciate it and its value. It would be a waste to dump all that precious cum out without getting a better smell, right? Before I could reconsider, I brought it to my nose and took a big smell of it, and my knees nearly buckled. Surges of memories flashed through my mind, and like Pavlov's dogs trained to drool at the ring of a bell, I was trained to drool at the scent of hot cum.

I couldn't stop myself. Nothing could have stopped me.

Before I could think twice, I brought my favorite glass to my lips and tipped it back. My son's cum entered my mouth, passing across my lips, hitting my tongue, filling my mouth. I should know better than this. I really should. I was better than this. I was a mature, classy, elegant woman. I was disciplined. I was a warrior.

But, holy fuck, his cum tasted SO FUCKING GOOD! OH MY GOD!

I let his thick cum fill my mouth. I sloshed it everywhere. I coated my tongue with it, spread it across the inside of my cheeks and covered my teeth. Having nowhere else to go, I gulped it down, swallowing my own son's hot cum. My plump lips parted, bands of cum stretched between them, as I exhaled. With glassy eyes, I noted the glass still contained some of that sweet, tasty cum. Like a cum-guzzling whore, I tipped that glass back and sucked down the rest, tasting it, savoring it, gulping it down. I needed more!

I licked the edge of the glass, capturing the cum he left there on my tongue. I used my fingers to wipe the inside of the glass, gathering the cum remaining there on my fingers, before jamming them into my panting mouth, closing my lips around them, getting every fucking bit of cum off of them. That glass was fucking cleaned of every fucking drop of cum before it hit the sink.

This was so wrong! So fucking filthy! This was, without a doubt, the nastiest thing I had ever done. I had swallowed my son's cum. And

it was sooooo good! The inside of my mouth was still covered in it. Honestly, I would take a glass of that for every fucking meal.

My body was buzzing. I had not been this turned on since college. If Tom came down at that moment, I would have eagerly gotten on my knees and swallowed the good stuff straight from the source.

I twirled my back, switching the hands I was using to touch my toes as I recalled this memory.

I had enough time to recover. The gravity of what I had done hit me. It was so messed up! I guzzled his cum like a whore. I had not acted that slutty since college, but nothing I had done matched up to this. I had swallowed my own son's sperm! I shouldn't have enjoyed it as much as I did. I shouldn't have enjoyed it at all.

I had just relapsed in a big way. My slutty side had taken over. This was a hiccup. It had to be. I had to stop myself before going way too far, farther than I already had. I had to double my efforts, resist the urge to even play this game with Tom anymore. But it wasn't even Tom defeating me. I was defeating myself. I had to stop myself. I had to regain control.

And I succeeded. I shut down Tom when he finally emerged from his room, and I allowed him no room to maneuver for months. I gave him nothing. I regained my focus, regained my control of this situation, and tried to forget about how good Tom's cum tasted.

Tried to forget the way I guzzled it down. And for the most part, I succeeded.

Then he fucked Casey.

I was stunned. Straight up stunned. Tom was a good looking young man and he was not untalented at the game of sex. But out of nowhere, he landed a prized woman in Casey. She as a 10 on most guys' list. A confident, mature woman, like myself, but with a hint of a dirty side, again, like myself. But she was not an easy catch. Despite what I told Tom, while Casey might be a bit slutty, she was not easily seduced. I had seen her shoot down men as deftly as I did. And yet, she fell victim to my son's charms. So, either my son was a lot better than I gave him credit for, or Casey was an easier lay than I ever knew. And I knew Casey. She wasn't easy.

Tom was right about one thing. When I saw her, clearly freshly fucked, obviously fucked stupid, I envied her. Not for having spent an hour or so banging my son. But that look she had, that shaky, exhausted, conquered look, as if she had been well and truly fucked, that is what I wanted. That is what I needed! Not from my son, obviously. He could handle Casey, but Casey wasn't in the same league as me. And she was a fucking 10, so that should give you a hint of my skill.

Even though I was a bit jealous of Casey, I was furious with Tom. He had stepped up his game in a big way. But he had crossed a line. Sure, I crossed a line before, flashing his friends, but he crossed one now, fucking my best friend. I was creating a monster here. Part of

me felt guilty at having driven him to this, but part of me wanted to wipe that cocky smirk off his face. He knew he made a good move, and I was speechless.

My relationship with Tom had crossed too many lines. I made sure to keep my distance from that point on, not wanting to encourage him anymore. This game had gone too far and we had both lost control. That was why when the time came for him to leave for school, I wasn't sad or mopey. I was relieved to put an end to this tension.

Tom made one last move, it was desperate, and he knew that. I was doing my best not to encourage him, against what my mind was telling me. But when the time came for him to leave, when he made one last gasp Hail Mary, I easily deferred him, and sent him on his way. It could have been over then. It could have. But, I couldn't help myself. I did it again. I squeezed my tits at him and called out that he couldn't handle me.

Then, he stopped.

He zoomed back and confronted me, calling me out on my bullshit. After all the tension between us, this was bound to happen. I let him get it all out of his system, and he deserved to yell at me a bit. But then, he did something I didn't expect. He said something no guy had said to me before.

He told me no.

He drove away then, claiming he was moving on from me, that I wasn't worth the trouble. I knew it was over. The game was over. Tom ended it, put a stop to it from his end, and it was my responsibility to do the same. I knew that.

But honestly, who was he to end this?

I was the one in control here. I was running this show, driving this car. I was the game master. I was his mother. He's not in charge. No one said no to me. I couldn't get over it. I had never been rejected. I had always had the power. No guy ever turned me away. But here he was, walking away, moving on.

This ate away at me for a while. Had I lost the game we were playing? Tom took the mature approach, walking away before the game took control of him, something I wasn't able to do at that age. And now, my son was gone, and with Jay gone all the time, I couldn't help but realize how boring things were without Tom around. Playing with him was a lot of fun, more fun than I had had in years. I respected Tom's wishes and kept my distance, but part of me couldn't wait to get him back home and maybe pick up where we started. Because there was no way he was totally over me. Not possible.

But then, he brought that girl home. Uh-uh! That cocky little shit comes home and parades her around me. What's her name, Carmen? Ughh. How dare he? He says he doesn't want to play anymore, but I

call bullshit. That was a move. You don't parade a girl around an old crush who rejected you without knowing exactly what was really going on. He was still playing, despite claiming otherwise, so proud of his new girl. He wouldn't have been so proud of his cute, older girlfriend if he wasn't trying to rub it in my face. Cocky little shit. If he wants to play rough, we could play rough. And the thing was, she was nothing compared to me. She was a poor man's version of me, a runner-up prize when you can't get the real thing. And then he puts a ring on her finger?! What? He barely knew her! The only explanation was he was trying to prove a point, either to me or to himself. That was the only explanation, because I had her beat in every way.

She was cute, but I was stunning. Her hair was nice, but mine was gorgeous. Her skin was pale, mine was sexy and tan. She had ten or fifteen extra pounds, I was lithe and firm and hot. Her breasts were meager DD's. I had mammoth FF tits. Her ass was decently round, but mine was rounder, juicier, and more heart shaped. Her legs were nice, but mine were longer and firmer. I had my son's girlfriend beat in every way and if he thought otherwise, he was kidding himself.

I did not like her. At all. My son was capable of better that that. The more I thought about her, the uglier I realized she was. I had to play nice and hang out with her. The girl was so transparent in trying to get my approval. Ha! The superior woman does not beg for approval from another. I mean, he knows he's downgrading with her, right? Compared to me, she is straight up ugly. He wanted me, not her. I am not the type of woman who walks away defeated. No, I am a winner. I do not lose to an uggo, an out-of-shape, downer of a girl. A

young, stupid, pathetically jealous little girl. She is the loser. I am the conqueror. And I would make him realize that.

I made sure to have her know it. I made it a point to parade myself around her, show off my body, make sure she knew her boyfriend's mother was her superior. Made sure she knew I had bigger tits, a better ass, a prettier face, better hair. I had it all, and she had nothing! Besides that, the girl was such a little downer. She talked shit about everyone, when in fact she was worse than the people she made fun of. She was a dumb little know-it-all who deserved to be treated like the pathetic little cunt she was. Plus, she dressed like a slob, acted all sarcastic and snarky. Uh. Gag me. I hate girls like that, yet my son apparently loves her! Bullshit. Tom loves women like me. He doesn't truly want a dumb little girl like her. He's lying to himself. He wants a real woman. A hot fucking babe, not a sad, chubby little fucking bitch. Tom wanted me, not her. Tom wanted me more than her. I knew that for sure.

I hope he enjoyed the gift I left him. I had discovered that camera the day after chugging his cum, and once I figured out how it worked, I saved it, knowing I had a secret weapon. And it was a weapon. He might act like he was over me, but no way he still thought that after seeing what that camera held.

I thought I was over it too, done with the game, but no way. I was back. My competitive side was back in full bloom. He had unleashed a monster here. Saying 'no' was the worst thing he could have done. My son was in my cross hairs now. I would break him down until I made him beg, until he knew that I owned him completely and I

would be the only woman he would ever want. I wanted him to admit I win, that he could never handle me. He fought back against me, now I would crush him. That arrogant prick thinks he can show off his new girl in front of me? That doesn't happen to me! I'm always the girl on the guy's arm.

It didn't matter that he was my son. We were rivals now. Competitors. He wanted to act like an adult. Well, it was time to play adult games. The game of seduction and sex. Tom was my greatest challenge yet. I had created a man more capable than any other I had ever come across. He could play like no other. It was in his blood. I realize now the only way I could find a rival worthy of a challenge was to create him myself. Give birth to him. He was using his genetic talents against the one who granted them to him. But you can't beat the real thing.

I'm tired of beating around the bush in life. Being humble. I'm fucking perfect! I'm any guy's wet dream. And I am fucking dirtier than the nastiest of sluts. I mean, I chugged my son's cum without a second thought! My body was a work of art. A brick shithouse of a body. A perfect, mature slut, with massive, perky FF's. You don't say no to this body.

The Tanya McGee I had spent years creating was now gone. The evil, depraved slut from my younger years was back. Tom wanted to unleash my inner slut... well he was about to get it. He had unleashed the full power of his slut mom. A newly evolved form, the final evolution, combining the slutty ambition of my younger years, with the discipline and control I had learned through my maturity. And

when he saw what I was capable of, he would never be able to handle it. No fucking way.

He wanted to play. Let's play. I wouldn't be fazed. Not anymore. He had landed some haymakers on me, but I had some tricks in my book. Nothing was off-limits anymore. Nothing! I was ready to take this as far as I needed to. I planned to break my son. To conquer him like I had conquered so many before. I had underestimated him for too long, but no longer. I was ready to do whatever it took to conquer him. Whatever... it... took.

This wasn't simple jealousy on my part. I wouldn't act in a manner that childish. No, it was more than that. Doing what he did, parading that... girl... in front of me, if you could even call her a girl, that was an act of aggression. And I would respond tenfold. If he thought I took things too far before, wait till he sees what I do this time.

Me and my son were playing chicken. We had had to find out which one of us would blink first. But it would never reach that point, and it was that fact that freed me from any guilt. He was a lot more capable than I ever expected, but I don't think he has the nerve to follow through with it. The guts to do what is necessary. I was a force that he had never encountered before. It was easy for him to talk tough, but when confronted with reality, that was a whole different matter altogether. He had matured greatly and grown more confident and skillful. He had 'moved on.' Bullshit! At the sight of his mother's naked body, all of those façades would crumble away. They would have to. He would revert to that nervous, stammering state I had him in before. And he would see my naked body, that

much was certain now. Oh, he would see me naked. My son would see his mother's naked body, a sight no son should be allowed to see. He would see my long, bare legs. My clean, bare cunt. My round, heart shaped, succulent ass. And, of course, my mammoth, juicy tits. My son would see my rock hard nipples in the flesh, and when he did, he would crumble. But that would be in due time. My body gave me my power over him, as it would for any hot bodied mother. And when he did finally see it, he would fall to his knees, unable to control himself, conquered, begging for me, and in that moment, he would know why he could never have me. That he was not man enough to step up and take what could be his. And because of that, he would know that I owned him completely. I had the guts to take this all the way. My son did not. My pussy and my son's cock were now on a collision course. And when, or if, we reached that point was now entirely up to him, and how much he could handle.

And if neither of us pulled away from our collision course, then I'm sure our collision would be a rough one. It would be rough. And hot. And sweaty.

My eyes opened, and I exhaled calmly. My mind was focused. My aim was true.

I knew exactly what I had to do.

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(Jay)

I was terrified of my wife.

I mean, I still love her, obviously. She had been nothing but a great wife to me and a great mother to our son. But that didn't change the fact that I was completely intimidated by her. I like to think I wear the pants in the relationship, but when she puts her foot down and sets her mind to something, there is no stopping her.

The most intimidating thing about her was her looks. My wife was fucking gorgeous and she still had a body porn stars would envy. Every one of my friends clearly envied me and would kid me about how lucky I was. Every time we would go out, I would watch men eyeing her up with lust, and women eyeing her with envy. I got used to the impressed nods I would get from men, thinking I must have some mighty tricks up my sleeve to land a catch like her. But they had no idea. They had no clue what it was like being married to someone as unbelievably sexy as her.

I just shake my head when I see other guys size her up. It's not that I felt threatened or anything like that. It was just... they had no idea what she was capable of. My wife was talented at most things she put her mind to, but her greatest talents lied in the bedroom. Tanya was insatiable. She just kept going... and going... and going. She didn't stop. I couldn't keep up with her. I mean, at first, it wounded my manly pride not to be able to match up with her, but I quickly realized the talents Tanya displayed were not normal. It was like trying to run a marathon, and she was sprinting the whole way and not getting winded in the least. I couldn't keep up with her, but I

soon realized it would be impossible for anyone to keep up with her. She never said or did anything that gave away any indication she was left unsatisfied, but every so often, I could sense the disappointment behind her eyes or in her words of encouragement. We eventually came to an unspoken, tacit agreement that she would take it easy on me and not ask me to keep up with her insatiable lust. This essentially meant we had vigorous sex less often. And honestly, that was a relief.

Tanya's talents were incredible, and her body was indescribable, most men would kill to be in my spot. But they didn't know what she could do. What she needed for relief. There's the saying, 'I'll show you a beautiful woman, and then I'll show you a guy who doesn't want to have sex with her.' That was the case in my book. Not that the sex wasn't good. Far from it. It was too good. But having this goddess in my bed and not being able to satisfy her was a reminder that I was not enough for my wife.

Most men would call me a fool for being on the road so much, leaving that hot piece of ass alone and unsatisfied. But being away freed me from the responsibility of having to have sex with her. But those guys were right. I knew I was tempting fate leaving her alone. A large part of me was terrified that I would come home one day to find her getting railed by some super-stud, giving her the relief she so desperately needed. Luckily, that had never happened. To my knowledge, she had been a totally loyal wife. But that nagging part of me never quite went away.

Then again, she probably deserved to cheat. She probably deserved to get the pleasure she needed to get. I often wondered if being married to this goddess, having a wife so unspeakably sexy, yet not being able to give her what she clearly needed, was a penalty. A punishment. Karmic justice for the sins I committed.

I guess I should back up. When I met Tanya, I was just a run of the mill, normal guy. I was decently attractive, not a super-stud or anything like that. I always resented that type of guy. I was not the type to be obsessed with girls or cars or anything like that. I came from a good family, with a decent level of wealth, but I had to work hard in school to get where I wanted in life. I resented those people that had it easy and didn't have to put in the work I did. People who rode their family's success and never earned success on their own merits. People who took it easy every day of their lives.

I wasn't that type of guy. I had my first job at 16 and worked as often as I could from that point on. I saved up for school and any luxuries I allowed myself to have. I didn't have a nice car or the best stuff, but when the time came and my peers would be struggling with debt, I would be free and clear.

My friends told me I had to loosen up. I was so focused on working hard and saving up and being responsible that I had forgotten to go to parties, have fun, and be a stupid kid. I wasn't unpopular by any means. I had had a few girlfriends, more the smart bookish type than the party girls. I was on the football team and had quite a few friends. It was just that some of the stuff my high school peers were interested in didn't appeal to me in the least. It was only during the graduation

of high school, when I saw everyone so happy, sharing stories of the adventures they had, it was only then that I truly felt I had missed out on something. So, when I set off to college, I vowed to loosed up and enjoy the experience, to allow myself to be a dumb and irresponsible college kid.

It was the biggest regret I ever had.

I still remember the first time I saw Tanya. She was a bit of a star at school. Everyone knew who she was, and seeing her on campus felt like an event. I had a class with her, and when I saw her there, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. I saw the same look on other guys' faces, staring in awe of this goddess. It was like, is this girl real? Could someone be this gorgeous?

We dealt with each other a bit in class. As a person, she was great. Nothing but nice and friendly, but it was clear we ran in different social circles. She was a party girl. I was a student. I had loosened up a bit, allowed myself to party, get drunk and have fun, but I was still relatively the same bookish guy. I hadn't really done something too crazy or stupid yet. The opportunity had never come along, and I was too responsible to actively try to do something really reckless.

Then I saw Tanya at a party. I kept my eyes on her, and saw her chatting with multiple guys and it was clear none were to her liking. When she retrieved a drink, I caught her eyes and smiled warmly. She returned the smile and we began to chat.

I slow played my hand. I talked to her knowingly, aware that she was not having the best time. I talked to her in a way none of the other guys did. I talked to her as if I was not looking to have sex with her. Which, you know, I kinda was. I mean, I'm not typically the type for one night stands and stuff like that. I was more looking for a girlfriend than a fling. But when you have Tanya within reach, you throw out your rules. You could be the nicest guy in the world, a guy who donates to charity, helps the underprivileged, and treats women not as objects but as equals. But one glimpse at her and you want to squeeze her huge fucking tits hard and fuck her as hard as you could. Me and Tanya were very different, but I knew I had to give it a shot. It was college. Why not?

And whatever I did worked! Maybe I was her last resort, or maybe I did charm her, but we ended up upstairs, furiously making out. I quickly realized she was willing to go all the way, and I just went with it. I had to control myself and resist losing control, and even then I almost came when I saw her naked body for the first time. But I couldn't slow down. I couldn't blow this opportunity.

Within moments, I was driving myself into her. I was responsible enough to wear a condom, but even with that slightly muffled pleasure the condom was causing, I realized I wouldn't last long. Her pussy was indescribably good. It could probably make a lesser guy cum in five seconds flat. I held out the best I could, but it was a losing battle.

I could tell she was enjoying herself, which filled me with pride that I could pleasure such a goddess. As I drove into her, I sensed she was

close to cumming. Looking back, I'm guessing she was really horny that night and probably any decent dick would have gotten the job done. Obviously, we've had sex many times since, and I rarely saw her experience the pleasure she did that night. Sure, I had given her small orgasms quite a few times, but I never really made her scream in pleasure. Tanya was a bit of a screamer in bed, but in our time together, whenever she screamed out, it was if she was trying to talk herself into the pleasure, talk herself into cumming. She never really lost control. She was simulating the sex she wanted, the sex I eventually realized I could never give her. She could talk the talk, but I couldn't walk the walk.

But anyways, back to our first night together, as I drove into her, and I realized she was close to cumming, I drove into her harder. I was getting close too, and it was then that I felt a new sensation. I was feeling her tight, wet pussy against the flesh of my turgid dick. And in that moment, I realized the condom tore. I kept driving into her, not knowing what to do.

These few moments were moments I had looked back to almost every day. Tanya was so close to cumming, as was I. Stopping would ruin the moment. And at that moment, her pussy wasn't letting me think straight. At that moment, I did something stupid. I let myself be irresponsible. It felt like the right decision at the time. I just... kept going. I decided to take my chances and just go with it. To do something stupid. So, I didn't say anything. Tanya was too hot to resist, and too hot to resist the pleasure she could give. My wolfish side taking over, I just kept fucking her, and when the moment came, and her pussy drove me to the edge. I came inside her as she came on me, groaning as she scrunched her eyes in pleasure.

I still remember the panic she felt as she realized what had happened. She questioned me angrily, but I feigned ignorance. She stormed off to the bathroom, and I felt terrible. What was I thinking? I just risked pregnancy for a few moments of pleasure. It was incredibly stupid, especially knowing she would probably think of this as nothing but a one-night stand. A dark part of me paused at the thought of her being pregnant, having us bound together in such a big way, forcing us to be responsible and be together. That way, I could have her body for the rest of my life... NO! What was I thinking? That was messed up. I didn't want to trick a girl into being with me. That is something some prick jock would do. 'Yeah, man, I knew the condom broke, and I just kept fucking the bitch anyway.' Ugh. I hated those guys with a passion. But, after years of resenting that kind of guy and trying not to be that kind of guy, one night with Tanya made me act exactly like that kind of a guy. One night with Tanya and that body undid all the good things I had worked for.

I wanted to be with someone I loved, and not have someone be with me out of obligation. I waited for Tanya to emerge, and I apologized profusely. We eventually separated, and for a while I hoped that would be the end of it. I had done something really dumb and I would never do it again. I had learned my lesson. I hoped I had escaped scot free. That was until Tanya came to me after class a few weeks later and said we needed to talk. I was filled with dread, knowing what I was about to hear.

When she told me she was pregnant, I felt like scum. I had affected three lives, mine, hers, and our soon to be child, just for one moment of selfish pleasure. My dark side had taken over for a few minutes,

and that changed my life forever. She wasn't exactly happy about the situation, and neither was I, but I comforted her in these emotional moments. My guilt forced me to be strong for her, to give her something solid in this unstable time. Both of our upbringings made it so neither of us considered any option other than having this child and raising it together. My wolfish thoughts had come true. Me and Tanya were forced to be together.

We started dating soon after, and we started to like each other. Like I said, she was a really cool, great girl. Her personality matched her body. She was really cool and nice, although I could tell she had a bit of an edge at times. I was smitten with her, not only for her body, but for her as a whole. And, she soon liked me to, but honestly, I was never quite sure if her liking of me was one of true affection and attraction or if it was just cause we kind of had to like each other. And really, I'm still not sure. She has been a great wife and mother, but I still have to wonder if she would have married me if the pregnancy wasn't in the picture. I kinda doubt she would have.

I mean, she likes me as a guy, sure, but I don't know if she likes me in a way a woman likes a man she intends to marry. To this day, I am positive my love for her probably outweighs the love she feels for me. She loves me, yeah, but I am pretty sure she isn't exactly head over heels in love with me. We love each other, but with what brought us together, there is a certain hollowness at the center of our relationship. I couldn't look at her without feeling guilt over how I deceived her to be with me. And when she looked at me, I just had to wonder if she knew what I did, or even suspected. Our relationship was based on a lie, and deep down, we both knew it.

And, like a lot of people who probably aren't truly meant to be with each other, we got married after we graduated school. We moved to the suburbs, now living together as man and wife. I'm sure this wasn't how either of us expected our lives to go. I certainly didn't normally pursue girls like her, and knowing her, I was pretty sure I wasn't completely her type either. But we were bound together, and both of us did our best to make the best of things. And then we had Tom.

Tom was the best thing that happened to us. Tom really gave our relationship some true substance. It brought us together in a way marrying each other didn't. We had this little baby to care for, and looking at him erased a lot of the guilt and regret we both felt. We had a child. We made life together. I had never been happier, and looking at my wife, neither had she.

I vowed to be a good father to Tom, and a good husband and provider to Tanya. I had a good mind for business, and I found a good job out of school pretty quickly. I worked hard at a small company, helping build it up and bring in money for my family. At first, I was the good father, being home every night, spending as much time with my son and helping Tanya with anything she needed around the house. I didn't want to make her work. I wanted to at least give her that, after what I had done.

Over time, my company grew and I began to travel more. This meant I was bringing in more money, but it meant more time away from home. As I sold luxury private airplanes to VIP's, I left my wife and son at home.

I know that sounds bad, leaving my wife alone at home, but in a way, it might have been for the best. Our son brought us together, but our relationship still had its flaws. As I said before, sexually, I couldn't keep up with her. While I was by no means a slouch in bed, Tanya was on a different level. This was the punishment for my sin. I was married to a woman who was incredibly sexy and had the greatest body I had ever seen, but every time we were together I almost felt emasculated. I was supposed to be, you know, the man in bed. It wasn't like I could admit my wife could fuck circles around me without breaking a sweat. I knew she was the unique one in the situation and I was the normal one, but it still kinda sucked. She was a goddess married to a mere mortal. And I was reminded of that fact every time we were together. That was my punishment, and I knew deep down I deserved it.

My guilt lessened as me and Tanya settled into a married groove. Life was good, overall. We had been together so long that we both got comfortable with our life and each other. I loved my wife, and I knew she loved me. There was warmth and love between us. But still, every so often, I would catch her eyeing up some guy, or some guy doing the same to her, and I couldn't help but wonder if she would ever cross that line. Would her need overwhelm her? I know her more than anyone, and I know that if she ever did cheat, I would know. I would see it on her. And so I knew she had never cheated on me. But I also knew deep down that she had thought about it.

Even though there might be a divide between me and Tanya in certain ways, I vowed that I would never let there be a divide between me and my son. Tom was a good kid, and as he got older, I

needed to be a good father and not let him make the same mistakes I had made. And I quickly realized that would be tough. I could tell at a young age that Tom would be trouble. Tom reminded me of guys I went to school with. He was a handsome young man and he was also extremely charming. Tom had a way with words and I knew that could get him in a lot of trouble. I vowed to instill good values in him. He might not have always enjoyed it, but I knew it was for the best to instill a good work ethic in him, and make sure he knew he couldn't rely on his family's wealth. Obviously, it was not like he was cut off or anything. We had money, and if he needed it, he could get it. But I didn't want to raise a spoiled brat. If he wanted some new gadget or toy, he needed to work for it. It was frustrating for him, I'm sure, but I know it was for the best.

And I think it worked out. Tom had become a good young man. He was slick and charming, but his heart was in the right place. The last thing I wanted was for my son to become one of those arrogant, spoiled jocks I hated in school. I wanted him to have a good head on his shoulders. Sure, he acted out a bit, but college seemed to have calmed him down. He found a great girl, Carmen, and it seemed like the perfect girl for him. Someone to call him out on his bravado, someone to keep him humble, someone that knew how to handle him. And plus, they just seemed on the same page on things. When he left to head back to school and I shook his hand, I had never felt more proud as a father. I had done something right.

However, something was off with Tanya. I knew her well, so I knew something was up. Even though I was gone a lot, I was pretty sure I had my finger on the pulse of what happened at home, and what both Tom and Carmen were feeling. Things had been pretty normal

until Tom left for school. Maybe it was empty nest syndrome or something, but Tanya had become short with me lately. Something had her distracted and bothered. At first, I suspected that maybe she was having an affair, but I realized it had something to do with Tom. This was confirmed to me when Tom came back with Carmen. The whole time they were back, Tanya seemed upset. Bothered by something. Mad that Tom seemed to have moved on from needing his folks, maybe, I don't know. Every time I brought it up to her, she shut me down quickly. Something was definitely up with her. I was worried, deep down, that with Tom out of the house, and me gone all the time, the door was more open than ever for her to have an affair, and I knew I had to intercept her before anything happened.

Work was offering me the opportunity to accept a promotion, which would allow me to bring in a lot more money, but would also mean that I would be on the road 300 days a year. The money was tempting, but I knew what I had to do. I had to step back, transition to a more local, steady position, cut out the travel, and be at home with my wife. I had spent years being a good provider. Now, it was time to be a good husband.

If I truly understood my wife the way I thought I did, that was what she was mad about. She needed her husband, now more than ever.

Chapter 9: Game On

(Tom)

"I have a surprise for you." I told Carmen, smiling mischievously as I led her down the hall of our floor.

"Good luck topping your last surprise." Carmen said warmly. As we stepped up to my door, I glanced at her, eager to see her reaction. I pushed open the door to my room, as we both looked into my dark room, lit only by a low light. As she stepped in cautiously, I spoke up.

"Close your eyes." I said, and she complied. I guided her into place. "Now, I know you and Mom got off on the wrong foot, so I thought this might help. So... open your eyes." I said, smiling wolfishly. She opened her eyes, eager to see the surprise, and I saw her smile drop in confusion.

"Surprise!" Mom said. I could understand Carmen's confusion, cause you see, Mom was in my bed, the sheet of my bed the only thing covering her. And it was truly the only thing, cause she was completely naked under that sheet. I could see the way her massive breasts bulged out from under the sheet, stacked on top of each other as she laid on her side, flashing her bedroom eyes at us.

"What's going on?" Carmen asked, worried.

"I was telling Tom how much I fucking hated you. How I thought you were just a sad, pathetic little girl. And just ugly, like really, really ugly... and he agreed. But, he did say he still loved you, and he wanted us to get along. So... I suggested what better way for us to get to know each other than a nice, healthy threesome?"

"What?" Carmen said.

"You heard me." Mom chided. "You, me, and my son are going to have sex. A threesome, like I said. But, I expect it will go the way my other threesomes went. Meaning, he will fuck me, and only me. In all three holes, no doubt. And you will just... have to fit in, whatever way you can. You will aid us in or journey. You will make the sex me and my son have, like, way better. When I'm sucking his dick, I want you fingering me, making me wet and ready. While I ride his cock, you will suck his balls. Or, you will help me drive into him even harder than I already will be. If he can keep his hands off of them, I want your lips on my nipples, sucking them, squeezing my big breasts, admiring their superiority to yours. And when we're both about to cum, I want your ugly fucking face buried in my ass, sucking my asshole, making it nice and wet with your tongue, cause we all now that's where his cock will be going next. Me and him will spend the night cumming like crazy, you won't cum at all, and you'll never fuck that cock of his again. Then, we will truly all be bonded together, won't we? Sounds fair, right. Right? I think so. Don't you?"

"Yes." I replied from behind Carmen.

"Uh, no." Carmen said, looking back at me, wondering if I had gone insane. But as she looked at me, she realized whose side I was on. I was already naked, and I walked past her, my attention on Mom.

"Oh, well, that's too bad, hon. Well then, you can either watch the action, or just fucking leave. I don't give a fuck." Mom said. She turned to look at me, and her lips curled into horny smile. "Now, son. Come home. Come home to your mother."

With that, Mom pulled the sheet off of her, exposing her bare flesh to me. As she did, she spread her legs apart, invitingly. And as this image hit me, as I was confronted with the body of my dreams...

I woke up.

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Carmen didn't notice a thing. I think she was still basking in the post engagement glow. And I envied how care-free she could be. When we had sex, I could feel her passion for me. And when we went out, either to dinner, the movies or just strolling around, I could feel her love for me. I could see her coming out of her shell, letting her snark fade away in favor of the genuine love she felt for me.

I was jealous of her. I wanted that feeling. I wanted to be that care-free. I wanted to be solely focused on how much I loved this girl. And

I still did, obviously. But Carmen didn't see the turmoil I was going through. She didn't sense that sometimes my mind was elsewhere.

I loved Carmen with all my heart, and honestly, as cheesy as it might sound, that love made our sex even better, so I was able to honestly say, despite the many adventures I had had, Carmen gave me the best sex of my life. The problem was, after recent events, I wish I could be totally thinking about her when I fuck her.

Mom had invaded my mind. She had re-entered my dreams again, with a vengeance. Her appearances were less subtle and more direct. This was a different Mom than any I had confronted before in my dreams. Something was different inside her. She spat venom at every turn. Every dream was her providing vicious reminders of how much she hated my fiancée. I wanted to ignore her, but every night, there she was, in my head, filling my brain with intrusive thoughts, bad thoughts of my fiancée.

I tried to drown these thoughts in the happiness I was feeling. I loved Carmen. Every moment I was with her almost made me forget Mom for a little while. Over the past semester, she had done the job, at least until Mom made her last salvo. Now, I was back to where I started.

It was like I had survived a hurricane. My house had been destroyed, but I had survived. So, I rebuilt my house from scratch, better than before, making it stronger, fortifying its defenses. But now, another hurricane was coming. I knew my defenses were stronger this time, and I knew this house wouldn't crumble, but there was no way to know for certain till the hurricane hit.

Mom had her tendrils in me already. I knew that, yet I couldn't resist leaving them in for a little bit. That movie Mom sent, it was... addicting. I watched it every day. I don't know what was more thrilling, the image of Mom gulping down my cum like a thirsty slut or the fact that after everything I had gone through, I had true proof that I hadn't been wrong. I had truly made a dent with her. My mom, this supposedly unbeatable, unflinching sex goddess, was not infallible after all. She had worn me down, made me feel low, like a twisted pervert. She made me doubt myself, but in the end, I had been right. I had a chance with Mom. That dream could happen.

Knowing this shouldn't matter though, right? I had moved on. I found love in the arms of another, something far greater than the one-minded lust I felt for Mom. I had expunged Mom from my system, like an alcoholic going through detox. And I had done it. The cravings were gone. But I had had another taste of that sweet temptation. It was in my pores again. I could only hope I had the strength to resist that addiction again.

Carmen didn't notice the conflict I was going through, and that was probably for the best. I had no idea how I would explain that to her.

Good thing I was away from Mom. Not sucked into her presence, a victim of her pheromones. I was at school, a safe place, outside of her influence. I was surrounded by peers, friends, and my fiancée. Lots of shields between Mom and me. I knew the best thing to do was to keep our distance far and our communications brief. I couldn't let her work her magic and play her games.

But as much as I hated to admit it, a part of Mom was already here. She had already invaded this safe place. And she did that through me. She was in my head now, and in other places. Cause even though I loved Carmen, and we had sex, like, five times a week, Mom made her presence there as well. Cause when I came, after a vigorous bout of sex with my fiancée, I couldn't stop myself from thinking of Mom in those moments. I couldn't help but imagine Mom in Carmen's place, her body exposed to me, her bent over in front of me as I fuck her. And I couldn't stop myself for one simple reason.

Thinking of Mom made me cum harder than I ever had in my fucking life.

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I thought I was safe. Mom had made her presence known, but her reach was limited. She had made her move, but I had been caught from behind. Now, I was on alert. I was trying to wean myself from her, cutting down on how many times I watched that recording of her swallowing my cum. Watched her chug it down, watched her throat gulp as she did so, and seeing her reaction, knowing that she loved the gift I had given her.

Uh, anyway, that was that. Things were great with me and Carmen. Stronger than ever. Mom's distraction had made a dent, sure, but I still stood strong. I was stronger than ever. I could handle her. I knew I could. She didn't have a chance.

It had been a few weeks, and I already was well on my way from expunging Mom from my system again. She had made no move to contact me. In her arrogance, I'm sure she wanted me to make the first move. But I would never do that. I would never grovel for her. I would never beg. Not again. She had broken me down before, but now, I was stronger than ever.

And then I returned to my dorm.

I returned to my dorm building in the early afternoon, entering my third week back from break. I walked into the lobby of the dorm, onto to realize there was a commotion there, and a very familiar voice.

"Well, I am very flattered, Erik." the woman's voice said, looking at the tall young black guy standing next to her.

"We're serious." Another guy, a guy I knew a little, named Scotty, said. "You should come. It's off campus, at the frat house. We have music, drinks, beer pong, some other substances, whatever you could want."

"Mmmm, that does sound tempting." The woman said. "It's been a long time since I went to a college party. I wonder if I could keep up with you all."

"I think you could." Erik said. The woman smiled confidently at him.

"I know." she said, self-assured. "You might be surprised what I'm capable of. The things I did in my day would probably make you all blush."

"Try me." Scotty said. She paused.

"Well," she began quietly, about to share a secret. Then, she caught sight of me. "Tom!"

Both of the guys turned to look at me, confused. I looked back at the woman, just as confused. What the fuck was Mom doing here?

I stepped forward slightly as Mom sauntered over. She wore tight, slim jeans, molding to her lower half. She wore a bright blue top, low-cut enough to show off the canyon of cleavage between her breasts, and her top was tight enough to show off their round shape. Her high heels clicked on the tile floor as she walked towards me.

She stepped into me and gave me a tight hug, and I just stood there and took it, not reciprocating. She stepped back and looked at me, smiling wide.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, humorlessly. I didn't want to play anymore. But if she had evil intentions, she didn't show it.

"Well, I got the urge to make a trip up here. You've been pretty quiet lately, and I thought this would be a good chance to come up here and, you know, catch up."

"It's only been, like, two weeks." I said. I looked at her, trying to figure out her angle. She just smiled knowingly.

"C'mon Tom!" she urged girlishly. "It's been half a year and I haven't seen my son's dorm room."

Scotty and Erik's eyes widened as they realized this was my mother. I ignored them and focused on Mom.

"What are you doing?" I asked quietly.

"Let's go up to your room. Talk there." Mom replied, her smile showing no sign of any ulterior motive. Knowing there would be no shaking her, I had no choice but to comply. Plus, I knew Luke would be in our room, so Mom and me wouldn't be alone. Nodding, I led her up into the dorms. She was silent as she followed, and I resisted the urge to look back at her lush frame. We walked towards the end of the hall, where my room was. I saw the door was propped open, and so I led Mom inside.

I saw Luke's eyes jump up as he saw me, then I saw them jump away as he saw Mom.

"Luke, this is my mom. Mom, this is my roommate, Luke." I said. Luke stood up, wiped his hands on his jeans, and held out his hand. Mom smiled, stepped forward, and took his hand in hers.

"Hi." Luke said nervously.

"Hi." Mom breathed out, smiling at him. Luke awkwardly sat back down at his desk, not knowing what to do, and Mom took in her surroundings. Her face hardened somewhat, looking at the room two 19-year-olds shared like any mother would, seeing a mess. She pinched a dirty shirt of mine between her fingers and lifted it from the pile of dirty clothes and scrunched her nose.

"Um, sorry, uh, Mrs. McGee." Luke stammered. "I didn't know Tom was bringing his mom over."

"It's okay. Mom said. "He didn't know either. With two college guys, I'd be more shocked if it was clean." Luke laughed nervously. Mom stepped around the room a bit. She looked over my desk. I watched her fingers trail against the hard wood, before landing on the small spy cam she sent me, spinning it in her fingers, noting the memory card was missing. I saw Mom's lips curl almost imperceptibly.

"Hey, Tom?" I heard from behind me. I turned to see Carmen enter the room, and I smiled. She stopped in her tracks.

"Oh." she said. "Hi, Mrs. M... What are you doing here?"

Mom gave Carmen a pained smile.

"I thought I would stop by and give a, you know, surprise spot check of the place. See how my son was doing." Mom said.

"Oh. Uh, cool." Carmen said. "If you're in town, we should all get a late lunch. I'm starving."

"I was actually going to suggest the same thing. But, I kinda need to talk to Tom in private. We have a few things to sort out." Mom said.

"I would rather she come with." I argued.

"No, Tom, it's okay." Carmen said, eager to not get on Mom's bad side. "I don't want to intrude. I'll just go grab something from the caf'."

Gritting my teeth, I watched Mom condescendingly congratulate Carmen on the engagement and give her a hug. Carmen probably saw it as genuine, cause she didn't know better. But I did, and I knew what Mom was playing at. Carmen said bye and stepped out, leaving me with Mom. Mom turned to face me.

"Well," she began, "let's go."

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I drove Mom across town. I stayed silent, and anything Mom said was about normal things, like my roommate or the state of my room or the city. I would respond to this, sure, but I was not about to engage her about the topic I was positive she was here to talk about.

I took Mom to a restaurant me and Carmen had gone to a few times. Mom picked a table outside, and we ate our meal there. Again, Mom said nothing beyond normal, innocent conversation. I knew she was slow-playing her hand, but I was not playing at all.

We wrapped up our meal, and sipped our drinks as Mom covered the bill. The waitress took her money, and finished up with us, and then finally, as she stepped away from us for good, I saw a change come across Mom's face.

The game was on.

"You never told me what you thought of my Christmas gift to you." she said teasingly, sipping from her glass.

"What are you playing at?" I asked, un-amused.

"I don't typically lose control like that. I guess I couldn't resist." Mom said, gulping at her drink. My eyes narrowed at her.

"I told you I was done with this." I told her firmly.

"Then you brought that little bitch home." Mom said, her tone turning cold, shocking me. Mom was typically so laid back. Seeing her tone change so severely was truly jarring.

"Don't talk about her like that." I said angrily. She smiled, amused.

"You said you were done with our little game, then you felt the urge to parade your little girlfriend around me. Looking for my approval, clearly. Face it, Tom. I still own you." Mom said. I was baffled that she took an innocent gesture and twisted it, making it all about her.

"Wha... why? Are you serious, Mom? Why are you doing this? Why now? This was done!" I said, my voice firm but not loud.

"You pissed me off." Mom began. "You brought her home. You paraded her to me like you did Casey. It's no different."

"Yeah, I did do that with Casey, but not Carmen. Guys are supposed to show off their girlfriends to their parents!" I argued.

"Well, our relationship is far from typical." Mom replied. "And you made it a point to bring her in the way you did. A little... surprise for me. You forced her to try to be my friend. You wanted my approval. And you will never get that from me. Especially not with an ugly little cow like her."

BANG!

I slammed my fists into the glass table angrily. Mom jumped slightly.

"Do it again and you're walking home!" I threatened. She smiled that arrogant fucking smile of hers.

"Mmmm, this is... this is exactly why I'm doing this." she began. "I love how much you fucking hate me right now." Mom said breathily. "That passion you feel isn't anger, Tom. It's lust. If you were done with me, you wouldn't be this angry. You'd be truly over it. But you are not. You're not done with me, clearly. And I am not done with you."

"What are you saying?" I asked.

"No one says no to me. No one walks away from me. Nobody." she said, threateningly. "You don't walk away from this..." she said, showcasing her body, pointing her rack at me, "for that." she said, pointing back towards the school. I chewed my lip, stifling my anger barely.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"You say you don't want this, but I think you do. And I will not stop till you admit the truth. That you would rather be with your own MOM than any other girl. And I intend to prove it. I intend to take this as far as it needs to go. As far as I need to go to break you." She said.

"Break me?" I questioned.

"I told you 'you couldn't handle me' from the beginning. I now intend to prove it. I WILL break you like I said I would. I am willing to do whatever it takes. WHATEVER it takes. You saw how far I am willing to go in that video. But never again. I know what you're thinking, I know where you think this is leading to, but it won't get that far. What you saw on your little camera is as close as you will ever get. I know you better than that. I'm your mother. I see your weaknesses, and I know you don't have the nerve. You never did. You talk tough, but when the going got tough, you gave up. I don't give a shit that you 'walked away' from this game. You came back, and I don't care that you brought someone with you. She doesn't matter. I intend to break you down, make you kneel at my feet, make you beg for a pleasure you will never get." Mom stated. I gave her a shocked look.

"You've lost it." I commented. I had never heard my mother like this. I honestly thought she had, possibly, gone insane.

"Oh, no, no, no." Mom said. "You brought this out in me. You started this, Tom. You made me do this. You started this little game. Everything was normal till you confessed you wanted to fuck me. You should have considered the consequences of your actions. Sure, this is me at my most cruel. This a side of me good mothers don't let their sons normally see. Sons see their moms as these beacons of everything that's right and good. But trust me, we have our dark sides too. You think I'M crazy? Look at you! You have all this college pussy walking around, and you're still hung up on your own mom."

"I'm not!" I said, raising my voice, leaning in. "I got over it!"

"Over it?" Mom said. "Ha! Not possible. Hon, you don't know who you're dealing with here." she said confidently. My anger boiled over.

"I know exactly who you are." I began. "A cum-guzzling slut who couldn't resist chugging a glass of her son's sperm!" I said firmly but quietly. Mom's neck twitched slightly.

"A temporary moment of weakness, I'll admit." Mom began. "It won't happen again. It's a shame though," she said, pausing, looking me straight in the eye. "Shame you don't have what it takes. That cum was really fucking good. I would take a steady diet of that and be hungry for more. And that's on you. If you had the guts, if you had the brass fucking balls to do what was necessary, you could have exactly what you want. If you had played your cards right when you

made your little confession, you could have had me that night. There were so many times you could have had me, but you never had what it took to close the deal."

"Wait... you're saying you were into this from the start?" I couldn't help but ask.

"Not necessarily." Mom began. "I was as surprised as you were at how much fun I had playing with you." Mom stood up and walked around the table. She put her hands on my shoulders, squeezed lightly, then put her mouth to my ear.

"You've had flashes of brilliance, sure, but if you want to get anywhere with me, you need to step it up. If you're such big, bad stud, then prove it. If you have what it takes, you can take what you want. You don't want a girl like Carmen, especially when you have a shot with me. And you do have a shot, son. If you play your cards right, you could have me any way you want. Any hole, any position, anytime, anywhere."

My eyes widened. Was this true? Mom slid away and returned to her seat.

"I'm willing to do what this takes, Tom. If you think I'm bluffing, call it. Do it! But I know you won't. This only ends one way, Tom. When you admit the truth, that you couldn't handle me, then the game will be done. I will have won. You could end this right here, right now, but you won't. Your pride won't let you." Mom said. I paused, silent

in my confusion. She continued. "Don't you see, it's for the best, really? I'm protecting these girls. You should never commit to a girl when you're still hung up on someone else. Still... obsessed. You will break Carmen's heart, Tom, unless you admit the truth. I'm doing the right thing here."

"You know what, I'm not playing your games, Mom. I'm not indulging you. I'm not giving you anything." I stated firmly. I was not gonna even humor her with playing along. I was giving her nothing to twist to her advantage. She smiled.

"I didn't come here expecting to break you this soon. I give you that much credit." Mom stated. "This is only the beginning. The game is on, Tom. Prepare yourself. Get ready to see the full force of what I can do. Get ready to see why I left a body count of men in my wake. Get ready to join the long list of men that couldn't handle me."

I didn't know how to react. Mom had laid the case out for me. She was playing for keeps. She wanted to break me completely. She was willing to whatever it took, even including... sex. A rush filled me at the thought of what she had stated, that after all this time, sex between me and her could actually happen. I could have her. I could do it. No... NO! She was teasing me. She wanted me to beg for it. I begged once before, and I wouldn't do it again. I didn't want to do any of this again. She was playing a one-sided game. She said she wouldn't stop, but I didn't care. It was like I told her, I was through with this shit. I was happy where I was at. I was happy with Carmen.

I pushed my chair back, stood, and began to walk away.

"Go find a cab." I called out to her. "I'll tell Carmen you said hi."

"Congrats on the engagement." she called back.

I abandoned Mom, angry at her, furious for keeping this game going. She sounded insane! My mom had lost it. This game drove her over the edge. Her competitive side had taken over completely. And she had gotten mean as well, saying awful things about her future daughter-in-law. Sure, the thought of having her body sounded incredible and the thought of proving her wrong was even more tempting, but her games were not worth it. My pride did want me to stand up for myself here, but I was just over it. I remembered what Carmen provided, and that was more than enough. I was happy.

Let Mom play her games. Good. Whatever. The only thing I could do was show her how little she affected me. The only sane thing I could do was ignore it. Keep my distance, don't give her anything. She said I could stop her by admitting I couldn't handle her, but I don't buy that. She was obsessed at this point. She would continue playing until she felt like stopping. She would find some trick to convince herself to keep going. I played during our first game, early on in this battle of wills between us. Now, this was her show. I thought over what was to come as I drove. I admittedly got a bit nervous.

I could only hope Mom got bored of this game when she realized I wasn't playing.

I could only hope Mom didn't have anything too crazy in mind.

I could only hope I could resist.

****

I dreamt about her again that night. Both her and Carmen. And this one was far different than any I had had before. I was standing between two doors, in a hallway with these two doors on the ends, two walls on the sides and nothing else. I looked out the door to my right. Looking through there, what I saw was... beautiful.

I saw Carmen, surrounded by light, beaming. She was dressed in a bright white dress, a far cry from the darker clothing she typically preferred. And she would never be caught dead in a dress if she could help it. She stood there, smiling, her love apparent. Then I saw her in the front yard of a beautiful two-story house, with a white picket fence, swings hanging from a tree, the sun gorgeous in the sky, the sky pink, near dusk. I saw her chasing around a couple of kids, and they were all laughing and happy. I saw her go up to me, a projection of me, an older version of me. She looked at the older me and the older me looked at her. And it was clear the love between us was still there, still as strong as ever.

Carmen looked as beautiful as ever. In her white dress, with the sun shining behind her, she truly looked like an angel. She turned to me, the real me, not the older me, and spoke up.

"This is us." she said. "This is our life. You'd be a fucking idiot to not want this."

I smiled. Sure, she looked like an angel. An angel with a filthy mouth. Just what I wanted.

The door shut in front of me, and I was forced to turn to look at the other door. I knew what I expected to see, but nothing prepared me for what I actually saw. I pushed open the door, and my jaw dropped. Mom was there, as I knew she would be, but this was a Mom I had never seen before. She was barely recognizable. She looked, quite frankly, like the Devil, like the Devil you would see in a movie. Or at least the type of devil you would see in some twisted porno with a high special effects budget. All of her skin was red, bright red. She was standing completely naked in front of me, her red skin looking so smooth and touchable. Her long, bare, naked legs curled together, her firm muscles being shown off.

And although I could see all of her, I just couldn't commit to memory, no matter how hard I tried. The memories just flowed away. So even though I could see her bare cunt, and the tiny line of trimmed black hair leading to it, I couldn't possibly describe it. Even though I could see her massive, smooth, round breasts, and her twisted dark nipples, I couldn't describe in any way how soft and juicy they looked.

I could see her flat belly, shown off proudly, her belly button the only interruption on the smooth flesh. I could see her arms on her hips,

waiting for me to take action. From behind her, I could see a tail curled behind her, a devil's forked tail, swaying lazily behind her.

Then I looked at her face. My mother's face, now the face of the Devil, completely red. Her round, plump lips curled in an evil smile. Her tongue slid across her smooth lips like a serpent. Her eyes were more angled and severe, and her pupils glowed with a deep, red evil. Her black hair suited her new appearance, curling past her shoulders down her back. And on top of her head, two little horns emerged from her hair, cementing her new form.

She stood in a tundra of darkness, her toes digging into the broken molten rock under her, bursts of flame providing the only light, casting a glow on her as they shot from the ground near her. The bursting, broiling heat of this hellish world nearly overtook me.

"Tom! You can't resist this much longer! This is what you want. This is where you belong. Join me, son." she called out arrogantly, holding her hand out, beckoning to me.

"No!" I screamed out, and this only caused her to smile.

"Take your time. You'll be here with me soon enough." she said confidently. My eyes widened as two wings emerged from her back. They flapped as she took to the air. She spun in the air and faced away from me, her bare, round ass pointed at me, shown off to me.

"HA HA HA HA HA HA!" Mom cackled, flying away, flying into the darkness, begging me to join her, join her in the darkness and see what I would find.

I woke up, shaken.

The symbolism was clear. Carmen was the angel on my shoulder, the dirty little angel I always wanted. And on the other side was Mom, the devil on the other shoulder, beckoning to me, asking the worst of me. Asking me to join her in a world of lust and sin and evil.

I was shaken by Mom's transformation. At first, the Mom of my dreams was a lustful reflection of the Mom I knew, still maintaining enough realistic details to make her seem like the real thing. But this Mom, this new Mom, was far different. This wasn't the Mom I knew. She had evolved, or devolved, however you wanted to see it.

Mom had become a demon.

And I hoped I had the strength to resist her dark charms.

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I know Mom had declared war on me, so to speak, but that didn't mean I knew what to expect. For a few days, she left me waiting, waiting for the bomb to drop.

And drop it did.

The first thing was the care package.

Mom was not exactly the lovey-dovey, emotional type. I know she still had that motherly love towards me, and if something bad happened to me, she would throw this game aside and be there at my side. But that side of her hadn't been too apparent lately. Our relationship had been so twisted by the game we had been playing that any motherly veneer she once had was now gone, and in its place, was a twisted, devious, cunning, manipulative, unrelenting seductress. She found this game so enjoyable, so thrilling, that she had lost herself in it.

So, I arrived at my dorm and saw the girl at the front desk flag me down and tell me I got a package in the mail. She handed me a box, a square box, about the size of a shoebox, only a bit wider. It was wrapped in brown paper, like that stuff used for lunch bags. I noted the address, noted that it was from home, in Mom's handwriting, and that fact made me gulp. As I signed off for it, the girl spoke up.

"Maybe a care package?" she postulated.

"Uh, yeah, maybe." I said, forcing a smile.

As I got back to the room, and stared at the box, I wondered if I should open it. I was still recovering from the last gift she sent me. But I knew, deep down, that I just had to know. I would never be able to not know what was inside.

Taking a letter opener, I sliced one of the seams and unwrapped the paper, revealing a cardboard box underneath. Slicing the tape holding the lid of the box shut, I took a deep breath and pulled the box open.

There were a few small containers, but on top was a crisply folded piece of paper. I pulled it open and read it, recognizing Mom's handwriting.

Tom,

I've heard some of the other moms talk about sending these care packages over, so I thought I would do the same. Despite what has happened between us lately, I wanted to let you know I still care. I wanted to send this stuff over, a few memories of home.

Enjoy.

Love, Mom

XOXO

I looked at the contents of the box, confused. I few a few small little containers, and inside them were treats, like cookies and other home cooked sweets. I saw a few boxes of things that were sort of easy, go-to meals for me at home, guilty pleasures, like those little cups of soup, stuff like that. It seemed like an innocent gesture, which had me confused. What was her angle here? What was she trying to accomplish?

I took one of the cookies and stuck it in my mouth, chewing it as I was about to put the box on the floor. It was as I was doing this that I noticed what looked to be some paper on the bottom of the box. Taking all the stuff out, I pulled out what felt like a small stack of glossy photos, like 8 x 10's. Curious, I turned them over.

I should have known better. I really should have.

The least I could say is that they weren't nudes of her. I don't know if I could handle that. But they weren't far from it. It was clear Mom had put her new camera, her Christmas gift from me, to good use. I suppose I should have seen that coming. And looking at these photos, it had become clear Mom had lots of new bikinis I didn't know about.

The first picture was Mom rising from the pool, the water cascading off her chest as her breasts poured out of her orange bikini. Her breasts had never looked bigger, her flesh had never looked smoother, and her cleavage had never looked deeper. She looked at

the camera, her lips curled ever so lightly in a Mona Lisa smile, her wet hair dripping water and hanging behind her.

The next photo was a full body shot. Mom, hands on her hips, standing proud for the camera. This was another shot of her in her orange bikini, and damn if she didn't rock it. This honestly could have been in one of those swimsuit issues magazines. She had a sheen of water covering her, and it added a layer of fierce sexuality to her already blatant sexiness. Her eyes were smoldering and her plump lips were pouting. Her massive breasts, and boy, did they look extra massive, were jutting out proudly, barely contained in the thin orange bikini top. The material clung to her round flesh and her rock hard nipples were apparent. Smooth flesh could be seen to the left, right, and under each patch of material, and the sole string connecting the two patches strained under the load her springy breasts exerted. Each thin strap of her top dug into her shoulders.

Her tan looked golden and glorious, and the orange of her bikini really suited her. Her flat belly looked toned and fit and perfect, and her sexy belly button made me gasp. I know I had seen her in a bikini before, but I had put her so far out of mind, I had erased my lust for her for so long, rationalized that she was my mother and lusting for her was wrong, that seeing her again, seeing her so exposed, made my lust for her body seem extra raw and sizzling.

Her bikini bottoms were tinier than I had ever seen her wear before. A thin, tiny patch of orange material covered her cunt, barely covered it, but that sucker covered what it needed to and literally nothing else. From the angle she stood at, I could see the side of her

butt, meaning she was probably wearing a thong, or something resembling it.

Her long legs looked firm, golden brown, and long. Even her bare feet added to her appeal, something about how exposed she was while still seeming like she was barely trying.

The next picture, again showed her by the pool, but this one was very different. She was lying on her back on a deck chair, getting some sun. The picture was taken from the side, so that was all I could see of her. But it was clear she was wearing a different bikini, and if I thought the other one was small, this one was microscopic. From the side, it looked like she was almost naked. She was on her back, and her perky tits jutted upward. The only interruption from the expanse of smooth flesh I was seeing were two tiny strings, one down her smooth, round breast, the other at her hip, holding whatever bits of material she wore in place. But I couldn't get a full on view, so I couldn't figure out exactly what kind of bikini she had on.

I flipped to the next picture, the last one, and this one was a far cry from the others, namely that she had clothes on. But this one might have been the sexiest one yet. It was her in the kitchen, wearing a yellow sundress. It was a decent dress, I had seen it on her before, and it was not as slutty as the other pictures. The dress went down to a few inches above her knees, and left the rest of her smooth legs bare. Her arms were naked as well, the two small straps holding the dress running over her shoulders. The dress was not too low-cut, but with her rack, every top highlighted her breasts.

In the picture, she was in the kitchen, and she had an apron on. She was bent over the counter, stirring a mixing bowl. She was turned towards the camera, her mouth in a wide open smile. Her face was very done-up, wearing thick, red lipstick, eye-shadow, mascara, you know, the works. Her hair was done up in a way different than I'd ever seen, in a way I'd almost say was old-fashioned. She looked like a retro mom from the 50's. But, her lush frame and her blatant sex appeal made an incredible contrast with her supposedly conservative attire.

I gulped, looking at these photos. Mom couldn't do an innocent gesture without finding a way to twist it. This was the main reminder of what I could get at home. Not the food or the home cooking. No, the attraction to coming home was Mom. Mom alone. Mom, and her insane body.

I don't know the logistics of how Mom took these pictures. I doubt someone else took them, she must have done them by remote or automatically or something. Whatever, it didn't matter. The damage was done. The photos were in my hand. I only hoped I had the strength to not keep these pictures tucked away and not put them in some drawer.

I shook my head, trying to shake the images I had just seen from my mind. I closed the little container of cookies and pushed them away.

I had just lost my appetite.

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My main plan for dealing with Mom was to not deal with her at all. Don't acknowledge her games in any way. Cause if I did, she would get her claws into me. She tried to call me, or contact me to chat online, but I always ignored her, or kept myself busy with Carmen. It wasn't that tough to avoid her tendrils.

But, I did keep up with her in other ways. We were friends on Facebook, so checking my own page forced me to see some updates on what she was up to. And what I saw forced me to act.

The first thing that stunned me was that Mom added a new folder of pictures. I was thankful that they were completely decent, non-sexual pictures, as non-sexual as pictures of her could be, at least. But what shocked me was the location and the context of the pictures.

First of all, these were pictures from here, in town, where I went to school. It had been a few weeks since she had visited, but these pictures were only dated from this past weekend. But what was more shocking was the location of the photos.

She was on a set. Like, a film set or a TV set or something. I saw cameras and boom mikes and stuff you would find on set. I saw her take pictures with people on the set, men and woman, and they looked like a reputable crew. My eyes jumped to the title of the album and the caption under it. The title said, 'Commercial Shoot' followed by the date. The caption read: 'I ran into a casting agent

while visiting my son at school. He said I'd be perfect for this part in a commercial. I filmed it this weekend. They said they liked me, and they said they would have more work for me. OMG. So excited. I hadn't thought about acting since college. Thought that ship had sailed.'

In the pictures, the set seemed to be a kitchen, and there seemed to be a part for a dad, a son, and a daughter. I am guessing they were selling some sort of food or something. Mom posed with the other actors, and she stood out. She looked like a star compared to them. Even dressed casually, wearing a cream colored blouse and jeans, she looked stunning.

I was shocked by this revelation. Mom had done some work? Not that she was lazy or anything, but I had never seen Mom do anything but be a mom, so thinking of her having a job was surprising to me. But, she had been in town, and she didn't even try to make a move? That seemed odd to me.

But what I saw next was even more distressing.

There were more pictures of her, this time they were pictures not taken by her. They were also pictures of her in town, and the locations of them were even closer to me. They were in fact on campus, or at least near campus. They were in one of the frat houses, at a party.

I was stunned by this. Stunned. I saw my mom at a frat party. This was insane! I saw her dancing, surrounded by throngs of guys and girls. I saw Mom with drinks in hand, dancing with a bunch of douchebag frat guys. I saw Mom with those guys she had talked to, Erik and Scotty, dancing. I even saw her playing beer pong. This sounded crazy, for sure, but Mom did not look out of place. No one seemed to mind this woman twice their age was partying with them. No one seemed to find it strange. I can see why though. Mom was dressed to kill. A clingy black dress hugged her hot body, showing off her form for all these college kids to drool over.

Some of these pictures, the pictures of her dancing, she looked awful close to these guys. Her dancing did not look appropriate for a woman her age, and some of these idiot jocks were taking liberties, putting their hands on her back, or her legs, or creeping dangerously close to her ass. Some of the pictures were showing her dancing, her skirt flaring up, almost revealing what she was wearing under her dress.

I was incensed. Mom, on campus, intruding into my life. My safety zone, away from her. Hanging out, going to parties on campus, with students from my school. My peers. I knew people in these photos! People I knew, people my age, and Mom was hanging out with them. Mom was dancing with them. Flirting with them. I hoped to God she didn't do anything more than that.

I was furious. In my anger, I knew I had to talk to her. I didn't care about my plan. I had to give her a piece of my mind. I saw she was

online, so I rang her up on the webcam chat, and a few seconds later she picked up.

"Hey, stud, about time." Mom said, smiling wide.

"Uh..." I began, taken aback by her being so casual. "Do you... have something to say?" I said, barely containing my anger.

"Oh, yes!" Mom said, bouncing up and down happily. "When you so callously abandoned your own mother in a strange city, I happened to run into a casting director. He said I caught his eye, and I'd be perfect to be in a commercial. I mean, I've heard that story for years, but I didn't think it would happen to me. But I took his card, thought it over, then decided to, you know, go for it. I got the gig and shot the commercial last weekend. It's a cell phone commercial, and I got a few lines too. I thought it was pretty funny, I think. And they liked how I did it, and said they saw some spots for me in the future. They said I had 'it'. I mean, I had always thought about acting over the years, but I had given up on that. Not many women start getting jobs in their 40's. Who knows? Let's see where it goes, huh."

Her happiness was evident, but at that moment, nothing could have made me madder. She was looking at me, waiting for a response.

"I don't care." I said simply, causing her smile to drop.

"Excuse me?" she asked.

"I said I don't care about that. Congratu-fucking-lations." I spat out. "Why were you on campus? Why were you at a frat party? Why were you dancing like a skank around people I know? This is my school! My place. Not yours."

"Oh. Well, I was invited. I was in town, and I had a great day and wanted to relax." Mom explained.

"You were invited? Who invited you?" I asked.

"Oh, those guys Scotty and Erik. They were pestering me on Facebook until I gave in." Mom said.

"I saw the pictures. You were... all over them. Did you...?" I began.

"Ew. No, of course not. You should know, Tom, I'm not that easy. I did play with them a bit, and they were fun. Gosh, to think college guys are still so easy. College is still the same. I'm 42 and I fit right in." Mom marveled.

"Why didn't you tell me you were doing this?" I asked.

"I don't answer to you." Mom explained. "And besides, I would have been happy to tell you, but you've been dodging my calls for some reason."

I gritted my teeth. Mom was making it like her dressing like a slut and going to a college party was my fault.

"You know why I'm dodging you, Mom. Teasing me, coming after me is one thing. But bringing other people into it, in my house, that's another thing." I said angrily.

"I could say the same thing." Mom said. "You did bring that ugly little cunt in..."

I slammed my fist angrily on the table. My blood was boiling. Being nice, protecting her feelings, wasn't working. It was time to get vicious.

"You know what..." I began. "You wanna know why I moved on? Why it was so easy? Just look in the mirror. You're a twisted, scheming cunt! And you can act like you're still in college, that you're still one of the cool kids, but you're not. You're a mom. A married woman. You can keep deluding yourself, going to school parties, acting in a commercial and thinking that'll make you some big fucking star! HA! Keep fucking dreaming! You're best days are behind you, Mom. You're slipping. You're skills are fading fast. When you look in the mirror, do you notice age catching up to you? Do you see just a few more wrinkles? Some crow's feet. Maybe those big boobs of yours are starting to sag just a bit more every day. You're desperate, trying to act like you still have what it takes cause you know your skills are slipping."

"So, with all that said, why would I choose you? All the pros are on her side, and all the cons are with you. Which should I choose? A twisted, scheming, delusional old slut whose best days are behind her? And who is also my mom? Or, a 22 year-old, future doctor, who plays no games, is super-straightforward, super hot, and... every time I'm with her, I feel good about myself!? I feel like I'm doing the right thing. There is no teasing, no angling for the upper-hand, it's just peace. I'm happy with her. I can be open with her. With you, it's your little nutso games. Dad barely sticks around cause he can't deal with you. Face facts, Mom! Why would I choose you over her? Tell me, Mom. Tell me!" I insisted.

I immediately felt bad. I know I had gotten really mean, and it felt really weird talking to my mom so harshly, but she needed to hear it. I felt a little bad when her face dropped and I saw some genuine hurt cross her face. I didn't honestly believe half the stuff I had just said. I did feel more strongly towards Carmen than I did Mom, and I knew it was best for me in all ways to choose Carmen. But, attacking Mom's looks and appeal was a blatant lie. I mean, if anyone had conquered the wear and tear of time, it was Mom. If anyone had found a way to use time to their advantage, to add to their already amazing looks, it was her. I did it because if there was anything that could get her to slow down her attacks on me, it was self-doubt. I think I had struck a blow against her, but she steeled herself, kept it together, and responded.

"You'll pay for that." Mom began. "You can lie to yourself all you want. It'll make it so much better when I break you. And as for why

should you choose me? Well, here's the thing, you're gonna be the one to do it... so you tell me." Mom replied.

I heard Luke fumbling at the door, about to enter.

"Goodbye Mom." I said, ending the call, cutting her off.

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I felt bad for getting so angry, but she didn't stop. I didn't want Mom to change me again, to make me something I was not. I wanted to be cool, calm and collected. Not a yelling, screaming prick. I resolved myself to stay away from Mom, avoid her games, and refocus on Carmen.

I think she noticed I was getting a bit distracted. I played it off, saying Mom and me were having some issues, and I left it at that. She asked me what had happened between us, and I dodged the question. Eventually, she backed off, knowing I didn't want to share that with her. If I had my way, I wouldn't share that info with her for, like, ever.

Me and Carmen were in her dorm, watching a movie, curled up next to each other. We kept the room dark, the glow of the TV shining on us.

"You know, I thought this was, like, the best fucking movie when I was a kid." Carmen began.

"Was this one of those movies you watched every day?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, totally." Carmen said. "I knew all the songs, I had like, every fucking line memorized." She said.

"I'm sure your parents fucking loved this movie." I replied with a laugh.

"Oh, I'm sure." Carmen confirmed.

"What do you think now?" I asked.

"It's still pretty good, but uh..." she began.

"Yeah, it's a bit of a kiddie movie." I finished.

"Yeah." Carmen confirmed. I felt a buzz in my pocket and pulled out my phone. I got a text from Mom. I was about to ignore it, but I had to read it.

"Please call me for a chat. We need to talk. No games. Important."

I tried to ignore it, to forget about it and not let Mom ruin this romantic evening with me and my girlfriend. She had been silent since our last argument, and I would be lying if I wasn't curious how she was. It could be one of her games, sure, but something about this felt different. Carmen noticed my distraction.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Nothing." I began. She just looked at me, knowing there was more to the story. "It's just Mom. She said it's, uh, important. But she might be screwing around."

"You'd better answer her." she said.

"After the movie." I said with a nod.

"McGee, I don't want you to have missed out on, uh, an emergency cause you wanted to finish a stupid movie with your super awesome fiancée. Go talk to her. The singing ducks will still be here." Carmen said. Smiling, I give her a small kiss then stepped down the hall to my room.

Luke was gone for the weekend, so I had the room to myself. I booted up the computer and opened up the chat program. It only rang once before she answered.

The picture booted up, and there was Mom. She looked very toned down, her make-up subtle, her hair down, her typical smug smile replaced by a slight, almost sad one.

"Hey." I said. "What's up? Is everything okay?"

"Um..." Mom began. "It's just, I've been thinking about what you said before. And you're right. I've let this whole thing get away from me. I've crossed a few lines, said some bad things about Carmen. And... I just wanted to apologize. I mean, I'm competitive, and I guess that got the best of me. I mean, you were right about a lot of things. I should stop chasing pipe dreams, like, you know, college parties, acting, it's all silly. You were right. I should act my age. I'm, you know, a MOM... I'm not the hot girl on campus anymore."

"Mom..." I began, feeling more guilt at how harsh I had been to her, especially with how hurt she seemed to be. "I should apologize too. I was pretty ruthless and I said some things that were pretty over the line. I don't know, I... I think I just got caught up in the whole thing too."

I could see Mom's eyes tearing up a bit, and she smiled.

"I mean, I figured you were just lashing out. I don't blame you. It still did kinda hurt, but it's still nice to hear you apologize." Mom said, wiping under her eye.

"Mom... can we just end this? Please? I've matured. I'm happy. I'm in a great relationship. I don't want to ruin any of that just cause of some, you know, infatuation I once had." I said.

"You're right." Mom said, nodding. "The best thing to do for both of us would be to just end this now." I felt my excitement rise. Had I done it? Was this journey finally over? "We are both starting to say things, you know, we don't really mean."

"I agree." I said, speaking genuinely. "I don't to ruin our relationship over some silly game. I never wanted that. I just want things to go back to how they used to be. You're my mother, and I'm your son. Let's not forget that."

"No more bullshit. No more lies." Mom said.

"Agreed." I said with a nod. "Some of the things you said were pretty mean."

"Some of the things you said were pretty hurtful." Mom said.

"I know." I began. "I didn't mean them. I didn't mean that, you know, Dad's not happy with you or anything like that."

"Oh, I don't care about that." Mom said, waving her hand. "But you said my tits sag."

"Wait, what?" I said, caught off guard.

"You said my tits sag! I knew that was a lie. I mean, you haven't seen them naked yet, but I think you can tell through my tops they're perky as fuck." Mom said, her tone losing that genuine emotion into one of more playfulness. "And I will have you know I don't have any fucking crow's feet! I barely have any wrinkles whatsoever, and for a woman my age, I think that's pretty fucking impressive." I gave her a look, a knowing glance. "And if you think, I've actually lost a step, keep fucking dreaming, baby. I had those frat guys drooling, and those casting directors' literally said they hadn't seen anyone like me ever. They're already talking, like, movie parts. They said the world needs to see me."

"Uh..." I began, but she wasn't done.

"But the biggest lie of all was what you said last. You actually think your little girlfriend has me beat? Who's the delusional one now, huh? Everything I said about her was fucking true. She is a troll-faced, whiny, little bitch who can't dress and doesn't know the first thing about being a woman. She is barely a girl. What, she wears like a hoody and pajama pants as her dress wear? What type of girl is that? Plus, she has no looks, terrible hair, no ass, and those tiny little tits!" Mom said incredulously.

"She has DD's!" I replied.

"Well, they're not FF's." Mom replied, cupping her massive jugs. "If you even try to tell me any little college girl has me beat, you're kidding yourself. Your mom has the tits, the ass, the cunt, the legs, the face, the hair, the stomach... I've got it all! And I'm sure you think Carmen is enough for you, you've deluded yourself into thinking your little rebound obsession is what you truly want, when we both know that's not the case. It's my breasts you want to squeeze. It's my nipples you want to suck. My mouth you want choking around your cock. It's my cunt you want to fill with your cum. It's my asshole you want to worship with your tongue. I'm sure it's fun to spray down those little college cunts with that thick, tasty cum of yours, but imagine how it would feel hosing down your own mom. Imagine how hard you would cum, how much cum you would spray onto me. I bet you've thought about it before. So, if you want the lies to stop, the first thing you should do is look in the mirror."

I was stunned. Sure, I hadn't heard her talk this raw to me, really, ever. But even though she said a lot of bad things, I wasn't even mad, truly.

"I will admit to one lie." I began. "You are a pretty good actress." She smiled.

"You liked that?" Mom said with a wicked smile. "I haven't busted out the fake tears in years."

I had to marvel at her. Marvel at how far she was willing to go just to get ahead. Part of me was mad, sure, but I was more amused than anything. I couldn't help playing along a little bit.

"That was good. That was good." I confirmed.

"Son, you've got to realize, I'm not gonna stop. I'm not gonna be shaken off. There is nothing I won't do to get what I want. There is nothing you can say that will stop me. Nothing you can do that will prevent this from happening. You will give in eventually. I'm too fucking hot to resist." Mom said.

"If you're so fucking willing to do anything, why don't you just fucking flash me those tits of yours. Cause if I supposedly can't handle myself around you, why don't you just do it now?" I dared her. She smiled.

"Oh, what's the fun in that?" she said. "Hon, you know why I won't just show you the goods. It's the same reason you didn't just slap your big cock on the table. I suspect you're pretty big, and you know that I, I mean, just look at them..." Mom said, jutting out her chest. "Me just giving up the goods makes me lose all the power. Removes any mystery. As long as I have these under wraps, I have something over you. And sure, just showing you my juicy tits might get the job done, but I want to challenge myself. I'm fighting with one hand tied behind my back, as are you." Mom said. I nodded.

"Well, Mom, I'll give you credit for trying." I told her. "But you just don't understand how much I love Carmen. I want you to stop cause you're wasting your time. I'm not changing my mind. So, you know what... do your worst. Give me your best shot, Mom. Lay it on me. I'll think you'll realize you're wasting your time."

"And I think you'll realize how much hotter your mom is compared to your little pathetic girlfriend." Mom said. I gritted my teeth, trying to look past her slights against Carmen.

"When me and her get married, I expect you to eat some serious crow." I told her.

"If you two get married, I'll get on my knees and kiss her fucking ass." Mom said. "But I'm not too worried about it. I think you'll find that I kneel for no one. Let me paint a picture for you." she began. I smiled, amused by how much work she was putting in. "Paint a picture of your life after you admit the truth. After you dump your little girlfriend, cause you will be dumping her. That much is certain. Cause sometime soon, you will see the goods. You hear me, Tom. You will see me naked. You will see your mother's big breasts. You will see her perfect ass. Her absolutely gorgeous cunt. You will see things no son should ever see. And that will almost be enough to break you. But you're a strong young man, so I'll give you credit. You won't break just yet. But it won't take long. I'll ride you, I'll put you through your paces until you beg me to stop, cause the pleasure is too great. The sight of my body in action is too sexy. You will beg your own mother to stop. And in that moment, I will own you. From that day on, you will follow me, be my little slave, always around,

desperate to get your hands on me. You will worship the ground I walk on, you will kiss my feet, suck my toes, just for the hope that I will give you the pleasure you need. You will have long since stopped jacking off, stopped seeking anyone to relieve that pressure in your balls. Cause you know it's not worth it. Your own hand, or some girl's cunt, none of it will match up to the one magical night you spent driving into my cunt. Into my ass. So it will be far more productive to beg for me, to beg for the pleasure only I can provide. A pleasure that will never come. Cause you will only get me once. You only have one shot. And when you fail, I will have no reason to play with you again. Why would I? I would have gotten your best, and you would fail miserably. You will spend the rest of your life craving a pleasure that will never come. You will do everything I say like a good son should, and you will truly know that you could never handle me."

I let Mom finish monologuing. I was a little shocked at how severe the future was she had planned for me, but I wasn't too worried. I really didn't see that happening. I was more amused at how she came across like a crazed movie villain. I had to respond.

"Let me tell you what will actually happen. I will marry Carmen, and you will congratulate us. You will see how satisfied I am, and you will know that I beat you. That I never succumbed. And that will be the end. We will shake hands, and I'll move across the country, and start my new life as a married man... away from you." I told her. She smiled.

"Well, we'll see about that." Mom said.

"Indeed." I replied. I heard a knock at the door and realized Carmen and the movie had been long forgotten in my conversation with Mom. I think mom realized that, and a coy smile crossed her lips.

"Bye." I told her.

"Bye Tom." she replied.

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I was a little unhappy that I had engaged Mom in her little game but I was happy about how unbothered I was by it. It was like a former alcoholic taking a drink and realizing he didn't like the taste anymore. I saw her game, I was in it for a bit, but I walked away.

Her words and proclamations didn't really bother me. Carmen kept me happy and distracted, so a lot of Mom's big moves began to fade into memory.

Mom kept at it, but her moves were limited. I think she was hoping her declaration would have me obsessed with her all over again, but that really wasn't the case. I had done a better job suppressing Mom all over again. Sure, after seeing the video of her swallowing my cum, I let myself fall into old habits again. I didn't like that. But after overcoming her once before, I found doing it a second time was far easier, especially when I had someone by my side.

The video of her chugging my cum was thrilling to watch. And then seeing pictures of her slutting it up in front of guys my age, that made my blood boil. But that was the best she could do, and clearly, that wasn't enough. Her main plan of attack nowadays was sending me sexy pictures.

I liked to call it Mom's picture of the day. Every afternoon, I would return to my dorm from classes and find an email in my inbox. There would be little sayings, like "Thought you would need some relief after a long day,", or "Some memories of home," stuff like that. And in these emails were pictures.

Mom in bikinis. Mom posing sensually. Mom looking hot in normal, everyday clothes. As time went on, her pictures began to push more boundaries. One had her lying on her stomach on her bed, topless, her big breasts pressed into the bed, so much round flesh exposed as she flashed her bedroom eyes at the camera. I don't think she was wearing anything, as I could see her butt curve behind her, but I saw no details.

I enjoyed these pictures, sure, but I wasn't too bothered by it. I looked at them and then moved on. I may have looked at some a little harder than others, but I was able to compartmentalize them. I didn't let them distract me from Carmen, my one true love. And if Mom was turning up the heat, I realized she might be getting desperate.

I wasn't a bad boyfriend. I wasn't distracted. I wasn't suspicious. I was great. Me and Carmen were joined at the hip, going to movies, going out to eat. I met a lot of her friends and I think I won them over. I was doing adult things, growing up, being mature, leaving that silly obsession with Mom behind.

I was happy at how well things were going, but I felt like Mom was saving her best ammunition for when I came back home. There was both spring break and summer break, and both would give her the chance to work her wiles on me. I hadn't been home alone with Mom since the summer, and although I trusted myself, I didn't exactly want to put myself in that position.

So, I talked to Carmen and asked her what her plans were for spring break and summer break. I told her I didn't want to be away from her for that long. We talked it out, and when she came up with a plan, I couldn't help but smile.

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"I love all this sneaking around." Carmen said as we stood in my room back home. It was the first day of spring break. Me and Carmen were heading down to Mexico for spring break, to some resort. I needed to grab some stuff from home before our flight. I knew Mom would be busy today with some friends, and Dad was away on business, so I knew I could come home and not be intercepted by anyone.

I grabbed the stuff I needed, and me and Carmen began to head downstairs. As we stepped out the front door, I had to stop, cause standing right there, looking up in shock, was Mom.

I stepped back a bit. This was the first time we had been face to face since our meal at that restaurant back at school. She looked up at me, and her eyes widened in surprise.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, smiling warmly. She was wearing a pink tank top and a thin pullover. On her lower half was a pair of khaki capri pants and some flip-flops. She, as always, looked great.

"Oh, um, we were heading out before our flight and I had to just grab a few things." I explained.

"Trying to sneak home without seeing your old mom?" she asked with a smile. She stepped forward and gave me a firm, squishy hug, forcing her big breasts against me. I was forced to just take it. She stepped back and greeted Carmen.

"Hello, dear." Mom said.

"Hi, Mrs. M." Carmen said.

"So, you hanging around at all?" Mom asked with a knowing glint in her eye.

"Fraid not." I said. "Our flight's pretty soon here."

"Oh. Shame." Mom said. "Well, I wish I could have gotten you home over Spring Break, but at least I'll have my son back over the summer." she said happily. Me and Carmen exchanged a look, and Mom noticed. "What?" she asked. I looked at Carmen, and she shrugged.

"Oh, um, well, me and her have been talking. And... her folks bought us a bit of a trip as an engagement gift/graduation gift for her. So, me and her gonna go to Europe for the summer... so I probably won't be home much, if at all. We're moving in together next year. We'll probably have to move in as soon as we get back." I explained.

Looking at Mom, I saw her eyes widen. For the first time, Mom looked a bit panicked. All of sudden, she had realized she was running out of time with me. She had this all planned out, no doubt, to tempt me during summer break, but now, that wasn't gonna happen.

"When did this happen?" Mom asked, clearly frustrated.

"Um, not too long ago." I said. She looked at me and chewed her lip. She looked over at Carmen.

"Carmen, can you give us a minute?" Mom asked.

"Sure." Carmen said, walking towards my car and playing with her phone. Mom made sure she was far enough away before speaking up. She turned to look at me, and I simply smiled.

"Don't look so smug." Mom said, annoyed.

"I think that's checkmate, Mom." I said. Mom was tapping her foot, thinking. She looked back at Carmen then back to me.

"Not quite." Mom began. "You dump her right now and stay here, you can have me. No bullshit. You can take me anyway you want, any hole, any position. We could be having sex in five minutes, Tom. Think about that. You can live your dream... right now. All that work you did before. It could pay off right now. Let's do this thing. Let's just get naked and get really fucking nasty."

I simply smiled at her.

"Face it Mom. It's over." I told her. "Give it up."

Mom just gritted her teeth and looked at me. I stepped forward and confidently gave her hug.

"Have a good summer, Mom." I told her. I stepped back as she narrowed her eyes at me. I had turned and I was about to walk away when I stopped. I couldn't help myself. I stopped and turned to face her again. I stepped in close, but this time, I did something different. I moved in close, reached around me, and slapped my hand confidently on her juicy ass. As I gave it a firm, healthy squeeze, I moved my lips to her ear and whispered.

"And besides, Mom... you couldn't handle me."

I pulled away and winked at her. Her eyes were wide and glassy as she looked up at me. Knowing I had survived my battle with Mom, I turned and walked away from her, walking towards my fiancée, walking towards a bright new future.

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(Author's Note: Next time on "You Couldn't Handle Me", you just have to wonder what Tom's rejection will do to Tanya's ego, and what kind of things she'll do to get what she wants. Cause you have to think she knows she will now have to go a lot farther than she ever has before to try and conquer Tom.)

Chapter 10: Empty Nest

(Tanya)

I nearly came.

When my son approached me, with a confident swagger in his step, pulled me in close, grabbed my ass, like a man would, and told me I couldn't handle him, I nearly came. I had to control myself. That had never happened to me before. I had never even been close to being affected by a man like that.

All games aside, at this point, I kinda just wanted to fuck the shit out of him. The game had escalated, and I had seen what he was capable of. He was good, like, fucking incredible at the game. I had never met a man who gave it as good as I did. It didn't matter anymore that he was my son, and it was incest. I wanted him bad. The fact that he was my son almost made it better.

I had been worn down or I had seen what he was capable of. Whatever, it didn't matter. At this point, I just wanted his no-doubt huge, thick, bare dick inside of me, drilling me, fucking me as hard as possible. I wanted him to see me naked. I wanted his hands and lips on my tits. I wanted to give him every hole. I wanted my son to make me cum.

But in a way, he already had. Mere minutes after him and the little bitch drove away, I was on my bed, bare-ass naked, driving my long, thick rubber dildo into myself like a whore. I groaned loudly as I came, squirting all over my bed, thoughts of my son giving into me driving me over the edge.

It was my best cum in years.

And as I came down, and my mind was tinged with thoughts of me and my son in bed, naked, our sweaty flesh rubbing against each other. His big hands squeezing my massive titties, his mouth chewing on my nipple, I realized I was ready for round two. The Tom in my head was living up to the real one. And I realized the truth was clear.

I may have just met my match.

Of course it had to be my son. Of course. I spent years looking for my match, and after all that, I just had to give birth to him. My son had taken my genes and used them wisely. Even from the beginning, I would easily admit he was hot. As a Mom, you don't say these things, but I knew with his looks he could be a ladykiller. But now, with where my mind was at and what we had been though, I had to admit that Tom was one of the hottest guys I had ever been around. He had a cute face, and his smile could make any girl melt. His dark hair maintained that balance between styled and shaggy, and his eyes always flashed with teasing and naughtiness. And his body, ooh, that body. His abs were enough to make me drool, and his butt was nice and firm and cute. Even before this whole thing started, I would

catch myself glancing at his butt appreciatively whenever I got the chance. His arms had just the right amount of muscle, as did his legs. He was clearly very built without having muscles for show. He had real muscles. Overall, Tom's looks were top notch. And anything he lacked, he more than made up with his skill and talents in the game of sex and seduction, and all that combined pretty much meant I had never wanted to fuck a guy a more than I did Tom.

Yes, I still wanted to conquer him, but part of me didn't care. Part of me just wanted us to get naked and see what he could do. Just lie back, spread my legs for him like a fucking whore, and let him give me his absolute best. I knew he was skilled, and it was my right to see him in action, to see what he could do firsthand. I was his mother, after all.

I had never felt that compulsion with a guy before. I had never even had the thought of lying back and letting a man take control. I was too much of a control freak, a domineering bitch. But Tom, he had come so far from what he used to be.

He had worn me down slowly. At first, he had been pursuing me, desperate for me, to the point where he was reduced to begging. I had brought lots of guys to this position, so this was nothing new, even though it was my own son. But when he walked away to school, he suddenly did something new. He said no to me. I stewed on this while he was gone, unable to get over the fact that he had kinda gotten one over on me. He was over it, he pushed me away, he walked away from our game. At first, I wondered if I had taken this game too far and ruined my relationship with my son. Sure, we

talked on the phone and stuff, but I was waiting for him to get home for Christmas to figure out where we stood. Honestly, at that point, if things had gone normal, if he returned home looking to just move on, I would have been fine with it. But he surprised me and came home with that little girlfriend of his, and paraded her in front of me.

I think that was the precise moment I became open to the idea of fucking him.

Before that, I had simply enjoyed teasing him, and got a bit of pleasure out of it, sure, but I would never have even thought of crossing that line. But when he came back and gave it back to me by supposedly 'moving on' with that ugly fucking tomboy, my competitive juices began to flow.

Tom didn't really like girls like her. I knew him. I knew what he liked. I knew what type of girl he liked. He didn't like girls who dressed down, played down their looks. He liked girly girls. He would rather have a girl dressed in pink then a girl dressed in black. And most importantly, he didn't want a younger girl at all. He wanted a real woman. After what we had been through, I imagined him ending up with a woman a lot older than him. He liked women who knew what they wanted and took it. A woman like me. Carmen was nothing like me. Okay, I guess she might be a bit witty and sarcastic, but that doesn't make her wife material. That's not enough for any guy, and not enough for Tom. I think, deep down, Tom wanted to be dominated. He would be happy to have a woman call the shots in the relationship. I think that's part of the reason he likes older women. But Carmen was not that type of girl. She was as lazy as he

was. Plus, she couldn't cook for shit, and I couldn't really imagine her being especially proactive in taking care of a household. She was one of those girls who would order take-out all the time and just hire a housekeeper. Tom needed a girl to kick his ass into gear every so often. He needed a wife to be like a mother. So, him ending up with this girl barely older than him, a lazy little thing like her, was a surprise, cause she wasn't his type at all. I was his type.

Carmen was a dog. That's not me disapproving of my son's choices in girls. That's simply a fact. I, just... didn't see what saw in her. I thought he had good taste. But clearly, he had a blind spot for her. Her face was plain, like, a blank. I would have trouble describing her since she was that boring looking. Her body wasn't up to snuff. It was just like her. A reflection of her laziness and lack of care. She was a bit of a fatty. I mean, Tom was the fucking quarterback in high school. He could have joined the university team if he tried. Watching him play would make any girl want him. (I totally lied to Tom before about how I felt about football players. I luuuuved football players. Tom was wrong about a lot of things, but he was right on about that.) With his looks, and with his body, Tom had his choice of girls. He could be with the slimmest, sexiest, bustiest girl on campus. But he chose Carmen. A girl with, like, 20 extra pounds, a plain face, floppy breasts, a saggy ass. I just, I just didn't get it. This girl was not good enough for him.

I knew him, and I knew I checked off all the boxes of what he wanted in a woman. Older, aggressive, enormous breasts, hot ass. So the idea of him settling for this girl, who was obviously just a rebound from me, seemed infuriating. What, they knew each other, like, four

months, tops, and they had only been dating for two? It seemed like Tom was trying to convince himself he was over me.

He wasn't. He was still into me. He just suppressed it. Buried it. He had been into me for years. You don't get over that type of deep-seeded, raw attraction that quickly. No fucking way. The thought of him lying to himself made me mad.

And the thought of changing his mind made me wet.

Part of me loved the fact he was deluding himself so deeply. The idea of me slowly chipping away at his defenses, making him admit he still wanted me, breaking through those barriers he worked so hard to build up, corrupting him, stealing his affection away from his girlfriend, proving how much hotter he found his mom over her, God, that sounded fucking hot to me. Just because she was with him now didn't mean they belonged together. I got there first. I mean, sure, I had turned him away, but that didn't mean I still didn't have a stake in him. He was mine first. I simply wanted to take him back.

I hadn't been interested in Tom at first, but the thought of reducing him back to that whimpering, begging state he had been in before he left for school drove me crazy. Back when I was in school, I loved making those arrogant, jackass frat guys, who thought that they were God's gift to women, beg for me. I loved breaking through their arrogance and reducing them to their basest forms, having them on their knees for me. And Tom was more arrogant than all of those guys if he actually thought he was over me.

As I explained before, I was willing to take this as far as I needed to. Tom was a disobedient boy who'd forgotten where he came from. Ignored where his true feelings lied. Ignored what woman he really wanted. I didn't plan to actually let this get as far as actually having sex with him, but I would if I had to. I thought simply turning up the heat would be enough to make him putty in my hands.

So, when he went back to school, I resumed teasing him. If he wants to parade that little cunt around my house, I would turn up the heat on him flirting with him, letting him know how far I was willing to go. I sent him lots of slutty pictures, pictures no mother should send her son. I didn't think it would take long for him to break, but I was shocked at how unaffected he was by my work. I think the video I sent made a dent with him, but he recovered well. And when I pushed harder, he pushed back. And when we had our little fight, and he yelled and screamed at me, saying horribly vicious things to his own mother, I had never been so turned on. I had never had anyone speak to me that way. So disrespectful! For years, people yearned for my attention and were too afraid of saying the wrong thing and making me mad. Not Tom. My maneuvering had inspired his passionate anger, and even though his words were vicious, I realized the anger and passion behind them was a good sign for me.

Tom raised some points in our little fight, facts I was forced to confront, facts that made me wonder if I had in fact lost my edge. For years, I had seen myself as unbeatable, and I thought my search for an equal was a fool's errand. And now, I was 42, and I hadn't found that true satisfaction I craved. Maybe my search had gone on too long and my best days were behind me. I didn't really think so, though.

My body was still fucking great, and age hadn't hit me as hard as it did other women. Even at my older age, I teased mercilessly, and flirted shamelessly, and guys fell easily to my charms. I still had it going on, but the fact that I couldn't quite crack the nut that was Tom made me doubt myself ever so slightly. For a bit, I did doubt myself, but then I realized the truth was simple. Tom was an uncommonly strong-willed young man. And I hadn't lost a fucking step.

But I was disheartened to find how unaffected he was by me when I put on my little acting show. He bought my act for a little bit, thinking my crocodile tears were real. In the end, he wasn't bothered by it. He thought it was impressive acting, but other than that, he just kinda laughed me off. I recognized the behavior he responded with, cause it was the one I had given him a while ago when he was chasing me. I had been trying extra hard, giving it my best effort, and he was just amused by it. This pissed me off, me putting all this work in and him not recognizing it, but I didn't know what to do. I could see why I had made him so furious when he was pursuing me last summer.

His impervious defense was starting to make me actually want him. Like I said, I didn't think this would go far enough as to where we actually had sex. But as this went on, the idea of fucking him started to sound mighty tempting. Tom had really grown into being a complete stud. He was hot, he was built, and plus, he was so confident, so self-assured and so content in his relationship with Carmen. The thought of changing that, breaking him down to the Tom he used to be, breaking him through sex, the Tom that was desperate for me, desperate for his mother, God, I wanted that. It sounded so good! I was starting to sound like a schoolgirl who's

obsessed with a guy. But it was just... the thought of breaking my son sounded so hot!

And it would be good. Sex between me and him. I was starting to realize that I probably wouldn't make him crumble in front of me. He was too good for that. As the semester went on, and my teasing fell on deaf ears, my infatuation kept growing. My son was in my crosshairs.

I was on the chase, a feeling I hadn't had in years. I had forgotten the rush, the thrill of the chase. Zeroing in on a target, hunting him, finding out his weaknesses and exploiting them. If a guy was an ass guy, I wore my slimmest, tightest skirts. If a guy was a boob kinda guy, I made sure to wear my most cleavagey tops. In my younger days I lived for the hunt. And it had been far too long since I landed some big game. And Tom, he was big game.

Sex between us was starting to sound like a real possibility. And the thing was... I didn't mind. I was starting to hope it would get that far. The more he said he had moved on, the more he claimed he was happy with his little rebound girlfriend, the more I fantasized about him. The more I imagined seeing the sweat dripping down his naked body. The more I thought about that confident smile of his twisted into a sneer as he drove his thick cock into me. At the beginning of all this, sex between us seemed like the farthest thing from reality. But now... I was into it. I was on board. The fact that it was incest, something so forbidden and wrong, so filthy and nasty, only added a deep layer of sizzling lust to the scenario. That barrier had been erased. That level of depravity, a level I had never dreamed of

traversing, made it seem more alluring to a slut like me. I had never quite found the type of sex I really needed. But maybe incest was the answer.

He was still my son and I obviously still loved him. I was proud of his success in school and in life, and that he had turned into a great young man. That being said, sex between us was definitely gonna happen. It was just a matter of when. I knew it was inevitable, but I just needed to actually make it happen. I just needed the chance to work my magic on him.

The good thing was, I figured I had time. I knew he would be back for summer, and I planned to work my magic then, face-to-face. But then he came to me, arrogantly, knowingly, letting me know he would not be home during the summer, that he would be with his little bitch, and he would deprive me of my opportunity to make a move. This was a haymaker. A game ending blow. I needed him at home to ensnare him, but he had made a maneuver to avoid that. Any chance that he could claim he still wasn't playing our little game was snuffed right there. This was a game move of the highest order. And when he told me this, I admit it, I panicked. I made an impulse move, knowing I was suddenly out of time, basically letting him know he could have me, then and there. It was dumb, I know. Of course, he just laughed me off, and I could see why. It was a desperate gambit, and I was flailing as I saw failure staring me in my face.

But then he patted me on the ass, and whispered I couldn't handle him. I had never been as turned on as when my son told me he would

never fuck me. Him doing that, giving that line back to me, that was playing the game, going on the offensive. He had the advantage, and he was pressing it. That gave me hope, that deep down, the game wasn't over. That deep down, he wanted me to keep trying. That deep down, he still wanted to fuck me.

So, it was with a renewed focus, I picked myself up. My son had done the impossible. He had made me beg. He had made me lose my confidence, made me doubt my own skills, making me perform half-baked maneuvers when I should go all the way. He made me even contemplate just giving it away. Just being an easy, slutty whore, just spreading my legs for the nearest stud around.

But I vowed... never again.

I would get Tom home, no matter what it took. And when he gets here, when me and him are here alone, he would see his mother at her best. No begging. No slow maneuvering. No subtle games. He would see his mother, full force, no mercy. And he would fall to his knees in front of me, cause I knew, deep down, he couldn't handle me. He was so good at this game, so I knew if I could break him, my skill would be proven to be unparalleled. It would be my greatest conquest yet.

I wouldn't forget what he said. He called me a 42 year-old with saggy tits who should act her age. I planned to make him pay for that. When we eventually had sex, and I was riding him like a bronco, as his hands squeezed my breasts, and he lost himself to me, his

supposedly past her prime mother, he would realize how wrong he had been.

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I was bent over, on my hands and knees, scrubbing the tile of the kitchen floor. The rubber gloves I had on always made my hands feel clammy, so I always made it a point to finish my work quickly. But as I tried to scrub away a pesky stain that just wouldn't go away, I stopped myself, sitting up straight and scrubbing the sweat away with the back of my arm. A bit of my hair fell from my pony tail over my eyes. I ripped off the glove and pushed the loose hair over my ear. And then I looked around and realized I didn't remember where I had started scrubbing. I knew I was a few years past 40, but I didn't think my mind would be going this soon. My mind was usually sharp and clear, but for some reason right now it felt hazy. Maybe these cleaning sprays were making me a bit loopy. I stood up to regain my bearings and noticed something was wrong.

The house was dead silent.

Usually, at any given moment, I would hear the buzz of the fridge, or the blowing of the AC, but I literally heard nothing. It was dead silent. I could have been in the deepest cave on Earth with the lack of noise I heard. Something was wrong.

My chest filling with panic, I began to run through the house.

"Hello!" I called out. Nothing. No response. I looked around. The walls were bare. All the pictures of me and Jay and Tom were gone.

"Hello!" I called out, my voice tinged with panic. I ran up to my room, and saw all of Jay's stuff was gone.

"Tom!" I cried out. I ran over to his room, leaned my head in, and gasped. Gone. Everything in there was gone. My heart was racing. What the hell was going on?

Suddenly, a noise. It came from behind me, from outside. It was... a splash. The pool! I bound down the stairs, my normal laid-back attitude disappearing in my panic. I ran over the freshly scrubbed floor and pushed the back door open. And finally, in front of me... a sign of life.

There stood Tom, clearly having just risen from the pool. Water dripped down his half-exposed body. I couldn't help but lick my lips as water dripped from his hair, down his taut neck, across his fit pecs, right in the crease between his abs, dripping ever so slowly down the middle of his six-pack. The little droplet I was watching traveled around his belly button before heading onward, towards its destination, namely his bulging crotch. And it was bulging, the water clinging to his trunks, making it clear that everyone knew of his excessive size down there. He was wearing his orange swim trunks, and the added weight of the water caused his shorts to be weighed down, barely hanging around his hips, getting tantalizingly close to exposing his crotch. He had that yummy triangle of muscles near his waist that pointed down towards his crotch, and it was clear, that

with how low his trunks were hanging, he kept his pubic hair well-trimmed.

Next to him stood Carmen. She was wearing a white bikini. She didn't seem the bikini type of girl, so seeing her like this was a new sight. And I had to admit, as much as I hated her, she looked pretty good. She looked slimmer than I thought, her butt looked round, and her boobs were a little larger than I thought. She pressed herself into him, one smooth leg between his legs as she pressed her smooth chest into his hard, manly one and gave him a wet, loving kiss. Then she turned to me, and snaked her hand down his fit stomach, snaking it into his shorts and clearly grabbing his thick meat.

"Oh, ha! Uh, hey Mrs. M." Carmen said with a condescending laugh. Tom looked up, not embarrassed at all that his fiancée had her had on his dick in front of his mother.

"Hey Mom." he said with a cocky smile. Carmen was blatantly stroking him under his trunks.

"Look at what she's wearing." Carmen whispered to him, loud enough for me to hear. "She's so desperate!" she added with a laugh. I looked down. Where before, I was wearing a maroon top and cream colored pants, now, I was wearing a red bikini, but something was wrong. You know, normally, I rocked the shit out of a bikini. But not now. My stomach was rounded, my normally trim, flat belly hidden under a layer of fat. My breasts, normally so perky, hung down, sagging, feeling like they were near my belly button, and they felt like a quarter of the size. My skin looked so dry and disgustingly

pale. My trim legs now had extra weight and even some cellulite. I looked over my shoulder, down my back and to my ass, which now sagged. Clearly, its best days were long gone, the dry, bulging skin forcing its way out of my too tight bikini bottoms. I looked back, at the glass window on the black door, and caught my reflection.

Oh my God! What the hell happened to me? My hair looked thin and ratty. I had crow's feet around my eyes, my lips looked dry and flaky, and wrinkles marked the skin of my face. I looked like a twenty year smoker. Instead of looking 10 years younger, like I normally did, I looked 20 years older. What had happened to me? I looked... old. Instead of the vibrant, hot mom, I looked like a middle aged, gross skank. I looked like an old lady who'd had a hard life. I looked like a normal, past her prime, 60 something woman who thought she's still got it but clearly didn't. But I wasn't that woman. I was 42. Wasn't I? I turned back to the smug faces of my son and his girlfriend.

"God, I wonder what she thinks she actually looks like?" Carmen wondered. Ashamed, I tried covering myself with my arms in shame, but with my added weight, it was futile.

For a second, fear hit my heart. I had always fashioned myself as being a fucking babe. Had my mind been playing tricks on me? Had my self-image been that far off? Had I been tricking myself for years, telling myself I was something I wasn't?

Wait... no! Of course not. What the fuck was going on?

"Fuck." Tom sighed, his head falling back in pleasure.

"Don't worry, Mrs. M. I will take good care of your son." Carmen said with a proud smile, her arm pumping clearly, her fist bulging against Tom's trunks rhythmically as she stroked him. "I will be a perfect wife for him. I will take good care of him. He'll be well-fed and well cared for. And trust me, I know what you're gonna say, and you don't have to worry. I will keep your son's balls well drained. I know how moms worry about that, but I wanted to make sure you know that Tom will be cumming all over the place! I know how protective and worried moms can be with their sons when they get married. But you don't have to worry. You can let him go. I'm his mommy now."

"FUCK!" Tom screamed out. His muscles tensed up, and as if they were working in conjunction to force the cum out from deep within his body. With a roar, he exploded. Thanks to the way his trunks clung to his cock, I could see every time his cock bulged and swelled as he fired jet after jet of hot, fresh young cum into his shorts. My son's semen began seeping out of his shorts onto the cement.

"Oh, don't worry, Mrs. M." Carmen called out condescendingly. "I don't think he'll need your help. Haha!" she cackled. As Tom came, he couldn't help but laugh at how funny he found Carmen's statement. At how ludicrous the idea was that he would actually want my help to cum. I had never felt so low, so disgusting.

Then I woke up, my son and his fiancée's laughter resonating in my ears. My husband was next to me, zonked out, and as I looked at the

walls, I was relieved to see everything was back in its place on the wall. I lifted the sheets, and thank Christ, my tits were still as huge and perky as ever. My belly was still flat and tight, my legs were smooth and long, and my ass was full and round.

I let my mind come back to reality, and I had to admit, that nightmare had kinda freaked me out. Seeing myself, so weak and pathetic, having my son and his fiancée laughing at me, as I curled up in shame, my body image misguided, my body having fallen victim to the passage of time and a clear lack of discipline on my part. It was definitely a nightmare. Only in a nightmare, a fantasy, could my body look like that. Sure, that was a reality for other women, women like Carmen had to deal with having a fat, disgusting, wreck of a body like that. In reality, my body was real and spectacular. My body was built out of a dream. A good dream.

But luckily, it was not real. My body would never look that bad, my demeanor would never be that meek and defeated, and my son and his girlfriend would never laugh at me. I would make sure they knew exactly what I was capable of. Carmen would never even think of laughing at me. If anything, she would cry.

"Little bitch." I mumbled, turning over, trying to get a restful sleep.

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Between spring break and the end of the semester was a bit of a blur. I didn't see Tom at all, he wasn't humoring me or anything like that.

I held off on sending over any naughty pictures, trying to come up with a better plan, but I was, admittedly, stumped.

Once the semester was over, Tom made it a point to avoid coming home. He hung with Carmen at her place, and only stopped by when he knew I was gone. Before I knew it, him and Carmen where in Europe, celebrating their engagement by globetrodding across that continent. Carmen's parents were apparently pretty loaded, cause they foot the entire bill. I wasn't giving them anything close to that level of a gift. The only gift I would give Tom was one sizzling fuck, but he wasn't around to claim it.

Part of me was unhappy that I had driven Tom so far away. My innocent, motherly instincts truly felt bad for that. But, as it had been all along, this was a game, and despite his claims, he was always playing.

But I had no idea where he was, and as we entered the summer, and my son was half a world away, I had no plan for how to get him into my bed. The only man in my bed now was my husband. Ugh.

Jay had been traveling less, trying to play the good husband, but honestly, it just irritated me. I had lived for years having that space, being able to do my own thing on my own schedule. And having Jay home more kind of impeded on that. I appreciated the effort, sure, but I had shit to do.

I figured he was worried about the state of our marriage with me on my own. I'm guessing he was worried I would get up to trouble if I was left on my own.

He had no idea.

Jay wanted to take me places every weekend, every chance he got, really. He wanted to keep me busy as much as he could, and keep my attention on him. That was reasonable, I guess, but ultimately futile. I knew how to bulldoze over him and get my way, but he kept trying.

Luckily, I was able to keep busy. For one thing, I had motivation. My drive to seduce Tom kept me at work, either doing yoga, working out, swimming, or going shopping for sexy new clothing. Plus, I actually had work.

My first commercial experience had really been awesome, and I had made a good impression with all the directors and stuff. The first commercial hadn't started airing yet, but they had me film a couple others in the same series of ads, as well as a few others. Plus, they put me in the mix for a movie part, so I auditioned for that. It felt great to be out there and living out my childhood dream. And come to find out, my experience with men served me very well in casting. Flashing a smile, adding a little flirt, showing a bit of cleavage, I had casting guys wanting more of me. So, needless to say, the casting process wasn't a problem for me.

So, that whole thing had me excited, but my focus was on Tom. I bought new clothes, clothes that highlighted my abundant assets. Tops even more low-cut than ever before, just letting my breasts pour out of them. Jeans even tighter and cut so they hung low on my hips, almost low enough to show off my cunt hair. I bought new underwear and lingerie, all luxury stuff. Tiny little thongs and g-strings, matching bras, and other fun goodies. So much money spent on such tiny clothing. Tom had no idea what was coming for him.

The only problem was I needed him back home. I loved Jay, but having him at home all the time was driving me up the wall. He was cramping my style. I was about ready to tell him to take that promotion and travel 300 days a year, just to get him out of my hair. I loved him, but he was trying way too hard, and his intentions were way too obvious. I would at least appreciate any effort to be a little subtle.

And, his efforts at sex were even more infuriating. Normally, he didn't push his luck, but lately, he had been more proactive, initiating the action in bed. I had been a good wife for years and kept my mouth shut, not shutting him down and telling him how bad he was in bed. But the words were now on the tip- of my tongue. But as he drove himself into me, I didn't even bother acting. No fake moans. No cooing. Nothing. I would save the acting for when I was getting paid for it. I just kept myself distracted and let him do his thing. I checked my nails, went over if I needed to get anything at the store, I even checked my phone. When he was finished, I only gave him the faintest of smiles, and as I saw his smile drop, it was clear he sensed my disappointment. But at this point, with twenty years of unfulfilling sex, and the way he had been annoying the fuck out of

me lately, I didn't care. I had my eyes set on bigger things. I took some pride that I knew Tom didn't get his sexual skills from his father's side. That was all from me.

The summer dragged on. Tom was out there, with that bitch hogging his dick, no doubt taking great pleasure in riding it all across Europe, while I simmered here, awaiting a pleasure I long deserved. From what I understood, Tom and Carmen would be going straight from the airport to either her house or up to their new apartment, cause their lease started the same day they got back. Tom had done his damndest to avoid our inevitable copulation. I just needed something, some way to get in the middle, to get him back at home so I could work my skills.

I was ready. My body was extra tight and toned. My massive breasts were riding high on my chest, my nipples harder than ever. My ass rode as proud on my backside, riding high and tight. My legs were firm, my hair was freshly styled and perfect.

And, most importantly, I had been super cunty lately. It was awesome. I felt like the old me again. I had kept myself wound so tight that even slightly loosening up was like bliss. I had suppressed these urges for too long. I wasn't really a mom type. Far from it. I was a bitch. Any trace of the innocence I once had was long gone. I was a bitch, and a cunt, and a slut, whatever name you wanted to call me, it was probably apt. I was shedding my motherly façade and being the bitch I was born to be. And it felt great!

I had been super short with Jay lately. Whenever we went out to dinner, I was delightfully bitchy to all the help. And when anyone tried to help me while shopping, I shooed them away. I didn't need any help. Do they know who I am? Do they not see me? No matter what room I was in, I was the hottest bitch in the room. I was the queen bee. No matter how many women were in the room, I knew I was hotter, my hair was better, my ass was rounder, and my tits were way bigger. And that made me better than them. I was more woman than any of them could ever hope to be. Guys wanted to fuck me, and that gave me power over them. It made me better than them, too.

It felt so good to admit all of this. For too long, I had played nice, tried to be humble around others when I knew was better. Well, fuck that shit. I was the top bitch, I get to call the shots. I was the smoking hot, domineering queen bitch I was born to be.

I was Tom's dream woman.

When Tom and me collided again, I would be at the peak of my powers. I had been humbled by Tom, admittedly, but I had been made stronger. Better. I had never been better than I was now. He would see his mom at her best. And when he did, he would forget all about his true love.

I just had to get him in my clutches. I didn't know what to do. Tom had maneuvered himself pretty well, and the fact that I was so powerless pissed me off. I needed something, some help from fate to help me on my noble, incestuous quest. Fate had been so generous to me before. How about one more time?

And luckily for me, fate answered the bell.

It was getting closer to the end of the summer when I got a phone call. Jay had just gotten home, but I still was the first to the phone.

"Hello?" I said.

"Hi, is this the McGee residence?" a male voice said.

"Yes. Who's this?" I asked.

"Hi, is this, um, Tanya?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll ask again, who's this?" I repeated.

"Oh, sorry. Hi, Tanya, my name is Marco Tanucci. I'm Carmen's father." he began.

"Oh. Hi." I replied.

"Hi. I just talked to, um, Ada, my wife. She just got off the phone with Carmen." he began.

"Is something wrong?" I asked quickly, my motherly instincts taking over.

"Well, yes, but, um, oh... they're fine! Sorry. I don't want you to worry. It's nothing like that." he began.

"Good." I said, "So what is it?"

"Well, they are in Greece right now. They had it planned to be there their last few weeks before heading back home. But, I don't know if you're watching the news, but I guess there is some stuff going on over there. And one of the big things is that the, um, union of airport workers is on strike. So, flights are kind of limited out of there at the moment. Their planned flight got delayed, like, a week or so, and maybe more, and that is not a good thing. Carmen starts med school, and I'm sure classes are starting for your son as well. All the other flights before that are booked pretty full, and everyone has kinda gotten ahead of them on rental cars, so that is pretty booked too, so they can't just drive away to another airport. So, essentially, they're kind of stranded." Marco said.

"You're kidding?" I said.

"Fraid not, Tanya." he began. "I'm trying my best to come up with something, some way to get them out. They're asking around for help from some of the locals, but that's coming up empty. It seems like they're stuck."

"That's not good." I replied.

"No, it's not." he said with a laugh. "Firstly, I just wanted to let you know. Secondly, I wanted to ask if you had any ideas."

"Well, not..." I began, before going silent. My cunning mind was at work, and an idea came to the forefront of my mind. "You know what, I do have an idea."

"Really? What is it?" he asked.

"My husband works for a specialty private planes and stuff like that. He travels all over the place, and he knows people. Let me talk to him and see if he can call in any favors and get someone to pick them up." I suggested.

"That might work." Marco said. "Yeah, let me know if you come up with something."

"Yeah, definitely." I replied with a smile.

"It's funny," he began, "It feels like the old days when, you know, you can't get to the school, and you're calling the other parents, arranging a ride."

"Yeah, definitely." I said with a laugh, too excited with my plan to be bitchy to my son's stupid girlfriend's father.

We parted ways on the phone, and I sauntered into the living room, where Jay was watching a baseball game.

"What's up?" he asked, having heard my side of the conversation.

"Well, that was Carmen's dad. Carmen and Tom are stuck in Greece, and there's some airport strike or something. From what I understand, Carmen has some family issue, so they need to get back here as soon as they can. Flights and rental cars are all booked up, and their planned flight is delayed, so they're stranded. I told him that you knew people, and that maybe you make some calls, call in some favors, and maybe get them back."

"Oh, yeah, definitely." he said, sitting up.

"Well, they need to get back as soon as possible, so do what you can." I told him, knowing there was no time barrier in play here, knowing this was my chance to get my son home, into his mother's arms.

"Yeah. I'll do my best." Tom said.

For the next hour, I watched my husband at work, making calls, putting on his professional voice. Talking to very important people,

schmoozing them, flattering them, luring them in so he could ask for help. I had to admit, it was pretty hot. As I watched him at work, I realized, this was his game. He was a salesman. He could schmooze, flatter, and sucker people into a sale, and he was very good at it. His game was business. My game was pleasure.

An hour later, after calling some international VIP's, he eventually arranged for some CEO from Italy to interrupt his flight to New York to land in Greece and pick up Tom and Carmen. Their trip was supposed to end in three weeks before this all happened. Now, it was gonna end in three days, and I don't know how Tom planned to avoid me for that long. I would get him home, I knew that for sure.

I gave Marco the good news, and he promised to pass it along to Carmen and Tom. Once everything was set, I leaned over and gave Jay a kiss on top of his head. He looked up and I kissed him on the lips.

We had sex that night. He had done real good, so I felt like I owed him something. Plus, if everything went to plan, this might be his last crack at my body, his last chance to prove himself, his last opportunity before his access disappeared for good. If everything went to plan, someone else will be availing themselves in my hot body, and Jay will be left in the dust.

My plan was working. The hunt was on. My manipulative, devious side had fully re-emerged.

I was back.

****

I stood at the edge of the pool, busy in what I was doing, until my attention was pulled away by someone emerging from inside the house, out the backdoor.

Out came Carmen, as frumpy as ever. Her hair looked ratty, and she had on those chunky, black hipster glasses, a look which did not work for her. Her face was not made-up, and it was clear make up was the only thing that made her look anything resembling pretty. Her skin looked paler than usual, and that was probably because despite the summer heat, she was wearing a thick hoody and loose jeans. And even with her unflattering coverings, it was clear it wasn't hiding much, as her body had nothing special to highlight. Her boobs looked flat and defeated, her ass was dull, and her legs were short and stumpy. She stopped in her tracks and her jaw dropped.

"Tom!" she called out.

"I think he's busy." I called back. He was busy, alright. Tom was directly behind me, grinding his cock between my ass cheeks as he sucked on my neck. His big hands were busy too, reaching around me to squeeze at my massive breasts. His hands were greedy, availing themselves in my bikini-clad flesh. Like my last pool-adventure, I was wearing a red bikini, but this time, I rocked it. My breasts were jutting outward proudly, perkily, the bikini top

stretched to the max to contain them. My cleavage was, like, a mile long. My belly was flat and toned, my legs were long and firm, and my ass felt as round and juicy as ever. My bikini bottoms were tiny, and they barely covered up the goods.

Tom clearly liked how I looked. He was again clad only in his wet swim trunks, but this time, his bulging cock was rubbing against me, grinding against my full, round ass, grinding between the cheeks. As Tom's fingers worked their magic on my boobs, I spoke up.

"Bout time you saw the show, Carmen." I called out. My eyes blatantly appraised her, and I whispered loudly back to Tom. "Look at what she's wearing. She's so ugly." I remarked. He laughed as he sucked at my neck.

"Tom, how could you?" she asked, about to cry. "She's your MOM."

"Have you seen this body? Have you seen these tits?" I called out. Carmen glanced at my chest, and then she glanced at her own, clearly seeing her inferiority. "Does she even know how bad she looks?" I asked Tom, and he grunted in response. Carmen was frozen, watching the incestuous foreplay in front of her.

"Don't worry, dear. I will take good care of your fiancé." I said with a proud smile. With that, I slid my hand behind me, sliding it into his shorts, letting my fingers circle around his dick. I began to slowly pump at him. "You need to realize he doesn't want a young girl like you for a girlfriend. He wants a real woman... like me. Besides, I'm

his girlfriend now. You don't have to worry, I know how pathetic you young little bitches get with your boyfriends, and I know you planned to marry him, but you don't have to worry. He will be well taken care of, believe you me. I will keep my son's balls well drained. Trust me, I was his jack material for years. Now, I'm just more hands on. You can let him go, hon, you don't have to worry. He's with his mother. It's for the best."

I began to really dig in, pumping him firmly, trying to draw the cum from his balls. Using my well-trained, experienced hand, I had him grunting and pumping the cum from his balls within minutes, dripping onto the hot cement. As I slipped my hand from his shorts, Carmen became unfrozen.

"You fucking bitch!" she screamed, running at me. With my cum covered hand, I slapped her across the face as she got close, knocking her dizzy, causing her to lose her balance and fall into the pool. If she hadn't looked pathetic before, she sure looked it now. Her boyfriend's mom had completely owned her, stealing her man from her, humiliating her, and kicking her ass in the process. It couldn't have gone any better.

I wasn't jarred awake from this dream. But even though I couldn't say for sure, I am positive that as I slept, and went through this dream, my lips were curled in a smile, and my nipples had tightened in pleasure.

I was back. Oh, I was definitely back.

****

(Tom)

Carmen had shown me the world.

We had survived spring break together. We had finished up the year at school together. We had flown out across the world together. We had come so far. It was only once we got there, and I saw a world both similar and foreign to mine, it was at that moment that I truly realized how big the world was.

I hadn't ever left the country before. I had barely ever left California. So, traveling with Carmen, hand-in-hand, I suddenly understood how small my world had been. Home had never felt so far away. And I wouldn't have it any other way.

If I had any doubts about Carmen before, this trip erased them. I loved this girl. She was my tour guide, showing me a world I had never seen. She guided me into trying new foods and going to places I would never think of going.

We went all over the place. We hit the UK, going to London, Ireland, Scotland, a little of everything. We hit all the more touristy spots, like Big Ben, Stonehenge, and stuff like that. We made our way to Spain for a bit, then to France, Germany, Amsterdam, Sweden, Italy, and a

bunch of other places. Our mode of travel changed, sometimes we'd fly, sometimes we'd drive. We lived pretty low-key, hiking around, taking in the countryside, really embracing this new world. Sometimes, we stayed in hotels, other times in hostels.

But let's be honest, this trip was really Tom and Carmen's European fuck fest. Me and her got it on every chance we had. Like in France, when we were in Paris, the city of romance. We had visited the Lourve, the Arc de Triumphe, and of course, the Eiffel tower. And as we took in the jutting tower in front of us, the city of romance allowed even my crassest come-ons to seem full of passion and love.

We stood next to each other, staring upward. I leaned into her and spoke up.

"Hey, you want to go to the hotel room and fuck?" I asked.

"Uh, yeah." she said, as if the answer was obvious. And fuck we did.

We got it on in every country we visited. And the sex was just getting better and better. We had gotten used to each other, used to each others' likes and dislikes, used to each others' bodies. I fucked her in every hole, exactly as hard as she wanted. We made love when the mood called for it. We were in tune. I was in sync with her in a way that I had never been with anyone.

And home, and Mom, and that whole thing seemed a million miles away. It was the last thing on my mind. For the first time in my life, I was positive I was over that whole thing. I was done with the games. I was done with home. I'd be a good son, but I vowed never to put myself in a vulnerable position again. I had Carmen. I didn't need anything else.

This trip was bliss. I couldn't have been happier.

Then we got to Greece.

Don't get me wrong, the country itself was great. The architecture was amazing, the people were cool. But there was clear social unrest, and we quickly found out our plans had fallen apart. We were supposed to fly out of here to start our trip home when our trip was over, but our flight had been severely delayed, and we had no quick way out of the country.

Carmen called home, and they called my home. Luckily, Dad had called in a favor, and he arranged a flight for us with some guy from Italy. But, the bad part was instead of having three weeks left on our trip, we had three days.

As we had dinner a couple nights before we left, we talked about our plans. Our lease for our apartment didn't start for three weeks, which was supposed to correspond to us getting back. School wouldn't start till around then. I realized it would be tough to avoid going home. I spoke up to Carmen.

"You know, when we get back, do you think, I could, uh, stay at your place?" I asked her. She looked up and gave me a look, like she wanted to say something, but she held herself back. "What?" I asked. She relented.

"Okay, don't take this the wrong way. I know you have your problems with your mom, I don't know what they are, but I don't want to marry a man who's afraid to confront his issues. Who's afraid to talk to his mom." she said. Part of me was tempted in that moment to just spill out the truth, to tell her everything. Cause if I did, she would understand why I wanted to keep my distance. But I couldn't, not yet, anyway. Hopefully not ever.

But then I thought over what she said, and realized she was right. I didn't want to spend the rest of my life afraid of going home, afraid of my mom. This had to end, once and for all. Me and Mom needed to talk this out, needed to deal with this thing. I wasn't afraid of her. Not anymore. I had conquered that part of me. The battle was essentially over. This needed to end.

"You're right." I said with a smile. "You're right." I repeated. She reached over and squeezed my hand.

"I know it's awkward, but you'll be okay. Besides, it'll be nice to have a little time apart. We've been joined at the hip for fucking ever." Carmen said.

"How dare you?" I said sarcastically. She smiled.

I called home the next day and let them know I was coming. I talked to Dad, and luckily, he wouldn't be traveling during the time I was home, so Mom wouldn't have as much time to play her games. Part of me was dreading it, but I was ready for it.

As we flew home on the personal jet of an Italian CEO named Vincenzo, all I could think about was home. This would be the longest time I would spend at home alone since last summer, when I left in anger after Mom's games reached their peak. I had left then with my blood boiling, me flailing in anger. But this time, I was stronger. Sure, I wouldn't have Carmen with me like I did at Christmas. But she had built me up. Made me stronger. Made me more confident and more secure. Carmen had me into a man. So, no matter what Mom tried to pull, I would be okay.

In a little under three weeks, I would be heading back to school. And when that time came, this game between me and Mom would be over and finished. The teasing and flirting would stop. In three weeks, the game would be over.

Because when I got home, I would be at my best. And not even Mom could bring me down.

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Chapter 11: Home

By the time I stepped through the front door at home, it was far too late for anyone to be awake, so I got to my room and got to sleep without incident. The last time I was home, I shut Mom down, hopefully for good. She was desperate and gave me one last Hail Mary, like I had done with her. And like her, I had easily turned her away. I could only hope that when I got up the next morning, Mom would have finally gotten the message, and the games would finally be over.

I was so wrong.

Even though I had arrived home pretty late, the sounds of movement in the morning awoke me early, preventing me from sleeping in. Knowing I would have to face this sooner or later, I stumbled downstairs.

Still groggy, I entered the kitchen, only to find Dad there, sipping his coffee as he ate a bagel and read the paper. I glanced around and realized we were alone, and as I did, Dad glanced up and caught sight of me.

"Hey there kiddo!" he said.

"What's up!" I replied, my eyes still not fully awake.

"How was your flight back?" he asked.

"Well, once we got out of Greece, everything was all good." I replied.

"What'd you think of Vincenzo?" he asked.

"He's uh... he's an interesting guy." I said with a smile.

"He definitely is." Dad said with a laugh.

"Thanks for, you know, arranging everything." I told him. "It really saved our asses."

"No problem." Dad replied. "Sorry you're vacation came to an end a bit early. Gotta cash in these favors while I can. Hopefully, soon, I'll be off the road for good, and they'll forget all about me."

"So, when does what's his name retire?" I asked.

"I think the end of next month." Dad replied. "I know they really want me to take his spot, but... I really don't want to."

"Yeah, I get it." I replied. "Can't spend your whole life traveling. You gotta stay home sometime."

"Exactly. So, how was Europe?" he asked.

"Well, besides the stuff at the end, it was incredible. Being there with Carmen... I definitely made the right call with her." I told him. He smiled proudly before standing up.

"Well, I'm happy for you son." he said. "But I gotta get going. You're sticking around for a while?"

"Yeah, I'll head back up to school around the first, that's when our lease starts, so it'll be a little over two weeks." I replied.

"Cool. We'll talk more tonight." Dad began. "Your Mom's upstairs in the shower. Be careful with her." Dad warned, causing me to gulp. Did he know something? "She's been in one of her moods lately. You know how she can get."

"I sure do." I said with a half-smile. Dad was about to walk past me when he stopped and held out his hand.

"It's good to have you back home, Tom." he said. I took his hand in mine and shook it.

"Good to be back." I told him. Dad stepped away, retrieved his leather briefcase, and was out the door within a minute. I steeled myself, knowing me and Mom were alone for the first time in almost

a year. After Dad's warning, I was a bit worried at to what to expect. I poured myself some orange juice, sat at the kitchen table and waited. I heard the shower turn off, and footsteps from above. I clenched my fists as I heard footsteps coming down the stairs, knowing the confrontation was about to come. I looked up at the entrance of the kitchen, waiting for her to appear.

And boy did she.

"Hey!" she said perkily as she sauntered into the kitchen. My eyes widened as I took her in. On top, she wore a figure hugging, tight pink tank top. It was extremely low-cut, allowing the copious flesh of her massive rack to pour over the top. The line of cleavage on her chest was monumental. And that bra was doing her favors, allowing her boobs to bounce with every step she took, as if they had shocks under them, lifting each melon and bouncing them rhythmically. And despite this incredible sight, it was what she had on her lower half that stuck with me.

She had on these white denim jeans I had never seen on her before. These jeans literally looked painted on, that's how tight they were. She was poured into them. I bet I could see every curve of her lower half. And the best part, I mean, the most noticeable part, was how low they rode. Part of her flat belly was left exposed, as were the tops of her womanly hips, and if she turned around, I guessed I would be able to see the tops of her ass cheeks. I would not be shocked to see her pussy hair, until I realized she took no chances, and had a red thong pulled up severely, each strap over her hips, the tiny material covering the goods, barely. She turned to face the counter, retrieving

a glass from the shelves, and as she did, I saw her from behind. I saw how tight her jeans clung to her rear-end, how they practically molded to each cheek. And my earlier conjecture was confirmed, as the tops of each of the firm cheeks was visible, shown off to me. And with how low they rode on her, I should have been able to see the top of her ass-crack, but luckily, that heroic thong threaded straight through, meeting with the straps running around her hips in a tiny little triangle, forming a textbook whale-tail, preventing me from seeing the top of my own mother's bare ass-crack.

She turned back to face me, and my eye's made it up to meet hers. She had a bright smile on that gorgeous face of hers.

"So, you made it back okay?" she said perkily.

"So we're still doing this?" I asked skeptically. She smiled.

"Of course." she replied. "What'd you think was gonna happen?"

"Oh, I guess I was being naïve, thinking you had gotten the message, only after telling it to you over three thousand times." I said. She smiled wide.

"And I thought I had made myself very clear." she began. "You need to face the fact that I am not stopping. I don't care what you do. What you say. I know you still want this body. You can run off, get married, do whatever, but can you really spend the rest of your life

wondering what if? Can you hold off that long? I don't think you can. I told you I am willing to go as long as it takes, but I don't think this will go that much longer. I think this will reach a head soon enough."

"How about a wager?" I began.

"What do you got?" she asked, leaning back against the counter, sipping water from a glass.

"You have a little over two weeks with me at home. So, how about, you go ahead, you give me your best shot. If at the end of these few weeks, I walk away unscathed, then it's over. No more games. No more teasing. We go back to the way it was." I said.

"And if not?" she asked coyly.

"Well... who knows?" I said, shaking my head. "What do you say?"

"I can bullshit you and say... yes, if we make it through till you go to school, then sure, the games are over, and I will admit defeat... But I'd be lying. I'd just keep coming after you. Face it, Tom." she said, moving close to me, stepping behind me, putting her lips to my ear. "Your mother's an unstoppable force. You can keep denying it, but I'll wear you down eventually. You know that. So why not just do it now, when you're at your best?" she rubbed my shoulders lovingly as she said this, her close proximity causing me to shiver. I bent forward, moving away from her hands.

"And, oh, by the way." she began, slamming the now empty glass of water in front of me. It was a glass I recognized, her favorite glass. "You're gonna be here awhile. If that... pressure, ever becomes too much for you, keep that glass by your side. I'm dying for another snack." Tittering, she stepped out of the room.

So, the battle was on. It's okay. I kinda knew it would be. I was ready. I was unbeatable. My love for Carmen would keep me strong.

Let the games begin.

****

Mom was pretty shameless.

Even on that first day, she was as subtle as a hammer. Today was apparently her cleaning day around the house, and what she planned to clean were the areas directly adjacent to me. This essentially meant that she was forced to push her cleavage in my face, bracing her arms behind me, so I wouldn't be able to look anywhere but her juicy cleavage. My eyes were drawn into that canyon of sweet, round flesh, but I could acknowledge her and not become transfixed by her.

She could show me a healthy portion of her fleshy tits. She could make me smell the air from deep in her cleavage. She could jiggle

and preen in front of me, but I wasn't giving her anything to work with.

The most annoying thing was that no matter where I went, Mom would move that glass so it was near me, I guess if the urge for pleasure hit me. But I had done a good job of pushing Mom out of mind, separating her from the lustful side of me, so I didn't even pop a stiffy at the visual treats she was offering. It was only after the third time or so time she placed the glass near me that I had to speak up.

"Mom, your point is made." I said, annoyed, sitting on the couch, pushing the glass away.

"Hey, I am just trying to keep this house clean. I know you're away from your girlfriend, so I know how tempting it must be to just whip it out and fire that thick cum all over the house. I just want to make sure you have a safe place to empty all that cum into whenever the need arises." Mom said.

"I'll be alright." I told her. "I think I have enough self-control to be able to hold back until I see Carmen again. I don't plan to spill a drop."

"Mmm, you think so?" Mom replied, putting her hands on her hips as she stood in front of me. "I doubt that. I know how it is for guys. Give it a few days and that cock will be so swollen... pulsing, so full of desire, almost bursting with cum. You will be walking through this house, that filthy dick of yours bulging all day, and all night,

crying for pleasure. And with a slut like me waving my tits and ass around... you may not like it, but your dick will. Your dick will love it! You may be holding the leash, but the dog will be barking." she said with a laugh.

"I think I can handle it." I replied confidently.

"Well, we'll see. Letting yourself get so backed up is not healthy, Tom. I'm a mom, I know these things. It's like I've always said, you should masturbate twice a day. It'll keep you sane." Mom said.

"What??" I said, shaking my head. "You never said that."

"I didn't?" she asked. "Well, I'm saying it now. It's a code I live by. I'm your mother and I know what's best. So, I'm telling you to make sure you jack that filthy dick of yours twice a day, at least. That's an order, young man."

"Really? Or what? You're gonna spank me?" I asked with a raised eyebrow. She smiled wickedly.

"Don't tempt me." Mom purred. "You think you can handle it, the pressure? It will be so hard. Of course, there are much more enjoyable ways to ease that pressure, but you're probably not ready for that. But when you're climbing up the walls, don't blame me. You're still an undisciplined boy in many ways. I give it two weeks, and you'll be thanking your lucky stars that your mother is allowing

you free reign to jack off whenever you need to. Two weeks and the pressure will be too much to bear for you, Tom. I can tell. Now, if you actually have any discipline, you could handle much more. Much, much more, like I do. Imagine how much pressure you'll be feeling in two weeks. Now, imagine twenty years of that. That's what I'm going on. The best I can do is take the edge off, but I haven't had that one, Earth-shattering, feel-it-in-your bones type of orgasm. You know how tough that is?"

"I don't care, Mom." I said. "I'll be fine."

"Well..." she began, tossing aside the dust rag, wiping her brow on the back of her arm, and pushing a few loose strands of hair behind her ear. "I think I'll take my own advice. I'll be in my room. Feel free to join me." Mom said, flouncing out of the room. I was a little stunned at how open she was being. How explicit my mom was being that she was going up to her room to masturbate.

There was nothing but silence for a few minutes as I sat frozen in place. I tried to focus on the TV and forget about her, at least until moans echoed throughout the house.

"OOOohhhhhh!"

"YES!"

"UH, FUCK!"

"Yes, I needed this!"

"Oh, do it, Tom! DO IT! FUCK YOUR MOTHER!"

"FUCK! FUCK!"

"UHH! UHHH! YES! YES! I LOVE IT!"

"Yes! Yes! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! I'm gonna squirt! YYYYYYYYYYESSSSSSSSSS! Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck FUCK!" she screamed.

I would be lying if I said my dick didn't twitch slightly at this. But I couldn't let her win. I couldn't let her get to me.

Mom came down a few minutes later, her body still covered with sweat but her clothes were luckily on. She had a bundle of sheets in her hands.

"Whew, I needed that." Mom said with a laugh. "Don't worry, I'll wash your sheets and get your bed remade before your father gets home." I gulped, realizing Mom had masturbated like a slut in my room, in my bed. "Oh, don't let me forget." Mom began. "Remind me to do my ass later. Obviously, I just did my pussy, and it's usually best when I do both. Thanks."

I gulped again, shocked at how open and blatant Mom was being.

Mom was right about one thing. When I went to bed that night, after having a relatively good evening once Dad got home, I realized I could smell Mom's scent in my room. Even though she had washed the sheets after squirting girl-cum all over them, I could still smell her. The sheets were clean, but the stain was permanent. Her smell could not escape my nose, and I would be lying if I said it didn't affect me as I had difficulty falling asleep. It was for a good reason, though.

My dick was throbbing.

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So, yes, she was affecting me. But that didn't mean I wanted her. My cock was acting on animal instinct, reacting at the sight of a sexy creature. Nothing more. I woke up the next morning, groggy again. Dad was probably already gone to work, which would probably explain why I woke up to the sound of moaning.

"OH, FUCK!" I heard, Mom's voice muffled by the running water of the shower. I couldn't help but listen.

"Ahhhhh, fuck, fuck, FUCK!" Mom screamed out. My grogginess gone, I was suddenly wide awake.

"Ughhhhh! YES! It's so big! Fuck, that feels so good in my ass!" she squealed. My eyes widened. So, here I was, alone at home with Mom, listening to her masturbating in the shower, listening as she drove a dildo roughly in and out of her ass.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YYYYYEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!" Mom screamed, hitting her climax. And, yet again, I found myself stiff. I wrote it off as being simply morning wood.

Mom quieted down, and I heard the shower turn off. I wanted to give myself a few minutes before I got going, but Mom had no such plans. A few minutes later, she barged right in.

"Oh good, you're awake." Mom said. I sat up, the sheet covering me falling down, revealing my bare upper half. As I took in Mom's appearance, I couldn't find words to get mad at Mom's invasion of my privacy.

She was wearing a towel. That's it. There was a knot at the front, right between her breasts, and it must have been one hell of a knot, knowing the weight it was holding back. The edge of the towel must have been, like, centimeters above her nipples, because there was a lot of smooth flesh above the hem. And the towel was short too, mere inches below her ass. Combined with her wet hair and her smooth, moist skin, and long, firm, bare legs, I had never seen Mom this exposed to me.

"Well, you little butthead, you forgot to remind me to do my ass yesterday, so I had to do it this morning." she said.

"How did you make it through the night?" I wondered sarcastically.

"I know, right?" Mom replied. "So, don't let it happen again."

I rolled my eyes, and she smiled knowingly and stepped out. If this was what Mom had planned, masturbating loudly and just showing off a tiny bit more of her body, then I can handle this. Part of me was affected, but my mind was still clear.

The goal of this trip back home for me was to end this tension with Mom, and the spirit of this goal kind of required me and Carmen to be apart. I kept in touch with Carmen during my stay here, texting and talking on the phone, but we both kinda understood why we were staying apart. This was my battle, not hers. And part of what she had said was true. We had been together, joined at the hip, for a while now, and a little bit of absence would make the heart grow fonder. So, instead of defaulting to just crossing town and meeting up with her, I forced myself to confront my problem head on.

I wouldn't let Mom win. I wouldn't give her anything, any angle. I wouldn't waste a drop of cum to thoughts of her. No, I belonged to Carmen. My seed belonged to her. But... I had to be careful. Mom was in rare form, and I knew deep down, if I tried to sneak away to masturbate, if I tried to pleasure myself to thoughts of Carmen, I

would fail. Not that I wouldn't find my pleasure. No, being in Mom's house, in her territory, caught in the wake of her pheromones, any attempts to ignore Mom's hot body would fail. If I spilled a drop of cum in this house, there was no doubt it would be to thoughts of Mom. It would be impossible not to. And if I started down that slope, I wouldn't be able to stop myself. The solution was simple. For the duration of my stay at home, I wouldn't cum once. I would be testing my self-control, and pushing myself to a new limit, but to prevent Mom from winning, that's what would have to be done.

And unfortunately, diving in head first against Mom meant getting a primo view of her jiggling breasts. Sure, a pair of massive breasts would make any guy react, and I was no exception. But that was okay, I had Carmen now, and that was all I needed. That part of me that truly wanted Mom was gone now.

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I had to admire the work Mom was putting in. She had definitely stepped it up in terms of aggression. But it was her brazenness that truly shocked me.

I did my best to steer clear of Mom. I went out, hung out with friends, or found something to keep my mind occupied. But, of course I had to make my appearances at home, namely at dinner and stuff like that. My parents had me back home, and it would have been impossible for them to allow me to dodge all that, especially since I had been gone from home for so long. I thought I was safe with Dad around, but even then, Mom was on the attack.

"I know you find this boring..." Dad began, talking to me and Mom as we sat at the dinner table. "But anyway, so I called up Ted, over in, uh... Chicago..."

I admittedly always kinda zoned out when Dad began to talk work stuff. I could smile and nod with the best of them. I looked over at Mom across the table, and although she was looking at Dad, I could tell she was ignoring Dad, just like I was. She was smiling and nodding, her attention clearly elsewhere. And then I realized, with a jolt, exactly what was on her mind. As I glanced at Dad, I felt a jab at my crotch. I looked down and realized her bare foot was pressing against my dick.

"Ted's the guy you went over to Hong Kong with, right?" Mom asked, ever the doting wife. Meanwhile, as she held Dad's attention with a loving smile, her toes were kneading my balls gently through my shorts. I glanced at Mom, asking with my eyes what the fuck she was doing. She only gave me a quick, knowing glance, before returning her attention to Dad.

I looked down at my plate, ignoring my mom's insistent foot jabbing into my growing prick. Her toes stroked the length of my shaft effortlessly, not showing a hint of this as she chatted with Dad. Dinner had barely begun, so walking away would raise questions. Mom was forcing me to take it, and I had no recourse but to let it happen. I just grit my teeth, ignored them both, and angrily kept eating my pork chop, hoping to finish quickly so I could leave.

A few bites later, I felt Mom push her foot firmly into me, causing me to look up. Mom was looking right at me, smiling, and Dad was looking at me expectantly as well.

"What?" I croaked out.

"Well, tell your father what you've been up to while you've been back." Mom said, raising her eyebrows. I thought fast. Obviously, I couldn't let him know what Mom had been doing with me and I couldn't let Mom know she had any effect on me.

"Oh, not much." I responded as Mom squeezed my sack with her toes. "It's been pretty uneventful."

"Oh, sorry we're boring you, son." Dad said with a laugh. "Hopefully, your mother isn't running you too ragged." Mom gasped in mock offence as swiveled the ball of her foot into my cock.

"No." I replied. "There isn't anything she can do that I couldn't handle." I replied, glancing her way. She smiled, almost proudly, before kicking me lightly in the crotch, causing me to wince slightly. As Dad looked away, I saw Mom deftly unbutton one of the buttons on her top, allowing me a primo view from across the table of her round, juicy cleavage. I gave her a hostile look and continued eating.

So, Mom won that round. She was now stepping up to teasing me directly in front of Dad. And she wasn't done there. I tried my best to avoid her, but somehow, she always found a way.

The next day, Mom went out to run some errands, so I had free reign of the house. I took out some aggression in the exercise room, working out, lifting weights. It was nice to find an outlet to blow off some steam. Mom had been gone for only about twenty minutes, so I knew I had time, plus I felt comfortable not wearing a shirt while working out, knowing she would gawk at me if I did that in her presence.

I had been successfully baited.

As I stood up, pulling up some pretty heavy weights, I nearly dropped the weights onto the floor as I felt hands curl onto my sweaty biceps, and a pair of big breasts push into my back.

"Mmmm. Nice. These muscles make me drool." Mom whispered into my ear. I jolted slightly, and had to rebalance the weight bar in my palms, not wanting to drop it on my feet. I stabilized the weight in my hands just as Mom's hands curled down my body, running around my torso, fingering my abs, letting her fingers trail downward, ever so close to my...

With a jerk, I bent over, setting the weights on the bar roughly, before jumping out of Mom's range.

"What are you doing?" I asked angrily. I looked at her, wearing slim, dark jeans and a tight, white top. The shadows of her dark nipples wear slightly visible through the material.

"Looking good, Tom." Mom said. "Looking jacked." she added, curling her arms lightly.

"What are you doing back so soon?" I asked. She just smiled wickedly, letting me know this was all part of the plan.

"God..." Mom began. "You're so much more of a man than your father. He never looked this tasty." Mom marveled. "I can see why you want to take his place."

"What?" I asked, confused.

"It must be so tough for you. You look at your father and realize you have him beat in every way. You're younger, you're hotter, you're more fit on your worst day than him at his best. And while his size isn't bad, I know you have him beat there too. And he's always gone, leaving his hot wife alone. And you just know by looking at my hard nipples every day that he's not getting the job done. It must be hard to be stuck in line behind a guy when you know you could step in, take his place, and rock his wife's world." Mom explained.

"You know..." I said, taking one step forward. "I'm not gonna let you get to me. I'm not gonna let you get in my head." Mom smiled and nodded, drinking in my exposed upper half.

"Well, at least you're not getting fat like your girlfriend." Mom said. I wanted to explode at her, but I calmed myself, kept my cool, and replied.

"Like I said, Mom, I'm not gonna let you get to me. But I would appreciate some privacy." I told her.

"Okay, okay, I get it." Mom began. "I just wanted to let you know that your mother thinks your body is extremely sexy, and even though you're my son, I would, like, totally hook up with you. And by hook up, I mean... fuck." Mom said. With that, she stepped out, leaving me alone in the exercise room. For some reason, the casual way she said that sent a dark thrill through me. I grabbed the weights and got back to work, trying to forget about her.

I wanted to confront her about this, to put this game at an end, but whenever I was around, Mom was just on the attack. I could have easily just gone away, but that defeated the point of me being here, which was to end this. I just needed to figure out how to make her stop. I needed to get on with this, so I could fully mentally commit to Carmen.

But, in trying to figure out how to put an end to this, I put myself in Mom's crosshairs. And she was unrelenting in her attacks. I was

putting myself through hell here. I just had to grit my teeth, bite my tongue, and keep my cool, not letting her get into my head. But sometimes, that was really hard.

I was cooking up some stir-fry, focused entirely on what I was doing. That allowed Mom to make her move. I jumped as I felt a pair of hands squeezing my ass. I turned back sharply to see Mom laughing from a few feet behind me.

"Sorry, honey." Mom began, her boobs jiggling with her laughter under her cream colored blouse. "I couldn't resist. I just love your butt! I wanna bite it!"

"Please don't." I chided, trying to focus on cooking, hoping she would give me some space, but unfortunately, she hung around, still tittering.

"So, I was thinking..." Mom began, coming down from her laughing fit. "You know, since everything is out in the open at this point, I feel like we can be totally honest with each other."

I know Mom enjoyed making me squirm, so knowing that, I did the unexpected. I pulled the plate off the burner to let it cool and turned to face her.

"Okay, like what? What do you want to talk about?" I said, leaning back against the counter, crossing my arms.

"Oh. Okay." Mom said, a bit surprised to see me playing along. "Well, let's see... it's become clear we are both very... sexual beings. So, I think we should talk shop. Compare some notes here."

"Well... you start." I said, throwing caution to the wind, going along with her.

"Okay." Mom said. "I'll start from the beginning. Lost my virginity when I was 15, with, um... Roger Finstruck. Now, you're turn."

"14. With Heather Raney." I replied.

"Oh, her? I hated her." she said with a grimace.

"You hate every girl I'm with." I replied. She nodded in agreement. "You're up." I said.

"Okay. I first did anal when I was... 16, I believe. That was with... Sean Smith." Mom said.

"So, you do it up all the holes?" I asked.

"Oh, yeah, totally." Mom said with a slight laugh, as if the answer was obvious. "It's been a while, though, since I've gotten the fun stuff."

"Dad doesn't like it?" I asked.

"No, it's not that. It's... well, you know how I told you 'you couldn't handle me'? Well, your father, he definitely can't handle me." Mom said. "Alright, it's my turn. Have you ever done anal with a girl?"

"Yeah, Mom, a few times." I told her.

"Does, uh, your little..." she began.

"Yep, Carmen does it too. She really likes it." I told her. Mom nodded, slightly impressed.

"Are you gentle with them? Or do you like it... hard?" Mom asked huskily.

"Um, gentle to start, hard to finish." I replied. Mom smiled slightly.

"Mmm, just how I like it." she added with a purr. I rolled my eyes.

I know it seems weird to be talking openly about sex with my mom, but compared to some of the other things we've done, this was cake. Now that I was participating in the game, Mom wasn't being as aggressive. The tone of this conversation was pretty light.

"C'mon Mom, you can do a bit better than that." I told her, unimpressed with her lazy come-on.

"No, it's true! When I'm getting fucked up the ass, I like to feel it! I like for the guy to really go to town on me." she replied.

"Good to know." I said sarcastically.

"I know what you like." Mom began.

"Oh yeah, what's that?" I asked.

"I still remember that picture of Casey you showed me, after you were done with her. That picture of her face, covered with all that thick cum. I think about it a lot. Is that your little ritual? Is that what you do to all the pretty girls? Are there tons of nasty pictures on your phone of all your conquests? Cause if so, I wanna see em." she asked.

"Um, well, I used to be into that, but... I don't know, it's not really my thing anymore." I said.

"Don't act like you're not still into that. Trust me, once you find what you like, you keep doing it. It never gets old." Mom said with a laugh. I looked away. "Is there a picture of Carmen like that?" she asked.

"Um... yeah, I think so." I replied. Mom smiled.

"As if you don't know." Mom said, rolling her eyes. "I'm surprised Tom. She's gonna be your wife! The mother of your children! But you want to remember the time you covered her ugly face with your creamy jizz? That's your favorite, cherished memory? How disrespectful that must be, just marking your territory, defacing your true love like that? Showing her so little respect. I mean, I wouldn't know. No guy's dared try to pull that on me. They wouldn't dare. I scare them too much. With me, they don't really control where they cum. It just... happens. Guys always seem to lose control with me. I control them. They don't control me."

Mom let that statement hang in the air. Sure, I had cum on Carmen's face that first time, but I haven't done it since. It felt... wrong. Disrespectful, like Mom said. I loved her, and I didn't want to do something so arrogant, so controlling. Me and Carmen were in sync. I didn't need to do an anything like that anymore.

"Okay, you're up." Mom said. I was shaken from my regret by her voice. A thought came to mind quickly.

"Oh, uh... you ever cheated on Dad?" I asked. Mom shook her head.

"No. Believe it or not... I've been a good wife. Never cheated once. Not that I haven't been tempted..." she added, trailing off.

"You're kidding me. You never cheated?" I asked.

"No! Why would I? The only time I would cheat is if I could get something I've never had before. Your father isn't much of a Casanova in the bedroom, and I barely let him give me his best shot anymore. My own fingers get the job done more than he does. And, you know, I've had better lovers, sure, but they were never enough for me. So why cheat when what I would be getting isn't what I need? I haven't had a single man offer me something new since college. I've pretty much seen it all." Mom said.

"Oh yeah?" I asked.

"Yeah!" Mom affirmed. "Tom, I don't know if you know this, but I was a giant slut in college. You know, white guys, black guys, Latino guys, two guys, even three guys one time."

"You ever done girls?" I asked, the thought of Mom hooking up with another woman, so many soft curves... I shook my head clear.

"Yeah, well... kind of. I've been with girls, but mostly, they just wanted to do things to me. I didn't have to do any of the work. I think I'm the type of girl other girls want to have their one, all-girl hook-up with. I mean, if they wanted to do it once, they wanted the best,

you know? So, they would do things with me, like play with my boobs, suck them, lick my pussy and my ass, and that would be enough. I didn't have to do a thing. It was like they were worshipping me, worshipping at the cunt of a superior woman." Mom explained.

Mom detailing how even other women bent to her will sent a thrill through me.

"So, you say you've seen it all... is that why you want me now? Cause I'm something new?" I asked, spooning some of the stuff from the pan onto a plate. She smiled.

"Tom, you are definitely something new, I'll give you that." Mom began. "You're young, you're hot, you've got the body. And of course, you're my son. That makes it incest, Tom. That's definitely something new. A type of sex so forbidden, so filthy, so nasty... I can't believe I hadn't considered it before." She paused, beginning to slowly approach me, one foot in front of the other. "But what I really like about you, what makes you so fucking irresistible... is how badly you're trying to resist the inevitable. Tom, me and you are on collision course. It's been that way for years. At first, I denied it, and now, you're denying it, but it's meant to happen. We're destined to become lovers. You're destined to cheat on your fat little girlfriend with me, as I am destined to cheat on your father. God, I can't wait to finally cheat on him. It is way fucking overdue. I have so many friends telling me how fucking great cheating on their husbands is, how it's kept them sane. Now, it's my turn, Tom. My fucking turn! I was just waiting for the right moment, and it's soon. Tom, that body,

that dick, it's not meant for a girl your own age. It's meant to come back home to me. It's meant for your mother, to give me the pleasure I deserve. I created you. I deserve you. In this game, people like Carmen, people like your father, they're on the sidelines. They don't matter. People like us... we're the ones who get to have the real fun. People like us get to fuck. Carmen might give you a little thrill now and again, but she doesn't give you that deep, earth-shattering pleasure you really need. The pleasure I need."

Mom was forcing me back against the counter as she moved in close, her jutting breasts nearly closing the distance between us. She held my gaze, neither of our eyes blinking.

"We're starving animals, Tom." Mom whispered, licking her lips. "It's time to feast."

As she did that, she reached behind me and ran her finger through the sauce on my plate. She brought her finger to her mouth and sucked the sauce off the tip lewdly.

"Tasty." she whispered. She stepped up even closer, putting her leg between mine. I was frozen as she smoothly leaned forward and pressed her lips softly against mine. It was just a little peck, but she repeated the action a couple of times as I stood frozen. She moved her lips close to my ear.

"I can't wait to get my tongue in your mouth." she whispered. I shivered at the lewd thought of making out with my own mom.

Mom spun around, rubbing her hip against my swollen cock, before walking away, shaking her juicy ass as she walked.

Yeah, I'll admit, this encounter shook me a little bit. It had felt both raw and intimate. She had been so close, she had enveloped me in her pheromones. My cock was hard, again. Mom could still work some magic on me, but I had to stay strong. I had to keep telling myself Mom was really bad for me.

Carmen was all I wanted. Why didn't my dick listen?

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A far more distressing event happened that night, and event that made me wonder what I really wanted, deep down.

Mom was insistent on going out to dinner, so me, her, and Dad went out after he got home from work. We went to a pretty nice place, a place that was popular for business lunches and stuff like that. I had hoped this would be a pleasant evening.

Mom had other plans.

Once Dad got home, it seemed like Mom's bitch side was turned on. She became very impatient with both me and Dad, trying to hurry

us up. Dad and I just shared a knowing look as we got in the car, heading to the restaurant.

Mom was very short with both of us during the entire drive, shutting us down as we joked around a bit. We reached the restaurant and got seated, and I could feel Mom's anger. I didn't know why she was mad. Mom had been teasing and playful all day, but now, she wore this façade of annoyance and frustration. I didn't know what she was playing at.

Mom was very curt with the waitress as she ordered, giving her specific instructions on what she wanted on her salad. Mom didn't speak much as we waited, but her eyes betrayed her annoyance. Finally, we received our meals. Mom made it a point to pick through her salad, not eating a bite. A few moments later, the cute young waitress returned to the table, asking if things looked okay. Mom looked up at her in annoyance, a look I had seen many times in my younger years.

"You wrote down my order, right?" Mom asked coolly.

"Um, yeah... is there a problem?" the waitress asked.

"Well, first of all, I asked for no mushrooms, and I've seemed to have gotten extra mushrooms. I wanted extra olives, and I didn't get any. I asked for light dressing, and this salad is swimming with it. Need I go on?" Mom asked.

"I'm sorry," the girl stammered out, checking her order pad. "I must have misheard you."

"Clearly." Mom smirked condescendingly. "Honey, if a girl like you wants to get far, you're gonna have to listen. Cause if you're working for tips all your life, you're gonna have to at least provide something resembling good service."

"I'm, uh, I'm sorry. I'll replace your salad right away." The girl said, tears swimming in her eyes. She grabbed Mom's plate and rushed away.

"Tanya, what are you doing?" Dad asked, mad at Mom. "She made a mistake. Don't crucify her." Mom turned and glared at Dad.

"She has one job." Mom said. "I can't be blamed when she's the one screwing up."

"Well... tone it down a bit." Dad warned. Mom narrowed her eyes at him. Once she looked away, Dad looked at me, and I shrugged my shoulders. I didn't know what she was up to.

But I did know one thing. Mom had received exactly what she had ordered. So, she was lying to the waitress, berating her, when she in fact did her job correctly. What was her game here?

A few seconds later, a woman appeared next to the table, an older woman, looking a little dressier than the waitress.

"I'm sorry, was there a problem, ma'm?" The homely older woman, clearly a manager, said to us.

"Yes. You might need to start teaching your waitresses how to listen." Mom began. "It is their one job. Hon, if you want to be a manager, then manage. Do your job and teach these... dumb little girls... how to smile and listen. I know none of you here are exactly geniuses, but I assume you guys can at least do that much, right?"

"I assure you, ma'm..." the woman began.

"My name is Tanya, not ma'm. If you're gonna disrespect me, at least do it by name." Mom spat out.

"Uh, I'm sorry, uh...Tanya." The manager said, clearly flustered, as Mom walked all over her. "I assure you that this was an isolated mistake. Joan is one of our newer waitresses, and she is still learning the ropes."

"And now you sell out your waitress just to protect your own ass?" Mom asked. "What kind of leadership is that?

"I, uh..." the older woman stammered.

"Tanya, what are you...?" Dad began. Mom's fiery glare silenced him.

"If a mistake happened under your watch, then admit it. Don't say it was her fault. Admit it was your own. Apologize for YOUR mistake." Mom insisted. I crinkled my eyes, wondering what Mom was doing as she berated this poor woman. The homely older woman was flustered, clearly.

"Uh, ma'm, uh... I mean, Tanya." The woman began, her cheeks beet red. "I'm sorry for our mistake. For, uh, my mistake."

The entire restaurant was watching, as were the workers, watching as Mom tore down the woman running this place, humiliating her in front of people meant to respect her authority. Mom looked up at the woman as she apologized, and as soon as she admitted fault, Mom almost looked disgusted at her as she rolled her eyes and pushed her chair back.

"I think I lost my appetite." Mom said. Eager to just get out of this awkward tension, me and Dad followed Mom out the door. As soon as we reached the parking lot. Dad spoke up.

"Tanya, what the hell was that?" Dad asked, angry. Dad didn't get mad often, but he looked pissed at her. "You were terrible to them in there."

"I'm sorry, in five minutes they completely embarrassed themselves." Mom replied. "They had one job and they fucked it up!"

"Tanya, mistakes happen." Dad replied. "It's not the end of the world. Hon, you should go in there and apologize."

"Apologize? For what? I did nothing wrong!" Mom replied, not backing down. She had her hands on her hips, her brown leather purse in her hand, her body adorned in slinky, low cut jeans and a red top which clung to her top half, showing off her massive, jutting breasts. Even in her anger, she looked sexy, her imposing body making her appear intimidating. I can understand why people could be so tentative around her. Mom could be damn imposing when she wanted to.

Dad could see her pride holding her back, and he spoke up.

"Well, if you won't, then I will." Dad replied, turning on his heels, going back in. Dad was inside for a few minutes, before returning, looking at Mom angrily before getting into the car. It became clear dinner out wasn't happening as Dad angrily zoomed home.

Dad reacted correctly. Mom had been a complete cunt to the two women in the restaurant, and like any good guy, he defended the wronged party, even at the expense of his wife. Mom's slight had been minor at best, but her response had been over the line, and Dad knew that. He was the gentleman, apologizing for his wife's actions and vicious words. Dad reacted correctly.

And how did I react, you might ask?

Let's just say, the trip home was a bit of a struggle for me. The problem was, I spent the whole drive hiding my rock-hard erection. Mom being a raging cunt to those two innocent women made me as stiff as a brick. I don't know if I'd ever felt harder. Mom just sitting there, asserting her dominance over those two lesser women, effortlessly humiliating them... it made my cock throb.

What the fuck was wrong with me? If I was a good guy, a normal guy, I should do what Dad did, come to the aid of those in trouble. What did I do? How did my cock react? It took Mom's side, getting rock hard for her, forsaking those two wronged parties in favor of my mother's raging cuntiness.

As soon as we got home, it seemed like the switch turned off in Mom. She apologized to Dad, and promised to call the restaurant to apologize as well. Dad was pretty forgiving and mere minutes after screaming at her in anger, they were in each others' arms. But I knew Mom better than that. She didn't regret a thing. This was probably part of her plan, one of her schemes. On its surface, the plan was illogical. Act like a raging bitch and hope that makes you seem more attractive? It shouldn't work at all, but here I was, hard as a rock, so maybe Mom knew more than I did.

As soon as I got home, it took every fiber in my being not to run upstairs and beat off. I hated to admit it, but Mom still had my

number. Something about her ruthless dominance, her cold ability to stamp out others and make sure everyone knew she was the alpha female. Her vicious words, that dark streak in her... God, it did it for me in the worst way. It made her so much more appealing, for some twisted reason. I hated that that was the truth. Something about her, the whole, gorgeous twisted package, made my body ache. It became clear, that despite my objections, despite hoping otherwise, she still had my cock wrapped around her finger. She still had me by the balls. And with how callous she had been to those two women, I realized that she had been taking it easy on Carmen. She could have been even meaner. I didn't want to think of what Mom could say to Carmen, not only because I didn't want to hear it, but I didn't want to know how my cock would react.

I thought I could win this game, that I could swear her off for good, but my traitorous body left me victim to her wiles. My mind knew better, my heart was elsewhere, but my cock only wanted one thing.

Mom was a force of nature. How could I stop her? How could I end this game? How could I move onto my life with Carmen if I couldn't get this thing with Mom sorted out? There had to be an answer. Some angle I hadn't considered. But what was it? Or was the answer a far more terrifying one? Was it possible that there was no stopping her? Would she ever call off the attacks? End her pursuit? Would she ever stop this game?

My mind hoped for a way to stop her. My cock didn't.

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I would quickly realize Mom was about to step things up. I thought she had crossed some lines before, but what she did next surpassed anything she had done before.

I had worked out in the exercise room for a little while early in the morning to take my mind off things. In doing so, I had worked up a pretty good sweat, so I felt like taking a dip in the pool. I changed into my swim trunks, made sure the coast was clear, and dove right in.

People think of football players as lunkering meatheads, with big and bulky muscles earned solely by lifting weights. I liked to think I was different. My muscles were a bit leaner and more genuine, as opposed to the showy muscles some of my peers had. And the reason for that was that I made sure to swim as much as possible. It kept my cardio and endurance high, and it kept me lean as opposed to bulky. Some of my former teammates would probably sink to the bottom, but not me. I could glide like a fish in the water.

I swam a few laps, getting a pretty good workout, when my peace was disturbed by a splash in the water. I stopped swimming and turned back, just in time to see Mom emerge from the water, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Hey. Thought I'd join ya." Mom said. The water dripped from her, down her chest, across the stretchy orange material of her bikini top, her boobs looking extra huge.

"Well..." I began, wiping the water from my eyes. "I was just about to get out, so you can do whatever you want." Mom jutted out her lower lip.

"You're no fun." she pouted. Mom watched me as I lifted myself over the edge, hearing the water drip off me as I did so.

"God damn, Tom!" Mom called out. I looked back at her, and her eyes rose to meet mine. "You're such a tease! You don't know how badly I want to squeeze your ass!" I gave Mom a confused look as she smiled wide at me.

"Uh... okay." I said. I was about to head in, and even though I had just dried myself with a towel, I was still a little wet, so seeing how bright the sun was shining, I decided to just lie on a deck chair and catch some rays. The deck chair was one of those wood numbers, with a deep seat that allowed you to lie back at a slight recline as well as allowing me to stretch my legs, placing my arms on the two arm rests surrounding me. I closed my eyes, drowned out the noises from the swimming pool and kinda zoned out for a while.

I shouldn't have let down my defenses.

I don't know how long I was out of it, but I was woken up by some noise in front of me. My eyes opened, and as they adjusted to the bright afternoon sun, I took sight of the vision in front of me.

Mom was standing in front of me, facing away. She was reaching back behind her to scrub her lower back with a fluffy white towel. I looked up at the silky skin of her back, the straining clasp of her top the only interruption on this vision of smooth skin. As she scrubbed her lower back, the towel obscuring her lower half, I caught sight of part of the front of her. Her boobs were so large, and so round, that even when facing away from me, and only slightly standing at an angle, I could see a good portion of the sides of her round, bulbous bikini covered breasts. My eyes were drawn to them, studying their graceful curvature, at least until she dropped the towel.

Suddenly, I was wide awake. My heart started pounding, and the rapid beating felt like it was echoing in my ears. The sight in front of me was unbelievable.

For the first time in my life, I had a direct, full-on view of Mom's thong-clad ass.

And, as much as I tried to bury my lust for her, as much as I loved Carmen, I would be lying If I said I didn't find the sight in front of me incredibly thrilling.

I couldn't help but drink it all in. Mom's ass was incredible. Simply perfect. It was just jutting out there, begging to be appreciated. Each cheek was full, and round, and juicy. There was a slight jiggle after she dropped the towel, and it was clear each firm cheek was in peak condition. They each had that artful little crease between her ass

cheek and her leg, and her entire ass maintained that perfect, golden tan, like the rest of her. My eyes fell to the tiny bit of string, which was practically microscopic, running between her ass-cheeks, disappearing between them. From my angle, all I could see was the tiny triangle of orange material at the top crest of her ass-cheeks and the little bit of material running over her pussy, barely covering it. I had no doubt that if she bent over, her asshole would be exposed to me.

This was my MOM doing this. I can't stress that fact enough. This is the woman who walked me to school when I was younger, who baked me cakes on my birthday, who took me trick-or-treating. Now, she was brazenly showing me her sexy, thong-clad ass.

Mom looked back at me, over her shoulder, and her lips curled into a smug smile. I was frozen, staring at her exposed ass, so I made no effort to cover up my bulging erection, shown off plainly in my wet trunks. I had never seen my mom this exposed, so of course I reacted. Mom knew what a momentous occasion this was, and she was taking advantage. She had her son, who was engaged to the love of his life, enthralled at his own mom's hot ass. She had a 20 year old guy gawking at a 42-year-old's ass. She was not going to waist this opportunity.

She wasn't done yet.

Before I could react, before I could move, before I could object, Mom made her move. She backed up so she stood on either side of my outstretched legs, placing the backs of her lower legs against the

front edge of the deck chair. Then, she bent over, pointing her brazenly exposed ass at me as she placed put her hands on the arm rests. And then, before I could barely mutter a reply, Mom began to sit down.

It went in slow motion. As she sat, her butt stuck out, and from my angle, I could see each jutting mound of flesh up close. I noticed the way they spread apart as she bent over, the way each cheek seemed so smooth and unblemished, how magnificently ripe and firm each cheek seemed. Her ass didn't waver. It knew right where it was going, and I did too. Before I could raise my hands to stop her, to prevent her from reaching her goal, I realized my throbbing dick was pressed against my body, pointing straight up towards my belly button. And Mom knew that too, because as I felt her weight on my lap, her practically bare ass-crack landed straight on top of my bulging cock, my dick now running the length of my own mother's ass-crack.

"Uhh." I groaned as all of my mother's weight was now pressed on my crotch. Mom leaned back against me, so her back was pressed against my front. She moaned lightly as her head fell back next to mine, her hair falling against my neck. The sensation made me shiver. Mom turned and looked down at me.

"Mmmm, I think I found the perfect seat." Mom purred, swiveling her ass, grinding against me. "Wow, you are big."

"Mom... uh, don't do this. Please get off me." I asked.

"I'm not going anywhere." Mom said. "Not till I get what I want."

"What do you want?" I asked, as she ground her ass against my cock, squeezing her cheeks around it. My hands were up in the air, not knowing what to do with them.

"Look at me, Tom." she insisted. I knew better, I really did. But I couldn't resist. I acted on animal instinct, and looked down.

I really shouldn't have.

I looked down Mom's body, but I realized my view was slightly obstructed. Not by her hair or her arm or anything like that. No, what was blocking my view of the entire expanse of her bikini-clad body was her enormous fucking rack. They had never looked bigger. I swear they seemed as big as fucking volleyballs. They jutted proudly to the sky, the tops of her breasts looking incredibly round and smooth and unblemished. The stretchy, orange material of her bikini top was stretched to the max around her boobs, molding to them, the only blemish along that smooth expanse was the indentation caused by her throbbing nipples. My cock twitched in delight. Mom gasped slightly in my ear, causing me to shiver, before speaking softly.

"You can touch them if you want, Tom." she whispered, still swiveling in my lap. "I know a guy isn't supposed to want to squeeze his mom's great, big breasts, but I give you permission. They look so big... and soft, don't they? I know you want to put your hands on

them and really squeeze them, really dig in. You've always wanted to. Well go ahead... do it. It's only a little squeeze. What's the worst that could happen?"

I knew what the worst that could happen was. Me, taking one, lustful touch. Digging my fingers into her giant breasts, feeling her soft flesh pouring through my fingers. Me, squeezing her silky flesh over and over again, driven mad with lust, cheating on my fiancée with my mom, fucking her as hard as humanly possible, forsaking Carmen in the process. I knew what could happen if I slipped up.

"I know they're big." Mom whispered, squeezing her bare ass-cheeks firmly around my barely-clothed shaft. "But it seems like big things run in the family. At least... in my side of the family. Mmmmm, you definitely don't take after your father." she said, squeezing my cock again. "Men have always stared at me. At them. I've seen you staring at them for years. They've always had a way of making men drool. And you could have them, right now. You just take those big, sexy hands of yours and put them on my chest. It's okay. You can touch your own mother's body, Tom. I want you to. You NEED to. They are so much bigger than Carmen's, aren't they? I know how tough it can be being with a girl with such small, pathetic breasts. But now, you can have mine, a pair, of great, big ones. And you'll never need hers again."

"Mom, I..." I croaked out, trying to resist the pleasure as Mom ground into me.

"Face it, Tom. Your old Mom has your girlfriend beat in every way." she began, grinding her ass down into me, putting pressure on the length of my shaft at a steady, rhythmic pace. "I'm hotter, mmmm, yeah. I'm sexier. Fuck, your even bigger than I thought! I have way sexier hair." She said, letting her hair tickle my neck. "I have better legs. A way prettier face. I'm way more fit. Oh, yeah... and with tits and ass, it's pretty obvious I have her beat there, too. And just so you know... mmm, yes... just so you know... just wait... just wait till you feel how tight your mother's cunt is!"

"Jesus!" I muttered, my eyes lidded in pleasure.

"It's time, Tom." Mom told me. "It's time for you to feel me. It's time for you to feel your mom's breasts. When your mom is as hot as me, and has such a big rack, it doesn't matter that she's your mom, you just gotta squeeze 'em, right? No one would hold it against you. I'm sure even your little bitch would understand. They're just so big! So, take those hands and grab hold. Feel them. They're so soft. And smooth. You won't regret it. I promise. Take them in your hands. Feel how big they are. Maybe... peel off my top, see them in the flesh. See how hard my nipples are. Maybe take them between your fingers, and pinch them a little bit. C'mon, Tom. I'm asking nicely." she purred.

Her ass was still doing its magic, grinding against me, flexing her cheeks around my swollen meat, sliding along the length of my prick. My hands rose on their own accord. Mom watched them and noted my shaking fingers, desperate to do what Mom was asking, desperate to feel her up after having spent years dreaming of it, to

lose myself in her soft flesh. Mom sensed my struggle and went in for the kill.

"They're so ready to be squeezed. They're desperate for it." Mom urged. "Do you have the guts, Tom? Are you man enough to finally do it? You wasted so many chances before... if you had had the guts. Like that day in the bleachers, after football practice... God, I wanted you to take me then. To feel me up. I was begging for it. Watching you on the football field, watching you dominate your peers... it made my nipples hard. Is that too filthy to admit? If you had done it, if you had been that cocky little shit I knew you were and just put your hands on your mom's breasts... God, I can't describe the things I would done to you. I would have ridden your cock right then and there. And after waiting so long, imagine what I'll do to you this time. You've wasted so many opportunities, Tom. Don't waste another one. You could have me right now if you just have the balls. And I think you do. Trust me, I can feel them." Mom gyrated against my cock, no doubt living up to her word, being able to feel my swollen balls.

My fingers twitched. God, I wanted to touch her. I really did. In that instant, all the months of hard work were thrown down the drain, replaced with the old me, the me that wanted nothing more than to ravish his own mother's luscious body. I didn't want to betray Carmen, but Mom was throwing herself at me, and those massive breasts were beckoning to me, calling my name, exposing my basest animal instincts, the ones that told me to fuck the hottest bitch I could find, which in this case, was Mom. I tried to think of Carmen, and how much I loved her and the good times we had, but Mom's tits were just enormous. And soft. And squishy. My hands craved their

softness. I tried to think clearly, but having my own mom grinding her practically bare, thong-clad ass against my throbbing cock was affecting my decision making. I tried to summon every bit of self-control I had, but despite that, my hands began to descend towards her body, as if pulled by gravity. Summoning everything I had, I couldn't prevent my fingertips from making contact with her body.

I planted my hands firmly on her hips.

I held onto her tight, not wanting my hands to be tempted to move away, move upwards towards her jutting rack.

"Mmmm." Mom moaned lightly. She moved her lips forward, planting a kiss on my cheek. "You have the will of a god." she whispered into my ear. "I can't wait till you finally give in. I can't imagine how good it will be."

I was silent, holding onto her tight, not wanting to be tempted by her body. I just needed to hold on, to escape her clutches.

"Well, the fact that you're not gonna have fun doesn't mean I can't have mine." Mom said. With that, Mom moved one of her hands downward, past her mountainous breasts, down her flat belly. I craned my neck up just in time to see her fingers slid under the hem of her bikini bottoms.

"Mmmmmmmm, that's good." Mom sighed. I was shocked again. Mom was touching herself while on top of me! Her fingers bulged from underneath her bikini as she rubbed herself, letting her fingers play with her clit, maybe dipping one or two inside of herself. She kept grinding her ass against me, which kept me stuck in place. If I fought her, if I tried to get up, the added sensation would take me over the edge. I was frozen. I didn't know what to do.

"God, I've needed this all day." Mom moaned out. Mom's busy fingers kept the hem of her bikini bottoms lifted, but I forced my eyes to look away, not wanting to see anything I shouldn't. But I couldn't shield my ears from her. For the next few minutes, all I could hear is her moans, the slight squishing as she fingered her wet cunt, and the filth she spewed from her mouth.

"Fuck, that's it. So good."

"Mmmmmmm, yyyyyyeahhhh!"

"Fuck, it's so nice."

"UGHHH, GOD!"

"It's so hot! The thought of... your ugly bitch girlfriend... far away, and you here, with me. You traveled the world, and in the end, everything you ever wanted was at home."

"I've been so wet since you got back."

"God, you feel so big against my ass!"

"I can feel it throbbing, Tom."

"It wants to cum, Tom. Let it cum. Cum at the same time I do. Come on, son, I'm so close."

She was right. My cock was throbbing with desire. My balls were swollen and I needed to cum badly. It took every fiber in my being to stop myself from ripping off her top and immersing my fingers in her mammoth, fleshy breasts. My boiling balls prevented me from thinking clearly, almost having me considering crossing that line with her, touching my own mother's huge breasts. I kept my body tensed, not moving any part of me, not having the concentration to reply as she badmouthed my fiancée. I had my eyes clenched shut, knowing any added visual stimulation might make me lose control. Mom noticed this and spoke up.

"Open your eyes, Tom. Look at me, look at your sexy mom. Open your eyes, look at my body, and forget about that stupid little cunt you're engaged to. Fuck, I'm gonna cum. Tom, look at me. I'm gonna peel my bikini to the side, show off my sexy little pussy. Look at it, Tom. Take a glimpse. It's so fucking sexy, Tom. You won't believe how gorgeous it is. Take a look at it. Take a look at my cute little landing strip. Look at how close I keep my cunt-hair trimmed. Look

at me when I cum, Tom. Look at me when I squirt!" Mom moaned softly into my ear.

I steeled myself. Mom was gonna squirt! God, I wanted to open my eyes and see her. I wanted to see what she was exposing right out in the open in the backyard. I wanted to see the raw sexuality that was my mother squirting as she came in our backyard. But somehow, someway, I kept my eyes shut, my loyalty to Carmen winning out.

"Uhhhh! God! Yes!" Mom moaned, as her fingering became more vigorous. Her warm, fleshy ass was grinding into my crotch roughly, nearly making me lose control. As she writhed on top of me, we both began to work up a good sweat, causing our conjoined flesh to slide against each other. Just the thought of me and Mom, skin-to-skin, our sweaty flesh rubbing against each other, that thought alone made me lose it. But I held on. I resisted the urge to cum.

Mom didn't.

"OH FUCK! I'M GONNA CUM, TOM! I'M GONNA SQUIRT! I'm gonna cum while rubbing my ass against my SON'S HUGE DICK! FUCK YES! YES! YES! FFFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK YYYYYEEEEESSSSSSS!" Mom screamed.

I didn't see any of it, but my other senses were assaulted. I felt Mom's body flexing against me, her ass-cheeks tightening around my shaft as she came. I heard Mom's shameless screaming, loud enough for the neighborhood to hear. I also heard Mom's vigorous fingering

become wetter and juicier as she began to boil over. I felt Mom give one last, violent jerk as her orgasm hit her. I heard her girl-cum splash onto the cement below us. I felt her movement cause the chair to wiggle as she furiously rubbed herself. I felt her weight fall back onto me, her sweaty, satiated body collapsing onto me. I heard her sigh in my ear as she came down from her high. And I smelled a thrilling scent, a combination of her sweat and girl-cum, the smell sizzling in my nostrils. And through it all, I kept my eyes closed, preventing a full assault on my senses, preventing myself from losing control. As she collapsed onto me, my balls were thankfully still full of cum. I had done it. I had stayed loyal... barely.

"It's been years since I came that hard. Thanks." Mom whispered, kissing my cheek again. "I really needed that. It's a shame you didn't want to join me. We could have had a lot of fun. But, I will give you a parting gift."

As she said this, I kept my eyes closed. I felt Mom's weight shift on top of me, and I was stunned as she rubbed two wet fingers across my closed lips. My eyes were jarred open by this sensation, and it was at that moment that Mom sat up, putting her full weight on my crotch before standing up. My eyes couldn't help but ravage her ass with my eyes as she stood, pointing her practically bare ass at me as she bent over to lift herself, allowing me a primo view of each ripe cheek as they jutted out at me. And as she stood, her cheeks spread ever so slightly, allowing me to see the full length of the tiny string threading between her ass-cheeks, and almost... almost... letting me see my mom's no-doubt luscious asshole. But as she stood up straight, her ass-cheeks jiggled into place, pressing together

lusciously, the flesh once again hiding the contents in-between. I couldn't help but lick my lips.

And then I remembered what Mom had done before standing up. And as I tasted what she had left there, I shivered. Yes, it was her girl-cum. My own mother had wiped her girl-cum across my lips. Her flavor was now in my mouth, on my tongue. And I wished I could say it tasted bad, that I was disgusted by what she had done. But I couldn't.

Mom's juices tasted incredible.

Simply incredible, the best I had ever tasted. Better than Carmen. Better that Ms. Graham. My tongue craved more of her rich, flavorful juices. I shuddered as I tasted it.

Mom looked back at me, over her shoulder, her lips curling wickedly. She saw me tasting her, she saw me shudder, she saw everything. I had never felt so exposed in front of her. She looked down at my cock, barely covered by the thin material of my trunks. She shook her head.

"Tsk, tsk. Shame." Mom chastised. "I'll give it to you, Tom. I thought you were always BS'ing me, but I'll give you credit. You're huge. It's a shame it's being wasted on a stupid young girl like your ugly girlfriend, when it's meant for... no, when it's built for... a real woman like me. That cock is meant for your mother's cunt, and no other. Once we fuck, and Tom, we will fuck, but... once we fuck, you will

forget her name. You'll only want me. You will worship the ground I walk on. You will be your mother's personal, private boy toy. Every single fucking drop of cum that you're saving for her... it's all destined for me. You know it. I know it. Face it, Tom. I know who you are. Carmen hasn't seen it, but I have. You're mother knows the true you. And no one could handle the guy you really are, that guy you've buried deep inside, except for me. Now... go take care of that, Tom." she said, glancing at my bulging cock. "I'm sure that's awfully... uncomfortable. And good luck not thinking about this." Mom said, slapping her ass-cheek, causing it to jiggle again. Finally, confidently, Mom sauntered away towards the house, leaving me alone at last.

I sat up straight and let my head fall into my hands. What the fuck had just happened to me? Mom had stepped this game up big time. She had taken this to another level entirely. Mom had let me see her ass in a thong. Mom had sat on my cock, rubbed her ass against me, then fingered herself to a squirting orgasm on top of me, her own son. I didn't want this. I didn't ask for it, or invite it in any way. But that didn't mean I didn't enjoy it. I could feel my dick bulging between my legs, and it felt harder than it had ever felt before. My cock was like concrete.

I suddenly felt horrible. I shouldn't have let things get this far. I shouldn't have let her get on my lap. I should have fought her off. I shouldn't have let Mom reduce me to a frozen jangle of overstimulated nerves. I should have fought harder for Carmen.

Mom had won this battle, but she hadn't conquered me completely. I didn't cum, and I didn't fully betray Carmen. My feelings for Carmen were as strong as ever. I didn't want to cheat on her. Not at all. If Carmen knew that another woman had sat in my lap, rubbed against my cock, and came on top of me, she would have slapped me in the face and probably dumped me. Now, if she knew that woman was my mom, I didn't know how Carmen would react. But, no doubt, she would be heartbroken. And that thought alone drove me on, to try to make sure I didn't let Mom win, that I didn't betray her, just so I didn't have to see her heartbroken. That thought alone, the thought of making the girl I loved cry and sob... that thought sounded more revolting to me than any of the things Mom was trying to make me do. I couldn't do that to her. I couldn't let myself slip for one second. I had to be strong. I had to endure.

The problem was I was still throbbing hard. My body was dry of water, so I could easily go inside and change, but I had to solve this issue immediately. Sighing, I had no choice but to jump back into the pool, hoping the cool waters would soothe the fires within.

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I realized I had to be more vigilant. More guarded. I couldn't give Mom any moments of weakness on my part. No more dozing off in the backyard. Nothing like that. I made sure to lock my door whenever I went in my room, and I made sure I knew where she was at all times. I couldn't allow her a single moment where I was vulnerable. I was becoming a bit twitchy. I had to be guarded.

But the problem was, it was really hard. Not only the struggle to withstand Mom's sexual barrage, but my throbbing dick as well.

Mom's body kept me charged up, day after day. She had definitely made a dent in my defenses. I was at the very least semi-hard at all times. I couldn't control it. It was my deep, dark, animal brain at work. My instincts didn't care that she was my mom. My dick certainly didn't care. My mind saw was that this was a gorgeous creature who oozed sexuality from every pore. She was a stunning creature, with a full round ass and massive, succulent breasts. She was built to appeal to men. But she was my mom. I knew that, but my deep, dark lizard brain saw that this was an older woman, a mother, who had proven herself not only to be fertile, by virtue of being a mom, but to also clearly be gagging for it. Obviously, with the context of our relationship, that possibility is out of the question. But my dick didn't care. It knew a viable vessel for breeding when it saw one, and on instinct alone, it reacted. Mom was right about that. Although my mind was holding the leash, the dog was barking. And not only barking, it was slobbering all over itself.

The night after the pool incident, I realized I had to do something. My balls felt so full that I couldn't think straight. I could barely sleep. If I didn't take care of it, I would do something I would definitely regret. As soon as the hour was decent, I called up Carmen, desperate to meet up, desperate for relief. But fate was not on my side.

"Hey! What's up?" Carmen said.

"Hey, Carmen. What are you up to today?" I asked.

"Why?" she asked, her smile evident in her voice.

"Well, I was thinking we could meet up today for a little bit." I replied.

"Sorry, McGee, but I'm driving up near school. I've got some shit to do, and plus, my friends keep complaining that I hang out with my stupid, loser boyfriend too much." she said.

"Is that right? Well, it's funny, my friends are getting mad that I keep hanging out with my bitch of a girlfriend." I replied with a smile, missing our banter.

"God, I hate your friends." Carmen replied. "At least mine are cool."

"First of all, you hate your friends." I said.

"True." she said.

"And secondly, you've never met my friends. Now, you would probably hate them, but..." I said, trailing off. "Anyway, what time do you get back?" I asked.

"I don't know, 3 PM on Tuesday." she replied.

"Wait, you're staying up there?" I asked.

"Yeah, staying with one of my friends for a few days." she replied.

"Oh yeah, what's your friend's name?" I asked, curious.

"Oh, his name's Biff, and he's got this super huge cock, and I'm just gonna do him!" Carmen replied.

"Ha ha." I responded.

"I'm staying with my friend Tess. Don't worry." Carmen replied.

"I wasn't." I said.

"Sure." Carmen replied sarcastically. "So, what'd you want to meet up for?"

"I don't know, I just wanted to meet up." I replied coyly.

"Ah. I see. You miss your girlfriend's loving touch, huh?" she asked.

"Yeah." I replied simply. "I am dying here."

"Well, you're a big boy, McGee. Show a little self-control. Or just go jack it in the bathroom. I don't care." Carmen said.

"Yeah, I guess." I replied.

"I'll let you know when I get back." Carmen replied. Gritting my teeth, knowing I had a long wait for release, I replied.

"Alright, this was a bust." I said.

"You can handle it, McGee. I believe in you." Carmen said, like an encouraging mother.

"Okay, well, I'll let you go then." I told her.

"Okay, love ya, babe." she said.

"I love you too." I replied, hanging up.

I tossed my phone away in frustration. For a second, I was pissed. Did Carmen not know what I was dealing with, here? She didn't know what I was going through. I needed her help, and she had abandoned me. She had joked about it. Now I would have to put up with a few more days with swollen balls. I could take care of it

myself, but that would be letting Mom win. That would be letting her get into my head. I could try to think about Carmen, but being at home, being around Mom, in her sphere of influence, her hot body would work its way into my mind.

I let my anger cool. Where did that come from? This wasn't Carmen's fault. It was Mom's. And mine. I had been completely detoxed of my lust for Mom, but now, after merely a few days, I was throbbing for her. I had to regain control over myself. I had conquered my obsession with her before. I had to do it again. But before, I had an outlet for my lust in Carmen. Now, I was on my own.

It was me vs. Mom. I only hoped I had the will to hold out. Cause my balls almost felt full to the absolute max, and I was afraid one more event would make them boil over.

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It was late the next night when the next big event happened. I was chilling on the couch, feet propped up on the table, cruising the internet on my laptop. Mom and Dad were watching TV. It was pretty quiet as we watched some crime show. I felt like if anything was gonna happen tonight, it would have happened already. The room was silent until...

"Hey! Hey! Hey!" Mom called out excitedly, pausing the TV. "It's my commercial!"

Both me and Dad leaned up and put our eyes on the TV. We had both heard stories of Mom's commercial. Now it was time to see it.

"They were supposed to let me know when they were gonna start airing it. Oh my God! Oh my God!" Mom said excitedly. "Okay, okay...here it is." Mom said, un-pausing the TV.

The first shot was of the living room, and on the couch was a guy, probably about my age. Suddenly, a voice was heard.

"Evan, what is this?"

Entering the screen was Mom. I can't explain how weird it was to see Mom on TV, acting. It just felt weird. She looked all made-up and done up, the intent to be a normal, good looking mom, but with Mom, she couldn't help but add a layer of sexuality to her role.

Mom entered the screen, holding up a cell phone, looking incredulous.

"Oh, Mom, that's the new S5 Jupiter phone." Evan said.

"I see that. Where did you get it?" she asked.

"Oh. I bought it." Evan said suspiciously.

"You can't afford this." Mom argued.

"Mom, it's not that expensive, but... wait, Mom, what is that?" Evan said, looking at Mom's jeans. In her back pocket, sticking out, was an identical phone to the one in her hand.

"Oh, this? It's my uh... mynewS5Jupiterphone." Mom said quickly.

"Then why are you mad at me if you got it too?" Evan asked. Mom looked nervous.

"What's this?" an older guy said, walking into the room, holding up a phone.

"Oh, well, I guess the secret's out now. I got you both the new S5 Jupiter phones as a surprise. It has 4G LTE, wi-fi, GPS, it even has a higher resolution camera than any other phone on the market." Mom said.

"Wow, these pictures are incredible." The dad said, flicking through some crystal clear pictures of some landscapes and stuff.

"Check out the last picture." Mom said, putting her hands on her hips. "I left you another surprise there."

We had a front view of the dad as he flicked through the pictures. As he reached the last picture, he froze.

"Whoa." he said before glancing up at Mom. She smiled proudly and raised her eyebrows.

"Ew." the son said, scrunching his face. Finally, the announcer came up.

"The S5 Jupiter cell phone. It's so good, it's out of this world."

The commercial ended, and Dad started applauding.

"Wow." Dad said proudly. "Our little starlet."

"You like it?" Mom said coyly.

"I love it." Dad said standing up, walking over to Mom and giving her a loving kiss. "You were perfect for the part."

"What do you think?" Mom asked me. Her excitement seemed to be genuine, no game or angles or anything.

"It was good." I said. "It was cute." Mom grinned warmly at my approval.

"I thought it was pretty good, but you never know on these things." Mom said.

"So, you said they might have you back for other commercials?" Dad asked.

"Yeah, hopefully." Mom said, shrugging. "I think I made an impression."

"I think so." Dad said, kissing her again. As they chatted excitedly about the commercial, I looked it up online, to see if there was any response. I found the video of it, and saw that even though it was new, it already had a lot of views. I scrolled down to the comments, to see if there was any buzz. It was then I realized my mistake.

You never look at the comment section.

The buzz of the commercial was centered around one thing: Mom, of course. I read through them.

"Okay, who is playing that mom?"

"She is smoking hot."

"DID YYOU SEEEEEE DOSE TITAYS?"

"i wunt to fcuk dat mom"

"if anyone has any nudes of her, please send them over."

"I want to see her nipples. NOM NOM NOM!"

"I wuld suk her azz!"

"I don't normally comment on these things, but yeah, I would suck that woman's butthole if she asked me to. GOD DAMN!"

"The premise of this commercial is ruined, cause the actor playing the son clearly wants to bang the actress playing the mom. Can't blame him."

"Dude, if that were my mom, I would still totally stick it to her."

"Ew" was the next one, in response to the previous one.

"Normally ew, but yeah, in this case, yeah. Would totally bang her if that was my mom."

"Typical Hollywood. Only there would a mom look like this, and have overinflated tits like hers."

"Dude, I think those suckers are real."

"Not a chance."

"I think they are. I know boobs. They're big, but real."

"Want to fuk her big azz tities with my 13 inch cok"

"Let's see her surprise pictures, Jupiter. C'mon. I'll buy one of your crappy phones if you do."

I read through all these comments, which mostly amounted to guys drooling over Mom. For some reason, this made me burn with jealousy. Having Mom being exposed to the world, having her uncommon looks and ridiculous body seen by people everywhere, it was like my dirty little secret was being exposed. Only a small number of people in the world were really aware this creature existed. But if she was shown off to the world, if she becomes a big deal, if she became a star, the secret was out. If I thought I had it bad now, listening to other guys lusting after Mom, if she became a star, I would get it far worse, from people I knew and complete strangers. I didn't want that to happen. I didn't want guys to be drooling over her. I didn't want it to get to that point. She didn't belong to the

world. She was mine. I mean, she was my mom. I didn't want any extra attention on her, cause, knowing her, it would go to her head.

I was conflicted as I shut down my computer and made my way up to my room. I needed to be alone. I needed to get my head together, and figure out why this commercial, why Mom living out her life's dream, why that just pissed me off. I was furious, but I couldn't let it get to me. I needed to clear my head, get my mind together, and move forward.

Unfortunately, by this point, even my own mind was against me.

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I was sitting on the couch, watching TV, flipping through the channels. And it seemed like the screen was consuming my vision. Mom's commercial came on again, but this time, it was a bit different. It was as if they filmed the first one, then did a rewrite once they saw what Mom was bringing to the table.

"Hey hon, what is this?" Mom asked angrily from off-screen. In this version of the commercial, instead of it being the son on the couch, it was the father, and instead of him being a relatively handsome older guy, he was a bit more schlubby.

Mom entered the screen, and instead of the normal clothing she wore previously, this time, she was dressed to attract. Instead of a blouse

and sensible jeans, she was wearing a very low-cut top and denim booty shorts.

"What?" the dad asked, his mouth full of pork rinds. Mom stood in front of him and put one hand on her hips, the other holding up a phone.

"I said, what is this?" Mom said, shaking the phone in her hand, causing her boobs to jiggle.

"It's a new S5 Jupiter phone. I just bought it." the dad said.

"Hon, when I asked whether you wanted one, I wasn't saying go buy one. I was asking cause I bought some as a gift for you guys." Mom said, exasperated.

"Oh... sorry hon." Dad said, but Mom was still clearly pissed.

"Hey Mom." a voiced called out from off screen. "What is this?"

Entering the living room was the son, and he was far different from the one from the commercial. While the one in the original looked like a normal guy, this one looked like an athlete. He entered the screen, shirtless, only wearing a pair of jeans, showing off his tanned skin and fit, cut muscles on his upper half. With a boyish grin, he looked up at Mom. She chewed on her lower lip and replied.

"Oh, hi hon!" she said girlishly, playing with her hair. "Oh, I got you a surprise. A new S5 Jupiter phone."

"Awesome! I wanted one of these." the son said excitedly.

"I know. I thought you would like it." Mom said. "Oh, and I got you another surprise as well. Check out some of the pictures I took."

The son flicked through the phone's pictures, before his eyes went wide. He looked up at Mom, his eyes glued to her chest, before glancing back at the phone, and then back to her chest.

"You like?" Mom asked, biting her lip.

"Yeah, Mom. I definitely like." he said, looking at her wolfishly.

"Good. Let's go upstairs and I'll... show you some more." Mom hinted.

"Uh, yeah Mom, let's do it." the son agreed. Mom went over, took his hand, and led him towards the stairs.

"Hey!" the dad called out, not moving from the chair. "What was the surprise?" The Mom and the son ignored him as they walked up the

stairs. "Hey..." he called out again, looking back, before giving up. "Eh. Whatever." he said, resuming watching the TV.

The announcer's voice spoke up.

"The S5 Jupiter phone. When you need to take things to the next level."

Watching this, I angrily changed the channel, the content hitting too close to home. The next channel was some cooking show. The picture had soft edges, like a soap opera. Behind the counter were two women. One normal looking woman was sort of the assistant. The other host, the main host, was Mom. Wait, when did this happen?

Mom was stirring a bowl of cookie dough, the motion causing her big boobs to jiggle.

"So, as you're working, we can probably answer some viewer questions." The other woman said.

"I'd love to, Anne." Mom replied.

"Okay, the first question, from Maria in Phoenix. Tanya, my son is leaving home for school and I want to give him something really tasty before he goes. Any suggestions?" Anne said.

"Oh, absolutely." Mom said. "The first thing you do, invite him up to your room, take off all your clothes, and lay back on your bed. Then, bring your legs over your head, so you're just showing everything, your pussy and asshole, then..."

"Oh, uh, Tanya." Anne said, embarrassed. "I think Maria was referring to something her son could eat."

"Oh. I know." Mom replied coyly.

I changed the channel.

The next thing was like one of those reality shows where a bunch of young people live in a house. I was shocked to see myself on screen.

"So," I said, to one of the cameras. "I thought it would be a good idea to bring my mother up to the house."

The next scene cut to me letting Mom in through the door, and my six roommates getting a good look at her. Cut to all my roommates reacting.

"What?"

"That can't be his real mom, right? She is way too hot for that."

"GOD DAMN!"

"Okay, I'm not in to other chicks. But I would happily drown in those tittays."

"If that was my mom, I would... no, I probably shouldn't say that."

"Tom's mom is clearly gagging for it."

I changed the channel. I didn't need to hear more of that.

Cut to another show, this time, one of those dating reality shows where a guy picks from a bunch of girls. And in this show, the guy was me, again. And the group of women were familiar faces.

I saw girls my age, girls I went to school with. I saw Heather Raney, the girl I had had my first hook-up with. I saw a few other girlfriends, I saw that girl Carrie I hooked up with a few times in high school. I saw Carmen, looking great, even in her casual clothes. And then, at the end of the line, the last woman was Mom, of course.

"Alright, Tom." the host said, coming up to me. "It's the last round of 'For Love of Home Cooking.' Now, we have a bevy of girls here, the very... open, willing Heather. The very pretty Camille. The very athletic Deandra. The very bright Carrie. The very... uh, interesting

Carmen. And then, of course, the very hot, sexy, busty and bold... your mom, Tanya." the host paused, then continued. "Now, you can pick from one of these willing young women, and live your life with them. Or... you can be the first contestant in 'For Love or Home Cooking' history to choose to go back home, live with your mom, and see what happens there. Tom, have you made your choice?"

"I think so, Steve. I am... going back home. I choose Mom." I said excitedly.

"Son, I don't blame you." Steve said, putting his hand on my back. Mom excitedly jiggled her way over to me, pulling me in. And as she pulled me close, as our lips were about to meet...

I woke up.

Regaining my bearings, I punched the mattress angrily. I hadn't dreamt of Mom in a while. I had tried to cleanse my system of her, but being around her again, it was impossible for her not to get my blood boiling. At first, it was just my cock reacting, but now, my mind had been infected by the desire I had for her. I wanted to stay loyal to Carmen, to get over my obsession with Mom, but I was failing miserably. My plan had blown up in my face, and now my cock was throbbing for Mom again. How could I be so dumb? Why did I put myself in this position? Could I get over Mom? Was it possible to get over Mom?

Did I even want to?

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I was pretty quiet the next day, and I kept to myself. I was lost in thought the entire day, considering my options. I had to end this game and I was starting to see a solution forming. But the problem was, I knew exactly what the solution was, and I didn't want that to be the answer. I didn't want it to come to that.

There were so many reasons why it was wrong. Obviously, I was engaged, and cheating on her would not only break Carmen's heart, but it would rack me with guilt. I loved her with all my heart and the thought of risking that terrified me more than death.

And then, there was the fact that it was, you know... incest. That word sizzled with forbidden feelings. In my younger years, when I obsessed over Mom, my less mature mind looked right past the fact that this was incest. I didn't care. She was too hot, and her boobs were so big. Now that I had grown up a bit, and considered the full ramifications of what I had been considering, I realized how crazy I had been to even consider it. Incest was so fucked up. So wrong. Mom thought it sizzled with forbidden appeal, but it honestly just terrified me. I couldn't look beyond that. The ramifications were too strong to be ignored.

She was my mom. She was family. She gave birth to me. Part of me came from her. She used to buy me toys. She used to take me to little league games. She used to give me big, squishy hugs when I got

home from school. My messed up mind shouldn't even be considering wanting to fuck her. It should be icky. It was so wrong, but my cock was not bothered by that at all. My cock didn't care that it was incest. It wanted in, inside of her body, and it couldn't be dissuaded.

But the biggest victim of this whole thing would be Dad. He would be getting screwed over from every angle. His wife would be cheating on him, and not only cheating on him, but cheating with his pride and joy, his lone son. Incest would be committed under his nose, and he would be clueless, like a fool. He would be replaced by his own son. How low would you feel to be screwed over like that? I got along great with Dad. He was a father and a friend. But if I were the one to screw him over, to be the one banging his wife, my mom, what could he do? Who could he turn to? Admitting the truth would be humiliating.

If this were a pros and cons list, the cons would heavily outweigh the pros. But why did my dick feel otherwise? Why couldn't my mind accept all these negatives? Why did the positives sound so much more appealing?

I wish I could talk to someone on this, get some guidance. Usually, when I had a big issue like this, I would talk to Dad. But, obviously, I couldn't tell Dad the truth. Dad couldn't play a part in this game. He couldn't get caught up in this. I couldn't tell him that I had spent most of my time home willing myself to not masturbate thinking about Mom's hot body. I couldn't tell him that I was forced to listen to my own mom loudly pleasure herself. I couldn't tell him about

how his wife had shown off her ass in a thong to me, or how she spent an hour grinding her nearly bare ass against her son's big dick. I couldn't tell him that I was contemplating fucking my own mom, his wife. I couldn't tell him anything.

These thoughts kept my mind busy all day. Dad said he'd be working late that night, so Mom was whipping up dinner for us before Dad got home. Mom was grilling up some steaks on the patio out back. I think even Mom knew something was up with me, as I had barely left my room all day. So, when I appeared on the patio and joined her outside, it wasn't the seductress Mom that I saw, it was just... Mom.

"Hey!" Mom said, looking back at me from in front of the grill. "You doin okay?"

I nodded and sat down at the patio table. She closed the grill, letting the steaks cook, and turned to face me. Even though I had seen her dark side, I couldn't run from the fact that she was absolutely gorgeous. When she wasn't on the attack, when she wasn't barraging me, I could appreciate her looks. Even now, cooking dinner, looking casual in a clingy purple top and khaki capri pants, she still looked stunning.

She approached the table and sat down, and I spoke up.

"How does this end, Mom?" I said, looking at her.

"What?" she asked, confused.

"How does this end? This game?" I asked.

"Oh." Mom said, straightening up. "Well, Tom, I think you know how it ends." I nodded, sadly. I knew what the end would entail.

"Does it have to get that far?" I asked. "Is there any other way?"

"Fraid not, bucko." Mom said. "We've been on this road for two years now, maybe even longer. Once we both started thinking about it, we couldn't stop thinking about it. The idea of it is... sizzling. Isn't it? It's beyond sexy. The thought of it is almost addictive. We can't just ignore it. We can't just get over it."

"I know, but... Mom, I'm trying to move on. I was over it. I'm trying to be a good guy. Why can't you just let me?" I pleaded.

"Because you started something. You unleashed something. Once you unlocked that door, it can't be shut again. I am not stopping. You could just go off and marry your little girlfriend, but I will keep coming. I will not let off the attack. I will not stop. This isn't just about you, Tom. It's about me too." Mom replied. "I spent twenty years trying to bury something, and you unleashed that again in me. And I can't bury it again. It's too strong. The damage is done. As much as you supposedly changed yourself, you changed me."

"I didn't like what you brought out in me, Mom. With all your teasing... you were creating a monster. I had to walk away." I explained.

"I know, Tom. Trust me, I know." Mom began. "I've been there. When I was in school, I was out of control. I was all about getting pleasure, every minute of every day. I had to straighten up and fly right. But I couldn't just forget my past. Forget the things I had gotten up to when it was all up to me. And trust me Tom, I was on a good path for twenty years, but that person you used to be doesn't just go away. Deep down, you still want what you always wanted. I spent twenty years being a good wife and a good Mom. But when I started teasing you, the old me came out to play. The good parts of me vanished, and I went back to being the slut I was always meant to be. And Tom, you can act like your over it, you can act like you want to move on, and I'm sure you do, but deep down, you still want to fuck me. You still want to fuck your own mother, don't you?"

I paused. Mom was right. There was no point running from the truth. Finding my voice, and working up the will, I admitted the truth.

"Yes." I admitted, causing her to smile. "Yes, Mom, I still want to fuck you. I always have."

"You see, that wasn't so bad." Mom said proudly. "It's not your fault, son. I know I'm hot. You shouldn't have to deal with having a mother as hot as me. I'm sorry my tits are so, so big. A guy like you can't take his eyes off a rack like mine, right?"

"They're just... enormous." I croaked out.

"I know, Tom, I know. I'm sorry about that. And I'm sorry my ass is so round and juicy. I'm sorry I'm such a filthy slut. You get that from me, Tom. I think you're as dirty as I am. You have my genes, my taste for the rough, the filthy, and the nasty. And you can go off, and marry Carmen, but that won't change who you are. And it won't change what you want. Even if you're married, you'll think about me. You may love her, but you still want me. You still need me. Right?"

"Yes." I whispered, rubbing my head. "Yeah, alright! I still want you. My dick has been throbbing since I got back here." I replied, my tone a little more angry.

"I know it has." Mom said wickedly.

"But you might not be so unconquerable." I began. "One year ago, we stood out here, on a night like tonight, and you said you would never have sex with me. Now, tonight, you're trying your damndest to convince me to fuck you. So... maybe you're not so unbeatable after all?" Mom smiled.

"Oh, I wanted this from the beginning." Mom replied. "If you had played your cards right, you could have had me dozens of times."

"You've said that before, and... I still call bullshit." I replied, not believing her.

"I'm pushing you, Tom. I'm seeing what you're made of. I don't want a guy who gives up at the first obstacle. I want to see if you keep coming." Mom replied.

"Yeah, right." I replied.

"And yes, the tables have turned a little bit, but unlike you, I will not stop coming. You can walk away, walk down the aisle with your shitty girlfriend, and get married, let her pump out a few kids. But that won't stop me. I won't care. Imagine, yourself, in a nice, big house, Carmen at your side, kids squealing in joy. You could be the proud, loving father, an attentive lover to your wife, you could have it all! But the minute I show up, those old feelings would come back. You'll still check out my body, cause if time hasn't gotten me by now, then it ain't getting me. You'll still check out your mom's juicy tits, her massive cleavage, her round ass. And you'll drool over me, like you're drooling now. You won't be able to stop thinking about me. You'll realize how boring and tame married sex is, and you'll wonder what would have happened if you hooked up with your mom. If she was really as good as you thought she was. You'll be weaker... softer then you are now. You'll be worn down. You'll be conquered. I'll take you in your own bed, next to your tubby wife. The neighborhood will hear your mother cumming on her son's dick. Your world will be over, just cause you didn't have the balls to take care of business when you should have. You know I'm right, Tom. Eventually, you

will give in. You will lose. No point delaying the inevitable. Let's just do it now, when you're at your best."

I took in her words. I hated to think about it, but she might be right. I was barely resisting now, but I could imagine being worn down. I could see her massive, mature tits eventually breaking me, beckoning to me when the dullness of domestic life wears me down. If we waited, so much more damage would be done. Mom kept talking.

"So, you see, Tom. We have this connection. This tension, this... lust." Mom began, grabbing my attention. "And we can't get over it. And deep down, we don't want to get over it. We want to indulge it. That's why we've been playing this game, Tom. Cause even when we say we don't want it, we still totally do. Our competitive edges are too sharp to just let this go. Neither of us will ever admit defeat. You know how this ends. How this has to end. We can't keep going on not knowing. Not knowing who's better. This has been a battle, Tom, a battle of wills. And someone has to win. Someone has to come out on top. We need that peace of mind. Tom, we need to have sex. That's the only way this ends."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"If we have sex and you can handle me, if you could just fuck me into the bed, make me a slave to the pleasure only you could give me, if you could just fuck me and just walk away, then you win. The game is over, and you've won. I will admit you're my better, and that will be that. But if I fuck you brain-dead, so brain-dead that you will live

to give me pleasure, then, well, I win. There has to be a winner, Tom. For our own piece of mind. We need to do this. It doesn't matter that we're mother and son. For a guy like you, I'm too hot to resist. And to a woman like me, you're exactly the type we crave. Young and hot. This has to happen, doesn't it, Tom?" Mom asked.

I paused for a few moments. She was right. This tension between us was boiling over. Something had to give. This had to end. I promised Carmen it would. I couldn't just keep playing this game with Mom. She made it clear she wasn't gonna stop. I needed to end this now. I didn't want to cheat on Carmen, but Mom was right. We kept circling around this, wanting it, but knowing better. We kept playing with each other, toying with each other, pressing our advantages whenever we had them. It was the game itself that made us keep playing.

There were three ways this ended. I fucked Mom, I OUT-fucked her, and then I walked away. This option would let me get this lust out of my system, and I go back to Carmen with that chapter in my life closed. Mom would be humbled and defeated, and since she got what she wanted, she would be done. She would be Mom again, hopefully.

Option two. I fucked Mom, and she out-fucked me. She'd fuck me into submission, making me crave her, turning me into a mindless, walking dick for her. In this case, I would be stolen from Carmen, reduced to my Mom's plaything. Obviously, this was the worst option. I would lose my soul-mate, be conquered by Mom, have my future taken from me by a twisted, ruthless seductress.

Option three. I ran. I said, fuck this, ran away from home with my fiancée and never came back. Mom would have license to keep pursuing me and I knew deep down she would not stop. She would forever be on the hunt for me, and I could only hope to stay away from her. This option had its plusses. Firstly, no incest, which is a good thing. No incest, no cheating on my fiancée, no compromising my morals in any way. This sounded perfect, right. But this option had its faults. The first thing was... Mom had made it clear she wouldn't stop. She wanted what she couldn't have. She lived for the hunt, for the chase, and I, as the prey, would be running. And that would only make her want me more. And plus, this option would basically sever my relationship with my parents. I didn't want to run from Dad, to abandon that relationship, to break his heart for reasons he didn't understand. He didn't deserve to lose his son over this. And even Mom, deep down, I missed the real her. I missed the Mom that existed before I viewed her as a sex object. I missed my real Mom, hidden beneath this seductress she had become. If I could, I would go back and erase that confession I had made to her from existence. That was the turning point. The fulcrum. But I couldn't just travel through time and change the past. And plus, what kind of life would I have, looking over my shoulder, waiting for Mom to make her move, to emerge from the shadows?

And there was one last part of me that this option didn't satisfy, and that was my competitive side. It wasn't about winning or losing. Losing almost sounded worse than having no answer at all. I would rather have one of us win, than neither of us. If this game never ended, I would always be wondering 'what if?' What if we had done it? Who was better? Who would come out on top? She would wonder

the same thing. Sure, it was incest, but that wasn't enough to discourage either of us at this point. We had both thought about this for too long, and in reality, we had long moved past that being a stumbling block. It only added to its twisted appeal, adding another layer of nastiness to this game. We would go insane wondering the truth, and if it didn't happen now, it would happen later. I would get worn down eventually, like she said. Either way, I would be cheating on Carmen, but at least if it happened now, it wouldn't be while I was married.

There was only one way out. Option number one. I had to conquer Mom, out-fuck her, stand up to her. That way, I could have Carmen, have Mom back to normal, and have life back to normal. And sure, I would be committing incest, but I would make that sacrifice for some peace of mind. For this whole thing to be over.

My mind was made up. The truth was coming out. The collision was inevitable. There was no point avoiding it. I looked up at Mom, and she looked at me.

She wants to play? Let's play.

"Yes." I whispered. "Yes it does." Mom smiled.

"Say it, Tom. We need to have sex. You NEED to have sex with your mother." Mom said.

"I need to have sex with my own mother." I admitted. "Just like you need to have sex with your son."

"Just like I need to have sex with my own son." Mom repeated. "It's irresistible. We're built for each other. Our bodies are meant to come together in sweaty, screaming pleasure. We can't avoid it any longer."

"So, what now?" I asked, having come to a tacit agreement for incestuous sex with my own Mom. What the fuck was I doing? Mom checked her watch.

"Well, you're father will be home soon, so no point starting now. I think we're gonna need a lot of time to work out our... issues." Mom teased. "So... tomorrow then. Your father's at work all day, leaving us to ourselves, all day long. I think that gives us enough time, hopefully." Mom said.

"Tomorrow it is." I agreed. She sat up and checked the steaks. I sat back and looked at the sky, at the setting sun, causing the sky to blaze in a sherbet orange hue. The weight of what we had agreed to just hit me. "What the fuck are we doing, Mom? How did it come to this?" I asked. Facing away from me, facing the grill, Mom laughed.

"I know." Mom giggled. "I don't know how the hell we got here. Two years ago, we were just a normal mom and son. Now, we just came to an agreement to spend a day having rough, incestuous sex. It's gotten a little crazy."

I shook my head and sipped my water.

"Is this right, Mom?" I asked, a bit nervous and worried. "Should we be doing this?"

"Oh, it ain't right, and we shouldn't be doing it." Mom said with a laugh. "And that's exactly why we want to." Mom looked back at me and sensed my worry. "Okay, stand up, honey."

"What?" I asked.

"Stand up." she urged. Confused, I backed up my chair and stood up. Mom came up to me and pulled me in tight for a loving hug.

"Don't be nervous, Tom." Mom said, stepping back. "No matter what happens, I'm your mom and I still love you." I nodded my head as she rubbed my shoulders. "Don't feel bad. This has to happen. We can't control it."

"I know." I replied.

"But, let's set the record straight." Mom began. "Right now, I'm your mom, and I'm being nice. But tomorrow, I won't be nice. You'll see your mother in a way you never have before. You'll see why I broke so many guys before. You'll see the nasty, twisted slut I truly am. In

24 hours, this game will be over. One of us will win, and the other will lose. I only hope you can handle the truth."

"Well..." I began. "I hope you realize what you've done to me. The monster you created. There was a reason I stepped back. I didn't like what I was becoming. And you're about to see that side of me tomorrow. I only hope you can handle what you've turned me into."

"Mmm, I can't wait." Mom purred, smiling wickedly. I just wanted this to be done with, but I had to admit there was a certain appeal in knocking Mom from her pedestal, taking her down a few notches, and really turning her into a filthy, rutting slut. The idea of breaking her down and making her submit to my whims did sound very appealing. From in the house, we heard a voice.

"You guys here?" Dad called out.

"Out here." Mom replied, smiling coyly at me, getting back to work on dinner. As I sat down and dad joined us, I marveled at how quickly Mom could go back to being the doting wife in front of Dad, knowing just minutes prior, she had made an agreement to fuck her own son.

A rush went through me. This was gonna happen. Me and Mom were going to do it. We were gonna fuck! This was madness, but it was gonna happen. Even though I had spent the last year running from this inevitability, right now, on the eve of our encounter, I had to admit there was nothing I wanted more. The weight had been

lifted. I wanted Mom. I wanted her body. I wanted to live out the bad things I had been dreaming of doing to her in my mind. I wanted to get piece of mind, to hopefully put this all to rest. The game was almost over and I was ready to play for real.

I felt a buzz as my phone vibrated. I pulled it out of my pocket and glanced at it. It was a text from Carmen.

"Hey, I'm back in town tonight. Wanna meet up?" she asked.

A few days ago, I would have killed for this text. But now... it didn't matter. Sure, my swollen balls were clouding my judgment, no doubt about that. But Carmen wanted me to work out my issues with Mom. And what I had planned for Mom was definitely going to work out our issues.

"No, not tonight. Working out stuff with Mom as we speak." I texted back. A few seconds later, I got a reply.

"Great! So excited! Fill me in when it gets all worked out."

I couldn't help but smile at her naivety. If she knew what was about to happen, she wouldn't be excited. She would be disgusted. But not me. I had spent the last two years waiting for this day. It had to happen. For the sake of my relationship with Carmen, it had to happen. I had to fuck Mom, get it all out of my system, fuck the shit out of Mom and walk away. I had to prove myself better than her, I

had to conquer Mom, defeat her on the field of battle, which in this case was the bedroom. And when I did, I would walk away, walk back to Carmen, having ended the game, moving onto a new phase of life with my true love. Sure, I would be cheating on Carmen and I knew the cheating sex I was about to have would be crazy good, but I was doing this for Carmen. To save our relationship from Mom's twisted machinations.

I was about to fuck my own mom. The game was almost over now, and I couldn't wait to end it.

Chapter 12: Sexual Showdown

(Tom)

It was the big day.

Despite what I had planned, despite the unholy things that were about to happen between me and my mom, I slept pretty well. But it was one of those mornings where as soon as you wake up, you are wide awake. It was a big day. There was no time to mess around. My forehead was covered with a few beads of sweat, either from nervousness or from the late summer heat. Either way, the sun was up and there were signs of life from downstairs. The day had come. It was time to get ready for battle. I hopped in the shower, cleaned myself, got dressed, and prepared for the encounter ahead. Finally ready, I took a deep breath and made my way downstairs.

As I entered the kitchen, Dad had just sat down at the table. He spoke up to Mom at the same time I entered.

"So, what are you doing today, Tanya? I know you told me, but I was half awake." Dad asked. Mom was at the stove, stirring the contents of a pan. She was wearing her silky, midnight blue robe. As she turned to face Dad, I noticed that she was done up. Her hair was styled and her face had makeup. She had cleaned up and made herself look good, just like I had. As she turned to respond to Dad, I saw the way the thin shiny material of the robe struggled to contain her jutting rack, each of her ripe melons forcing the material outward. She had the robe synched tight, but the size of her breasts was testing its limits, a hint of her cavernous cleavage forcefully exposed. For a second, I wondered if she was naked under the robe. Then I remembered that by the end of the day, I would have had my hands on those breasts, and the thought sent a rush through me.

"Oh, I have an audition today. Had to get up and get going early." Mom said, her eyes following me as I entered.

"Will you be back for dinner?" Dad asked.

"Yeah. The audition is in town, actually, so I'll be around." Mom replied, her lie impeccable. I sat down at the table, and Dad glanced at me.

"And this guy. Awake early, already dressed and showered... what is going in this family?" Dad asked with a laugh. Mom and I shared an amused glance.

"I'm meeting up with some friends." I replied. "Gotta look my best." Dad rolled his eyes.

"What are you making?" Dad asked, sipping a mug of coffee.

"Omelets with hash browns." Mom replied.

"Oh! Nice. Haven't had omelets in a while. What's the occasion?" Dad asked.

"I'm in a good mood." Mom replied with a feigned smile. She served up a couple plates, gave one to Dad and then one to me. As she set it down in front of me, she brought her lips to my ear.

"Eat up." she whispered. "You're gonna need a lot of energy." My spine shivered at this comment.

We ate breakfast, Dad making endless small talk. I guess that was for the best, cause he didn't notice the fact that as we ate, Mom didn't take her eyes off of me. Mom kept trying to hurry him up and out the door but Dad was taking his sweet time. I was getting irritated and impatient, and I could sense the same irritation from Mom. Dad

was clueless or he just ignored it. Either way, he decided today was the day to take his sweet fucking time eating breakfast, chatting us up, everything he could to not leave for work on time. Why couldn't he just be cool and leave on time so his wife and his son could have sex? Is that too much to ask?

It felt weird to be thinking this way. For so long, I had been burying this obsession and not even putting thought to it. For too long I had buried this side of me away, this lustful, arrogant and self-centered side of me. The competitive side of me that helped me so often drive down the football field and get the winning score, or allowed me set my sights on the hottest girl in school and get her between the sheets. That side was starting to arise in me before I went to College, the part that was willing to do anything, screw over anybody, ruin other people's lives, just to get what I want. To interject myself into things I had no business interjecting into. The part of me that let me just fuck girls and cast them aside, use them as tools for my greater goal, to attempt to flex my muscles and test my sexual prowess by hitting on girls that had boyfriends, were in serious relationships or were friends of my Mom. I hadn't cared about the consequences. I only wanted what I wanted, no matter who got hurt.

That part of me was re-emerging. I had matured, grown up and become a decent young man. But that dark side of me was trying to conquer the good, trying to warp my mind, trying to convince me to be that asshole again.

I could see all those bad thoughts in me. I could hear what they were telling me, reminding me about how callous my upcoming actions

were, trying to convince me that all the things I was about to do were okay. Telling me that it didn't matter that my Dad's wife would be cheating on him with his own son. It didn't matter that I was cheating on my girlfriend, my fiancée, my true love, with my own mother. Sure, I was doing this, in a twisted sense, for Carmen, so she could be with a man free from his past. But if either Dad or Carmen found out about this...I couldn't imagine how awful they would feel. And the worst part was, at this point, that didn't matter. I knew what I had to do. The die was already cast. It didn't change things. Me and Mom were gonna fuck. That much had been decided, and due to that, I just wanted to get on with it.

"Alright, I'd better get going." Dad said, backing up in his chair and standing up.

"Okay." Mom said, eager to get him out.

"Hon, good luck today." Dad said. "Give 'em hell." Mom couldn't help but smile.

"Oh I will." she said. Dad turned to me.

"Have fun with... whatever you're doing." he told me.

"I will." I said, standing up. Dad made his way towards the living room, grabbing his briefcase. But neither Mom nor I followed. Neither of us planned to be the doting family member, walking Dad

to the door as he leaves for work. No, that type of innocent familial action was done. Not with what we had planned for the day. Mom leaned back against the counter, staring at me. And I stood in the entrance to the living room, looking right back at her. We both were silent, listening to Dad leave. Finally, we both heard the door shut, then a few seconds later, his car turn-on, and then the car pull out of the driveway, leaving us alone. At last.

For a few seconds, we just stood there, bathed in silence, waiting for one of us to take action. And the silence was deafening. My heart began beating, sweat formed on my brow. After waiting so many years, the time was now. Mom was just looking back at me, tapping her bare foot on the kitchen floor, the black nail polish on her toenails capturing my eyes for a second before looking back into her eyes.

"You ready?" Mom asked, breaking the silence and causing me to jump. She smiled lightly at my slight nervousness.

"Born ready." I replied, trying to be cool.

"You're not gonna wimp out and be done in three minutes, are you?" Mom asked. "Cause after all this, if you're done in twenty minutes, I will kill you." Mom warned.

"Mom, I haven't cum in a week." I replied. "With what you've been putting me through, with how much fuel you've put in the tanks... you have a long day ahead of you."

"Good." Mom smiled lightly. It felt strange to be talking to my mom this way, speaking in the unashamed, unabashed way I would speak to any girl I was about to hook-up with. It felt raw but strangely good.

"Well," Mom began, "Let's go." I nodded. Mom stood up straight and began to walk out of the kitchen, walking towards the front of the house. I followed Mom's sashaying butt as she approached the front door. I raised my eyebrow in slight confusion, only to hear her turn the deadbolt. That sound made me shiver, knowing me and her were now locked in, locked in our little world. It was just me and her now.

I was admittedly a bit nervous. Really, I didn't want to cheat on Carmen. If I had my way, I wouldn't be doing this. I just had to grit my teeth and get through this thing. Even though I didn't want to do this, I knew I had to give Mom my best to succeed. I had to conquer her to be able to get back to Carmen. So, despite knowing better, I had to let myself enjoy this and get in the mood. I had to let the wolfish side of me emerge. I had to go down to Mom's level. I had to let myself become a conqueror. But not forget why I was doing this.

Mom glanced back at me as she walked towards the stairs. As she did, she reached into the pocket of her robe and removed a tube of lipstick. Keeping one eye on me, she brought the tube to her lips and coated her plump lips with deep, dark, crimson lipstick. She rubbed her lips together, spreading the lipstick evenly across her lips before replacing the tube into her robe.

"You were waiting for Dad to leave to do that?" I asked.

"Didn't want it to make it too obvious I was about to be sucking a dick." Mom replied, turning away from me, continuing to walk. This brazen statement sent a shiver through me.

I followed her, walking up the stairs, her butt at my eye level as she shook it in front of me. We reached the second floor and I followed her towards her room, the master bedroom. As she reached the open door she stopped and turned back around, putting her arm on the doorframe.

"This is it, Tom. Your last chance to puss out and walk away." Mom began. "But, if you really have the nerve, if you think you have what it takes, if you have the balls to fuck your own mother, then come inside and get comfortable. And if you go in there... you will see your mom as she truly is, you will see me unleashed. I am not gonna be your mother in there, and if you're not ready for that, if you're not ready to go toe-to-toe to me, then well... too bad. You're pretty much fucked at this point. This is happening, whether you want it or not. If you're not up to the challenge, then you'll just have to settle for Carmen, cause being with trash like her would be all that your good for."

I ignored Mom's slight against Carmen. I ignored giving any sign that her words affected me. Could I handle her? I wasn't sure. But I knew what she brought out in me, and I knew the monster she had created in me had never reached its full potential. I had stopped it before it got that far. But now, she was asking for that side of me to emerge. And I knew that for me to escape today with my

engagement intact, I would have to let that side show its ugly head. But this was my Mom! Moms are supposed to want their best out of their children. And she wanted to bring out the worst in me. And she was about to get it. I felt something come over me before I spoke up.

"The question is, Mom, if you're ready for me. Can you handle me? You might think you're the queen bee, the top bitch, but you're about to see something you've never seen before. You're about to deal with something you've never experienced. You're a 42 year old mom, and as good as you are, your best days are behind you. Can an old lady like you handle the full, lustful rage of a guy in his prime? Is a mom like you ready to get completely outclassed in the bedroom by her own son? Are you prepared for that, Mom?" I asked arrogantly. With that, I stepped in front of her, pushed the door of the bedroom open, and stepped in, beating Mom to the punch, making her follow me. I looked back at her cockily, holding my arms out, asking what she was gonna do.

"So, let's get to it. Let's get this done. I want to hang out with Carmen later, so the sooner I wear you out, the better." I said. Scrunching her lips angrily, she stepped forward, joining me in her bedroom. Without looking away from me, she reached behind her and slammed the door shut behind her. Now our world had gotten smaller.

It was just Mom, me, and a bed.

Part of me expected that we would just rip off our clothes, jump into each other's arms and furiously make out, barely able to contain our

passion. But now that we were here, the energy in the room was tense, and neither of us wanted to make the first move. Plus, we were both too controlled to do what we both really wanted to do and just get down to business, to get it on hard and nasty. We were circling each other like animals in the jungle. I think both of us wanted to conquer the other before we hit the bed.

Mom sauntered forward arrogantly, her expression almost a condescending sneer.

"You think you're ready for this, you cocky little fuck!" Mom spat out. I smiled. "You think you can handle this body? Well, check this shit out." With that, Mom untied her robe, leaned her shoulders back, and let her robe fall to the floor.

Well, first things first, she wasn't naked under her robe. But... what I saw was enough to make me drool. Yes, she wasn't in the buff, but with how little material was covering her, she was practically nude. She wore a matching set of black underwear, matching in both fabric and how little they covered. Her bra looked a size too small, the thin, lacy bra supporting her breasts, covering just over her nipples, and nothing more. Her massive melons were pouring over the edges, dying to be freed. So much of the smooth, ripe, silky flesh of my Mom's mammoth rack was exposed, the full round shape, the supple smooth curves, and that fault-line of cleavage in between.

Down below, past her flat belly, was her microscopic g-string. There was enough material to barely cover her cunt. All I could see was her smooth tan flesh, so if she had any cunt hair above her pussy, it had

to be a small tiny line. If it was anything else, I would be able to see it. The tiny straps of the g-string rode her womanly hips, exposing so much smooth flesh. She did a quick swivel, exposing her backside to me. Her back looked long and smooth and sexy, her bra-strap digging into her silky flesh. And then, there was her ass. I had seen her ass in a thong a few days prior for this time, but seeing it again, this time in a g-string... it hadn't lost any of its luster. Each cheek jutted out like a shelf, round and smooth and juicy. Her ass was a ripe fucking fruit, aged to perfection. Mom spun back around and put her hands on her hips.

"Well?" Mom asked.

"Not bad." I replied coyly, trying to be the cocky bastard I needed to be to get the job done. "Nothing I can't handle." Mom rolled her eyes.

"Well, show me what you're got, if I supposedly can't handle you." Mom replied. With a cocky sneer, I reached down and grabbed the hem of my shirt.

I pulled it upward, exposing my tan, fit stomach and my rippling abs to my mother. She had seen them many times before, but now this was in a purely sexual setting. She had to look at her son's body in a lustful way, if she hadn't already. Mom openly stared at my body as I tossed my shirt to the side. I now stood in front of her, letting her drink in my body, drink in my lean, firm muscles, letting her note the way my jeans hung low on my hips, exposing my tight blue boxer-briefs. Looking at her, I unbuttoned my jeans, and let them fall

to the floor, pooling at my ankles. I stepped out of it and posed in front of her in just my underwear.

Mom's eyes went straight to my crotch, obviously. She studied my dark blue briefs, and how they clung to my bulging meat. And it was a lengthy bulge indeed as I had it pointed up towards my torso, meaning instead of bulging straight out, the length of my cock was pressed against me, letting Mom see ten full inches of meaty bulge, accompanied by two big balls. Mom was trying to act like the big bad bitch, but even she was licking her lips.

"Not bad." Mom admitted. I smiled, knowing my thick cock was a lot more than just 'not bad.' "But even though it's clear that you're packing some heat, you don't have anything that compares to these." Mom said, pointing at her boobs. I was doing the same thing as Mom, putting up the tough, cocky façade. But seeing her like this, I couldn't help but openly stare at them, at her barely covered rack. Regaining my composure, I spoke up.

"Jesus Christ, Mom." I marveled. "Your body's incredible."

"I know." Mom sneered arrogantly. "I may not have had to work much since College, so my sole job was to keep this body in tip-top shape."

"Well, you did good work." I complimented with a smile. Mom rolled her eyes.

"Oh, am I annoying you Mom?" I asked, my tone getting slightly darker, stepping forward with a cocky stride.

"I'm not here to hear you talk." Mom replied, challenging me.

"Oh, I think you are. You love hearing me talk. I think you want to hear what I have to say." I began, the words flowing out of me. In the last year or so, I toned down the cocky act quite a bit in the bedroom. Even Carmen liked having me be a bit arrogant in the bedroom, but I knew not to overdo it. In my younger years, in my earlier conquests, the girls I was with were so smitten I could afford to be a bit of an arrogant prick in the bedroom. That had cooled off as I got older and settled down. But now, with Mom, I felt myself sliding back into my old ways. I felt words coming to me from a place I didn't know I had.

"Is that right?" Mom said with an annoyed smile.

"Yes, it is. You want me to drool over your body, don't you?" I said, circling around her. "I bet you love hearing guys tell you how hot you are, don't you? After being the mom for so long, you love that little thrill of having men tell you how sexy you are. You love having men tell you all the filthy things they want to do with your body, don't you?" I asked, staring at her, standing close. Mom's eyes flashed curiously and deciding to go along with it, she replied.

"Yeah, I do." Mom began, her voice breathy. "I love how hot I am. It's my favorite thing about me. I love being hot. I love being sexy. I love walking into a room and knowing I'm hotter than any girl there. I

love being around a group of twenty-year olds and still being the one guys are eyeing up. I love having people stare at me. I love catching people gawking at my ass, or my breasts. I love imagining what those people are thinking about me. I loved being better than any other woman."

"Sure, you loved it. But it wasn't enough to break you, to tempt you into cheating. But...the one thing you couldn't resist was catching your own son eying you up like any other guy would, right?" I asked. Mom didn't reply. "That drove you wild, didn't it? Drove you more wild than anything, knowing even your son was affected by your charms? Admit it, you knew I wanted you, even before I confessed. Right?" I said.

"Yeah." Mom said, holding my gaze, her voice a harsh whisper as we stood inches from each other, feeling our lusty heat. "I always know when a guy's looking at me. Eyeing me up. You're no exception. I felt your eyes on my tits. I saw you stare into my cleavage. I felt your gaze on my ass. I always knew deep down you had a little crush. But I wasn't about to indulge a boy's filthy mind. Though I did take great pride knowing I was hotter than all of your girlfriends. I loved knowing you would be thinking about me when you were with them. I loved knowing I owned you like I owned every other guy I was with." I wasn't sure if Mom was lying or if this was the truth. But I didn't care. It sounded good.

Mom and I stood close, both her and I barely clothed.

"You have no idea how filthy you made me, Mom. You have no idea the bad things I wanted to do to your body. Being around a body like yours made me grow up fast. By the time I was 18, the things I wanted to do to you were things no other guys my age were capable of. Things no guy double my age would consider." I replied.

"Oh yeah? Try me." Mom dared. My dark side lashed out.

"I wanted to make you choke on my fat fucking cock. I wanted to feel your lips around the root of my shaft. I wanted to drive my rock-hard cock between those huge fucking tits and squirt cum all over them. I wanted to paint your pretty face with my jizz. I wanted to fucking shove my face in your ass and suck your fucking asshole. I wanted to drive my thick meat in and out of my own mother's cunt and her asshole. I wanted you to take it. I wanted you to take my cum in every hole." I said harshly. Mom was nonplussed. Not taken aback. Not shocked. Merely amused.

"Such a filthy, filthy young man. Wanting to do such awful things to your lovely, sweet mom." Mom marveled sarcastically with a smile. "Face it, Tom, that's not the kind of obsession you get over. Admit it, you were never over me. Admit it!"

"I never said you stopped being crazy hot. But, you are crazy. I would take someone sane and just as hot over someone as insane as you any day." I said.

"How dare you? How dare you call your own mother crazy? And worst of all, how dare you imply Carmen is as hot as me." Mom replied, offended, hands on her hips.

"She's the best I've ever had." I replied truthfully.

"Well, you haven't had me yet. And... as much fun as you think she is, as good as you claim the sex is with her, the truth is she will never have what I've got." Mom said. "She will never have a pair of these." Mom added, pointing at her jugs.

"I'm happy with what I got." I replied.

"Bullshit!" Mom replied quickly with a snarl. "Let's see how you feel after this." With that, she reached behind her and unsnapped her bra.

I was trying to control myself, control my breathing as I realized I was about to see something I had dreamt of seeing for years. Something I had jacked off to countless times thinking about. I had to stop myself from being reduced to the immature young man who was obsessed with his Mom's rack. I had to keep my cool, but I was about to see my Mom's bare breasts. This was a life-changing event. Even though I didn't want this, I had to remember it.

The bra jumped forward as she unsnapped it, but her boobs were so firm they didn't sag very much, if at all. Staring at me as she did this, she held the straps in place for a few moments, teasing me.

"Are you sure you can handle this Tom?" Mom asked. "Are you sure you won't just cum at the sight of them?"

"I can handle it." I bragged, deep down hoping I could. Hoping that the sight of my own mother's mammoth breasts didn't break me, or change me in a way I couldn't recover from. Gauging my reaction, Mom teased me, holding onto them for a few more seconds. Before finally, with a smirk, she let the bra drop and put her hands on her hips. And suddenly, just like that, there they were.

Was this a dream? Was this actually happening? I blinked my eyes a few times, wondering if this was just an apparition. But it became clear that this was no dream. This was reality.

For the first time in memory, I was seeing Mom's massive breasts in the flesh.

I couldn't help myself from gawking. They were just huge. They seemed even bigger outside of a bra then they did in one. They were incredible. On her slim frame, each massive udder looked all the more huge. The flesh was smooth and silky with a golden tan and each jiggled lightly with every movement she made. My eyes were drawn to Mom's nipples. For years I had dreamed of seeing them and now I was finally getting a glimpse of them. In my pursuit of her, catching sight of them had been elusive. Mom had been an expert at showing me as much of her breasts she could without showing me each rubbery cap. And now, I was seeing them. The

areolas were smooth and round, standing out from her golden skin. And each nipple was hard as a rock, pointing to me, aching for pleasure.

I took in the full, round shape of each breast. I took in the artful, smooth, succulent curves. I studied their perfectly round shape. I admired their firmness, each round breast riding proudly on her chest, firm enough to ride close together, creating a cavern of smooth cleavage. They were, quite simply, perfect. If you wanted to create a sculpture depicting perfect, mammoth breasts, Mom's would be the inspiration.

I remember Mom saying once that if I ever saw her breasts, I would fall to my knees. For the first time, I understood what she was saying. Upon seeing them, part of me felt the urge to kneel before her and worship their perfection. But I was stronger than that. I kept my bearings, standing straight, looking up from my mother's jugs to her pretty face.

Looking impressed that I hadn't crumbled in front of her, Mom raised her eyebrows and ran her hands down her sides, hooking the straps of her g-string in her fingers and pulling them down. I watched the material roll down her body. I watched the tiny patch of material covering her vagina get peeled down, slowly, until finally, the g-string fell to the floor.

My mother was standing completely naked in front of me.

My eyes jumped down to her exposed, naked pussy. It was as gorgeous as the rest of her. Two... small... plump lips, a slightly protruding clit, and a small tuft of dark hair. Age hadn't hit her there either. Mom had the pussy of a twenty year-old.

Mom put her hands on her hips, letting me take in the entire package. She looked incredible. Her body was begging to be touched. Her body was calling out to me, calling to be worshipped, aching to be pleasured. There was just so much golden tan, smooth, silky flesh. Her flat stomach looked so tight and sexy, even her belly button was hot to me. And again, I marveled at her chest. Her massive breasts were just so full and large on her slim frame. But despite that, somehow, someway, I could tell she was built to carry large breasts. Something in her body language told me that there was no way this body could exist with small, feeble breasts. Her body was designed to carry massive boobs. Her body was a sports car with all the best features.

I couldn't get over it. This was my mom! This was my mom, a 42 year old woman, showing off her perfect nude body to me, her own son. This was the woman who used to have to shake me awake in the mornings before high school, making me breakfast, then sending me on my way like a good mother would. This was the woman who would lovingly call me a butthead when I would be a smart ass. This was the woman who would pester me, making sure I did my homework. Now, she was showing off her naked body to me, trying to tempt me into sin, trying to drive me wild, trying to make me lose control.

Mom stared me down, studying my reaction to seeing her in the buff. I tried to be cool, but I couldn't help but react truthfully.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Mom." I marveled with a laugh.

"Admit it, Tom. Admit you've never seen a body this good. Admit you've never seen a body this perfect." Mom said, running a couple fingers across her smooth breasts. I couldn't help but admit the truth.

"Mom, I'll give it to you. You have the best body I've ever seen." I said honestly.

"Better than Carmen's?" Mom asked pointedly. I grit my teeth and admitted the truth.

"Yes, Mom. You have a better body than my fiancée. But that doesn't make you a better woman." I replied.

"I think it does." Mom replied, in a sing-song voice. "By the end of today, you'll admit I'm a better woman than her. You'll scream it to the heavens."

"We'll see." I replied. For a few moments, a silence fell, as I stared at Mom's body.

"Are you just gonna stand there and gawk... or are you gonna do something?" Mom asked impatiently.

"No need to rush." I replied, trying to delay the inevitable for as long as possible.

"Really, mere minutes ago, you wanted to get this over with. Now... after taking one look at me, you're scared. You're intimidated. You're starting to realize the truth. You can't handle me, Tom. Admit it!" Mom affirmed, her chest jiggling with her movements.

"Oh, you want me to do something? You want to move this along?" I dared her. "Well, check this out."

With a firm tug, I yanked down my boxer-briefs, throwing them to the floor. And from within, now released, bouncing around before coming to a stop, pointing directly at Mom, was my throbbing, hard-as-concrete cock. It jutted out straight from my body, pulsing with desire, standing proud. With what I was seeing, it was no shock that my cock had never looked harder, jutting out a full 10 inches. It was throbbing with need.

"I spent years wanting to show you this, Mom." I admitted. "I really thought you needed to see it." I let Mom look at it for the first time. I let her study every meaty inch. It's impressive thickness. The pulsing veins. My swollen balls.

Mom's eyes were blazing with desire as she stared at my crotch. I could see her running her eyes up and down the length of my shaft, admiring it, lusting for it.

"Wow..." Mom marveled. "I did need to see this." Mom said to herself. "I am very disappointed you didn't show this to me a long time ago, young man." she chastised.

"What do you think?" I asked. I couldn't help, after years of wondering, what Mom would think of my large penis. And judging by the rapt look on her face, she approved.

"It's..." Mom began, trying to play it cool, but it was clear she loved what we saw, since she couldn't take her eyes off of it. "It's fucking huge." Mom whispered.

"Yeah?" I asked, stroking it lightly.

"It's... beautiful." Mom said, glancing up to my eyes before looking back down. "It's just... huge. I mean, I knew you were big, but I didn't think you were THAT big. How big is it?" Mom asked.

"10." I replied.

"Ooh." Mom exhaled lightly, impressed. "It's so big, and smooth, and you got nice, big balls, and you keep the hair trimmed, and the head,

God, that even the head of your cock is huge! Fuck, it just looks so... powerful!" Mom gasped.

"Dad not this big?" I asked arrogantly.

"Not even close." Mom replied. Mom shook herself from her reverie, regaining her composure. For a minute there, the big bad bitch was gone, and in its place, a starving cock-slut. But she had regained her cool, stood-up straight, and regained her sneer. "But, it's not all about size, Tom. It's how you utilize it. Your father isn't even that small. He just has no idea how to use what he has. It's about technique, Tom. Trust me, your mother knows these things. I hope you've got more than just the size."

"You saw what I did to Casey." I told Mom. "I know what I'm doing."

Mom glanced down to my turgid erection again, not able to keep her eyes off of it for too long without having to take another peek.

"You can touch it if you want." I invited. Mom rolled her eyes at me, annoyed that I implied she needed permission. And as she rolled her eyes, she extended her hand and ran a finger across the top of my dick. I shivered as I felt the pad of Mom's finger run down my length, running against stretched-to-the-max skin on top of my hard as granite cock. I gulped slightly as I felt Mom's elegant finger against the sensitive head of my dick, playing lightly at the very tip, teasing me. Holding my gaze, Mom extended her fingers and I felt all five against my shaft. I felt each of her fingers coil around my cock,

encircling as much as they could around my thick meat. Now, with a full grip, Mom tightened her fingers, squeezing my meaty shaft for the first time.

"Uhhhh." I moaned out, the pleasure of feeling my own mother's hand wrapped around my cock almost too much to bear.

This was first contact. This was mom hand on son dick. After years of back-and-forth between us, right here and now, my mother had her slim, elegant fingers wrapped around her son's bulging, rock-hard cock. It was an indescribable pleasure. Mom slowly began to stroke my cock and my head fell back.

"You like that?" Mom whispered, stepping in close, her hand travelling the length of my hard-on, her fingers squeezing my shaft firmly as she did so. I closed my eyes and nodded in reply. Mom put her other hand on my chest and her fingers squeezed my chest gently. "Step back, baby. Sit down on the bed." she whispered. I opened up my eyes and let her guide me back gently and sat me down, planting my bare ass on my parent's bed.

Mom switched hands, taking my dick into her other hand as she curled up next to me on the bed, kneeling on the mattress. I felt her big, bare breasts against my arm as she pressed herself into me, her lips moving close to my ear as she continued slowly stroking me.

"You like that, Tom? You like feeling your mom stroking your big, fat cock?" Mom asked gently but firmly. I usually had pretty good

endurance, but after having gone so long without pleasure, Mom's hand already had me on edge.

"Yeah." I grunted, leaning back slightly, both hands clutching the comforter. I felt her hair fall onto my bare shoulder as she looked down at my bloated dick, her active hand still at work.

"God, it's already leaking." Mom said, admiring the small bead of cum leaking from my cock. "Are you that easy, Tom? Is my hand enough to break you? Is your mother's loving touch all you need? Am I gonna break you with a fucking handjob?" she asked.

The steady trickle of juices leaking from me made my cock increasingly wet as Mom stroked me, her palm coated with my pre-cum as well.

"This ain't nothing." I replied with a smirk, glancing at Mom. She smiled wickedly and stroked me faster.

"Are you sure, Tom?" Mom asked. "Are you sure your mother's hand doesn't feel better than your girlfriend's pussy? Don't you love having your own mother jacking you off? Are you sure you don't already prefer me over her? Have I already won you over? Does my hand want to make you cum harder than your fiancée's cunt ever did?" She stroked me faster, her firm muscles in her arm flexing as she jacked me off. She twisted her fingers around the bottom of my shaft, making my cock throb in delight as she hit the sensitive spots.

"I'll be alright." I replied. "Even if I cum, I'll have more in the tank. You're gonna have to use a lot more than your hand to drain my balls."

Mom sneered wickedly as she looked straight at me.

"I get it." Mom said softly, still vigorously stroking me, her boobs jiggling against my arm. "You've trained your dick well. A simple hand job won't be enough. You need it even nastier. I expected that much. But... what if I do this?"

With that, Mom leaned forward, and before I could react, stuck out her tongue and licked up along the side of my neck. My eyes lidded over as Mom's tongue hit a sweet spot on my neck. I felt her firm tongue against me, and the rawness of this act was like a bolt of electricity coursing through me. Mom's tongue hit my jawline, running her wet muscle down the bone, towards my chin. She ran her tongue up my cheek and then with a flourish, finished her lick by flicking her tongue at the corner of my mouth, before moving back slightly, Mom's lusty breath hitting my face.

I looked down at her plump, smooth lips as she rubbed them together slightly, the deep red lipstick making her lips look extra sexy. I looked at her eyes and she looked back at me, her fist still jacking me vigorously. The tension overtook at us at the same moment. We dove towards each other, our mouths colliding roughly in a savage, open mouthed-kiss. Our lips fused together in a perfect seal, our mouths sucking at each other, our tongues waging war in each other's mouths. Her smooth lips slid against mine, her lipstick

smearing onto me. Out tongues mashed into each other as we swapped spit, our mouths ravenously attacking each other.

This was pure insanity. An unholy tableau for anyone who happened to be watching. Most guys my age would be at college parties, making out with slutty coeds. Not me. I was at home, in my parent's room, making out with my nude, hot-bodied, slutty mother as she stroked my dick. It was nastiness. Pure sin. A mother and a son, lips pressed together in a tight seal, tongues in each other's mouths, swapping serious spit.

This was so, so wrong in just about any way imaginable. This was a son making out with his mother. A mother making out with her son. A young man making out with a woman over double his age. This was a guy making out with an older woman that wasn't his fiancée. This was a woman making out with a young guy that was not her husband. This was as filthy of a coupling as possible in every way. This was incest. This was cheating. This was so fucking hot! My cock was throbbing.

Our kiss became even more savage, our tongues wrestling fiercely in each others' mouths, fighting for control. Our lips were swollen as we pressed them against each other roughly. Our cheeks were hollowed, meaning our kiss was deep. Our tongues explored each and every crevice of the other's mouth, our spit mingling and making this kiss very wet. Our lips smacked against each other as we Frenched. Mom pressed herself into me, her boobs pressing into my chest, grabbing the back of my neck as she tried to jam her tongue down my throat.

I reached forward, putting my hand on her back before letting it slide down, cupping her ass-cheek for the first time. As I squeezed it roughly, I marveled at how good it felt in my hand. I played with the round cheek, digging my fingers into the firm flesh. My mind being reminded of firm flesh was like a jolt of electricity.

They were right there. Her boobs were right here, in front of me, pressed into my chest. I had to go for it. I had to squeeze them.

As I kept French-kissing my mother, I let my hands slid back up, travelling along her velvety skin and up her side, my intentions clear. And as I got close, as my hands were inches away from finally making skin-to-skin contact with my mom's big, bare boobs, Mom grabbed my wrists roughly, stopping me, mere inches away from her massive rack. Mom pulled her tongue from my mouth, backing up, breathing deep as spit connected our open mouths. We looked at each other, our eyes glassy with lust.

"Not yet." she gasped. "Wait." Mom slid her hands along my lean arms till they arrived at my chest. Gripping my chest lightly, Mom pushed me back onto the bed. "Get comfortable." Mom said, "Lie back. If you want to be the real man of the house, act like it. Get comfortable, lie back, be the master of the master bed."

I slid my bare ass up the bed, lying back against the headboard, my lean body exposed in front of Mom, my jutting cock pointing towards the heavens. Mom still sat on the edge of the bed, eying my

body up lustfully. I couldn't get over seeing her naked. I mean, her big boobs were just right there, exposed to me. They looked so perfectly round and firm, and seeing her hard, throbbing nipples pointing at me was a thrilling sight. Mom stood up and stared me down.

"I thought you were the big, bad stud, Tom. Now, look at you, lying there, letting me run the show. A real man would know how handle a woman. If you're trying to impress me, you are failing miserably." Mom sneered.

"Alright." I said, sitting up. "You want me to boss you around? You want me to treat you like a bitch?" I asked. "Okay then, Mom, dance for me. Shake that ass for me. Dance like a slut for your son." I commanded firmly. Mom rolled her eyes, almost annoyed, before she started bouncing her hip.

Mom began slowly dance, rolling her hips lithely, spinning her body in front of me. Mom gyrated to an invisible beat, turning her back to me, rolling her bare ass at me. This was the first look I had had of it completely bare. And it was truly incredible. Each juicy cheek looked so round and ripe, and the cleft between them looked incredibly sexy as well. That's how hot my Mom was. Mom's ass-crack was sexier than some girls were altogether. Any guy would be lucky to be able to run their tongues up the length of my mother's sexy ass-crack.

Mom's ass jiggled firmly as she shook her ass at me. Her lean, tight body, and her copious curves were on display for me, being shown off to me and me alone. Mom worked hard to look this good, and it

showed. Mom was proud of her hot her body was, but the look on her face was one of annoyance.

"What?" I asked. "You know you love it. You know you love showing off that body of yours. Even though you're a mom, the slut inside loves this. You always dreamed of stripping like a slut in front of an appreciative audience."

"What makes you think I don't strip for your father?" I asked.

"You don't respect him enough to do this for him." I postulated. "You respect my skill more than you ever respected his."

"While that's true, and although the idea of taking off my clothes and making guys drool over me does sound hot, that's not why I'm doing this." Mom began, still swiveling in front of me, now facing me again. Her hands ran up her body, digging her fingers into her fleshy jugs, squeezing them firmly, flicking her fingers over her throbbing nipples. "I am doing this to test you. And of course, you failed." Mom ran her fingers down her front, down her belly and over her cunt. "I wanted to see what that dirty mind could come up with. How creative you could be. But all you could come up with, when you have a naked slut in front of you, the best idea you have is for her to dance for you? Brilliant! A stroke of genius."

"What do you expect? There's only so much I could ask for. What creative idea did you want, for me to ask you to do Calculus or something?" I asked.

"No." Mom replied, kneeling low, spreading her legs lewdly as she moved her ass closer to the floor. "But if I give you some apples and tell you to cook up something special, I expect you to make more than apple pie."

"Okay." I began, sitting forward. "It's not the fact that you feel yourself losing your grip. It's that you realize your losing. It's not the fact that two years ago, you said me and you would never happen, and now here you are, dancing naked like a slut in front of your own?"

"I ain't losing shit." Mom said, her lithe body bending at the hips, showing off how flexible yoga made her. "I haven't lost a fucking step."

"You want to step things up? You want me to take this to a new level? You want me to make you do something you've never done before?" I began firmly. "Okay, get on this bed, open that filthy mouth of yours, and suck my dick. Suck your own son's cock! Is that too much to ask?" I dared her.

With that, Mom stood up straight, and a sneer crossed her lips. Wordless, she got on her knees on the bed and pulled me by the ankles a few inches down the bed. Looking at me, she slid her hand up my bare leg, letting her fingers curl around my large dick again. She crawled over me, till her face hovered over my shaft. She let

some spit drip from her mouth, landing on the tip of my cock as her hand began to slowly jack me again. She looked up at me.

"You think I'm afraid of this?" Mom spat at me, jacking me off. "You think I'm afraid of my son's big dick? You think just cause this massive piece of thick, pulsing meat is attached to my son, I don't have the guts to suck it? To suck it all the way off? You don't think I have the nerve to swallow your cum? I've done it before, and I will do it again. Your mom is about to suck your dick so good I'll make you cry. I will drain those big, fat balls of yours. The pleasure of your mother's hot mouth will make you beg me for relief. BEG me for it. And when you beg, when you beg your mother to ease your pain, then you will be mine. Not Carmen's. MINE! You will know I am your better and you will worship me by giving me the pleasure I need. My mouth will be your downfall, so the question I have for you, Tom... do you really want this? Can you handle this?"

Looking down at Mom, looking at her as she stroked my cock, with fire in her eyes as she spat venomous taunts at me, I knew I couldn't show any weakness. No hesitation. I couldn't let any thoughts of Carmen distract me. I couldn't let myself feel guilty. I had a job to do. I had to take this as far as necessary.

I had to have Mom suck my cock.

"I can handle it, Mom. But, it's pretty big, so the question is, can you handle it, or are you gonna wimp out and just give me a knob polish?" I asked confidently to Mom. Mom's eyes narrowed, furious

that I dared doubt her. And as she did, she moved her face closer, pursed her lips, and gave the tip of my cock a big, juicy kiss.

"Ughh." I groaned out, feeling my own mother's lips on my cock for the first time. Surprised at this gentle action, I looked down at Mom with a curious look on my face.

"Fucking knob polish? I'll show you what I can handle. Kiss Carmen goodbye, Tom." she hissed. And with that, Mom's lips parted and she descended, her open mouth approaching my jutting, rock-hard dick. I looked down as this seemed to go in slow-motion. The image of my own mother, naked, about to suck my cock, the insanity of it, the nastiness of it, was going to be burned in my mind forever.

I watched my Mom's plump lips open. I saw her eager tongue poised in her mouth. I watched her as her eyes stared daggers at me. I saw her fingers tighten around my eager shaft. I felt her hair fall onto my thighs. I felt her hot breath on the tip of my throbbing dick. The skin around my rock hard cock stretched to the max as I felt my cock swelling, as if it knew relief was near.

Finally, my cock broke the barrier, entering Mom's mouth. The first thing I felt was her breath surrounding the tip of my dick. For the first few moments, I felt nothing but Mom's heated breath. Then, I felt strands of her dripping spit fall onto my shaft, this slight contact making me shudder. I watched Mom as she looked up at me, eyes flashing with lust, as more and more of my thick cock entered her ready mouth. Mom was fearless as she let my cock enter her mouth and she didn't pull back even when half of my thick shaft entered her

mouth. And it was then, as my cock made contact with her throat, that she finally stopped teasing me, closing her thick lips around the circumference of my cock, forming a tight seal around it. I felt Mom's tongue against the bottom of my shaft, and in that same instant, her cheeks hollowed and she began to suck.

"FUCK!" I yelled out. In that instant, I knew Mom was about to give me the best blowjob I had ever had. Most of the younger girls I had received BJ's from were tentative and inexperienced. Ms. Graham's blowjob skills were fantastic and gleaned from years from experience sucking cock. And Carmen was energetic and eager. But even though I had good blowjobs in the past, it was clear that nothing had prepared me for this.

I felt Mom's tongue sliding against the bottom of my cock lustfully. I felt Mom's plump lips squeeze against my hard-as-steel shaft. I felt Mom's hot spit beginning to coat my shaft. And as she began to bob on my meat, she did so with vigor, dive-bombing against my dick vigorously. I felt more and more of my cock enter her tight, clasping throat, but that didn't stop Mom from fearlessly attacking my cock with her hot, wet, sucking mouth.

That was what separated Mom from the rest. The vigor and the lust that was apparent as she inhaled my cock. All the other women I had been with who had sucked my dick paled in comparison to her. No matter how much experience they built up couldn't compare to the skills that were on display now. Mom was talented at this. She was a natural, she was just... built for it. Some moms were talented at cooking or knitting. My mom was talented at sucking cock. She

effortlessly bobbed on my dick, taking more and more of my shaft smoothly into her tight throat. Her thick lips were wrapped around my meaty shaft, smearing her smoothly applied lipstick onto her own son's throbbing, 10-inch dick. And the best part was the hunger that she attacked my cock with. She had said it before. She was starving, and she was attacking my cock lustfully as if it was the finest meal she could get her hands on. She was sucking me as if her life depended on it, as if her fate would be decided how well she could draw the cum from my balls. She was slobbering all over it, my shaft covered with her hot, sticky drool, her saliva pooling around my balls. After getting a good eight inches or so into her sucking mouth, Mom pulled back to get her breath.

"You like that?" Mom gasped, panting as bands of her spit connecting her mouth and my cock broke and fell onto her chin. I looked down, my cock harder than ever, glistening with her spit as she gripped it in her fingers.

"It's, uh... it's pretty good." I said with a smirk. Mom raised an eyebrow at me.

"Well, let's see if your tune changes." Mom said simply. With that, she dove down, dipping her face till her wet mouth met my sack. I jerked slightly as I felt my mother's mouth sucking my big, swollen balls.

"Ahh!" I groaned out. Her lithe tongue ran circles around my nuts, coating them with spit, massaging them with the perfect level of firmness. Mom swapped balls, taking the other into her mouth,

playing with it hungrily. I looked down to see Mom's lusty face obscured by my towering shaft as she inhaled my sack. I had to speak up. "That's it, Mom. That's it! Suck my balls, Mom! Run your tongue across your own son's sack! You feel how swollen they are? You feel how much sperm is swimming in my sack? It can be all yours."

"Oh yeah?" Mom said, pulling her mouth from my balls with a pop. She reached down and cupped my heavy sack in her palm, her fingers squeezing at me lightly. "There must be a fucking gallon of cum in there. You're saying it's all mine?" she asked, kissing my slick scrotum. She leaned up and used her still clasping hands to jack me fiercely. "You want to hose me down with it? Hose down your own mother with cum? That's how you fucking thank me?" she spat at me. "I'm your Mom! I raised you! I cleaned up after you! I gave you a life any guy your age would envy. I did everything right. And now look at you... look at how fucking filthy you turned out to be. Wanting your own Mom to jack you off. This is how you pay me back? Some guys buy their moms cars. Some send them on fancy trips. But not you. You pay your mother back for all her hard work by trying to cover her with your filthy, nasty cum!"

"Ugh, yeah!" I grunted out as Mom jacked off my slick cock. "I want to cover you with fucking cum! I want it! But don't act so fucking innocent. You've wanted this since the beginning. You've been shaking your ass... fuck, yeah, and shaking those big tits at me, gagging to be taken. Face it, Mom. Ughh fuck! Face it. You want to be another conquest. You want to be conquered! You want to end up on my phone, your face covered in my cum, like so many girls before. We've been playing this game for years, but deep down you've always been rooting for me to win. You want to lose to me, deep

down. You want your big-dicked son to conquer your slutty ass, don't you? So, why waste time? Just get on your knees and receive your destiny."

Mom eyes flashed with lust as I spoke to her so raw.

"Bullshit!" Mom replied, still jacking me. "I'm going to conquer you like I've conquered every other man. I will make you beg for it. When this is all said and done, I will own you... and this fat fucking dick of yours. I will own your body, and I will own your mind. I will change you when I break you. And when I do, you will agree with me about your little girlfriend. Sex between us will be so good that you will realize how fucking ugly your fiancée really is. After you have sex with your own mother, you won't be attracted to your fiancée ever again! You won't be able to get it up for her ever again. You won't be able to get it up for any other woman. Only me, your mom, will be able to get you stiff. Only your mom will get your blood boiling. Only your mom will be able to give you what you want. What you need! You think you have what it takes to conquer me... ha! Keep dreaming. Like I told you before, no man has ever compelled me to get on my knees in front of him and make me take his cum on my face. No man! And I highly doubt you will be the first. That week's worth of cum boiling in your balls isn't touching your mother's gorgeous face. It never will. The load of cum simmering in your balls is your best shot, your most potent weapon, and you know what I'm gonna do with it? I'm gonna swallow it. I will swallow a week's worth of my son's cum in one go, just to prove a point. Just to prove I'm better. How low that must make you feel, knowing that your biggest weapon is merely a tasty snack for your sexy mom? You've trained yourself for years, let yourself get charged up, and I will

simply swallow that lust whole and consume it. When I'm done, I will leave you a drained shell of a man, and I'll be ready for more. Just watch!"

With that, Mom leaned down and ran her tongue from my still swollen sack, ran it in circles around my rock-hard shaft, trailing it upward till she met with the bubbling tip of my cock. In one smooth motion, Mom swallowed two-thirds of my cock, resuming her hot, wet blowjob.

"Ohhhh.... God damn, that's good!" I groaned. Mom fluidly bobbed on my dick, choking herself on my thick meat. Her wet tongue worked wonders on the underside of my dick, making me shiver. Her plump lips were adding to the sensation as they were wrapped around my shaft, stroking me lightly as she bobbed up and down.

"Uhhh, I'll give it to you, Mom." I began. "You can suck a dick." Mom was fully focused on my cock, staring down, focusing on her work. She released my bone-hard dick from her grip as she bobbed deeper, taking most of my dick down her tight throat. She slid her hands down to my thighs and squeezed them lustfully. My cock was covered with her saliva as sucked me. She was sucking me so hard it felt like I could feel the full expanse of insides of her cheeks against the side of my shaft. She looked up at me as I saw her take nine inches of my meaty cock into her wet mouth, her hollowed cheeks a raw vision of lust. Mom slid her hand up, cupping my spit-soaked balls, squeezing them lovingly as she inhaled my dick. Mom got closer and closer to inhaling my entire length, and I knew she might need some help on her journey.

I reached down and rested my palm on the back of her head. I took her silky hair into my hand, taking a firm grip as she sucked me, lightly forcing her to suck my dick deeper. I heard a wet smack as my dick went in and out of my mother's tight throat. I was amazed that Mom's small, clutching throat could take a dick my size, but it accommodated well, squeezing my cock from all sides. It was clear my mother was experienced at sucking large, beefy cocks.

"FUCK! That's it! Take the whole thing!" I groaned out, marveling as I felt Mom's lips reach the root of my shaft. Mom had done it. She had taken my large, thick cock into her throat with ease. And she wasn't stopping at simply reaching this milestone. Mom kept sucking me, sucking my entire length, from the tip to the root. My cock was dripping with spit as Mom inhaled me. I was amazed that Mom could suck me so deep and so hard and not come up to breathe. Finally, Mom came up for air, releasing my spit-soaked shaft as she gasped for breath.

"You like that?" Mom asked, giving my throbbing cock a few wet, juicy kisses.

"It's... pretty good." I replied with a smirk. I couldn't let on how on edge I was. I normally had pretty damn good endurance, but being so on edge, and not having cum for the past week, had me fighting the pressure building in my balls. I couldn't give in this fast. I couldn't let Mom get this one over on me.

"Bull-fucking-shit!" Mom replied, licking the underside of the tip of my dick like a lollipop as she gripped the base again. "Face it, Tom. My mouth, your mother's mouth, is about to swallow every fucking drop of creamy cum your storing in these great big balls of yours. All that sweet, tasty cum that belongs to your fiancée... I'm gonna swallow it. Every drop. My mouth will be enough to make you mine permanently. So, cherish that love you feel for Carmen, cause it's about to disappear for good."

With that, Mom inhaled my shaft again, immediately resuming her full-length, knob-to-root blowjob. Mom rearranged herself and got above me, bobbing her head straight down, swallowing my pulsing cock. She was on her knees, one hand cradling my balls as the other held her up. Her big boobs hung down below her, looking absolutely huge as they hung like ripe udders. I had to get my hands on them. I reached down to touch them, to finally get my hand on my mother's ripe breasts, but as I got close, Mom's hand jumped from the bed, grabbing my wrist, stopping me. As she did, she extended one of her fingers, waving it back-and-forth, as if saying 'naughty naughty.' This didn't break her stride as she kept smoothly sucking my cock. I was angry at Mom, not letting me touch her boobs, but my anger dissipated as the pleasure I was feeling overwhelmed me. My hand fell to the bed, as did my head.

I was close. Too close. I had an iron will, but Mom's hot mouth had me losing control. Mom had taken control of this sexual encounter, and I'd like to think that was part of my plan. My goal was to slow-play this like I did with Ms. Graham. Let her wear herself out, think she has control while I took my time, holding onto control, until finally, when the time was right, take over. But Mom was testing my

limits. Mom's wet blowjob was driving me wild. I don't know if it was purely from Mom's incredible skills at oral, or the fact that I hadn't cum in a week, but I was about to lose it.

The weeklong stop-gap was about to be blown apart in a torrent from my balls, and there was nothing I could do to stop it. The cracks were forming. I was about to explode.

Mom was relentless. She just kept smoothly sucking me. Her throat kept squeezing me. Her hand kept massaging my nuts. Every move she made was trying to coax the cum from my balls. Was Mom about to break me? I thought I could withstand this, but was Mom right? Was she about to drain my balls into her mouth? Was she about to steal me from Carmen? Was I about to lose everything? All that I knew was... I was about to cum. I could only hope I made it to the other side intact.

"Fuck, Mom." I groaned. She just kept choking on my dick, not stopping. A week's worth of pressure was about to boil over. "Mom, you can fucking suck some fucking dick!" I reached down and forced her head firmly downward, gripping her hair again.

An onlooker would have seen an impressive sight. A sexy, hot-bodied older woman bent over on the bed, her bare ass pointed at the door, her huge boobs hanging down as she sucked the dick of a well built, well-hung, 20-year-old stud.

"Ahhh, I'm close." I groaned out. Mom pulled her mouth off of me, strands of spit coating her lips and my cock.

"You're gonna cum?" Mom gasped out, kissing the throbbing tip of my wet dick.

"Yeah, I'm gonna fucking cum." I grunted.

"You want me to make you cum?" Mom asked, blowing on the tip of my dick, holding me at the precipice.

"Uhhhh." I groaned.

"Tell me, Tom! Tell your mother to make you cum! Beg for it!" Mom gasped.

"I need to cum. Please!" I gasped, my cock nearly numb with pleasure.

"Tell me I'm better than Carmen. Tell me I suck your dick better than Carmen ever has. Then I'll let you cum. Tell me!" Mom insisted firmly.

I couldn't think straight. Logic and reason had escaped me. I just needed to cum, and I needed to say whatever I could to make that happen.

"Fuck! Fuck! Whatever! Fuck! You're a better cocksucker than Carmen. Okay! You suck dick better than my fiancée. Okay?" I begged. Mom smiled wickedly.

"Thanks for the compliment, sexy." Mom replied. With that, her mouth opened up and engulfed my tingling dick again.

"Aaaaahhhh! Fuck!" I grunted. My dick was swelling and pulsing as Mom swallowed my dick, sucking it up and down. Again and again. I looked down, I looked down at her. I saw my own mom's jaw stretched to the max, her gorgeous face a mask of lust, her sweet lips wrapped around the circumference of my dick tightly. And the image of this, of my sexy mother blowing me, and the fact that she giving me the best blowjob of my life, set me off.

Light flashed behind my eyes. A bolt of electricity shot through my body. My balls exploded. The weeklong stopgap in my nuts was blown apart. Finally, after a week without pleasure, I began to cum.

Mom kept sucking me, blowing my entire length. And as I felt the first thick stream of cum traveling up my shaft towards the tip, Mom pulled back, leaving only the tip of her son's cock in her mouth. The tip of my cock swelled, as it reached its breaking point, and a thick wad of cum burst from the tip, into Mom's sucking mouth.

"FFFUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK!" I grunted as I went through a sweet agony, cumming after such a long wait.

"MMmmmmm." Mom purred as the first wad of my thick cum hit her tongue. Mom's hand was furiously stroking me, trying to draw the jizz into her mouth. My back was arched as I came, jet after jet of cum bursting into Mom's mouth. I felt my load filling Mom's mouth, and as I looked down at her, I saw her gulp, swallowing my cum, leaving room for more.

"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" I called out in pained pleasure as Mom jacked me. I kept cumming, more and more thick streams of cum firing from my overfilled balls into her waiting mouth. I saw Mom's cheeks swell slightly as I filled her mouth, and again she had to swallow.

"C'mon! Ah! Ah! Ah! So good!" I groaned out. My cock was out of control. I just kept cumming, again and again, strands of cum filling Mom's mouth. I was lost in the throes of passion, my pleasure making me blind to all but the feeling coming from my cock. Now that the barrier was broken, my tingling cock kept bursting, my body desperate to relieve the pressure in my balls.

Mom kept swallowing my cum, like a good slut, not losing a drop of it. Finally, my throbbing dick jerked one last stream of cum into Mom's mouth, and like a good whore, she gulped down more of my load. She pulled her lips from the tip of my cock as her hands squeezed the remaining cum in my shaft into her eager mouth, her tongue collecting the last few drops.

My back fell to the bed. Finally, temporarily, I had relief. The pressure in my balls was gone. I lied back in the bed, gasping, collecting my breath. My mom had just given me the blowjob of a lifetime. She did things with her mouth I didn't know were possible. She had me on edge in a way no woman had ever made me. She played my cock like an instrument, and she was a maestro. Had I just lost? Had I been beaten that quickly?

My still bloated, yet softening, dick fell onto my torso with a wet smack. Mom looked up my fit body, into my dazed eyes, and licked her plump lips.

"Do you always cum that much?" Mom marveled. "Jesus Christ! I should have given you a bigger glass to fill." she purred. I fell back and wiped the sweat off my forehead. "I'll tell you what, hon... that cum of yours tastes WAY better direct from the source." she complimented, kissing the tip. She sat up, showcasing her massive tits and fit body to me. She put her feet on the floor and stood up. She looked down at me.

"Look at you." Mom sneered, her tone changing. "I thought you had potential. I thought you could be different. But, you get one of your Mom's patented blowjobs, and all that bravado is gone. You're a wreck on my bed, empty and defeated. And the worst thing is..." she began, bending over to the floor. As she stood up, she had her bra in her hand, and she was about to put it back on. "I broke you before you even got to feel up your Mom's tits. Ha! After all that fucking work, you puss out and can't even seal the deal. You can't even get the job done. And now..." she began, threading her arms through her

bra straps. "You will never get to touch them. You had your chance, and you lost. I broke you, and I own your dick now. You got into bed with me, and you didn't even get full access to my tits. You must feel like a big fucking loser." Mom sneered, putting the bra cups in place. "You think I'm gonna let you ever see these tits naked again after that pathetic performance? Keep dreaming. Go back to Carmen. I don't even want you." she said, about to clasp up her bra.

She had been vicious in her attack, sure. And she was giving me an out. So, she had lost all respect for me as a man, but I might be able to get away and go back to Carmen. But this wasn't right. I hadn't given her my best. Not in the least. She might be done with me, but I couldn't be done with this until I gave her my best. After I exorcised this lust from my system. And that lust still there. Mom was wrong. I wasn't broken. I wasn't beaten. I wasn't done. I felt my cock begin to reverse course. Sure, I had cum a fucking gallon, more than I ever had before, but maybe I wasn't done yet. Maybe that was simply taking the edge off. Maybe the tanks were still pretty full.

Mom had attacked my pride. She had attacked my skill as a sexual being. Well, she was about to learn how wrong she was. My cock was hardening and my blood was boiling. I was pissed. Who was she to doubt me? Who was she to run me down, to tear apart her own son so viciously? But worst of all, did she really think this would end without me getting my hands on those massive titties of hers? Feeling my body refill with energy, feeling lust overtake me, and hearing Mom breaking me down, I saw red.

Before Mom could clasp her bra shut, I jumped out of bed. Before she could react, I wrapped my arms around her and grabbed the bra from her hands. Roughly, I threw Mom onto the bed, pulling off her bra in the process. As her back hit the mattress, her massive boobs jiggled firmly. And before she could react, I joined her on the bed, climbing on top of her. Her eyes flashed with lust as I got on top of her, sliding my hands up her stomach, feeling her firm muscles and smooth skin. It felt great, but I had my sights set on a greater prize.

My eyes jumped to her mountainous peaks, jutting upwards, nipples still diamond-hard. I slid my hands up her body, towards her massive rack. The flesh looked so smooth... so soft... so silky. Mom wasn't stopping me. She wasn't stopping this. My hands were getting close to her tits.

For years, I had waited for this single moment. For years, I had dreamt of this. My mom's breasts were inches away. And this time, she wasn't stopping me. Her arms were propping her up, and she was giving me a strange look. She was holding herself back. She could have stopped me, but she was letting me proceed, as if she was curious to see where this would go. My mom was lying back on her bed, completely nude, her massive breasts jutting outward, as if being offered to me.

For years, I thought this moment would never come. For years, Mom insisted I would never see her tits bare, let alone get my hands on them.

They were so big! I can't describe how fucking huge my mother's breasts were. They just jutted out from her slim torso like incredibly ripe, perfectly round fruit. Her nipples were throbbing with need, begging for an appreciative mouth to worship them, to chew and to suck them. Her firm breasts looked so round and so smooth and so... huge! They were dying to be squeezed. And now, they were mine for the taking.

My hands slid along her belly, fingering her belly button lightly. I slid my hands up her torso, my hands gliding across her smooth skin. My hands began to tremble as I got closer. Mom had always claimed I didn't have the nerve to get the job done. That if I saw her tits, I wouldn't know the first thing about how to handle them. Mom had claimed I didn't have the guts to squeeze and suck my own mother's enormous boobs. For a second, I wondered if she was right. Could I go through with this? Could I really actually put my hands on Mom's awesome rack and dig my fingers into her luscious, succulent flesh? Could I really cross that line? Sure, they were absolutely massive, but they were also fucking intimidating. Could I really handle a pair of tits THAT big? It would take a lot of man to handle a pair of boobs that big. Mom was waiting, smirking, seeing the reluctance in my eyes. Had her big, bare tits broken me completely?

No, of course not.

Taking a deep breath, I looked up at Mom and gave her a smile. Then, after years of waiting, I slid my hands upward and took my mother's massive, FF tits into my hands. My hands slid across her smooth, supple skin until I had her nipples centered in my palms. I

looked up at her again, and she looked up at me, daring me to go further. She didn't think I had the balls to handle these breasts? She had another thing coming.

I dug my fingers into my Mom's luscious breasts for the first time. They were so soft! I felt the perky flesh pour through my fingers, but there was so much flesh. I had big hands, and even they weren't capable of fully capturing the massive tanks on her chest.

"Uhhh..." I groaned out, unable to control how thrilling it was to have my hands on Mom's enormous rack. Mom smiled wickedly as I squeezed her giant breasts over and over again. The sensation of feeling such soft, massive, perky breasts was indescribable. I kept squeezing, over and over again, my hands addicted to the sensation of such deep dense softness.

"You like?" Mom purred as her son firmly squeezed her jutting melons. I was reminded of her causal arrogance, and I realized how much her boobs were giving her the advantage in this scenario. It was clear my lust towards her voluminous rack was probably higher than any lust felt between us. I couldn't let her tits be what conquers me. She had me under her thumb as she lied on her back like a queen, completely nude, letting a worshipper put his hands on her luscious body. I had to change the tenor of this moment. I had to take control.

Without saying a word, I slid my fingers towards her hard, protruding nipples. Taking each of them between two fingers, I gave each of Mom's nipples a firm twist.

"Aaaahhh!" Mom moaned out. Her open mouth curled into a deeply pleasured smile, my attack on her nipples causing no pain, only pleasure. Her head fell back slightly, falling to the bed, before she jerked her head back up, looking at me, lust in her eyes.

"Mmmmm." Mom purred. "Guys don't usually have the guts to do that, Tom. I like that." she said, smiling dreamily at me. "So feel free to do it again. But this time..." she began, her tone transforming into a lustful whisper. "Put some muscle into it."

A flash of anger went through me as she attacked my masculinity. I would make her pay for that, make her pay for the torture she had put me through. Grabbing a firmer hold of each hard nipple, I gave both one hard twist.

"AAAAHHHHH!" Mom screamed out. "FUCK YES!" Her swollen nipples throbbed between my fingers. This treatment of her nipples would make most women run in horror, but not my mother. When I got rough with her, it simply made her moan in pleasure. I couldn't imagine there being anything Mom would shy away from. She was up for anything.

"You like that?" I asked. "You like me twisting your fucking nipples? What kind of fucking whore let's her own son twist her hard fucking nipples? Is that why they're always throbbing? You were just dying to tempt your own son into grabbing hold and giving them one... hard... twist!" With that, I twisted her nipples again.

"Guuughh!" Mom moaned out again. Her eyes flashed with lust as I went on the offensive. My free fingers pressed lightly into her ripe breasts as I gripped her nipples between two fingers each. "Yeah..." Mom gasped out. "I always wanted my son to grow some balls and worship his mother's nipples whenever she needed them worshipped, which was quite often."

I looked down at her, molesting her massive breasts, squeezing them roughly, as Mom lied back, exposing her taut neck as she reveled in the pleasure. For a few moments, this continued, Mom lying back as I squeezed her massive breasts over and over again, not getting enough. They were so incredible, so big and so soft. I didn't want to stop.

"You don't have to be afraid, Tom." Mom purred.

"What?" I asked, confused, my hands still feeling her ripe flesh.

"You don't have to be afraid to put your mouth on your mother's nipples. I know my breasts are just so, so big, and that can be a lot for a young man like you. But you said it yourself... You're strong. You're mighty. You can handle sucking your mom's tits, right? You can wrap your lips around your mom's hard nipples and suck them, bite them... worship them, and you wouldn't lose yourself, right? You can let yourself be smothered by your mom's warm, soft, firm breasts and not become addicted to the feeling, right? You can butt your nose into your mother's deep, dark cleavage and smell the air

between your Mom's tits, and be totally unaffected, can't you?" Mom teased.

I looked down at Mom's massive jutting breasts, forced out towards me. Her hard nipples beckoned to me, aching for my mouth. Her eyes were playful, daring me to immerse myself into her massive, round melons completely. I was dipping my toes in the ocean, but I wasn't swimming. I couldn't let Mom see any fear. I couldn't feel any hesitance. And besides, I had to admit, rubbing my face between my own mother's massive tits did sound like a mighty tempting offer.

I cupped my hands roughly under Mom's massive rack, getting as much of her soft, flesh into my big hands, pressing them together, pointing her breasts up, towards my face. Then, pausing only for a moment, I dove down face first, shoving my face against my mother's mammoth boobs.

I was swimming in softness. I felt Mom's succulent breast flesh mold against my face as I dove in. I scrubbed my face against them, wanting every inch of my face to experience Mom's soft, juicy rack. If I had to do it, I would at least do it right.

As I smothered myself in Mom's chest, she took advantage, reaching up and wrapping her arms around my head, forcing my face firmly into her melons.

"Mmmm, that's it. Take it! Feel them! Really get in there!" she moaned out, her firm arms holding me against her as she scrubbed

her breasts across my face. "Oh, that's it, my son. Feel your mother's breasts. Let your face feel your own mom's tits. Use your mouth, Tom. Use your fucking mouth on your mother's breasts. Do it!" Mom urged me.

I was rubbing my cheeks, my chin and forehead into her chest, immersing myself completely. Her hard nipples scraped across my face. My mouth opened as I sought them out, but there was so much flesh against me it was hard to capture those rubbery caps. I was smelling a combination of her sexy perfume and a light sheen of sweat. And as my nose fell into her canyon of cleavage, a new smell hit my nose. I couldn't quite place it, but the smell was sizzling. I didn't know what it was, maybe it was her pheromones, but that smell hitting my nose sent a jolt through my cock. My cock was at about half-mast, but having my face against such huge breasts and being nose deep in my Mom's pheromone laden cleavage made my dick reverse course. I was now lying on top of her, and my stiffening cock was pressing against her smooth thigh. And finally, as I kept scrubbing my face into her chest, Mom's nipple entered my open mouth. I closed my lips around it and took her nipple between my teeth.

"Ahhhhhh... YES!" Mom moaned out, arching her back, forcing her breasts up against my face. "Take my nipple, Tom. Suck on my fucking nipple, Tom."

My cheeks hollowed as I began sucking on my mother's teat. I took my hand and squeezed at both of her massive boobs firmly as I sucked the stiff nipple. I let my tongue run circles around her stiff

nipple, covering it with spit. I flicked the hard nub with my tongue, playing with it, chewing and sucking it firmly.

"You know how to fucking suck some titty, baby." Mom complimented, scratching my scalp as I worshipped her nipple. "Do the other one, hon."

I slid my tongue over her smooth flesh till it landed on her other nipple. I began sucking that nub in earnest, soaking it with spit, playing with it lightly but firmly. I squeezed her breath, forcing her nipple as deep into my mouth as I could. A wet sucking sound filled the room as I sucked her big tits. Mom wasn't moving, allowing me to switch back and forth, playing with each of her swollen nipples. The areas around her nipples were soon soaked with my spit. I felt Mom purring deep in her throat as I worshipped her nipples. She massaged my hair lovingly as I sucked at her chest.

I had to admit, there was something deep and primal about sucking at my mother's big, bare breasts. This felt natural. It felt right. This was obviously so wrong in so many ways. This was cheating. This was incest! But right here, in that moment, sucking my mom's naked breasts, my face swimming in softness, my nose smelling her sexual need, none of that mattered.

My dick was hard again as I lightly humped her thigh. This act of sucking her boobs, of letting my hands squeeze her luscious rack, had refueled my tanks. My cock was throbbing again. I just couldn't get enough of my mom's big, naked breasts. Mom just lied there and let me worship her rack, as it deserved to be worshipped.

"God... I love it! I love your fucking mouth, Tom. God, your mouth was fucking built to suck! Built to worship a woman! Good lord, you could make some serious money using your mouth on every inch of a woman. Every fucking inch." Mom marveled. She used her hands to guide me nipple to nipple, making sure each got worshipped equally.

This was indicative of the difference between Mom and Carmen. Carmen encouraged me to seek out a job in the medical field, pushing me beyond the limits I thought I had, really believing in me. And Mom, she was convincing me I had a future in using my mouth to pleasure women. Carmen believed in my mind and heart. Mom had faith in my body.

I did it all. I sucked. I bit. I chewed. I licked. I played with each hard nub with my tongue. I even toyed with them, letting each nipple pop from my mouth and giving them some gentle, playful sucks in succession.

"Mmmm, hon, I would happily let you do this all fucking day." Mom said lustfully. My eyes jumped to the bedside clock, and I was shocked to see a half hour had passed. I had lost any sense of time being smothered in my mom's juicy rack. I pulled back, realizing my breath had been shortened and I needed to breathe. Mom grabbed my chin and pointed my face up at her. "Your mouth is fantastic, and my tits sure do appreciate the attention. Other parts of me sure could use that kind of worship." Mom let her hands travel to the top of my head, and she began to push me down. I backed up and crawled

down the bed. As I did, Mom spread her firm legs, and I found my face inches above my mom's nearly bare cunt.

"Look at it, Tom. Really stare at it." Mom whispered. "Look at your mother's cunt. Cause that's what it is. A filthy fucking cunt. Most moms have nice, plump little pussies. Not me, I have a sleek, taut cunt, built for pleasure, built to take a dick. This is what you've wanted for so long, Tom. You owe this cunt so much. So... kiss it. Give your mom's cunt a nice, wet kiss... and use some tongue while you're at it."

I glanced at Mom as she stared me down, raising her eyebrows, daring me to eat her cunt. I didn't want her to push me around so easily. I mean, I had wanted to slow-play this sex, but admittedly, I had lost sight of the goal the minute I felt Mom's breasts smothering my face. And now, being inches from my own mother's cunt, smelling her scent, almost tasting her juices on my tongue, at that moment what Mom wanted me to do was exactly what I wanted.

I wanted to eat out my mom's pussy.

In one smooth motion, I dove down and attached my open mouth around Mom's small, tight, dripping cunt. I extended my tongue till I felt Mom's pussy against my tongue for the first time. I gave her dripping cunt one long, hot lick and pulled back.

"FUCK, that's hot!" Mom spat out. She reached down and took my hair between her fingers, holding me down. "Don't be afraid, honey.

Just dive in." I hesitated, and her eyes stared me down. "Eat." she insisted firmly.

Mom's juices were on my tongue. I wish I could say I didn't like it, but she tasted absolutely incredible. Her juices were so flavorful and hot. The taste sent a jolt through my cock as it rubbed against the bed. Mom's expression was firm, and her long nails were teasing my scalp, letting me know she was in control of the situation, and she could be mean if she had to. But again, what she wanted was what I wanted.

I pushed my face into Mom's cunt, my tongue lapping at her copious juices, giving her fevered licks.

"Aaaaahhh! YES!" Mom screamed out, scratching my scalp firmly. "Eat it! Eat that cunt!"

Her juices were dripping out of her pussy at a steady rate, and my tongue was there to collect them. I let her juices coat my tongue as I licked the length of her slit, my tongue sliding against her plump, mature lips.

"That's right, lick that cunt, Tom." Mom whispered. "Dig that tongue in there... get it in deep." I complied, jabbing my tongue into my mother's sweet, tasty cunt. And I could already tell, just by jamming my tongue into her, that Mom's cunt was on a whole new level of tight. Mom had been undersexed for years, and spent all that time making her body perfect in every way. That meant keeping her

boobs perky and juicy, her butt riding high and tight while being extra juicy. And most importantly, it meant keeping her cunt crazy tight. And clearly, she had succeeded.

I jammed what I could of my tongue into her cunt, getting those deeper, tastier juices from inside her pussy. I lapped at her cunt with my tongue repeatedly, pleasuring my own mother. I had my mouth jammed so hard against her cunt that her throbbing clit was brushing against my nose. This caught my attention, so I slid my tongue out of her, up her lips, and began to tease around her clit.

"SHIT!" Mom spat out. "YES! Don't fucking tease me, Tom. Suck your mom's clit!" she exclaimed, impatiently. As I teased her clitoris, I saw her body react, goose bumps arising. I circled her clit for a few bits, licking through her tiny line of cunt hair, up and down her pussy lips, anywhere but the clit itself. Finally, not drawing it out too long, I wrapped my mouth around her clit and sucked.

"YES! FUCK! YES!" Mom moaned out. "Suck it! Suck my fucking clit! YES!"

I teased her clit with my lips and my tongue, playing with it lightly, driving her nuts.

"UHHH! FUCK! FUCK! YES! UUHHHHH! OOOOHHH!" Mom said, closing her eyes as her head fell back. Her legs and stomach were both jerking with pleasure. I was hitting her in the right spot. She was rubbing the top of my head as I sucked her clit. "Oh, that's

it! Eat your mother's cunt. Suck her clit! Oh, I'm close! I'm close! Keep going... keep going! Oh. OH! OHH!" she moaned. She was right on the edge, right about to cum, when, with a flash of insight, I pulled back, taking my mouth off of her.

Mom's eyes opened and she looked out. She looked down at me and smiled in a way that was both unsurprised yet still exasperated.

"Oh... you little fucking prick." Mom gasped out. "Keep going! Don't stop! Don't fucking tease me!" she gasped, her clit throbbing with need.

"Teasing sucks, doesn't it?" I replied, trying to regain some leverage in this encounter. But, before I could react, Mom reached down and grabbed the back of my head roughly. Mom jammed my face back towards her crotch and before I knew it my open mouth was sealed around her cunt again, and my tongue was flicking against her throbbing clit.

"THAT'S IT! LICK IT! SUCK IT! NIBBLE YOUR MOTHER'S CLIT!" Mom screamed out, holding me firmly against her pussy. "C'mon, Tom! Be a good son! Use your tongue on your mother's throbbing clit!"

Mom's body jerked violently, and she roughly held me against her cunt, holding my open mouth around her slit, making sure I fully experienced her orgasm, making sure that when she came, my open mouth was right there, ready.

"C'MON! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! YES! YES! YES! YES! YYYYYYEEEEESSSS! YYYYYEEEEESSSSSS! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA CUM! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES! AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!
YYYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSS!
FFFFFFFFUUUUCCCKKKKKKK
YYYYYYEEEEEEAAAAAAHHHHHH!
AAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Mom screamed at the top of her lungs as her orgasm hit her. Her cunt jerked on my tongue, and suddenly, my mouth was inundated with a hot stream of girl-cum. "HHHNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YYESSSSSS!" she screamed.

My mom kept squirting into my open mouth, wave after wave of it filling my opening. I tried my best to swallow it, but there was so much of her cum that it kept overfilling my mouth, leaking past my lips, falling onto the bedspread. I kept gulping down the girl cum, and as I did, I realized what I had tasted of her juices was simply a sample. This was the full blast. The inside of my mouth was now awash in my mother's hot sex-juice, coating my cheeks, my teeth, and infusing her flavor onto my tongue. And if I thought she tasted good before, now, after having her squirting her girl-cum directly into my open mouth, I couldn't describe her flavor as anything else but divine. She tasted incredible, her juices sizzling with flavor. And I don't know if it was how good she tasted or if it was simply the knowledge that my own mother was having a squirting orgasm into my open mouth, but it felt like her juices were going straight to my

cock. As I kept gulping down her juices, it filled me with lust, like an aphrodisiac. My cock was throbbing.

Mom's thighs were surrounding my head, holding it in place roughly as she rode out her orgasm. Her butt was bouncing off the bed as she kept flexing her cunt, trying to squirt all the girl-cum she could out of her sweet cunt. Finally, her body relaxed and her butt fell to the bed as her orgasm dissipated, her squirting reduced to a mere dripping. She spread her legs and allowed me to escape. I pulled away to catch my breath, Mom's juices dripping from my mouth.

I took a few moments to recover as Mom caught her breath. Her body was covered by a light sheen of sweat, making her look incredibly sexy. I couldn't let up. I couldn't show any mercy. It was time. My cock was throbbing. And it was time to take this encounter all the way. I was about to get on my knees between her legs when she put her hands on my shoulder.

"Uh uh uh." Mom said, still gasping. "That was a really good warm-up," she began. Warm up? Mom had just cum harder than I had ever seen a woman cum, squirting everywhere, and that was simply a warm up for her? "But don't move too far... don't get ahead of yourself. That mouth of yours isn't doesn't yet. I want more. You still have one hole left to suck."

As soon as she finished, Mom leaned down and took her knees under her arms. She rolled back, her legs spread lewdly, and in a matter of seconds, I was suddenly seeing my own mother's asshole for the first time.

It was right there, less than a foot from my face. Due to her position, her ass cheeks were peeled apart, meaning that her asshole was lewdly displayed in front of me.

I shouldn't be seeing this. This was SO wrong. I was looking at my own mother's asshole! This was madness. Even though this sight was so raw, it was unbelievably sexy. Just the knowledge of seeing my hot mother so exposed, legs spread, ass-cheeks spread showing off her smooth, tight asshole to me... it was both terrifying and deeply erotic.

"When I said that mouth of yours should be used on every inch of a girl, I meant EVERY inch." Mom insisted. I was no stranger to ass play. I mean, I had sucked a few girls' asses in my day. But this was different. This was my mother's asshole, an entirely different animal for a stud like me. Sure, it did look incredibly sexy, so sexy I was licking my lips, but this was a new depth of depravity. I think any reluctance was understandable.

"You knew it would come to this, Tom." Mom explained. "I said you would need to give me everything, that you would need to be fearless. This is what I meant. I want the lips that kiss your little fiancée pressed against my asshole. I want the tongue that has pleasured so many girls rimming your own mother's butthole. So don't be a pussy, Tom. Now be a man and suck your mother's asshole!"

I knew this was so wrong, but my dick thought otherwise. Yeah, it wanted inside her cunt, but my dick throbbed at the thought of me worshipping Mom's asshole with my mouth. I had to choose between fucking her pussy or rimming her asshole. This was so messed up, and I didn't like that I wanted to suck her ass, but the beast inside me was really coming out. I couldn't help myself. And besides, I could tell Mom really needed to have her asshole worshipped.

I dove forward, my open mouth forming a seal around my own mother's asshole, and I proceeded to extend my tongue and give Mom's asshole one firm lick. I let my tongue run over the taut hole, and Mom shivered beneath me.

"Ooohhhh. Fuck!" Mom called out. I rimmed my mom's butthole, circling it with my tongue, covering it with spit. I then licked up the length of her ass-crack repeatedly, soaking it with my saliva before attacking her tight hole again. I jammed my tongue against the tight hole, trying to breach its defenses. But it was unyielding. It didn't budge it all. It was clear that if I wanted to break through her ass, I would need a far bigger weapon than my tongue. But that didn't stop me from trying as I kept jamming my tongue against her ass.

"There you go." Mom said, patting my head. "Such a big, strong man, sucking his own mother's asshole." I looked up at her and I saw her smile and slightly roll her eyes as her head fell back. I recognized that look. That appearance of near condescendence. Sure, I was pleasuring her, but that look told me I wasn't earning her respect. The look said that, in her mind, I was just another guy who had

become entranced by her massive tits, dripping cunt, and delectable asshole. In her mind, her body had already conquered me. I had come in guns blazing, and now I was kneeling before her, rimming her ass.

I had to admit I might have lost sight of the goal. Every action so far had been to, in some way, give Mom pleasure, or give her the feeling of superiority. I had worshipped her tits, her cunt, and her ass. I had given her pleasure that way. While the blowjob she gave me might seem like it was for me, but it was an act designed to weaken me, to take the fight out of me, as well as showing what she was capable of. If this sex was being scored, Mom would be well ahead. I had had my moments of pushing her slightly. I had acted out, but I really hadn't taken it to her. I hadn't fought back. Well, enough with the games.

It was time to fight back.

I gave her one long, wet lick along the entire length of her ass crack all the way to her dripping cunt. I let my firm tongue her slit with another wet lick, before rising off of her by finishing up my lick on her clit. I rose up and crawled so I was on my hands and my knees over my naked mother. Mom was a little surprised, but once again, she was almost amused, eager to see what I was up to. I looked down at her as my heavy dick hung below me, throbbing again as it bobbed slightly before coming to a stop, the bubbling tip pointing at Mom's ready cunt. I reached down and took my cock into my hand, putting the tip in place, pressing lightly against the outside of Mom's pussy. As I did this, I paused.

This was it. This was the moment of truth. My dick was pressed against my mother's pussy. A son had his big, throbbing cock pressing against his mother's dripping cunt. This was a momentous moment, and I couldn't help but look Mom in the eyes.

"Are you seriously gonna do this?" Mom asked, her harsh tone replaced with a more motherly one. "Tom, you're about to fuck your own mother! It's incest! You think that just because you have a big cock and your mom is super hot means it's okay for you to do this? Tom... you're engaged! I'm married! And again... I'm your mom! What kind of son has the nerve to pull something like this? What kind of guy ditches his fiancée just to live out his twisted dream to fuck his own mom? So, I'll ask again... are you up for this?" Her tone was saying one thing, but her eagerly spread legs, and her fingers twisting her own nipples told another story.

"I can do this." I affirmed. She reached up with one of her hands and grabbed my arm lightly.

"You need to be sure you want to see your mom this way. I can get a little crazy when I get a dick in me. And plus, can you handle knowing what your mother is like in bed? Can you really handle going through life knowing what your mother sounds like when she moans in pleasure in your ear? Can you really handle know how good it feels when your mom's cunt cums on your cock? I need to know if you can handle it, or if you will... wilt." she said, rubbing my arm. Again, Mom was questioning my resolve. She was treating me

like a child who was telling an obvious lie and was sticking to his story.

"I can fucking handle it! Are you ready to take a 20-year-old's massive, swollen 10-inch dick? Are you ready to go through life knowing how good your son's cock felt in your pussy? Can you handle knowing that the best sex of your life was from your own son? Can you handle seeing your son marrying another woman without getting super jealous? Are you ready to be out-fucked by your own offspring?" I growled. Mom looked up at me. Her veneer changed. The nice, motherly façade she had just put on was gone. A sneer crossed her face, and her voice changed.

"Well... lay it on me." Mom dared, glancing at my jutting cock. I reached down and made sure my cock was still in place. I glanced down one last time at Mom, and then, finally, I began to push my cock into her.

This was it. The moment of truth. This was the last moment before I entered the world of incest. This was the last instant where I could have any claim of being faithful to Carmen. I mean yes, we had performed oral sex on each other, and that was probably cheating. But now, this was about to be full on, penis-in-vagina cheating. Real cheating. Real incest. Thick, son cock in tight, mom cunt. We were both primed. The edge had be taken off, and now, we were both ready to go. We were both ready to give it our best. We were about to go to battle. There would be a winner and a loser.

It was on.

I drove my hips into her, trying to enter her pussy, but it didn't want to give. My cock was driving, but her pussy was not giving in.

"Jesus, Mom, you're tight." I grunted. "Can that pussy actually take a big cock?"

"Ha." Mom replied sarcastically. "Trust me, I've taken big dicks before. My pussy just hasn't gotten a good workout in a while. Just grow some balls and keep pushing. It'll fit." she said, squeezing my bicep.

I pushed into her harder, trying to drive the throbbing tip into her cunt. Her puffy lips had slightly spread around the tip, but it was still not allowing entrance. It was like trying to shove a baseball bat through a pin hole.

"C'mon Tom... be a man! Do it! Fuck your mom!" Mom screamed out to me. My blood boiled, and my face transformed into a scowl.

She wanted the beast. She was about to get it.

I reared back and then drove into her as hard as I could, with no mercy or any regard for her discomfort. And finally, my mother's pussy yielded and wrapped around my full, mushroom tip.

"Ahhhhh!" Mom sighed lustfully.

"Fuck!" I grunted, feeling Mom's pussy stretched around the end of my shaft. I looked down to see my cock jutting from my own Mom's pussy, and the sight was thrilling. And even though I only had the tip inside her, the feeling was sensational. I needed more.

Now that my spear was inside her, I knew the hard part was over. I looked down at Mom, gauging her reaction. Her eyes were glassy with lust and she was awaiting more. Mom wanted more cock. And I would happily oblige.

I reared back and drove into her again and this time the move was super effective. I was able to drive a good four inches of cock into my mother's eager, grasping cunt.

"Oh... GOD YES!" Mom moaned, eyes closing in pleasure.

"Hmmmmmm!" I groaned.

"You like that?" Mom gasped out. "You feel that? You feel your mom's CUNT wrapped around your shaft? You feel it squeezing your thick, monster cock? You feel my pussy smothering that throbbing dick, giving it the pleasure it needs? You feel how much it loves that cock? You feel how it is pulling you deeper? My cunt wants the whole thing, Tom. It wants every fucking inch of your

cock! I want to feel your balls against my ass! Do it, Tom! Give it to me!"

I did feel what she was saying. My mother's cunt was unbelievably tight. It felt SO fucking good! Better than any pussy I had ever felt. Her cunt was squeezing my cock from every angle. It was smothering my dick in pleasure, doing things that had me shivering with pleasure, things I had never felt before. And yes, her cunt was like quicksand, wet, velvety quicksand, pulling me in deeper with every slight move I made. Her cunt wanted more. And again, I was happy to oblige.

I pushed more of my meat into her. Even though her cunt had been so difficult to enter, it was now welcoming me in like an old friend. I was able to push more into her, spreading the walls of her pussy around my invading shaft, her juices coating every bit of my dick and easing its journey. My cock was now 8 inches deep inside of her. I looked down to see her lips stretched taut around my meat.

"AAAHHHHHH!" Mom squealed, her cunt swiveling slightly around me. I grit my teeth and didn't let myself lose control. I looked down at her as she scrunched her eyes in pleasure.

"You like that? You like that dick?" I growled at her. Mom opened her eyes and looked up with me, lust painting her face.

"It's... its pretty good." she said, gawking at her own cunt splayed around my shaft. "But I still see two inches." Mom dared me.

Scowling at her, I pulled back slightly and drove the remaining two inches into her.

"FUCK!" Mom screamed, feeling her cunt filled to the brim with dick. I could feel her cervix against the spongy tip of my cock. I sighed slightly as I felt my swollen balls hit Mom's ass. I had done it. I had all 10 inches of my dick inside of my mom's pussy. A shiver went up my spine and I had to clench my ass to prevent myself from losing all control inside of her. This was not the time to be a minute man. This was a marathon, and the race had just begun.

Mom's body was shivering as the pleasure ran through her. I swiveled my hips slightly as I stayed in place, letting Mom's pussy get accustomed to my meaty invader.

"Is that what you wanted? Is that it!? Can you handle that?" I growled down to Mom. Her eyes were closed again, but she ran her hands up my arms, then down my firm back, then took two firm handfuls of my bare ass and pulled me into her.

"Just stay right there, babe. Stay right there." she gasped, squeezing my ass in her palms repeatedly. I looked down and wondered if I was succeeding. Was my cock too much for her? Was my cock making her lose control?

Mom slid one hand up my back to the back of my head. She pulled me down, and before I knew it, her head jumped up and attached her lips to mine.

I made out with my mom again, our lips smacking together, our tongues mashing again. Mom's other hand kept admiring my ass, squeezing it between her fingers. My cock was tingling inside of her as her pussy squeezed me over and over again. This felt strangely intimate, which I did not expect from her.

I guess I should have seen her next move coming.

Mom's grip tightened around me and I found myself being pulled to the side. Before I knew it, Mom had rolled us over, our lips pulled apart, and she was suddenly on top of me, looking down at me arrogantly.

"Haha! I knew you'd fall for that." Mom laughed. "What? You thought just putting your dick in me would make me lose control? Sure, you're really fucking big, and I had to get used to it, but trust me, I can handle it."

"Then why the act?" I asked.

"I just wanted to get my hands on that cute butt of yours!" she replied, smiling wickedly. I was now on my back, my own mother sitting on my cock, looking down at me wickedly, her huge boobs hanging down. She looked down at our conjoined crotches, and her juices leaking down to my balls. "Would you look at that?" Mom gasped slightly, admiring the sight. "I will say, Tom, you are mighty impressive. You are cute, you are built, you are hung, and you know

how to use that mouth. But this is the fun part. This is when I break you. This is the part where every other guy has crumbled. This is your mother unleashed. This is when I take permanent ownership of this hot body of yours. Say goodbye to your mother. Say hello to your mistress." she finished, and as she did, she reached forward to grab the headboard.

Then, the barrage began.

Mom ground into the base of my dick, swiveling her tight cunt around me, before she lifted her ass smoothly, my cock appearing from her overstuffed cunt, coated in her juices. She rose up to the tip, let her ass hang in the air for just a moment, before she drove herself into me. Her ass smacked into my thighs as she drove herself down the full length of my meat.

SMACK!

"Ughh!" I groaned, the feeling of my mom's squeezing cunt slide down my cock so quickly was an unspeakable pleasure. But Mom didn't let me take in this moment of pleasure. She just picked up speed.

SMACK!

SMACK! SMACK!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

My own mother was bouncing on my turgid, pulsing weapon. Mom was fucking herself on my big, thick cock! It was happening. It was finally happening! After all these years it was happening. I had to blink my eyes to make sure this wasn't some crazy dream. My mom was above me, using the headboard as leverage as she drove herself into me firmly, her body slamming into mine as she fucked me. Her huge boobs were bouncing and jiggling with each motion, nipples dancing in the air. And she kept just driving into me, again and again. She was relentless.

"You like that? You fucking like that you fuck?!" Mom panted out. She was pressing her advantage, well aware of what a momentous occasion this was for me, trying to fuck me into submission before I could get with the picture. And, although I knew this was essentially a competition, I couldn't get over how good Mom's tight cunt felt around my dick. I knew this whole thing was supposed to be for me to be able to move on with Carmen, but God damn, my mom's cunt felt good! On each stroke, her cunt squeezed every inch of my shaft and that tightness felt incredible as she drove into me, her pussy stroking my cock with each bounce. I couldn't find the words to reply to her and this just spurred Mom on.

She started to ride me even harder. She was literally bouncing on me as she rode my length, her ass driving into me, driving into the bed,

testing the bedsprings as the headboard of the bed slammed into the wall. My hips would no doubt be bruised come morning.

"C'mon Tom! You big, strong fucking man!" Mom spat out sarcastically. "Look at you, lying there, like a pussy, just taking it. Just letting your Mom dominate you. Letting her own you, like she always has! All I ever had to do was flash some cleavage, or shake my ass at you, and you would do whatever I wanted. Fuck! Just a lost puppy looking for his momma. Well, you fucking found her. And your Mom is not letting you out to play ever again. You will NOT be getting married. You will never be with another girl again! You'll just be a walking dick for your mother to use! Admit it, Tom! ADMIT IT!" Mom screamed out, her ass unrelenting as she drove into me, trying to break me in both mind and body.

I scowled as Mom tried breaking me down. My blood was boiling and I was panting with anger. I wanted to shut her up. I wanted to prove her wrong. Her body was amazing, her pussy was crazy tight, and she was relentless in her fucking, but the thing was, my stamina was holding up. My cock was tingling with pleasure, but I didn't feel too close to cumming. The edge had been taken off, and that may have been the worst things she could have done. I felt empowered. I felt like I could conquer anything. But the best part was this:

I could handle Mom.

That fact was confirmed to me, and it filled me with resolve. It drove me to fight back. So, as Mom rode me, sneering as she did so, her smooth, bouncing breasts beckoning to me, I fought back.

I reached up and grabbed Mom's boobs in my big hands, squeezing them firmly, before grabbing her nipples and giving each one a firm twist. And as I did that, I began to drive up into her.

"Oh..." I began, grunting lightly as I tried to keep my cool. "We started? I thought we were still warming up?" I said, squeezing her massive breasts over and over as they jiggled above me, the round flesh pouring through my fingers. "Is this the best an old lady like you can do?"

Mom's eyes flashed with anger as she began to somehow ride me even harder, slamming herself into me roughly. If someone walked through the front door and listened to the bouncing bedsprings from upstairs, the headboard slamming into the wall, and the violent smacking of skin on skin, it would be obvious that some pretty rough sex happening here.

"Old lady, huh?" Mom asked. "Well, this old lady is gonna give you the best sex off your life! This old lady will ride you harder than any young slut! This old lady will fuck you better than your ugly fucking whore fiancée!"

"SHUT UP!" I roared as I drove my cock up into her. "Don't fucking talk about her like that! EVER!"

"I struck a fucking nerve, clearly!" Mom said with a cackling laugh. "Yeah! Fuck! Deep down, you know I'm right Tom! You know your

girlfriend's ugly! You know she's gross and ugly and fat! You're a stud, Tom! You deserve better than her! Why settle for a fucking disgusting excuse for a woman when you could have a goddess like me!?"

I warned her to not say anything about Carmen. And once she did, I grabbed her nipples and torqued them roughly.

"AAAAAHHHHHHHHH! FFFUUUCCKKKK!" Mom screamed, but as she did, her cunt tightened in pleasure.

"You have nothing to threaten me with Tom! Anything you give me, I will fucking take it! There is nothing you can do that I won't take pleasure in!" Mom warned. I was seeing red, and I kept squeezing her breasts roughly, squeezing them to relieve my anger.

"You're just an old slut! Grasping at straws! Trying to be like you were when you were young and guys still wanted you! When you were young and hot, and not the twisted old lady you became!" I spat out with venom.

"And you're just a dirty little boy with a warped mind!" Mom replied, still driving her wet pussy onto me. "A boy who can't have a real relationship with a girl cause he's too hung up on his hot mom. He can't have sex with a girl without imaging his own mom in her place. What a twisted piece of shit you turned out to be!"

"It's all thanks to you, Mom." I replied, driving my swollen cock back up into her. "Look at what you did! Tempting your own son into cheating on his fiancée with you! Convincing your own son into fucking his Mom! Trying to poison him, trying to ruin him for other women! If I'm warped, you're fucking demented!"

We continued fucking each other, neither of us wanting to give the other an inch, other than the 10 inches I was driving into her. Neither of us wanted to admit how good the sex was, or how good the other was at pleasuring them. That would be considered a loss, as if admitting to the pleasure was admittance that the other was doing a better job at sex than they were. We were both trying to stay cool, calm, and collected. In a normal sex session, we would both be moaning our heads off. But here, it was a battle to see whose resolve would break first.

The passion was flowing through my veins as I fucked my mother. And that passion I was feeling wasn't born out of love. It born purely out of lust and competitiveness, and hatred. There could be no question that what I said was true. Mom was a twisted, insane bitch. Tempting your own son into fucking you and cheating on his fiancée is about as low a thing a mother could do to her son. Combined with the venom she was spitting both towards myself and Carmen, I had never hated my mom more. With that being said, I couldn't help but admit this was the best sex of my life.

Mom was absolutely relentless, absolutely filthy, and absolutely gorgeous. She was living up to the hype. I had never been fucked so hard. I had never been with a woman so nasty. She had never looked

hotter. She had worked up a good sweat, coating her body, making her golden skin glow. Even her gorgeous face, screwed up in anger and pleasure, looked incredible. And her boobs looked even bigger than ever in my hands.

"Oh Tom, you hadn't realized?" she asked condescendingly. "Yeah, I'm fucking nuts! You have no idea what's it like going through life never getting the one thing you truly need. You have no idea what that does to a person. It was fucking torture. And yeah, I may be demented, but that's exactly what you want. Demented old ladies are clearly your thing! Not stupid young girls!"

"Say it again!" I replied, my hips driving my thick cock into her angrily. "Insult Carmen again! I dare you!"

"Oh yeah?" Mom asked. "You like that, you sick fuck! You like hearing me bashing your girlfriend? Well, uhhh, fuck... how about this... Carmen is as ugly as she is stupid. She is a sad little tub of lard. And seeing her disgusting fucking face and hearing that nasally fucking voice makes me want to slap her nasty face!"

Acting on instinct, I pulled my hands off her rack and reached around her. I took hold of her long hair and yanked her head back roughly, causing her bouncing to stop. As I did, I sat up and took her hard nipple into my mouth, biting her nipple roughly.

"OOWWWW! FUCKING FUCK!" Mom called out. I thought I had broken through, and gotten one over on her, when I felt her arms

around my head. She leaned back, forcing me along with her, forcing my cock as deep into her as possible as she sat in my lap. She pulled my head with her, forcing me to suck her massive breast again. And sure, I did start off biting it, but now my tongue was avidly flicking and sucking the rubbery nipple.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH! YYYYYYEEEESSSSSS! THAT'S IT!" Mom squealed as her head fell back in pleasure, her hair hitting the bed under her. Again, she was taking my offense and taking pleasure in it. She kept parrying my attacks. And yet, through all of this, we kept fucking each other.

I couldn't explain it. I had never hated anyone more than I did with Mom at this moment, but we were still fucking each other as hard as we could. I hated her, and she was trying to break me just to prove a point. This was hate-sex of the highest order. And neither of us could stop.

I needed to take control. I needed to put her on the defensive. I wrapped my hands around her and threw to the side. I rolled her over, and I followed, keeping my dick in her as I fucked her. I was on top of her for a second before she pushed me up, rolling me onto my side. We kept driving into each other as we wrestled for control, rolling back and forth across the bed, fighting for position. Unfortunately, Mom was able to get on top and shoved my wrists to the bed.

"Wow, the big, strong football player can't escape his old mom!" Mom cackled. She resumed bouncing her ass, her round butt

bouncing on my thighs again as we kept fucking. "Give up, Tom. There's no escaping this. You can't get the better of me! So, just give up. Give in! Admit defeat, admit I'm better. Admit how good I am. Admit how good this is. Admit how much better your mother is at sex than your fiancée. Admit that your mother is all you'll ever need. Admit that you need you mom more than you ever needed Carmen!"

"No!" I replied as she kept bouncing violently on my cock, the bed bouncing like a trampoline

"Admit it all, son... do it! Imagine how good you'll feel when you give up. Submission's a wonderful feeling, I've heard. You'll be free. Give up, give in, and let go. Let go of your inhibitions. Let go of your doubts. Let go of your loyalties, and focus on me. Forget about school. Forget about Carmen. Forget about getting married. Forget about having a family. All of that, everything you need, you can get from me." Mom said. I reached up and squeezed her big boobs again, but her words confused me.

"Wait... what?" I asked as I kept driving up into her. Did she mean...?

"That's right... you heard me. I told you I am willing to take this as far as it needs to go, and I meant it. That pussy you're fucking? It's super fertile. And if your 10-inch cock unloads a huge batch of thick cum deep inside me, there's no doubt what will happen. If conquering you means letting you knock me up and put a baby in my belly... then that's what I'll do."

My pace slowed down as I took in her words. No, she couldn't be serious, could she? This was literally insane. She had lost it. She was willing to let me knock her up? She was willing to let her own son get her pregnant? What? She had lost her mind. There wasn't any other explanation. This was way too much. Way too far. Way too serious. I didn't want this. I had never even considered that. I figured that at the end, I would just pull out or something.

Mom took advantage of my confusion. She picked up the pace, bouncing on me harder. My hands kept squeezing her boobs, out of instinct, mainly, not knowing what else to do.

"You hear me, son?" Mom said, her voice sinewy like a witch as it hit my ears, her hips driving me into the bed. "You're gonna knock up your own Mom. You're gonna get your mother pregnant. Fuck, your cock really jumped at that! You want this as much as I do, don't you? You want to knock up your own Mom, don't you? You want to fill her so full of cum that there is no doubt she ends up a knocked up slut? You would rather give your mother all of your babies instead of giving them to Carmen, right? C'mon Tom, you can tell me. I'm your mother, after all."

Mom was right. My cock did jump when she mentioned me knocking her up. My mind knew better, but my cock wanted it. My cock was slobbering at the idea of filling Mom up with cum and knocking her up. My cock craved the illicit filthiness of it. It was so wrong, and I knew it, but my dick loved it. This was my mother, and getting her pregnant should be out of the question. But, as soon as Mom said it, my cock wanted it. Every part of my mind was trying

to stop me, but my cock wanted otherwise. My cock wanted one thing, my brain wanted another. Something had to give.

I think that was the moment I snapped.

I remember hearing that crazy people don't think they've gone crazy. They think they've gone saner. That's how I felt. Things had become crystal clear. I saw the way forward. I saw how to beat Mom. I saw what I had to do. I saw what I had to sacrifice.

I had a plan.

Before Mom could react, I sat up again, wrapped my arms around her, and threw her onto her back. I rolled on top of her and pinned her down, her naked, writhing body below mine. She tried to escape, but I held her in place roughly, my muscles flexing. She was at my mercy this time. I leaned down and moved my lips to her ear.

"You have no idea how far I'm willing to take this." I whispered harshly into her ear, pistoning my smooth shaft into her. "I am willing to go even farther than you are."

"Oh yeah?" she asked.

"Yeah, I am. And when I tell you, you will break. You will writhe and moan and scream like the crazed slut you are." I said. I was having trouble controlling myself, her squeezing cunt felt so fucking good.

"Bring it." Mom dared in response, not giving me a single sign that my cock was affecting her. Both of us were putting up an act, and I wagered I could make her break first and lose herself to the pleasure.

My plan was simple. I had to bluff. I had to convince my mom that I was willing to go all the way with this. To do things she wouldn't. So basically, I had to turn up the filth. I had to let my dark side take over. I had to do and say things I didn't really mean in order to overcome her. I had to lie, to work her up so much with my words that I could break her without actually having to back up my bold claims. I had to get filthy. I had to be nasty. I had to let my cock take over proceedings and run the show.

"I'll go as far as you said you would, but I can go even farther." I began, my voice dripping with an unfamiliar coldness, driving my cock into her at a more languid pace, readying to ratchet up the filth. "You think I'm afraid of knocking you up? No, quite the opposite. I planned on it."

"Bull." Mom replied, sucking my neck, rightly not believing me. Time to turn the heat up.

"No, I did. It's what we both always wanted. We're both that filthy. We're both that nasty. We both want it to go that far. All these years,

Mom. All this build up. For too long, my cock throbbed for you. It throbbed for your hot body. You have no idea how much cum these big tits made me spill." I said, grabbing her boobs firmly, my voice dripping with an almost liquid tenor. "You have no idea I've wanted this. How long I've fantasized about this. How far my fantasies evolved as my tastes grew. Do you seriously think, in my deepest, darkest fantasies of fucking my own mother, that I was wearing a condom? Or that I imagined you were on the pill? No, I imagined my bare cock in your tight cunt. Real, true fucking incest, as it should be. I always imagined it being rough... and nasty." I said, kissing her ear. "I imagined giving you every inch. I imagined us both losing control. And in that moment, when I was about to explode, I didn't ever once imagine pulling out. No, when it came down to it, I imagined you putting your hand on my ass... and pulling me deeper." I said, kissing her ear again, my voice firm. Mom sighed softly. "I imagined you making sure your own son's swollen, ten-inch cock was completely inside you, up to the balls, when it was about to explode. I imagined you rubbing my swollen nuts, trying to draw the cum out. I imagined your cunt squeezing my shaft, trying to pull me in deeper, trying to make me lose control. And when I did lose control, when you did make me cum, when I unloaded deep inside your nasty, filthy, tight cunt... I imagined your pussy taking all of it. Swallowing every drop."

"Fuck." Mom sighed softly, the picture I was painting clearly appealing to her.

"And when a filthy cunt like yours gets filled to the brim with the thick, creamy load of a 20-year-old guy, there's only one possible outcome." I continued. "So, if you think me getting you pregnant, me

knocking up my own Mom and putting the baby in your belly that should be given to Carmen, if you think that will scare me off... think again."

Did I actually want to knock up my own Mom? Not really. But as much as I hated to admit it, my dick did enjoy that level of filth. My cock throbbed at the thought of getting Mom pregnant, but of course, my mind knew better. However, I had to make sure Mom believed I wanted that. I had to make sure she knew that would not be enough to beat me. So I had to let that deep, dark side of me take over for a bit. The part that did want to put a baby in my own mother's belly. I only hoped that when this was over, I can shut down that part of me. Cause honestly, being this filthy, being this nasty... it felt good.

It felt right.

"Okay..." Mom gasped as I steadily drove my juice covered cock in and out of her. "But how would you deal with your fiancée after knowing you knocked up your mother?" Mom asked, writhing under me lightly, trying to poke holes in my story. "You would cry and moan, I'm sure."

"I'll do what you're not willing to." I growled, looking down at Mom, driving into her achingly slow. "You can bash Dad all you want, cheat behind his back, but the one thing you would not be willing to do is break it off. Break it off, betray him right to his face. You've had an easy life, Mom, and you're not gonna give it up. You have barely had to work a day in your life! And if you think your little pathetic acting parts would keep you living the life of luxury if you broke up

with Dad, then you are a fool. You think Hollywood really wants a washed up old slut? You think you're gonna really be in movies and be a huge star? Think again, Mom! Dream on! Face facts, you're a 42-year-old mom, not a hot young starlet! Your time is over. You're a mom, and that's all you will ever be. So... if you want to really take this as far as this would need to go, you need to give up everything. Your husband. Your dream. Everything." I said viciously, tearing her down. I know it was mean to break down my mother, and tear apart her dreams, but I had to be vicious to conquer Mom. "You would go pretty far, but you don't have the guts to go THAT far."

"As if you would give it all up." Mom replied, writhing, her hips meeting mine as I pushed my swollen meat inside of her.

"I would... I'm young. I can give up school. I can give up my friends." I replied, my cock going at a steady pace into her. "You're old. Your roots are too deep."

"What about your father? What about Carmen?" Mom asked as she writhed under me.

"I'll give it all up. I'm a man. I don't need a father anymore." I began.

"And Carmen?" Mom asked.

"If I got better than what she gave me, I would give her up. I would cut her loose." I claimed.

"Bullshit." Mom said again, still not buying it.

"If I had sex so much better than what she could offer me, I would." I said, reaching down confidently to slide my palms against her soft, ripe boobs.

"Yeah, right." Mom said as I squeezed her big breasts.

"If I had life-changing sex, sex so good it changes me... sex so good I couldn't forget it, I wouldn't be able to be with her. She wouldn't be enough. I would come back for more. I would NEED more. You know I'm right. It's what you would do. If you had sex that good, if the pleasure is that addictive... you wouldn't be able to give it up either. You couldn't. You think you would be able to resist that need? If you had something so world-shakingly hot, no matter how committed you are, no matter how in love you are, it would change you. It would always tempt you back. You know that I'm telling the truth. I would betray her, Mom. You hear me? I would do it. I would do what you don't have the guts to. I would betray my future wife. My soul mate! I would do it... just to conquer you. Just to be done with you. That's the sacrifice I would make, Mom. That's how badly I want to break you." I growled, my slow fucking becoming a little more firm.

"I don't believe you." Mom replied, but as she did, her pussy was gripping my cock tighter. "You're too much of a pussy to break her heart."

This was it. My plan. My big gambit. This is what I had to do to conquer Mom. I had to put it all on the line. It was the only way to win. It was the only way to conquer Mom and be able to move on.

"I'll put it all on the line, Mom." I replied. I pulled out of Mom, got on my knees, and stepped out of bed. My cock had never looked bigger, jutting out in front of me, coated in our juices. Mom watched me, curiously, as she lied on her back, legs spread, her crotch coated with moisture. I went to my jeans and grabbed my phone. I moved back towards the bed, phone in hand. I rejoined her on the bed, got on my knees in front of her, and guided my weapon back into her silky, tight cunt, sliding up to the balls again. I leaned over her and continued speaking to her.

"This is me texting Carmen, telling her to come over in one hour, to just come on upstairs for a big surprise." I said, showing her the contents of the text before sending it. I leaned over and got a few inches above her, holding my cock in place inside of her, not moving it. "If we're not done by then, she will catch us. And if she does, she'll see her true love betraying her. She'll catch her fiancé fucking his own mom. How low that would make her feel? How humiliated she would be? And I would have no choice but to play it up. If the sex goes on that long, it would have to be pretty incredible, right? I would show your hot body off to her. I would show my girlfriend how much sexier my mom is than her. And I would force her to watch us in action. Watch my own hot mother riding my cock. I would humiliate my fiancée by parading my affair in her face. But that's only if you conquer me. If I finish up with you by then, I get to walk away. But if I fail, I would cut off things with her immediately.

I would humiliate her brazenly. I would let her catch us in the act. Because if you're actually good enough to not let me conquer you, then I've found something better than her. And I would tell her this. I would tell her the truth."

"Which is?" Mom asked, looking up at me. I leaned down to her ear.

"I would tell her what I know, deep down. I would tell her that she's not very pretty. That I actually think she's kinda ugly." I whispered.

"What?" Mom said in shock, her pussy clenching around me. It burned to say these things about Carmen, but to conquer Mom, I had to say them.

"I would tell my fiancée she's ugly. I would tell her she's fat. A fat fucking tub of lard." I spat out.

"Fuck!" Mom gasped, her cunt quivering around my shaft.

"I would tell her that the only reason I was with her was cause I couldn't have you. That she was just a replacement, a pale imitation of a goddess like you." I replied.

Mom's cunt squeezed my cock in spasms, and I'm pretty sure a light orgasm passed through her.

"You like that?" I spat out, beginning to piston my cock in-and-out of her again. "You like hearing your son trashing his fiancée? Humiliating her? You like that? Tell me!"

"Yes! I love it!" Mom admitted, her hands rubbing my back. I began to pick up the pace, driving into her

"If she walked in and caught us, I would tell her to get close, and when she did, I would shove her face in your ass!" I claimed.

"Uhhh! Fuck! And would you hold it there while I rub my ass all over your girlfriend's ugly face?" Mom gasped out, the filthiness of the fantasy getting to her.

"Yeah!" I agreed, grunting as I drove my needy shaft into her a little faster. "Tell me all the nasty shit you've been dreaming of doing to her!" I ordered her. Clearly, the idea of humiliating my girlfriend greatly appealed to Mom, so instead of having to say these awful things myself, I figured I could let her turn herself on, let her break herself.

"Fuck! I would... um... I've already done it before, but I loved showing her my body. I loved seeing her gawk in pure fucking jealousy. I loved having your ugly little girlfriend drooling in jealousy over your mom's big boobs. I fucking dreamed of just bitching her out at every opportunity. Just being a straight-up cunt to my son's fiancée... God, that sounds so hot to me! Fuck yeah! I was

trying to figure out a way for only you to come home alone from Europe and fucking strand her across the world! HA!"

Mom's cunt was quivering as she kept talking. She was getting close to cumming. I couldn't let myself get too angry at Mom's insanity. I was getting close to making her admit to the pleasure I was giving her. I had to press the advantage.

"You like that cock, Mom? I can tell you do." I said, beginning to hammer into her, giving her my full length. "I can feel your cunt squeezing my shaft. You so want to cum now, don't you? You want to cum hard on your son's dick? Admit it!"

"No." Mom sighed, eyes closed, not wanting to admit it. She was a lot closer to cumming than I was, and I wasn't letting her escape without cumming hard.

"You sure?" I asked, my ass bouncing up and down, my cock spearing her clenching cunt, her lips stretched to the max around my meat. "I can feel your cunt squeezing me, Mom. You love it. Your cunt loves your son's big dick."

"It's... not bad." Mom said softly.

"It's gonna be a big one, isn't it?" I asked. She just kept her eyes closed, not wanting the added visual stimulation to make her lose it.

"What a filthy whore you turned out to be." I growled, my cock smoothly pistoning in and out of her. "I respected you once. You used to be a good mom. A respectable member of society. But look at you now. Naked, cheating on your husband, getting drilled by your own son. Getting turned on by the nasty things you want to do your future daughter-in-law. Your son just wants to walk down the aisle with her, to live a happy life. But all you do is fume in jealousy. You want your son's cock to yourself!" Mom's pussy tightened at this remark. "When I get married, you're gonna keep scheming to find a way to get my dick again. You'll steal her plane ticket and take her place on the honeymoon." Her pussy squeezed my shaft. "You'll parade your filthy body in a tiny bikini in front of me, in front of the whole world." Her cunt squeezed my swollen meat again. "You'll sneak in my room at night... and wear Carmen's wedding dress when you fuck me."

"FUCK!" Mom called out, her cunt squeezing my cock hard, her juices boiling over, splashing against my balls. As I felt her pussy quivering around me as a small orgasm passed through her, I pulled out, just holding the tip inside of her, and not moving it, not letting her fully enjoy this orgasm fully.

"No!" Mom plead, grabbing my butt, squeezing it hard, trying to pull me back in, but I wouldn't give.

"Ask for it!" I demanded. "Tell me!" I said, wanting her to beg.

"You don't do that... you don't take a cum like that away from me." Mom panted. I simply looked at her with a glint in my eye. "Ugh,

fine! Just fuck me!" Mom screamed out, eyes opened wide, lust blazing in them. "Just fuck me with your big, fat cock! Get on with it!" Mom screamed out. "Be a man and fuck your mother fully!"

I began to drive my cock back into her, jamming in and out of her quivering, clenching sheath. Her pussy was dripping with her juices, my driving cock forcing the girl-cum out of her.

"Tell me!" I growled. "Tell me how much you love my cock!" I said, pressing the advantage.

"I love it, okay! You like hearing that? I love my son's big, fat cock! I love it a lot more than I ever loved you as a son!" she spat out as I fucked her.

"Really?" I asked, not sure if I should be offended by that.

"Yeah! If I could just have the cock and not have to deal with any of your bullshit, I would fucking take that deal." Mom said. "You're such a filthy fucking asshole. That cock's the only good, obedient thing about you."

"Oh, c'mon. That's not a thing a mother should say." I said condescendingly as I drilled her.

"I don't fucking care! I was never cut out to be a Mom. I'm a filthy fucking slut! It's what I was born to be! It's what this body is meant for!" Mom called out. "And you're no son! You're a filthy boy with a man-sized body. A twisted little shit who can't handle the fact that his mother is super hot and has big, jiggly breasts! An arrogant little prick who thinks he's so hot he thinks even his mother should fall for his whiles!" she said, her voice warbling and her boobs bouncing as I drilled her.

"You want to know what you are?" I asked, my hips smoothly rolling as I fucked her. "You're a teenage slut in a mom's body. You're a jealous bitch who finds it impossible to believe that any guy would find another woman more attractive. You're a dirty old woman who leers at her own son's fit body. You're a twisted cunt who cheats on her husband with her own son!"

"That's right." Mom said, curling her sweaty legs around me as our bodies drove into each other in one mass of flesh, clutching me like a spider. "That's fucking right! And that's what you love about me. You might fucking hate me for making you do this, but you love everything about me. And that's why you will lose. That's why you keep fucking me. That's why you're so close to cumming."

"You first." I replied. "I can feel how badly you want this. I can feel your cunt quivering. You want to cum hard on your own son's cock. You want me to make you scream!"

"You don't think I feel how swollen your cock is? How much harder you're fucking me. How fucking hard you are? How your cock

twitched when I bashed your disgusting girlfriend? You're on edge, son. Just let go and cum. Cum inside your mother. It'll feel soooo good." Mom urged.

Despite my bravado, despite all my shit-talking and arrogance, Mom's pussy was driving me nuts. Her pussy was a new experience completely. It gripped my cock like a vice, squeezing me with her tight, wet walls. Other girls simply had tight pussies, and those were good. But Mom's cunt, it was giving my cock a workout. Squeezing it, pulling it, stretching around it, coating it with moisture, pleasuring it in every way. My Mom had a cunt specifically and solely designed to make men cum.

And just being with her, seeing Mom's naked body, seeing her in action... let's just say, she lived up to her reputation. She was an insatiable wildcat in bed, her level of filth was something I had never encountered. My mother was the filthiest slut I had ever seen. And that includes porn sluts. Mom topped them all. Her mouth was as filthy as her tits were huge, as if there was a direct correlation between her cup size and her filth level.

She could fuck with the endurance of a marathon runner. Her energy was endless. Her ass was as juicy as I thought. Her big boobs were as soft and firm and even more gigantic than I thought. She was tight and firm in all the right places, and curvy and luscious where it counted. And her face looked as gorgeous and sexy as ever. And seeing my own Mom, who had always been there in my younger years, saying nothing but kind and encouraging things, now spewing such lust-filled filth, it was a thrilling thing to experience.

Despite her character flaws, Mom had it all. Her body was a well-oiled machine, created for the sole purpose of pleasuring men.

And she was doing the job on me. It took every fiber in my being to not be groaning and moaning like a rutting beast. It took every bit of self-control to not just spend this whole time rubbing and scrubbing my face on Mom's jutting tits. If it were up to me, I could spend hours just squeezing, sucking and fucking my mom's massive jugs. But this was a battle, and I couldn't lose control for one second.

Our bodies were now rolling against each other on the bed, moving as one. We were both covered with sweat. Her chest was pressed into mine, her massive melons billowing against my chest. My balls were broiling, eager to explode, but I suppressed that urge. My mom's teasing, silky, cock-loving cunt so wanted me to cum, it wanted to be filled with her son's thick, creamy goodness, but I could not let that happen. That explosion of white cum spewing from my nuts was practically a white flag, signifying my defeat and her superiority. I needed Mom to surrender. I needed Mom to admit my superiority.

I had to make this bitch moan.

I picked up the pace, trying to bring this encounter to a screaming end. A temporary end, at least, cause I knew one big orgasm would not be enough for an orgasm-starved slut like my dear old mom. Luckily for her, it would be the first of many.

"C'mon Mom... cum. You know you want to." I urged, driving into her firmly, making her boobs ripple like the heavy, perky mounds of flesh they were. "The second you saw your son's great, big cock, you just wanted to wrap that tight little cunt around it and just... cum. Cum all over it. Cum all over your son's big cock! C'mon Mom. Let it out... scream."

"You're right... I'm gonna cum. But not until I feel your cum bursting deep inside me. Trust me, Tom, I can hold on for a long, long time." Mom claimed, smiling confidently, her legs tightening around me as she gripped my shoulders. "And when I do cum, when you feel that tight fucking cunt squeeze the life out of your dick, you will be mine fully!" Mom boasted. My ass was rising and falling as I drilled her. I pumped into her, and even though her pussy was quivering with pleasure, judging by her resolve, she was clearly confident that she wouldn't be cumming anytime soon.

We were two immovable objects, our will not allowing either of us to break. Something had to give. Someone had to break.

Sometimes, change happens based on a brilliant idea. Sometimes, progress is made based on the strong will to make change happen. And sometimes, change happens based on a simple twist of fate.

In this case, my back began to hurt. This repeated motion, over and over, from the same position, was taking its toll. I was pretty fit, but fucking my own Mom was taking its toll, and my lower back began to feel the burn. So, I changed my angle of motion, spreading my knees, arching my back to ease the pain.

And as I did, my pumping shaft angled upward, sliding along the upper membrane of her silky cunt. And as I pushed my thick shaft into her cunt, all the way in, the mushroom tip of my cock slid along that same, silky membrane... and Mom's pussy locked around my cock.

"oooooOOOOOOHHHHH!" Mom moaned out, a scream bursting out from her, a moan she clearly didn't see coming. Her eyes blazed with pleasure as she looked up at me in shock, not knowing where that came from. My cock had hit her in just the right way. I smiled wolfishly as I realized I had hit her sweet spot. My eyes flashed, knowing I had the advantage.

"No, no, no!" Mom said quickly. I pushed my cock into her again, making sure to repeat my previous angle, making sure to her hit her sweet spot. "Don't you dare! Don't you daroooooooohhhhhhhh FFFFUUUUUUCCCCKKKKKK YYYYYYYESSSSSS!" Mom moaned out, her head falling back as her pussy spasmed around me. Mom's nails dug into my shoulders as her moans echoed through the bedroom.

I varied my strokes, not letting my cock hit her sweet spot. I let Mom recover and look up at me.

"You motherfucker!" Mom spat out. "You son of a bitch, don't do it again, don't you... ooooOOOOHHHH GAAWWWDDDDD!" Mom's cunt quivered hard around my cock. I let her recover for a few

moments, teasing her, and was about to give her some more when she tried to push me, to use her limbs to roll me over onto my back, to regain control, but I wasn't gonna let her. Not this time. I was in control. I pinned her arms down and continue sliding my cock in an out of her eager snatch.

"Quit flailing, Mom. There's nowhere to go. You can't avoid this. You're gonna cum on your son's cock. Stop fighting the inevitable. Just accept it, give in, and I'll give you all the pleasure you'll ever need." I said coolly.

"Ugh... just cause... just cause.... AHHHHHH! FUCK!" Mom squealed as I let my cock slid against what I assumed was her g-spot. My cock was getting more coated with her moisture. She was close. I let her recover, and she continued. "Just cause you might make me cum... that doesn't mean it's over." Mom gasped out.

"You want it. Ask for the pleasure. Ask me to make you explode. Ask me to make your world shake, Mom." I said firmly. I slid my cock across her g-spot again, and she chewed on her lower lip firmly, a groan escaping her throat. I did this again... and again... and again, teasing her. Her groans became more firm, and her body was jerking in pleasure. She looked so close to bursting, so I gave her another long, firm stroke, my cock hitting her sweet spot.

"Uhhhhhhhhh." Mom groaned. I gave it to her again.

"Uuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she groaned from the back of her throat. I pumped into her again.

"UUUUUUUUUUUHHHHHHHHHH!"

And again.

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

And again, until finally...

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHH FFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK! FUCK! Fine! Fuck! Just give it to me, Tom! Give me your big cock!" Mom screamed out. I began to pump into Mom firmly, hitting her g-spot with each vigorous stroke, and Mom really let loose.

"SHIT! FUCKING FUCK! Keep going, Tom! Keep fucking your mother's filthy cunt!" Mom squealed out.

"You want to cum?" I asked. "You want to cum on your son's thick cock?"

"YES! Fine, yes! GOD DAMMIT!" Mom screamed out. "I want to cum on my son's fat dick! I've wanted to from the start! FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!"

My ass was a blur as I fucked Mom with my raw, unprotected dick. Her cunt kept clenching tightly around me, getting close to losing it completely.

"I knew it! I fucking knew you wanted this from the beginning." I grunted out, my cock throbbing with need. "You wanted to ride my hard cock the second I confessed to you."

"FUCK! You didn't think I knew how hot you were? You don't think I knew I had a young stud under my own roof? FUCK YEAH! You don't think I could see the way you waved around the bulge in your fucking shorts? You don't think I knew I had a fucking cum factory down the fucking hall? SHIT! GOD FUCKING DAMN! YYYYYEEESSSSSSSSSS!" Mom moaned. The thrill of these words resounded through me, powering through me.

"You want to cum, don't you Mom? Don't you? Say it!" I demanded, knowing she was ready to pop.

"YES! I want to cum! I need it!" Mom moaned out, head rolling on the bed.

"You wanna cum?" I repeated.

"YES!" Mom screamed out.

"You wanna squirt?" I asked, drilling her as hard as I could.

"Fuck yeah, I wanna squirt!" Mom moaned out.

"You want your world to shake?" I asked with a smirk.

"YYYYEEESSS! I want my world to shake! I want to see bright lights! I want to see stars!" Mom moaned out.

"Then do it, Mom! Cum! Cum on my cock. Do it!" I grunted out, my shaft a blur in her sweet pussy. I made sure to angle my cock up again, hitting her sweet spot on every fucking stroke.

"Oh my GOD, I'm gonna cum!" Mom said, almost panicked, her hand clawing into the bed. "I'm gonna cum, Tom!" she said, looking up at me, eyes glazed over as her other hand dug into my shoulder. "I'm gonna cum on my son's dick! I'm gonna cum on my son's FAT FUCKING COCK! Tom... Tom! Listen! My cunt's gonna break your cock, Tom! I'm telling you... it's gonna break you! I hope you can handle it. I so hope you can handle this, Tom! Cause I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Your momma's about to cum! I'm about to fucking cum! I'M ABOUT TO FUCKING CUM! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! YES! YES! YES!"

I kept driving into her, fucking her amazing pussy, and as I did, I braced myself. Braced myself for Mom's oncoming orgasm. She said I couldn't handle it.

Well, it was time to see if that was true.

"YES! YES! YES! OH GOD! OH GOD! I'M CUMMING! OH MY FUCKING GOD! OH MY FUCKING GOD! OHHHHHHH MMMMMMYYYYY FFFFUUUUCCCCKKKKKIIIIINNNNGGGGG GAAAAWWWWWDDD! YYYYEEEESSSS! YYYYEEEESSSSS! YYYYYYYYYYEEEESSSSSS! AAHHHHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

As Mom's orgasm hit her, the world seemed to pause, as a million things happened at once. Her back arched up, pressing her sweaty breasts into my chest as she screamed out in pleasure, as she screamed towards the heavens. Mom screamed as loud as she could, no doubt letting the whole neighborhood know she was having an orgasm. And I knew the instant Mom's orgasm truly hit her. A jolt passed through her luscious frame, her muscles tightened, her legs tightened around my waist, and her cunt locked around my cock. I mean, her pussy practically fused itself to my driving meat, holding its full length inside of her, not allowing me to do anything but hold my cock in place, keeping it fully inside of her as she came. Cunt juices squirted from deep inside her, coating my balls, my crotch, and the bed-spread under us. Her pussy squeezed at me, squeezing at my swollen shaft, her cunt trying to squeeze the life out of it, or in this case, trying to squeeze every last drop of cum out of me.

The pleasure was... unbelievable. It was unlike anything I had ever felt, anything I ever knew was possible. Every part of her cunt was flexing and tightening around me, squeezing my cock violently, trying to draw the cum from my balls not by pleasure but almost by force. And it was working. My balls were boiling. My cock was throbbing. The tip of my cock was no doubt foaming with so much held-back jizz. I wanted to cum badly. I wanted to give her what she wanted.

I wanted to cum inside of her. I wanted to fill my Mom with my thick, creamy cum. My cock and balls were screaming for release, screaming for me to give in, to allow myself this pleasure. To allow myself to let loose and relieve this pressure, to empty my swollen sack inside of her. To fill my own mother's fertile pussy with cum, to fill her to the brim and get her pregnant. Despite my mind's protests, that part of me was being stamped out at the moment, my screaming conscience being silenced, the devil on my shoulder now dictating my actions. And that devil inside me craved filth. It craved the deepest corners of nastiness. It craved incestuous breeding. It craved me making this incest official and putting a baby in my own mother's belly.

"AHHHHH! FUCKING GOD FUCKING DAMN! HOLY FUCKING SHIT!" Mom squealed, more of her juices squirting from her violently.

As Mom screamed in pleasure, as loud as she could, as the walls shook around us, I tried to survive Mom's orgasm. I tried to survive my Mom's cunt squeezing my cock like a clenched fist. I tried to resist

the temptation of knocking up my own mother. I tried to resist the charms of incest. I tried to resist letting Mom's pussy break my will.

"UUHHHHHHNNNNNNNN!" Mom groaned.

Mom's cunt kept gripping me, tighter and tighter, wrapped around my cock like elastic, trying to pull the cum from my overfilled balls. It seemed like it kept pulling me in, deeper and deeper, letting her juices coat my throbbing shaft, trying to make me cum, trying to make me explode. I grit my teeth and tensed all my muscles, doing everything I could to resist the unbelievable pleasure Mom's pussy was giving me. But it was a losing battle. My own orgasm seemed inevitable. The pleasure was too much to take. I was getting closer to coming. Closer and closer and closer, the pleasure almost reaching a head, until...

"Guuhhhhhh..." Mom sighed after what felt like an eternity, her screams subsiding, her sharp nails releasing my shoulder, falling to the bed, her legs falling from around my waist, falling to the mattress. The tension left her as her arched back slid down to the bed. And then, finally, her pussy released her death grip on my throbbing shaft. Sensing the opportunity, I pulled back, pulling my cock from Mom's tight, wet sex-hole. I pulled back and looked down, looking at my panting, sweaty mom, seemingly barely conscious.

I had done it. I had survived her orgasm. I had made Mom lose control first, to be unable to control her pleasure any more. If this was a prize fight, I scored the first knock-down. I'd just have to see if Mom would be able to recover.

I looked down at my jutting cock. It had never looked bigger, swollen beyond normal proportions, my balls equally swollen, my cock and balls clearly overstimulated, clearly overfilled with cum. The stretched skin around my bone-hard shaft was absolutely soaked with Mom's juices, literally dripping with them. And I could see the tip of my cock bubbling with pre-cum, bubbling with the pleasure it so desperately needed. My cock had survived Mom's onslaught, barely. I was glad to escape the heavenly pleasure her pussy provided. My cock clearly still needed relief, but Mom's knockout shot had been unable to do the trick.

Could I really do this? Could I really actually conquer Mom?

I looked down at her, and despite my dislike off her at the moment, she had never looked sexier. She was fully exposed to me, her long, firm legs splayed out, her nearly bare, small cunt recovering from out battle, her lithe, flat belly rising as she breathed, her gorgeous face a mask of hedonistic pleasure, and her massive, mountainous breasts rising from her slim frame. Her body was coated with sweat, as was mine, and this sweat added to her blatant sex appeal, coating her firm belly, long legs, and massive breasts. Seeing such smooth, round, succulent flesh coated with moisture was a sight I would not soon forget.

I was still standing, and Mom was recovering. I had the advantage. It was time to break this battle open.

"You know, Mom..." I began, leaning towards her, looking down at her dazed face. "I think I proved that I can handle..."

Before I could finish, Mom leapt back to life, her body attacking mine, wrestling with me, pulling me to the side, until before I knew it, I was on my back, with Mom on top of me, my still hard cock pointing skyward.

I looked up at Mom, her smooth, sweaty boobs still jiggling from her motion as she hovered above me, holding my wrists to the bed. She leaned down and gave me a fiery kiss, our mouths smacking together, before she pulled back. Her hanging boobs drew my eyes at first, but my gaze soon wandered to her smirking face.

"I'll give you credit, Tom. That was pretty good." Mom said.

"Pretty good?" I questioned.

"Pretty good." Mom affirmed confidently. "But like before, that one was just a warm up." She reached down and grabbed my hands, slapping them onto her slick boobs.

"Bullshit!" I replied. "You've never cum that hard."

"While you did do... pretty good..." Mom began, squeezing her fingers over mine, forcing me to squeeze her breasts again. "I am

clearly not broken. And clearly..." Mom began, glancing down at my jutting cock pointing upward, directly under her pussy. "Neither are you."

Mom slid her hand down, curling her fingers around my cock. She slapped the tip against the entrance to her cunt.

"But luckily for us both, I am ready for round two. Are you?" Mom asked with a raised eyebrow, looking down at me.

Minutes ago, I had been right on the edge of an Earth-shattering cum. But I had had a few minutes to recover, and the pressure had subsided. I could do this. I was up for more... I hoped.

"Does that cock look ready to you?" I asked sarcastically, playing it cool and cocky.

"I think so." Mom said. With that, Mom began to sit on my cock, forcing my thick cock into her tight, gripping snatch. "Uhhhh, fuck." she said softly as my large dick entered her again.

"Mmmmm." I groaned, my mom's gripping pussy smothering my shaft again. As Mom's butt hit my torso once more, she spoke up.

"I have to admit... it's taking me longer than I thought it would to break you, babe." Mom said. "But sex with your Mom isn't a sprint... it's a marathon!"

Mom grabbed the headboard and began to smoothly bounce on me, riding the full length of my shaft. There was no slow, gradual build-up. No, she got right to it, bouncing at a frenetic pace. I gripped her smooth tits and grit my teeth, trying not to let the sensation of her tight, wet cunt gripping my shaft overwhelm me.

"You can talk as much shit as you want..." Mom began, her hips rolling smoothly as she rode me. "But you're lying. I know it! You are not that good! No guy can resist having his hot, sexy momma riding the fuck out of his cock! No guy can handle having his mom's tight cunt stretched over his throbbing meat!"

"Well... clearly I can, since I just fucked the shit out of my horny slut of a mom, and I'm still going strong." I replied, letting my fingers flick over her hard nipples, pinching them.

"But the difference is... I know the mistake I made. I didn't utilize my secret weapons. I didn't exploit your weakness." Mom claimed, a cocky smirk on her face.

"Oh yeah?" I asked, driving up into her. "What's that?"

"I didn't use these bad boys." Mom said, taking one hand off the headboard and pointing at her bouncing jugs. "You may have it all. You have a fiancée, a so-called soul mate, you go to a great school, you have money, you have good looks, a great body... you have it all! But you would throw it all away for your Mom's boobs. That's who you are. That's what you truly want, more than anything."

Mom stopped bouncing and leaned forward, putting her arms on either side of my head, looking straight down at me.

"Look at them, Tom. Look at them. Look at the smooth flesh." Mom said softly. "You waited years to see these. You LOVE these massive boobs. You love them more than Carmen. Admit it! Your girlfriend may be nice and sweet, she might truly love you, and your mother might be a complete bitch, but I carry these fucking jugs every day, and your little girlfriend doesn't have squat. What does she have, DD's? HA! I had boobs that big by middle school! Those are fucking mosquito bites compared to these!"

"You wanted these for years, Tom! You always stared at them. Always looked down my shirt. Gawked at them when they stretched out my tops. Watched them as they bounced. You always let your eyes follow my throbbing nipples, like you are right now. Your Mom's big boobs are your favorite thing in the whole, wide world." Mom said softly yet firmly. "You want these more than anything. You would rather see your mom's boobs in a bikini than your girlfriend in her wedding dress. You could have run away with her and never come back, but you didn't, you came back home, just to see your Mom's tits. You couldn't walk away from these, but you

could walk away from her. And now you see them, and you realize just how BIG they are! How perky they are. How smooth my nipples are. Your hands crave them. You mouth drools for them. Your beautiful cock needs them! And you will never be able to forget about them. All of Carmen's best qualities don't match up to your Mom's FF's! She will never satisfy you the way these big boobs will. Carmen will never make you as happy as my big rack will."

I kept staring up at Mom's nude, sweaty breasts, her smooth nipples calling for my mouth.

"These big boobs will break you, Tom. They will. And when they do, you will come home, Tom. You will dump that fucking bitch of a fiancée and come home to me. Come home and never go back. And I'm not gonna lie. After I conquer you, it will be impossible for me to completely respect you as a man. Real men don't get conquered by their own mom's. So when you come home, I will be a straight-up cunt! The cunt I truly am! I will boss you around. I will mother the fuck out of you. I will run you ragged! And in exchange, if you do a good job, you will have full access to your mom's huge tits. You will get to squeeze them, suck them, and if you do a good enough job... fuck them. You have a lot of potential, Tom, but I will still have to put you through a lot of training. You will need to do a good fucking job worshipping your Mom. Rubbing my shoulders, my back... my feet. You will worship my body with that hot fucking mouth of yours. My toes... my cunt... my ass. That mouth will be very, very busy, Tom. So let's start now. Open your mouth, Tom. Accept your destiny."

"No." I said, not wanting to give her what she wanted, my eyes following her swaying, hanging boobs. Mom pushed her elbows in, billowing her boobs out, her nipples throbbing.

"What's the problem, Tom? You've sucked them before... why not again? What's wrong? Can't you handle it?" she dared. I looked up, daggers in my eyes, as Mom smiled arrogantly.

I could handle her. I could handle those fucking tits.

Leaning up, I savagely attached my mouth to her right nipple, wrapping my full lips around the smooth nipple, my tongue caressing the firm, rubbery nub.

"Ahh, that's it!" Mom called out, her palm sliding to the back of my head. "Suck my nipple, Tom. Suck your mother's breast!"

I reached up and took her massive breast into my palm, squeezing it firmly, trying to force as much of her smooth, perky, mammoth boob into my sucking mouth.

"There you go, Tom. Suck your mother's breast. Do a good job... treat your mother right, and there will be rewards." Mom cooed. She began to bounce lightly on my cock.

Mom was right about one thing. I did love her giant breasts. No matter how much I tried to move on, to look past Mom to girls my own age, my eyes always came to back to Mom's jiggling rack. If only they weren't so fucking huge. Why did I have to have a gorgeous mom with such mammoth, luscious breasts? Why did they have to jiggle so succulently? Why did my own mom's boobs have to be so suckable and mouth-watering? Why couldn't I get them out of my head?

I lavished her sweaty breasts, running my big hands and smooth tongue all over them. As Mom bounced on me lightly, she swiveled, positioning her other breast over my face, pressing it down, molding it against my face.

"Ah, such a good son!" Mom marveled, scratching the back of my head with her long nails as she bounced. "I love your mouth on my tits, Tom. I should have let you worship them earlier. You're built for this. Not for football. Not for school or whatever stupid shit you're going into. Not for having a wife. You're built for this! To be naked and sweaty, underneath your mom, sucking her massive, jiggling jugs. Your mouth overfilled with your mom's sweaty breasts!" I looked up at her teasing eyes, mouth filled to the brim with as much breast as I could manage.

"Suck baby... suck your momma's breast." Mom cooed. "And just imagine... imagine how big they will get when you knock me up. Imagine how huge your mother's breasts will get when I'm pregnant! Imagine how swollen they will get it when they're filled with milk!

Imagine how busy your mouth will be when I have milk dripping from my nipples!"

I hated to admit it, but I sucked her breast even harder at the thought of swallowing milk from my mom's breasts. I sucked hard, taking her nipple as deep into my mouth as I could.

"Okay... no more of this weak ass shit, Tom. This doesn't work for me. It's time to for you to drown in softness." Mom pulled her nipple from my mouth with a pop, before positioning both of her breasts over my face. Mom took her hands off the bed, letting her upper half fall onto me, letting her rack fall directly onto my face.

I was suddenly surrounded in softness, my mouth, my nose, my cheeks, my eyes, all smothered with Mom's copious, smooth, sweaty breast flesh. Mom rested her entire weight through her breasts onto my face, drowning me.

"Breath when you can, hon. Gasp for air. Get used to having every breath of yours filtered through my cleavage. While you're doing that, I'll be doing this." Mom said. As she pressed my head between the mattress and her soft breasts, she lifted her ass, holding just the top of my thick cock inside of her, before driving back into me.

My mind was absorbed by the big pair of breasts smothering my face. Mom scrubbed her tits against my face, making sure her smooth flesh and breast-sweat rubbed against every part of my face. Her nipples scratched across me, criss-crossing my face as her smooth

flesh molded over my features. My mouth gasped for breath whenever there were no breasts on my lips, pulling air through her cleavage and into my mouth. And the scent of her body, her smooth breasts and her light perfume, I don't think I would ever get it out of my nose. I don't know if I even wanted you, cause that scent was an aphrodisiac, sending a jolt of pleasure to my cock.

My cock was getting re-moistened by Mom's slick, running juices that were dripping down my cock, coating my balls, practically coating my entire crotch. Mom worked up a good rhythm, using the bed's bounciness to aid her in riding my cock. She was riding my cock at a rapid pace, taking my entire length inside of her quivering sheathe.

The thrill of having Mom's boobs pressed against my face was a thrill in itself, but it stole my focus, since withstanding my mother's tighter than tight cunt was a battle of attrition. It took all my focus to withstand Mom's assault. But having Mom's breasts against my face, as well as my short supply of air, stole my attention from my pulsing, needy cock. And if I wasn't careful, I would lose control and spurt warm cum deep inside of her.

Mom had assumed control, simultaneously riding and smothering me, driving me crazy from multiple angles. My cock was pulsing as it smoothly went in and out of her.

"Hon, it's not healthy to hold back so much." Mom moaned out. "Those big balls must be so full! So much sperm... just bursting to get out. Just let go, Tom. Let go. Release all that pent-up, thick cum in

my sweet pussy. Give it to me. Give it all to me. Fill my cunt with your cum, Tom. Fill your mother's pussy with hot cum! Do it! Fill up your slutty mother's filthy cunt with creamy, tasty sperm!"

My focus had been pulled apart, and if she kept this up, I would lose it. I would lose control. I would cum inside her. If I didn't do something, I would be filling Mom's cunt with jizz momentarily. But I couldn't move. I couldn't breathe. Mom was breaking me down, exploiting my weakness. From between her breasts, my eyes flashed open. She exploited my weakness? Well, it was time to exploit hers.

I reached up and found Mom's breasts, taking them in my palms, digging into them. As she scrubbed her big breasts over my face, my fingers slid across the expansive, firm flesh, searching until my fingertips found her nipples. As she confidently bounced on my dick, her breasts jiggling against my cheeks, I took each of her nipples between my fingers and gave each of them a firm twist.

"AAAAHHHHH! FUCK!" Mom moaned out, her breasts pressing roughly into my face as she screamed out in pleasure. Mom lifted herself up, holding herself up with her hands on the bed again, her breasts hovering over my eyes again. "You little shit! You fucking piece of shit!" Mom sneered at me. "Stop fighting your destiny. You can't stop this from happening!" I looked up at her, breathing in the heated air between us, refilling my lungs.

"I think you'd better hurry up, Mom. Try to get the job done on me before I get it done on you first. What's gonna give first... your

weakness or mine?" I asked. Mom screwed up her face and dove back down, slamming her boobs against my face, smothering me again.

Her hips resumed bouncing, driving her wet pussy down onto my turgid weapon, riding me again. Our sweaty skin began slapping into each other as we fucked.

Mom resumed sliding her slick breasts all over my face, bouncing on me harder, trying to get me off. I shook my face in them, fully immersing my face in Mom's rack. As Mom tried smothering me again, I found her nipple with my mouth and bit on it.

"AAAAHHHHH!" Mom moaned out throwing her head back as she drove back, riding my dick even as this jolt went through her. And a jolt did go through her as I felt her pussy squeeze my cock firmly. She bounced harder, no doubt knowing I was making some progress on her, bringing her closer to cumming yet again. I slid my lips across her sweaty breasts and captured her other nipple, biting the rubbery nub.

"You fuck!" Mom called out. I reached over and tweaked her other nipples, twisting it in my fingers. "AHHHH! NO! You son of a bitch!" Mom said, pulling her huge breasts off my face, pulling them from the fingers that were pleasuring her so well. I looked up at her, smirking, knowing that even from my prone position, I was still getting one over on her. Her gripping, wet pussy hadn't broken me yet, but I was getting closer and closer to breaking her. I was confident, almost cocky, even.

Then Mom slapped me with her boobs.

I didn't see it coming. Before I could react, Mom stretched her lithe body, then swung her breasts at my face like a battering ram, slapping firmly against the side of my face. Those heavy, dense mounds of flesh collided with me, knocking me for a loop, almost making me see stars. Mom slid her breasts over my face, her hard nipples running across my lips. As I regained my bearings after my collision with Mom's boobs, she repeated the motion, slapping the other side of my face with her melons.

I was again knocked for a loop, and as I was dazed, Mom really bored down on me, grabbing the headboard again, driving herself onto me. I was still a bit loopy, the only thing I could feel was Mom's pussy riding my cock, squeezing the fuck out of it. My head was spinning, and I looked up, my eyes finally come to a focus as I took in the sight of Mom's dancing nipples, bouncing as she rode me.

I looked at Mom's face, snarling as she rode me, her motherly veneer completely gone, and in its place, an animal. A lioness. The queen of the jungle. An elegant, graceful creature unleashed, now that a rival had entered its territory, challenging her. And her territory was the bedroom, and I was the challenger to her throne.

Her hard nipples were calling out to me, begging to be pleasured. I reached up and took her boobs in my hands, squeezing them a few times.

"No!" Mom said, grabbing my wrists. "You don't get to touch. Not anymore. Not till you cum. Not till you give in. Not till you break." Mom pulled at my wrists, trying to get my big hands off of her rack. But I was too strong. I kept squeezing her giant boobs, but she kept trying to pull me away. Finally, I slid my hands down to her nipples and gave them each another twist.

"No no no noaaaahhhhhhHHHHH FUCK YES!" Mom moaned out, her cunt squeezing me.

"God, there's a fucking direct connection between these fucking nipples and that cunt, isn't there?" I groaned out, driving up into her as she bounced on me.

"No, of fucking course not. It's not like you twisting my nipples is actually getting me off. Not at UUUUHHHHNNNNNNNN FUCK YES!" Mom squealed as I gave her nipples another firm twist.

"Oh, no connection. Clearly!" I said sarcastically.

"No... no... no." Mom sighed softly, still trying to pull my hands off of her. I tweaked her nipples again.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHH! YES!" Mom squealed, swiveling as she held the entirety of my dick inside of her. Mom held my wrists

loosely as I did this, her cunt dripping juices. I smiled, knowing how much she was loving this treatment.

"Admit it, Mom. A 10-inch cock stretching your pussy, and having your nipples twisted, that's the combination it takes for you to cum, isn't it?" I asked, driving my cock up into her. I wrapped her fingers around her nipple, poised to twist them again. Mom's eyes were shut, and she had a dreamy look on her face. Suddenly, she pulled my hands into her, forcing them into her perky flesh.

"Do it again." Mom whispered.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Do it again. Tweak my nipples." Mom sighed, guiding my fingers to her nipples, running her fingertips along my fingers lovingly, coaxing me onward.

"What..." I began naively. "You want me to do this?"

"AAAAHHHHHHHHH FUCKING FUCK!" Mom moaned out, her cunt squeezing my cock in pleasure as I tweaked her nipples. I released her nipples and watched Mom pant in pleasure.

She looked fucking incredible. Her body was clearly overcharged. She was glowing with sex. Her entire body was dripping with sweat,

creating a sexy sheen. Her massive, round breasts looked absolutely huge from my position, jutting from her thin frame. Her face was wild, clearly crazed with sex, no trace of the sweet, nice mom she used to be.

"Again." Mom begged as I squeezed her breasts. "UUUUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH FFFUUUCCCKKKKKK YYYESSSS!" Mom screamed, her pussy locking around my cock again. She wasn't cumming, but she was close. Gripping her massive breasts, I drove up into her, inducing her to bounce.

"Fuck..." Mom sighed. "FUCK! You're not gonna break me, Tom! You're not gonna BREAK ME!" Mom screamed.

"I know your combination, Mom. I know how to make you cum! I'm just teasing you now." I said, squeezing her breasts roughly.

"You can make me cum again, but this isn't ending till you break, son. Till you cum inside me. You just keep sending your mom to paradise, and convince yourself that you're the one who's actually winning here." Mom replied.

Was this true? Was this what Mom really wanted? No, this was just a maneuver, a desperate gambit to still grasp at any sense of power, cause she knew the truth. I was winning. I was holding out.

I was handling her.

"No, Mom, I am winning." I bragged. "You're just an old lady who can't even make her horned up, stud son cum. But me, I can make my mom cum in one... single... stroke!"

Simultaneously, I changed the angle of penetration, letting my cock run across Mom's g-spot, and at the same moment, I gave Mom's nipples another, firm twist.

"OOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH FFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKK!" Mom screamed out. "I'MMMMMMMMMM GONNNNNNNNNNNAAAAAAAA CCCCCCCUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMM! YES! YES! YES! YYYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEEEESSSSSS!"

Mom screamed at the top of her lungs, and as she did, her pussy locked around my cock again, trapping it inside her. Mom squirted again, cumming all over my crotch as her vagina went into a spasm fit around my thick meat.

I grit my teeth as Mom came on my cock for a second time, tensing all my muscles to withstand her hard orgasm. She flexed her ass as she ground into me, her cunt squeezing my cock, trying to make me cum again. This went on and on, Mom cumming on my cock, her squeezing pussy trying to make me lose it with her. But I held out,

until finally, blessedly, Mom's body relaxed on top of me, her palms sliding up my sweaty chest as she regained her strength.

I had done it! I had withstood her again. Unbelievable! This was my best performance yet. Mom's cunt was the best I had ever had, yet somehow, I had withstood it, survived it, and was still up for more.

This was an Olympic level performance. This was clutch. I felt beyond empowered. My stamina was incredible, beyond my own expectations. This was leading the game winning drive in the fourth quarter. This was making every single pass perfectly. This was having all the breaks go my way. This was a performance of legend. And it was time for more.

Despite my show of strength, the fact was, I did need to cum. That urge was becoming uncontrollable. I had outlasted two of her orgasms, but I was pretty sure the third would make me lose control. I had been afraid that cumming inside her would be what breaks me, but with the way this was going, I kinda felt like me cumming wouldn't be the end of this. I felt like I could cum and still be up for more. I was not even close to done. I was ready. It was time to let loose.

It was time to cum.

I looked up at Mom. She was still dazed, sitting on my cock, catching her breath.

"C'mon, Mom." I said, slapping her ass. "I thought you knew how to work a dick!"

Mom looked down at me angrily as I called her out. She wiped the sweat from her forehead then put her hands on the headboard again.

"Okay... I admit... you're really good." Mom panted. "But I'm ready for more. I can keep going all day. I can keep going until your disgusting, dumbass girlfriend walks through that door." she positioned herself over me, looking down with a smile. "I will not stop fucking you till I ruin Carmen's life. Till she catches us in action, till she sees that incest wasn't enough to stop her loving boyfriend from cheating on her. Till she sees what you truly are. The filthy, rutting beast."

"Then get on with it!" I told Mom. She began to bounce again, bouncing her ass up and down my cock like a music video girl. I could only imagine her ass-cheeks bouncing and spreading as she fucked me, exposing her asshole to any onlooker. And if Carmen walked in and saw that, saw her future mother-in-law's, bare exposed asshole as she rode me, her future husband... Carmen would freak out. She would cry. She would sob. She would fall to her knees as her world ended. The thought should be horrifying to me, Carmen's future husband. But it didn't.

It made my cock throb.

I didn't have time to study my own reaction. Mom was bouncing at a steady pace, and it was great, but I needed more.

"C'mon, Mom!" I said, holding out my arms judgmentally. "I thought you were good at this! You seriously can't make your own son cum!?" I asked.

"Fuck you." Mom sneered as she bounced harder on me. We were both dripping with sweat at this point, out exertions turning this bedroom into a sauna. I reached up to squeeze her big, sweaty tits, gripping them roughly. "God, I want Carmen to bring her ugly face her in here. I want her to see this. I want her to see my hot body riding her future husband, my own son. I want her to witness a conception! I want her to see her loving boyfriend putting a baby in his slutty mother's belly. I want her to know that her boyfriend finds her so fucking disgusting that he would rather shack up with his own mom, knock her up, and give her all of his babies. She's this young, college girl with a bright future, but her fiancé would rather fuck a 42-year-old woman, one who is way more gorgeous, has way better hair, is in better shape, with longer legs, a juicier ass, and way, way bigger tits... And who, by the way, also happens to be his MOM!"

I drove up into Mom harder at this as she smoothly bounced on me, her ass slamming into my hips roughly. Her filthy words only spurred me on, the nastiness of it making my blood boil with lust. Her slights and her insults against Carmen didn't stop me. They only made me harder.

"C'mon Tom... let go. You need to cum. You need to let go." Mom urged, her ass driving into me. "Cum in my pussy, Tom. Cum in your own mother's pussy! Release your hot, thick cum inside your mother's fertile cunt! Take your dad's place and put a baby in his wife's belly! Cheat on your girlfriend and knock up another woman! Make this true fucking incest and impregnate your MOTHER! That's what you want, right?"

"Yes!" I grunted, driving up into her as she smoothly rolled her lower half as she rode me. "I want to fucking knock you up! I'm not afraid of filling my own mother's cunt with cum! I'm not afraid of turning my mom into a pregnant fucking whore!"

"God yes! I want to be a pregnant slut! I want you to knock me up!" Mom moaned out. "Give me your cum, Tom! Give it all to me! Give me your cum, give me your baby... give me your soul! Lose yourself in me, Tom. Let yourself go. Become your mother's property. Become your mom's personal boy toy. Let my cunt overwhelm you. Let your mother's cunt break you!"

I should be afraid. I mean, I was about to cum in my mom's pussy. I had to do it. She claimed it would break me, but I wasn't scared. I was confident. I wasn't afraid of cumming in my mother. I wasn't afraid of knocking her up. And honestly, I was confident that I would survive this. That I wouldn't let her pussy break me. That I wouldn't lose myself and be completely conquered. I was confident, but I couldn't be a hundred percent sure. But, I had to end this. I had to test myself. I had to know for sure. To move on from Mom, I had to fill her up with cum, and see where things stood.

With that, I began to let the pleasure overwhelm me. I prepared to let myself cum. And if I had to cum, I wanted to make it as good as possible.

"I'm gonna cum soon, Mom." I said through gritted teeth. "I'm gonna let myself cum, just to show that won't break me."

"Oh yeah?" Mom replied, her cunt squeezing me. "Say whatever you want, lie to yourself. Either way, you're gonna cum in your mom's cunt. That sounds like a victory to me."

"It sounds like I'm planting the flag. Planting a flag of victory. Planting my seed in my filthy mother. Taking my place as your superior. Taking Dad's place as the man of the house." I replied.

"Mmm, you're not the man of the house. Not yet." Mom sighed, hands now on my chest as she bounced on me. "Convince yourself that this isn't the end for you. Do whatever you want. Lie to yourself and say that you can go back to Carmen after this. Convince yourself that your disgusting girlfriend will actually be enough for you. Lie and say that you're not meant to spend the rest of your life giving Mom all the pleasure she deserves. Convince yourself that your big fat cock and balls don't belong to me."

"Well let's find out, Mom. Let's make this happen. Make your son cum! Fuck your son's cock with your tight cunt!" I demanded,

slapping her ass again, spurring her on. She rode me harder, her ass a blur.

"You want to cum! You want to cum inside your hot fucking Mom! Then do it. Show some balls and knock up your mom! You feel the way my cunt loves that dick, smothers it with tight, hot pleasure? You feel it sucking at you, drawing the cum out? You feel your mom's big tits? You feel how huge and soft they are? Don't they just make you want to cum? To lose control? To explode?" Mom asked, bouncing roughly on me. Before I could react, Mom leaned forward, forcing her hard nipple into my open mouth.

"C'mon Tom... suck that nipple. Suck your Mom's big breast again." she cooed. My cheeks were hollowed as I sucked on Mom's nipple. "You love them more than Carmen. You love me more than Carmen, your own Mom. My hot body, my gorgeous face, my hot ass, my luscious rack... I'm the total package. Plus, I'm a huge bitch to your fiancée. And deep down, you love that. You love how nasty I am. It makes you hard, watching your Mom be super cunty to your true love. When I see her again, I'm gonna fucking slap her. I'm gonna do it! I will tie her up and force her to watch us in action. You will make me squirt, and I will squirt my juices all over her. I will show off my big boobs to her, show her how much better they are than hers. Show her how much bigger they are than her pathetic breasts, and prove that makes me a better woman than her. Makes me a better woman than her, and a better lover for her fiancé, my son. I will make her humiliate herself, call herself ugly for my pleasure. I will rub my sweaty ass on her face, make her lick my sweaty ass-crack!"

"FUCK!" I groaned out into her soft breast, that nasty idea sending a ripple of hot lust coursing through me as I pounded up into her harder. Mom wrapped her arms around my head and pulled me face-first into her cleavage again. Her huge, sweaty breasts were smothering me again. While her upper half held me in place, our lower halves were busy, fucking each other as hard as we could, the room being filled with fleshy smacks.

My cock was numb with pleasure. Here I was, under my Mom, drowning in her massive breasts as she fucked the hell out of my cock with her wet cunt and humiliated my fiancée in the process.

Needless to say, I was about to cum hard.

"Cum, Tom. Cum inside your Mom. Fill her up with cum. Let me drive you over the edge. Tom, I'm gonna let my pussy cum. I'm gonna let it happen. You survived the first two, but you won't survive this one. Cum with me, cum at the same time, let my cunt give you the best cum you ever had! But before you do, before I cum, I want you to do one thing. One thing that will really get me off, make me cum hard! Tell me what you really feel about Carmen. Tell me the truth!"

I was close to coming. Very close to letting the pleasure overwhelm me. And like I said before, I wanted the best possible orgasm, which is why I pulled my mouth off her nipple and moved up to her ear.

I thought about Carmen for a moment. She told me guys have broken her heart before. I always wondered if I would join that list. If I was just toying with her till something better came along. If there was something about her that made betraying her incredibly pleasurable. If she is the type of girl who always loses to better women, who always gets cheated on. If there was something hot about shutting her smart-ass up, making her care just long enough to be able to break her heart. Well, it was time to find out. I had to make it vicious and mean, to prove if my thoughts were accurate.

"She's ugly, Mom. You were right. It is a mom's duty to make sure her son doesn't end up with an ugly wife." I began.

"Mmmm-hmmm." Mom grunted.

"And if a Mom has her future daughter-in-law beat in every way, it is your right to take her place. Seduce her son, and make him realize just how unappealing his wife is." I said.

We kept fucking each other, my hard, throbbing, swollen length smoothly fucking her sweet cunt.

"You're better than her, Mom, in every fucking way. Compared to you, she's ugly fucking trash. A pathetic excuse for a woman." I said.

"I'm gonna cum." Mom sighed, her pussy quivering.

"She's disgusting. A fat piece of shit! I've dreamed of dumping her sorry ass. I've always compared you to her and you always came up better." I groaned.

"Oh God!" she panted.

"I want to fucking knock you up, Mom! I so want to give you all my babies. I don't want her to get any!" I grunted, getting close.

"Fuck! Here it comes." Mom warned.

"Cum on your son's dick again, Mom. Make him cum inside you. Make your own son knock you up!" I grunted driving up into her, my cock about to burst.

"I want your cum, Tom! I've wanted it from the start! OH FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Mom groaned.

"Do it, Mom! Cum! Cum!" I groaned, my cock a blur as I fucked her.

"Yes! YES! YES! I'M GONNA CUM! GONNA CUM! GONNA CUM! GONNA FFFFUUUUUCCCKKIIIINNGGGGG CUMMMMM! YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEESSSSSSSS!
YYYYYYYYYEEEEEEEEEESSSSSSSSSSSSSS!
AAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Mom screamed. Her cunt locked

around my cock one more time, and that set me off. A shiver jumped down my spine. A jolt went through my cock.

I started to cum.

My cock was buried to the balls inside my mother as a throbbing pulse hit my cock, and finally, after holding out for so long, all that pent-up cum began to burst into my mother's filthy cunt.

"UUUUUUUUUUUGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHH FFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKK!" I grunted, my body heaving upward as cum began bursting from my cock.

"UHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! I FEEL IT! OH MY GOD! I FEEL YOUR CUM INSIDE ME!" Mom screamed out. My cock was jerking violently, as thick streams of cum kept firing out of my cock into her tight, wet hole. My balls were clenching and twisting as I emptied them into Mom, finally letting my swollen balls be drained.

"SSSSSOOOOOOO FFFUUUCCCCCKKKKKKKING GOOOOOOOOODDDDD!" I groaned out, the pleasure almost painful, driving my hips into her, making sure my cock was as deep inside her as it could be. Cum just kept firing from me, my swollen cock going crazy as all this cum fired out of me into Mom's fertile cunt.

"KNOCK ME UP TOM! FUCK YES!" Mom called out.

"YES! YES!" I gasped out, driving up into her, as I kept firing jizz inside of her. Mom's cunt was gripping me hard, sucking all the cum I was giving her, pulling it all in deep inside of her, trying to ensure a pregnancy, not spilling a drop.

We kept flexing into each other, our bodies locked together in passion, trying to ride through the pleasure together.

I was cumming in my Mom. I was cumming in my Mom! This was insanity, but the pleasure was indescribable. It felt so good, after all these years, after how long I wanted this, to finally be filling my mother's pussy with my thick cum. This was so wrong, but it felt so, so good.

Finally, after riding wave after wave of pleasure, me and Mom both collapsed at the same time, my back falling to the bed as she fell onto my chest. We were both panting for breath, trying to recover.

There was no question this was the best sex of my life. I had never had anything close to this. Carmen and Ms. tatto, they were both amateurs compared to Mom. Mom was as good as she said she was. Now that my balls were not overfilled with cum, I was able to think straight. The gravity of what had just happened was hitting me. As I was lost in thought, Mom rolled off of me, our sweaty bodies sliding against each other. She slid down to the bed and lied next to me on her side. I looked over to her as she curled up near me.

She looked incredible. Lying on her side, bodies slick and sexy with her sweat, her gorgeous, motherly face covered with sex-sweet, her giant breasts bulging out, stacked on top of each other as she lied next to me, appraising me, no doubt wondering what I was thinking.

"I'll give you credit." Mom cooed, sliding a finger between her fleshy boobs, gathering her sweat on her finger before sucking it off. "You are fucking incredible in bed. A LOT better than I thought. But like I said, this would end when you came in me. And this is over, Tom. I won. You belong to me now. You will never get anything like that from Carmen. Ever. You can't possibly go back to that. So..." she began, rubbing a finger on my sweaty chest. "Just admit your place, admit I'm better. That... in the end, you couldn't handle me, then, well, we'll be done... for now."

I looked over at Mom, at her smug, satisfied face. As everything fully hit me, as I realized what I had done, as I realized I what state I was in, what she had made me do. I had to admit the truth. Had this gone too far? Had she really broken me?

No. Of course not.

This wasn't over. Not yet.

Before she could react, I jumped up, still feeling full of life. Mom was stunned as I did this, and even more surprised when I grabbed her hips and rolled her roughly onto her stomach. I grabbed her hips

slightly and pulled her up slightly so she was on her hands and knees, her ass lifted off the bed. Mom jerked her head and looked back at me.

"What are you doing?" Mom asked.

"Does this look done to you?" I growled, pointing down at my crotch. Mom's eyes widened.

"It can't be..." she said. Mom's eyes were glued on my still hard, 10 inch dick. Yes, I had cum inside of her, but the monster wasn't done yet. It was still standing proud and strong. It needed more.

"That's right, bitch." I said, reaching down to and roughly spanking her right ass-cheek.

SPANK!

"You haven't broken me, Mom." I growled. "You can't break me."

SPANK!

I spanked her other ass-cheek, and I admired the way it jiggled slightly. Mom studied me, unsure of what I was doing. I reached down and grabbed two handfuls of Mom's ass before pulling them apart, exposing her bare asshole to me.

I had rimmed her ass earlier, mainly to show Mom how far I was willing to go. But this time, as I leaned down and ran my firm tongue up my mom's sweaty ass-crack, it was purely for practical reasons. I let my tongue rim her ass again, transferring spit from my tongue onto her asshole.

"Ooohh." Mom gasped out as I pleasured her asshole again. I stabbed at it firmly with my tongue, trying to break through, but knowing from before that it wouldn't be enough. I simply lapped my tongue furiously across it, soaking it with my spit. But I was impatient. I didn't take the time to savor the act of rimming my mom, like I normally would. I had a plan. I had to act.

I gave Mom's ass one more, long wet lick, before straightening up and moving behind her. I gripped my juice coated cock in my fist, pressing the tip of my hard weapon against Mom's asshole.

"That doesn't feel broken, does it?" I asked. Mom sneered at me, looking down at my still-throbbing weapon.

"No..." Mom relented, "It doesn't."

"What does it look like?" I asked.

"It's a beautiful, powerful cock." Mom said.

"Not only that... it's unbreakable, Mom." I bragged. "You've given me your best, and you still haven't figured out how to pleasure it the way it needs. You spread your legs for your own son, like a whore, and took his load in your filthy fucking cunt, and that's still not enough for me. And now look at you... you're a gorgeous, attractive older woman. You could act. You could model. You could be a star. But here you are, on all fours, about to get ass fucked by your own son."

"You've got the same crazy I do, Tom." Mom replied. "Cause you have a fiancée and a bright future ahead, but your pride won't let you admit defeat. You would rather fuck your mom up the ass than admit defeat! Your pride won't let you admit that YOU CAN'T HANDLE ME!"

"Well, we'll see if you're singing the same tune in a minute here." I said coolly, and as I did I grabbed Mom's hips with one hand, held my cock in the other, and began to push.

"Ahhhhh!" Mom groaned out as I began to push, trying to shove my thick cock into my mom's unrelenting asshole. I pushed, trying to use my cock to breach her defenses.

"HHNNNNNNNN!" Mom grunted as I tried to push my cock into her ass. "Fuck you're big!"

"Give it up, Mom! Give that ass up to me!" I demanded. I wasn't showing her mercy. I kept pushing, trying to bury my cock into her even harder. "Let your son fuck your ass!"

"Oh God." she sighed softly, her harsh tone breaking for a moment as my cock stretched her asshole. I noted this change, but it was momentary as her tone changed back to her more severe one. "Can you handle it, Tom? Can you handle it!?" Mom screamed out, her face screwed up as she spat her words out.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

I slapped her ass roughly, seeing red. How dare she call me out again, after all of this? How dare she doubt me?

"I love it." she said softly, her eyes scrunched up, words silkily escaping her sexy mouth, as if my fucking her ass so completely dominated her senses that she didn't have the energy to prevent her inner thoughts from being exposed for just a moment. "I love you spanking my ass. Just keep doing it. Don't ever stop. I want you to spank my ass every day."

"Oh yeah?" I questioned, spanking her round ass cheeks again. SPANK! SPANK! "Sounds like you're giving in, Mom. Sounds like you want me to win?"

Mom's expression hardened again as she regained her senses.

"Fuck you!" she spat out, her gorgeous face twisted in venomous anger as she regained her senses. I kept on pressing the offensive.

"I will fucking own your ass, Mom! This ass will be my property!" I growled. And with that, her ass yielded to me, allowing the thick tip of my swollen cock inside of her. Earlier, it had taken a lot of work to enter her tight cunt. But at this point, even though her ass was obviously a tighter hole, I wasn't being tentative. I was taking what was mine. I was forceful, and that's why her ass yielded to me faster than her cunt did.

"FFFFFFFFFFFFFUCK!" Mom screamed out as her asshole stretched around my thick weapon. "GOD, I needed this!" Mom moaned out, stretching out and clenching her fingers in pleasure.

"Oh, yeah! You needed a fat cock up your ass?" I asked.

"YES! God, I'm so glad you're man enough to fuck my ass!" Mom moaned out, facing away from me.

"Dad can't handle it?" I asked.

"God, no! You're dad's a fucking pussy. He can't handle a hole that tight!" Mom said. "But I SO needed it! You have no idea how badly and how often I need to get butt-fucked!" she said, grabbing the bed-

sheet in her hands. I pushed in a few inches of cock into her clenching hole.

"GUUUHHHHH!" Mom screamed out.

"Jesus, Mom, your ass is tight." I groaned out.

"Cause it's been a long time since I had a BIG, FAT COCK in there. Fuck YES!" Mom gasped, looking back at me, eyes blazing with pleasure.

"Admit it Mom... you love my cock!" I asked.

"YES! I love it! I fucking love it! It's so fucking big... and strong! I fucking love your cock more than I ever loved your father!" Mom moaned. I kept pushing, forcing a few more inches of thick meat into her ass. "GUUUUUHHH! YES! Tom, your cock is any slut's dream. Tom, that's the type of dick that can tame a bitch!"

Looking down at the three or so inches sticking out from her overfilled ass, I smirked and drove my hips roughly forward, forcing the remaining inches of my cock forward into my mother's tight asshole.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHH! GGGGUUUUHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Mom squealed, her ass quivering around my cock. I slid my

hands up her back and forced her down, forcing her chest against the bed, her big boobs ballooning out under her against the bed. I reached forward and grabbed her hair and pulled it back roughly. I bent over and put my lips at her ear.

"You say this cock can tame a bitch? Well, what do you think I'm doing to you?" I grunted savagely in her ear. I leaned back and pulled her back up, forcing her back onto her hands and knees and forcing her ass against me. "Tell me, Mom. Tell me I'm taming you. Tell me how badly you want me to tame you!"

"AHHH! Uhh...uh....Tom...YYYyyyeeaaaahhHHHH!" Mom said, her voice warbling as she struggled to maintain control. "Do your fucking best to fucking tame me! Please!" she panted, her voice almost a whine as she struggled to maintain her composure through the pleasure I was bringing her.

"Well, Mom... now is when I break you." I growled. "My first orgasm took the edge off. The second one took more pressure off. Now, I'm still rock hard, and I can go for hours. And you? You've been a squirting, orgasm-addled slut since this thing started. You haven't stopped cumming. Since you love anal sex so, so much, I think my thick, beefy cock will just make you lose it completely." Mom's eyes refocused as she regained her fight.

"Then fuck my ass and see if you're right!" Mom spat out, turning back to me, fire in her eyes, any trace of her previous weakness erased. I grabbed her hips and pushed myself back, my cock re-

emerging from her tight ass, all the way up to the tip. I hovered a second before driving my full length back into her.

"UHHHHHHHH! FUCK!" Mom screamed out, her ass shivering in pleasure. I began to work up a good pace, smoothly moving in and out of her ass. Her tight asshole was wrapped around my cock, pleasuring me with each pump into her.

"You like that, Mom?" I asked. "You like having your son fucking your ass?"

"Guuuuhhhh! YES! I love it! I love having my ass fucked!" Mom moaned out.

"Oh yeah?" I questioned, driving into her. "A respectable mom... friends with all the neighbors... on the PTA... but you would throw all that respectability away just to be bent over like a slut and fucked up the ass by your own son. What a fucking slut you are!"

"GOD! YES! FUCK! I am a slut! A nasty fucking slut! God, I love it!" Mom squealed as I drove into her ass. "Deeper, son, deeper! Fuck my ass deeper, Tom! That's it! I want to feel every inch of my son's big, fat cock inside me!"

"You're getting it, Mom. You're fucking getting it! Your son is jamming his thick, throbbing meat up your hot, tight ass. You hear

me, Mom? I'm fucking your ass! You feel my balls against your dripping cunt, don't you?" I grunted.

"Yes! I feel your big, heavy balls slapping against me." Mom said. "Tell me how my ass feels. Tell me you love it!" Mom begged.

"Mom... your ass is incredible!" I said honestly. "All those years of being a snotty, stuck-up bitch made your asshole extra fucking tight!"

"God, I know, right?" Mom agreed.

"You may be tight, but your ass can take a dick, Mom. I love it." I groaned out.

"Oh yeah, you love my ass?" Mom asked, lips curled in a smile.

"Fuck yeah... it's squeezing my dick so hard!" I grunted.

"You ever fuck a girl's ass before?" Mom asked.

"Oh, yeah, Casey did it. Carmen too." I replied, pistoning my thick shaft into her.

"There are two types of girls who do anal, Tom." Mom began, grimacing as I fucked her ass. "Huge sluts like me, or girls like Carmen who have to give it up to keep guys interested."

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"Guuuuuooowww, God!" Mom moaned out, her ass tightening in pleasure around me. I slapped her full ass-cheeks a few times in anger.

"Stop talking about her that way!" I grunted out, pissed at her.

"Uhhh, face it Tom! You love it! You love when I trash talk your girlfriend! As much as you might think you're playing along with me, deep down, you love it! I can feel how hard it gets you." she added, purposely clenching her asshole around me. I reared back on her hair roughly, pulling her head back.

"I don't!" I roared, pile-driving my cock into her

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"You made me do this, Mom!" I groaned out, her hips slamming into her ass repeatedly. "You made me! Making me fuck you, my own Mom. Making me say awful... untrue things about Carmen!"

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"Are they?" Mom said her voice warbling. "FUCK! Are they really fucking untrue? Son, you cock turns into concrete every time I call her an ugly piece of shit! Look at you now, fucking me harder once I start trashing her again!"

"You think I like that you make me think this way? That you make me insult my own fiancée?" I grunted, driving my cock harder into her.

"FUCK! Yeah!" Mom groaned out.

"Do you think I like hearing my Mom bragging that she's hotter than my fiancée? Do I like her saying that she's better in every way! Do you think I like hearing her say... GOD, FUCK... do you think I like that my Mom is more attractive than my girlfriend? Do you think I like that my mother has way bigger breasts than my fiancée? Do you like the fact... that as hard as I fucking try... that I can't stop watching my Mom's big, jiggly breasts! Do you think I like the fact that my Mother has softer, firmer, better boobs that my fiancé? Do I think I like the fact that my Mom's a better woman than my fucking fiancée in every fucking way?" I grunted, pushing her down to the bed again so only her ass was lifted off the bed as I drilled her hard.

"Oh, GOD DAMMIT! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Mom moaned out, loving this rough treatment.

"Do you think I like the fact that my Mom is better looking than my girlfriend? That you have better hair... fuck... better lips... longer legs? Do you think I'm happy that my 42 year-old Mom is in better shape than my girlfriend?" I grunted savagely, working up a good sweat.

"I think you love it!" Mom groaned out, her face screwed up in pleasure.

"I don't!" I screamed out.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"UUUHHHHH! YES!" Mom screamed out in pleasure. "You love how much hotter I am! How much sexier I am than your precious fiancé? You love how much you can't resist your dear... old... MOM!"

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

I spanked her sweaty ass again, her cheeks jiggling deliciously.

"Fuck! Uh... uh... uh... fuck!" Mom panted.

"I hate you!" I gasped out, fucking her hard, driving her into the bed. "I fucking hate you for making me do this! I fucking hate that I like it!"

"FUCK YEAH! Tell me! Tell me how much you like it!" Mom demanded, her face being driven into the bed as I banged her.

"I fucking love it, okay! You're the best fuck I've ever had! You're better than Carmen, okay! The best God damn fuck I've ever had! You're the sexiest woman I've ever laid eyes on! I fucking love your gorgeous face! I fucking love your tight, juicy ass! And I fucking love your massive fucking tits! You turn me on more than Carmen ever has!"

"FUCK! I'm gonna cum again!" Mom groaned out. I still roughly held her down against the bed, driving into her lifted ass.

"And I fucking hate you! I hate that I love your body! I hate how hard I get for you!" I roared, fucking her tight ass like an animal.

"UUHHHH GAAAWWWWDDDD! I LOVE IT!" Mom moaned out, my inner turmoil a huge turn-on for her, apparently, as her tight ass clung to my throbbing cock.

"I'm gonna break you, Mom! I promise I will! I will give you the best sex you've ever had, and then walk away. That is my revenge! I will go back to Carmen, and you will be here, humbled... knowing you will never get this pleasure again!" I growled.

"YES! YES! I'M GONNA CUM! I'M GONNA FUCKING CUM!" Mom screamed out. I kept pile-driving my schlong into her, not slowing down. I reached forward, and grabbed the back of her head roughly, pushing her face into the mattress, grinding Mom's face into the bed as she screamed and moaned.

"MMMMmmmmmmmppppppppphhhgggggggg! FFFFFFUUUUUUUGGGGGGG!" Mom grunted. I fucked her savagely, treating her like a whore, gripping her by the scalp and rubbing her face into the bed arrogantly, her high-pitched squealing muffled. Mom writhed under me as she came yet again, her asshole jerking around me, squeezing my cock, trying to make me cum. But it wouldn't happen. Not this way.

"MMMMMMMNNNNNNNHHHHHHH! FFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCKKKKKKK!" Mom screamed out, twisting her head for breath as she moaned in pleasure. Her ass was driving back at me hard, riding this orgasm out as hard as possible.

"GOD! FUCKING SHIT! Fuck!" Mom said, coming down from her orgasm. "Jesus..." she sighed. I kept driving into her fiercely as Mom pushed herself up, now once again on her hands and knees in front of me. She looked back, hair plastered to her sweaty face.

"Tom, you made my ass cum!" Mom marveled. "Jesus... Tom... you're the best. The best fuck I've ever had!"

I reached forward and grabbed her hair, yanking her back. I slid forward and slid my hands forward, cupping her mammoth breasts as I moved my lips to her ear.

"Mom, it's over..." I whispered harshly into her ear. "Admit it!"

"Oh God!" Mom panted, sighing hotly. "You're cock... it's like iron! It's so hard! And huge! It feels so good in my ass! I love it! I fucking love it!"

"Focus!" I grunted savagely, yanking her head back. "It's over! Tell me this is over!"

"Ye... un... ughhh... no. No!" Mom gasped out, steeling herself, not giving up. "Never. You'll never beat me!" she fought back.

My lips twisted into a scowl, and as I drove my slick cock balls deep into her ass, I gave her nipples another firm twist.

"AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHH!" Mom screamed out, her head bowing in pleasure. I twisted her nipples again. "FFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKKK! FUCK!" Mom's ass locked around my cock. I twisted her nipples one more time. "OOOOOOOOHHHHHHHHHHHHHGAAWWWWDDDDDD! AAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!"

Mom's body jolted with energy, writhing violently under me, her feet kicking the bed repeatedly as another orgasm hit her.

"GOD FUCKING DAMMIT!" Mom squealed, her whole body shivering with pleasure. I rode this out, letting Mom cum on my cock again as I kept fucking her tight ass. This went on for a bit, Mom cursing and moaning through her orgasm, until finally, she came down from her high, on her knees and her elbows, the top of her head resting against the bedspread as she gasped for breath.

I kept cupping her mammoth breasts, squeezing the firm, sweaty flesh over and over again. Once I saw she had come down, I resumed the attack.

"Tom, I... AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH FFFFUUUUUUUUCCCCCKKK!" Mom cried out, her voice hoarse as I twisted her hard nipples again. "No... no... Tom, wait. Please! Give me a minute. Noooooooohhhhhhhhh FUCK!" I said, twisting her nipples again. "Stop... stop... wait!" she gasped.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

In alternating slaps, I spanked both of Mom's round ass-cheeks again as I buried my thick shaft into her ass. I slid my hand over her motherly hips, cupping her dripping cunt in my hand and rubbing my fingers across her clit.

"AAAHH! NO! Tom. Please! Hold on! Give me a minute! I can't handle any more." Mom begged. My brain focused on her words, and for a moment, I came to a complete stop. Her words resonated in my brain, and I leapt into action.

"What was that?" I growled, flicking her clit some more, her juices dripping all over my fingers.

"UUHHHNNN! TOM! Please hold on! Just a minute! Please!" Mom panted, licking her lips, clearly loving this rough treatment.

"What did you say? That you couldn't handle me?" I asked.

"Tom, hold on. It's not what you think." Mom gasped. I slid my hands up her body and pinched each of her nipples between my fingers. "No... no... wait, pleeeeeeeeaaaauauuuuugghhhhhhh FUCK! FUCK IT'S SOOOO FFFUUUUUCCCKKKKKIIIIIIINNNNNNNNGGGGGGG GOOOOD!" Mom squealed. I pulled back, not letting her go over the edge.

"Mom, I can do this all day. You're at my mercy. I can make you cum with a little twist!" I said, twisting her nipples lightly.

"FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCKKKKK!" Mom groaned out, her ass tightening around me.

"Or... a little flick!" I said, sliding my fingers over her clit again.

"NNNNUUUUUUGGGHHHHHH!" Mom grunted out, her lower half jerking in pleasure.

"Mom, I can play you like an instrument." I told her, my fingers teasing her clit. I rubbed it firmly with my fingers as I slowly fucked her ass.

"OOOHHHH! GUHHHH!" Mom moaned out. I stopped pleasuring her for a moment, letting her overcharged body shiver in place.

"Uhnnnn... uhhhhh." she sighed, her voiced weakened from the strenuous activity, each gasp and pant lacking its harsh edge, now sounding more soft and feminine. She was close now, barely hanging onto the last shred of control she had.

I was close.

"Mom, I know how to handle this body. You know that now." I began. "I can stop now and leave you with a small shred of pride. You can still tell yourself you have me beat. But you're so close, aren't you Mom? So close to getting everything you ever wanted. So close to getting conquered in the way you always dreamed." I paused as I watched Mom lick her lips at the prospect. I had her beat. She knew it, and I knew it. I just wanted her admit it. "So, do you want me to stop... or keep going?" I asked. I leaned over and moved my ear close

to her lips. For a long time, there was nothing, just her heavy breathing. "C'mon, Mom. You can tell me." I whispered firmly. Finally, I heard her voice whisper, ever so softly.

"Keep going." she panted quietly, licking her smooth lips slowly.

I reared back proudly and let a smile cross my lips. It was time to make this official.

"Face it, Mom. I fucking OWN YOU!" I roared. With that, I roughly shoved her face into the bed and began pile-driving my cock into her again as hard as I could.

"Nuuughhhh! Tom! Fuck!" Mom spat out in pleasure. I really got on top of her, power fucking her with my rock-hard weapon. A slut-taming weapon.

Mom was looking to the left, the right side of her face pressed to the bed. Her mouth was open, but no more words were coming out. I kept anally fucking my mom, and her asshole was quivering with pleasure, and her eyes were scrunched shut. Her whole body was tensed, and as I drilled her, I noticed her lips were moving, as if she was speaking. I bent over, my torso sliding against her sweaty back. I slid down and moved my ear to her mouth, and I heard, barely audible, Mom's voice, speaking the same phrase, over and over again.

"I can't handle you. I can't handle you. I can't handle you. I can't handle you."

I shivered and my eyes widened. I had done it.

I had done it!

"Scream it out, Mom! Scream it!" I demanded, kneeling up straight as I kept drilling her, sliding my hands to her hips. Mom was silent, so I removed my hand from her body and gave her ass a few more crisp spanks.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"C'mon Mom! SCREAM!" I demanded as I gave her long, deep strokes. Her mouth was quivering, so desperate to speak the words, so eager to give in. Finally, licking her lips hotly one more time, she found her voice.

"I can't handle you. I can't handle you. uuuuuuuuuuuuhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! Okay! I CAN'T HANDLE YOU! I CAN'T HANDLE YOU! I CAN'T FUCKING HANDLE YOU! YES! YES! GOD FUCKING DAMMIT! I LOVE IT! I LOVE IT! YOU'RE TOO FUCKING GOOD!" Mom moaned out.

"I knew it!" I growled, bending over her, pulling at her hair again, putting my lips at her ear. "I knew it! Admit it! Admit I'm better than you!"

"You're better than me! UH FUCK! YOU'RE BETTER THAN ME!" Mom squealed.

"I broke you! I fucking broke you!" I said.

"YES! You fucking broke me." Mom admitted.

"I didn't break you today. FUCK!" I grunted, her tight ass incredible around my shaft. "I broke you the second I confessed to you. I fucking broke you then!"

"Tom... TOM! You're driving me crazy! Yes! Yes! You fucking broke me! You made me lose my mind the second you told me you wanted to fuck me!" Mom relented.

"And you wanted me from the beginning!" I said.

"YES! FUCK! I wanted you then. I always thought you were hot... and so fucking sexy! I wanted you to be better. I wanted you to be a man! I wanted you to be the man I needed you to be! I fucking wanted you to be the man able to conquer me! I wanted to be

conquered, and I SO wanted it to be you to do it! I was rooting for you the whole time! FUCK YEAH!" Mom admitted.

"Well, you happy now, Mom? Look what you made! Look what you made me do! Look what you've turned me into, Mom! A fucking animal! A monster! The monster you created. Your perfect fucking match!" I roared.

"YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES! YES!" Mom babbled. I roughly grabbed Mom and rolled her to the side, keeping my cock inside her ass.

For a second, she was on her back, arms spread to her side, her massive breasts jutting towards the ceiling, her face painted with a blissed out expression, her entire body looking resplendent, the pinnacle of mature, sexual perfection. But that moment passed fast.

Roughly handling her body, I reached down and took the back of her knees in my elbows and pushed her legs up, putting her ankles on either side of her head. I was on top of her now, my cock still buried in her ass as she was curled up in a ball, her breasts falling against her face, exposing the soft, smooth undersides of her breasts where they met her slim body. Her dripping cunt was already leaking juices down her belly, an overflowing pool of juices.

I resumed pile-driving my cock into her, this position ideal for maximizing the penetration.

"OOOOOHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Mom swore. I slid one hand to her dripping cunt, strumming my fingers over her clit while holding my body up with my other arm.

"Take it, Mom! Just lie there and take it!" I growled, my fingers splashing in her juices as I flicked her clit furiously.

"Please! PLEASE!" Mom begged, her clit throbbing as I massaged it.

"You want to cum again?" I demanded, driving my cock straight down into her yielding, conquered asshole.

"YES! PLEASE!" Mom panted. "I need it so bad! Make me cum again! Never stop making me cum, Tom! I need it! Fuck me, Tom! Fuck me, you fucking sex god!"

I kept pistoning my cock into her ass smoothly, her asshole now a yielding, needy hole. Mom's eyes were half closed in pleasure. I held my cock inside of her up to the balls and slid two fingers inside of her juicy pussy. I began driving my fingers into her roughly, strumming her clit with my thumb.

"UGGGHHHHHHHHH! UUUUUUUUNNNNNNNNNNN! GGGGGGGGGGUUUUUUGGGGGGGGHHHH!" Mom groaned, not even speaking English anymore, her mind that far gone in bliss. Her whole body began to shiver in pleasure.

"Come on Mom! Cum again! DO IT!" I grunted out, fingering her tight, dripping cunt. Mom reached up and clutched my arms. As her juices coated my fingers, her legs began to push up at me, her whole body tensing up. Mom's eyes rolled into the back of her head, only the whites of her eyes visible. Finally, with a violent jerk, Mom came, but this one was like any other.

A bunch of things happened at once. Her mouth opened wide, but no words came out. The pleasure in her was too complete for her to form words. Only the barely audible noise of strained, pained pleasure escaped her throat. Her entire body was shaking as all her muscles were tensed, the pleasure almost too massive for her body to take. Her asshole was squeezing the fuck out of my cock, squeezing harder than I thought possible. But I would survive her orgasm intact. I knew it. Her back arched, her head and the back of her neck the only part of her still on the bed. And as her body tensed and tightened, as her back jerked roughly and her legs kicked up into the air, her cunt convulsed and squirted, sending a geyser of girl-cum into the air.

I leaned back as she came, the girl-cum shooting up in front of me, dancing artfully in the air. The tasty elixir shot into the air like a fountain, hovering in the air for just a moment before raining down on her, splashing between her breasts, landing on her face. As this geyser landed, her body jerked again, sending another geyser of liquid into the air, fountaining into the air and landing on her gorgeous face again. This repeated a few more times, Mom cumming into the air, spilling copious amounts of her girl-cum into the air, only for it to land on her luscious body.

After a minute or so of Mom 's body jerking and cumming violently, Mom's body arched one last time, the last of her dripping juices bubbling out of her cunt, dripping down her body, over her belly button, over her flat belly, between her huge breasts and ending at her tensed neck. Finally, Mom sighed, her body relaxing in my arms as her back fell to the bed, my cock emerging from her asshole as she fell. Her legs and arms fell to the bed, and she was left splayed out, barely conscious, lost in serene bliss.

Mom had just been completely out-fucked and left a complete mess. But I wasn't done yet. My cock was still hard, and it was time to take my pleasure.

I climbed onto her panting body, my ass hovering over her belly. I reached down and lined my cock up between her massive, mountainous flesh, the tip near her chin. I took a firm grip of each of her mammoth breasts and pushed them together, smothering my cock in soft, silky breast-flesh.

"Fuck!" I grunted to myself, feeling her soft boobs against every inch of my shaft. I began to pump my cock between her huge breasts, causing the flesh to ripple as my hips drove into them. Her cleavage was coated by her newly deposited sex-juices and a coating of slippery sweat, so fucking her breasts was made easy. I greedily squeezed her massive boobs, having free-reign on her jutting tits. I fingered her nipples, knowing that was a sensitive spot for Mom, but she was barely responsive. She was writhing slightly, little moans coming from her throat.

I began to fuck her breasts more firmly. My cock was pulsing with need, and my gripping hands made sure Mom's cleavage was the softest, smoothest sex-hole I could ever imagine fucking. I began to lose control, this incredible softness sending a shiver up my spine, when I was stopped.

Mom's hands were gripping my wrists lightly. I looked down, Mom's face a mask of almost drunken, hedonistic pleasure. Curious, I let Mom pull my hands off her breasts. Once I did, Mom's hands took mine's place, pushing her tits together around my aching shaft.

"Fuck my tits, baby." Mom sighed lightly. "Fuck 'em."

I grabbed the headboard, getting added leverage as I drove my dick into Mom's firm cleavage. I simply pumped her cleavage for a few minutes. At one point, I pulled my cock out for a few moments, slapping her nipples with the tip of my meat, before re-entering her smooth, succulent cleavage. I did this for a little bit before I felt a new sensation and looked down, just in time to see Mom's smooth lips wrapping around the tip of my swollen shaft, sucking it lightly before I pulled away. She repeated this motion, sucking my cock, or lapping at the tip with her tongue, not caring that this cock had been in her ass mere moments before. I felt a jolt run through my cock at this added pleasure, and I sighed lightly.

"Tom..." Mom panted, her words slightly slurred. "My body's yours now. You can do whatever you want to me. Tom, your mom's now your own personal whore. If I had known, babe... if I had known you were this good... holy fuck!"

A shiver ran through my spine, seeing my proud Mom completely conquered. She was now completely and utterly defeated. It was now time to make it official.

I climbed over her and got off the bed, stroking my cock as I got on my feet next to the bed.

"Stand up, Mom." I commanded, reaching over to grab my phone off the bedside table. Almost out of energy, Mom lifted her head off the bed, clearly in a daze as she got up slowly. Almost drunkenly, Mom got to her feet, wavering lightly, drunk with the pleasure I had given her. Mom stood in front of me, awaiting my next command.

"Get on your knees!" I ordered savagely. Mom hesitated for a moment, and I wondered if she would comply. Would she really get on her knees and relent to my superiority?

Was she completely conquered?

Mom looked into my eyes, a bit of fire in her eyes, and I wondered if she would put up one last defense. But finally, with an almost satisfied smile, she began to lower herself down, getting on her knees in front of me. Mom kneeled at my feet, her butt sitting on her calves. Mom looked up at me and I stepped forward, my hard cock right at level with her divine face.

I moved my cock in close, invading her personal space, and Mom went cross-eyed looking at it.

"Stroke it, Mom. Stroke it!" I demanded savagely. Mom reached up and took my cock in her hands, one hand on the shaft, the other cupping my balls. She began to smoothly stroke me, my cock aimed at her face as she firmly squeezed my swollen balls.

"Your balls are so full, Tom. That isn't healthy. A sexy young guy like you should be cumming constantly." Mom said, her boobs jiggling as she gripped my shaft. I was close, my cock bubbling with pre-cum, aiding in her stroking.

"I love this cock! I fucking love your cock and balls!" Mom sighed, giving the head a wet, juicy kiss, pulling her lips off with a wet smack. She rubbed her face against my thick, jutting shaft, painting herself with the juices coating my dick.

Mom still looked gorgeous, but her face was a mess. Her hair was plastered to her face, mashed to her thanks to her sweat, the juices covering my cock, and the girl-cum she had squirted all over herself. And I was about to turn her face into an even bigger mess.

"Mmmm, I felt your balls twist, Tom. You're so close! You need to cum, Tom. You're about to cum." Mom sighed.

"Jack me off, Mom. Jack me off! Jack your son off!" I groaned out.

Mom pumped my cock harder, now using both hands. My cock began to swell with pleasure. Pleasure shot down my spine. I was about to lose it.

I was about to cum.

I pulled Mom's hands off my and took my ready shaft into my own hand. I began to jack off furiously, inches from my mother's face. She sat back, hands on her knees, and awaited my load.

"Fuck, Mom. FUCK! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum on your fucking face!" I groaned out, getting close.

"Do it, Tom! Coat my face with cum! Fucking paint me with it! Claim your territory!" Mom sighed.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK!" I began, jacking furiously. "Here it comes, Mom! HERE IT COMES! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Here it cums! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! OH GOD! YES! YES! YYYYYEEEESSSSS! FFFFFUUUUUCCKKKK!"

A thick creamy band of cum fired from the tip of my cock, landing on her face, a thick band stretching from her forehead to her chin.

"EEEAAAUUGGHHH! GOD!" I groaned out in pained pleasure. Another jet of cum rocketed from my cock, lading in a straight line down her nose and over her lips. I jacked myself roughly, pulling another thick stream of cum from my balls, landing on my mom's cheek. I kept jacking, and more cum kept firing from me. I was like an oil pump, a human cum geyser. Streams of cum landed on Mom's forehead, her hair, another glob of cum forcing one of her eyes closed. As I fired a band of cum straight onto her plump, smooth lips, Mom sighed and spoke up.

"God, I love it." Mom said, thick cum stretching between her lips in bands.

My cock just kept firing thick cum, coating her chin, her nose, and a few thick jets firing straight into her open mouth, coating her tongue. As I felt myself nearing the end, I pointed my cock down, firing a few bands of cum onto her smooth, jutting breasts. I coated her smooth, silky slopes in thick cum, a few strands of it interrupting the perfection that was her rack. I got cum on both of her nipples, and I landed a stream or two deep into her deep, cavernous cleavage. Finally, the tanks dried up, and I pulled the last, thick drop of cum out of my cock, the drop hanging on the tip of my cock for a few moments before dropping into her open, waiting mouth.

I stepped back as a shiver went through me, the depravity of what I had done fully hitting me. I stepped back and looked at what I had done.

Mom was covered with cum. Absolutely covered. I had painted her fucking face with my creamy load. Cum was covering her face, dripping off her jaw and onto her round rack. She looked up with me in almost rapture, not knowing what she had just experienced. She was a mess, hair plastered to her soaked face, her face covered with my cum, her cum, sweat, and displaced makeup. Mom was always such an elegant, classy looking woman, her beauty stunning, like a work of art. And I had defaced that art, defaced that perfection and coating her with my thick, creamy seed.

Mom's eyes were wide and her mouth was slightly open, cum dripping over her lips and into her mouth. She had seen something in me that she had never seen before. She had been conquered, defeated, and she had no idea what to make of it. She had no idea what to make of me. She had no idea of what she had turned me into.

I stepped forward, my softening cock forcing her back, forcing her to fall back onto her butt on the carpet.

"Look up at me." I said coolly, holding up my phone. Mom's eyes flashed as she realized my intention, I held up the phone to my face and got Mom's cum covered face centered in the lens. Mom smiled wickedly as she looked up at me. I took the picture, forever recording Mom's cum-covered face, adding her to my collection. I pulled my phone away and looked down at her.

"This is over, Mom." I began. "I won."

Mom looked up at me and slightly nodded.

"No more flirting and jiggling around. No more innuendos or twisted comments. No more nasty comments about Carmen! I'm going back to her. I'm moving on! I'm getting married. And there is nothing you can do about it!" I growled.

I stepped away from Mom and grabbed my clothes. Before walking out of the bedroom, I glanced back at Mom. She was watching me leave, appraising me, trying to figure out what to make of me. I turned and walked away, away from Mom.

As soon as I escaped the air of the highly charged bedroom and escaped Mom's sight, the adrenaline started to wear off. My legs started to become jelly under me, forcing me to lean against the wall next to me, steadying myself with one hand. Despite my bravado in front of Mom, she had worn me out. Taken me to my limits. I had played football for years, but I had never felt this worn out or beat up as I did right now after one marathon bout of filthy sex with my own mother. Her big tits, her round ass, and her ferocious sexual energy had done more damage to me than even the biggest and strongest football players. I steadied myself, not wanting Mom to catch me in this moment of weakness, and continued on, entering my room.

As I did, I glanced at my phone, and saw the text there waiting for me. I looked at it.

"Hey, idiot, I told you yesterday I'm visiting my cousin today. I wanted to meet up with you then, but you changed your mind."

"Oops." I said to myself with a smile, knowing all along that Carmen was never going to show up and catch us. I had outmaneuvered Mom completely and defeated her, and she didn't see it coming.

I had won.

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I quickly showered in the downstairs bathroom, cleaning off all evidence of what I had just done. Well, most of it. The scratches and nail-marks left a bit of a mark, but those would fade fast.

I escaped the house without running into Mom again. I didn't hear any movement from upstairs, so I didn't know what she was up to. And I didn't care.

I grabbed my wallet and my keys and made my way out. I was aimless, not knowing what I wanted to do, not having any plans. I needed to gather my head, gather my thoughts, and get my shit together. I grabbed lunch, I walked around downtown, and I even made my way to the beach. As my toes dug into the sand, I thought over today's events.

People walked by me and didn't think twice. They didn't know what I was. They didn't know what I had done. I appeared to be a normal, good-looking, bright young man. They didn't know what I was capable of.

I had just committed incest. Incest! I had fucked my own mother, I had just had rough, demanding sex with my own MOM! I had filled her with cum and possibly impregnated her. I took it as far as I needed to. I had cheated on my fiancée in one of the most brutal ways possible. I had betrayed my true love.

I had said and done things I wasn't aware I was even capable of. I had done some fucked up shit today. A monster had been unleashed, and I only hoped I could rear it back in. Part of me felt terribly guilty, but another part of me was surprisingly content. I had lived out my deepest, darkest fantasy, and part of me felt relief for finally living the dream. For living up to my own expectations, for giving it my best possible performance. I felt a weird sense of pride at conquering a fucking stacked babe like my mother.

She had been every bit as good as she had claimed. She had been absolutely incredible. My Mom could fuck. Her boobs were soft and luscious and gigantic, her ass was mouth-watering, her mouth was fantastic, and her cunt was incredible. And the things she could do were just pure filth. Mom was as nasty as they came. Nastier, even. She had been better than any other woman I had been with, better than Carmen. I loved Carmen with all my heart, but Mom had done things and said things that took matters to another level. Mom was on a different plane altogether. And although I didn't believe any of

the things she had said or I had been forced to say about Carmen, those words were still with me, and I only hoped I could forget them.

But the war was over. I had won! I had full freedom to move on with Carmen. I had conquered Mom and proven my superiority. Things should go back to normal. Mom had been humbled, and I was free of her games now.

Hopefully.

It was with a renewed spirit that I stood up. My whole life was ahead of me. Carmen was my future. Mom was my past. I had won the war and slain the beast that was my mother.

I only hope I had slain the beast within me.

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I spent most of the day out, just doing my own thing, staying away from the house. But eventually, I knew I had to make my way home. The only way forward was to move on. To confront Mom again, and see where things stood, if she would live up to her word and back off. I had texted plans to meet up with Carmen, so I would judge where things were at with her then.

But now, I had to finish things at home.

I didn't want to have to go home at all, but Dad expected me for a few more days, till the weekend, and I planned to live up to that. Mom had been conquered. The dragon had been slain. I should have nothing to fear.

I came home, food in hand. I knew Dad would be home, and feeling a bit of guilt for betraying him and fucking his wife, the least I figured I could do was bring home dinner. So, a bit nervously, I made my way back into the house, ready to see where things stood.

I heard Mom and Dad talking in the kitchen.

"You sure the audition went okay? Something seems... off." Dad asked.

"I told you, hon. It went..." she began, before I popped into the kitchen. "Incredible." Mom finished.

"What is this?" Dad asked. "Tom returns, dinner in hand, with his own money? Who are you and what happened to my son?" he asked with a jolly smile.

"Oh... not much." I said, glancing at Mom. "Thought I'd be nice. Didn't want Mom to have to cook. She seemed a bit... worn out."

Mom glanced at me, her expression unreadable. She was dressed a bit down, wearing a tight, yellow blouse and slim jeans. It looked good on her, and it was still decent. Her hair was put in simple pony-tail, and her make-up was light.

I was amazed. Mere hours ago, she had been an absolute mess, thanks to me. Now, she had covered her tracks and looked relatively normal, no sign of what had happened. The same could be said of me, I guess. Neither me nor Mom gave any sign that we had just committed incest under Dad's nose.

But there was one thing I did notice, something that I wasn't seeing, something that was always there before. Mom's blouse was as clingy as always, but there was no sign of her always throbbing nipples. For the first time in memory, Mom's nipples were soft. I smiled. Her needy, horny body was satisfied at last.

I glanced at him as we served up dinner. I loved my Dad, and he seemed genuinely happy. If only he knew. If only he knew what his wife and son had done. But, as much as I cared for him, it was hard not to feel like I had gotten one over on him. I had taken his place, fucking his wife better than he ever could. I had rendered him redundant. Mom had said I had him beat, and it was hard not to feel a sense of superiority. It was hard not to feel better than him.

But I was more curious about Mom. As we ate dinner, Dad was clueless to the fact that Mom couldn't take her eyes off of me. Her expression was impossible to see through. But one thing was clear. She had been humbled. Gone was the teasing, flirty slut. In its place,

an unsure, almost tentative looking woman. She kept looking at me, almost obsessively, and I think her stare was one of both lust and intimidation. I had conquered her, and she knew it. I had given her the best sex of her life, and she no doubt wanted more. But she wouldn't get it. That was her penalty. Karma for her bad behavior. She couldn't win. Twisted people like her don't get to win in the end. I was the triumphant hero, and she was the villain. She had been defeated and humbled, and she knew her place. She was too proud to beg for more, even though she clearly wanted it. She was too intimidated to approach me. She was tentative, taken aback, unsure. She was afraid of me now and that thought made me smile.

Mom was nothing but cordial and motherly during our meal, as if things were normal between us. She was Mom again, not the twisted slut she had become.

The story was over, the hero had won. The beast had been slain, that monster being the indecent lust between me and my mom. Any repercussions from our encounter would be dealt with, but I felt a strange confidence that this was really, truly over. That nothing bad would come from this. It was time to move on. Time to start my life anew.

The world had shifted. Things had changed back to normal. But there was one small thing that gave me a sliver of concern. As Mom did mom stuff, eating her dinner, talking to Dad, washing the dishes, cleaning up, I had one small problem.

I couldn't stop staring at Mom's massive, jiggling breasts. They were so big!

And I had another small problem, because of this. And, well, it wasn't exactly a small problem.

My cock was throbbing.

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Chapter 13: The End

(Tom)

I met up with Carmen the next day. I made sure to get out early and avoid Mom. Even though this thing was seemingly over, I figured avoidance was still the best policy. I didn't like how my cock was acting the previous night, still getting hard for Mom despite everything.

I guess it would be hard to avoid. I mean, we had spent an entire morning having rough, nasty, marathon sex. My cock had been trained to associate Mom with sex and I guess some habits were hard to break.

At least that's what I hoped.

But I was dismayed when I met up with Carmen. She looked great when we met for lunch, and my heart glowed with affection for her. I was playing the part of the loving boyfriend, but unfortunately, dark thoughts kept arising, things I had never thought about Carmen before.

I couldn't stop comparing her to Mom. I kept thinking about the words Mom said, and like an infection, those words were filling my mind.

I looked at her and couldn't help but think that, uh, you know... she wasn't as pretty as I always thought. Compared to Mom, something was missing. Mom was at another level compared to her. Carmen was still good looking, but... I don't know, I wasn't as filled with attraction for her like I normally was. Something was missing.

I kept checking out her chest, and yes, they were nice breasts, but that was it. They were just nice. I mean, had they always been that small? They seemed smaller than usual. I had just experienced a pair of massive 34FF's, so anything less simply paled in comparison. When Carmen excused herself to the restroom, I couldn't help but glance at her butt, and it was just... had it always been that flat? I mean, her butt used to get me hard. But now, the sizzle was kinda gone.

The darkest thing I thought about was, as we were eating, you know, I just... I just couldn't help but notice how she really got in there while eating her meal. I mean, she easily scarfed down her plate. I had never even once considered her weight before Mom, but I couldn't help but think that she might benefit from a diet. I know that sounds really bad, but she could really deal with some discipline with her meals. Like I had. And Mom had.

We had sex later that day back to her place. Her folks were gone and we had the place to ourselves. And, after everything I had gone to through to be with her, to keep her as my sole focus, I wanted this encounter to confirm why I had done what I had done. I wanted the prize to be worth the work. But... it was disappointing. Even though she had her kinks and she was up for anything, she had her limits. I couldn't go hard as I wanted to with her. She wouldn't like it. I mean, I had experienced real rough, nasty sex, and my cock wanted more. I thought Carmen would be up for it, but, I guess I had never noticed how lazy she was in bed. I mean, with her, I ran the show, and she just kinda took it. She did a good job at that, and I still loved her wit and humor during our sex. I needed a woman to be more aggressive. I needed her to know her shit and not have to have her hand held. And I didn't want a woman cracking jokes during sex. I liked sex rough... and aggressive, a battle of wills. No time for jokes when there was pleasure to be had.

And as I fucked Carmen, I kept seeing reminders of her inferiority to Mom. Her boobs were not as big and as succulent as Mom's. She couldn't suck dick as well as Mom could. Her pussy wasn't nearly as tight as Mom's... Carmen's ass wasn't as tight as Mom's cunt! Carmen was good, but Mom was just dripping with sexual talent. Carmen

was a sprinter, and Mom was a marathon runner. And sex... if it's good, it's a marathon.

I had trouble cumming with Carmen. I mean, I had never had this issue before, but she wasn't doing it for me. It just wasn't happening. I was ashamed to admit I had to let Mom into my thoughts to send a jolt through my cock. I mean, what I did with Mom... that was sex. That was real fucking sex! Mom could do things to a dick Carmen couldn't dream of. This was just a pale imitation. A pale... ugly... flat imitation.

No! I didn't want to think like this. I didn't. But I couldn't help myself. I needed to cum, and just end this uncomfortable sex with my fiancée. And I couldn't help myself from thinking about Mom again. And when I finally came, when I gave Carmen my load on her soft belly, it was Mom who I thinking about. But in my head... Carmen was there too... crying. She cried while watching me fucking my own mom.

God, why did that seem so hot all of a sudden? Carmen, so trusting in me, so believing in the best in me, completely betrayed. Viciously betrayed in the worst way possible. How low must a girl feel to see her own fiancé cheating on her with his own mother? How low must it be for a girl to realize he would rather commit incest with his mom than fuck her again? How low would a girl feel watching her fiancé fucking his mom and realizing his mom had her beat in every way?

That strong burning love I felt for Carmen had been cast in a shadow. My love for Carmen had dimmed after my encounter with Mom.

After being with Mom... I hated to admit it, but after Mom, Carmen didn't seem as appealing.

The beast inside me wasn't dead. My heart wanted me to have moved on. I wanted to love Carmen unconditionally, but my dark side gave me doubts. Would I really be happy spending the rest of my life with Carmen, knowing better sex was waiting for me back home? Did I really want to start a family with Carmen, or did I want to give my valuable seed to a woman far more deserving... far more appealing... far more attractive... far more perfect?

Mom was a conniving, twisted, evil bitch. I had seen the true her... the dark heart at the core of my Mother. I hated how mean she was... I hated how insane she could get... but my cock would throb at the thought of our sexual encounter. Our battle. All the horrible things she said and did... it did it for me in the worst way. I was trying to keep a grip on the leash, but the dog was still barking like crazy. It wanted more. Once was not enough.

The sex was too good to forget. Too nasty to ignore. I said it before, Mom's body was a sports car. And I had come to realize, I was the one destined to drive that car. That car was meant for me. Her body and mine were a perfect match. My cock and her cunt were a perfect fit. A yin and a yang. Two sides of the same coin. Mom had made me this way. Mom had unleashed the beast.

The beast didn't only come out with Carmen. Whenever I was with Dad, I couldn't help but let myself get filled with near arrogance. I looked at Dad and almost felt... disrespect. I had fucked his wife right

under his nose and he didn't notice a thing. He was too naïve to even think about it. Too stupid to confront the truth. He leaves his slut wife at home alone with his stud of a son. Of course sex would eventually happen. Of course!

I got a certain dark thrill at disrespecting him. Fucking his wife and hiding it, doing it behind his back while he was too stupid to notice. How can you respect a guy who is too naïve to realize his wife had stepped out on him? How can you respect a guy when you know his wife is too much for him? I had to bite my tongue from making dickish, snotty comments, lording my superiority over him. Where did this come from? I had never thought about this before, but now, whenever I was near Dad, it was all I could think about.

Mom had lived up to her word. She hadn't pushed me or said a single thing beyond normal, motherly banter. But that didn't mean she wasn't trying to entice me.

Me, Mom, and Dad were watching a movie in the living room. Dad was focused on the movie, but it was kind of dumb, so I had trouble paying attention. I glanced over at Mom, and it was clear other things were on her mind.

I glanced at her, wearing a smooth peach colored top that was hugging her tight upper half. On her lower half, a slim, black skirt, clinging to her smooth legs and firm ass. I hadn't been able to stop looking at her ass in that skirt all day.

I kept telling myself this was done, this was over, that I didn't have to put myself through this anymore. Been there, done that. I tried to forget about her, to ignore her, but the problem was... dat ass! Her ass was just as juicy and perfect as ever. Knowing I had out-fucked this sex goddess filled me with pride. Knowing I had tamed that ass was a thrilling thought.

Mom was in the loveseat, legs crossed as she sipped a drink. Her eyes were on me, on my crotch, studying for my bulge. She looked up when she caught me looking at her. She guided my eyes down to her smooth, long legs, and I couldn't help but notice her round, sexy thighs pressed together. Her legs looked sooo shiny and smooth. Mom met my eyes with hers, and as she did, she uncrossed her legs and brought one of her feet onto the loveseat. And just like that, right in front of me, Mom was lewdly exposing her bare cunt to me under her slim skirt.

Mom was facing me, this show meant solely for me, but her pussy was well in view of both of us. If Dad just turned slightly, he would see. He would know everything. But he didn't. He was clueless, as both me and Mom knew he would be. I stared wolfishly at Mom's cunt as she tried to tempt me back. I tried to look away, but all I did was lick my lips.

Mom wasn't done yet.

The next morning, after waking up and cleaning up and going to the kitchen to drink some OJ, I looked out at the pool. And when I did, I gasped.

Mom was out there, sunning herself, wearing something I had only ever seen in pictures.

She was wearing a sling bikini. A neon green, sling bikini, barely covering her cunt, two thin pieces of material running up her body, one over each breast, running over her shoulders, down her back and meeting at her ass, combining in one tiny string threading her ass-crack. It was not meant for a woman with such massive breasts, and the slim bits of material couldn't contain her generous curves, barely covering her nipples.

Mom had never looked sexier.

I stared at her and gawked at the way her breasts spilled out of her bikini, for a few minutes. Mom turned to glance at the house and noticed my presence. She proceeded to get up and began sauntering towards the house. Her boobs were jiggling obscenely under the sling bikini, her nipples nearly exposed, her breasts almost spilling out. Mom pulled open the sliding glass door and stepped inside, shutting the door behind her, standing a few feet in front of me, facing me.

"So..." Mom began, her voice breathy, "You like?" Mom asked, looking down at herself. "It's new... I got it for you."

"It's..." I began. Her body looked obscene in this outfit. Her boobs looked massive, the tiny green straps digging slightly into her plush

flesh, her massive, round boobs pouring out from all sides, her nipples half exposed. Her massive tits pressed together, their round softness pressed into each other, her cleavage looking cavernous. Her sexy belly looked perfectly flat, and the part of this bikini covering he cunt was so low-cut her tiny strip of cunt hair was visible. Sunning had done her wonders, as her smooth skin was glowing.

"Do you think it's sexy?" Mom asked.

"Yeah..." I relented. The beast inside me was speaking for me now. Taking over my thoughts. My eyes were blazing. I had never felt this level of attraction for anyone as I did right now. "It's... really sexy."

"Do you think Carmen would pull this off?" Mom asked.

I wanted to stay loyal to Carmen, but I had to wonder why. I had spent all yesterday with Carmen, and the passion just seemed gone. Missing. The things that made me fall in love with her now seemed to distract me, like her constant snarkiness and her general smart-ass nature. I loved her, but then again, if I really cared, I wouldn't be slipping away from her. I wouldn't have such lustful thoughts for another woman. I wouldn't have lustful thoughts about my mom.

Mom had Carmen beat in every way. Mom was older. She was hotter. She was sexier. She had a way better body. Sure, Mom had been exposed as a twisted, psychotic, scheming cunt. But something about her, something about her aggressive, unrelenting sexuality... it

almost made all her negative qualities into turn-ons. Mom was a huge bitch, just a complete cunt, and the beast inside me loved it. It loved how nasty she was. That added to her appeal, and made my cock throb.

This was a battle between the desires of the heart and the needs of my dick. My heart loved Carmen. Truly. She loved me. She brought out the best in me. She made me think I could be a better person. I could talk to her in a way I couldn't talk to any other girl. But Mom was just raw sexuality. As a person, she was kind of awful, but my cock wanted inside her again. No matter what woman I would ever be with, I would be comparing her to Mom. And I had no doubt every other woman would come up short. Even though I had conquered Mom, there was no doubt the aggressive rough sex I had had with her was the best I ever had. I had experienced the full force of her hot body, and even though I survived and was still standing, I hadn't forgotten what we had done together. I hadn't forgotten how good she was in bed. I hadn't forgotten the absolute filth she was capable of. Mom was hot fire. Her body was sizzling, dripping sex. My lust for Mom had been like a drug in my younger years. I had tried to kick the habit, but instead, I had gone on a full-blown bender, moving onto a drug that was even harder. A drug far more dangerous. A drug I was dying to feed my addiction too.

In a sense, Mom had proved her point. She had ruined me for other women.

Carmen seemed inconsequential in the face of my desires. Sex with Mom was so good it overshadowed all of Carmen's best qualities.

Carmen meant well, she did but... I don't think she knows me. She doesn't know what I've done, the things I'm capable of. And if she did, if she did see the real me, exposed, if she saw me in action, she would hate me. She would hate the real me. She only loves the me I'm trying to be. The idealized version she hopes to make of me. Not the beast I really am.

I wanted to be better. I wanted to be a good guy. But that dream was a lie. That guy was never there. The good guy, the monogamous, friendly, loyal guy... that was the lie. I've always run from the thought of being the asshole. The arrogant jock. The cocky-d-bag who knows he's better than everyone else. The arrogant prick who only wants to fuck hot girls. And Mom was the hottest of the hot girls.

Before Carmen, I was unabashedly hot for Mom. Despite the games, despite everything, my attraction never wavered. I was trying to be cool, trying to go straight and do the right thing. But it wasn't working out. That look wasn't working for me. I couldn't escape my dark side, the twisted appeal the darker edge of things had for me. My mind and my cock craved the darker path. The path less traveled. A path of blinding pleasure. Being a cocky, asshole jock, cheating on girls, fucking girls hard... that's what I was meant for.

I really loved Carmen. I did. And I wish I could be the guy for her, but I was starting to realize I wasn't the man for her. She deserved better. And deep down, I didn't want to hurt her. But the pull of beast inside me was becoming too strong to escape. I had no reason to be here, to stick around, to let myself be tempted by Mom. But yet, I was

here, because deep down, I wanted to be here. I didn't want to escape. Now that I had the freedom to leave, to walk away from Mom, consequence free, I suddenly didn't want that anymore.

I craved something else.

"So... what do you say, Tom?" Mom asked. "Could Carmen pull this look off, or does she not have the body for it?"

I looked at her wolfishly, my eyes devouring her exposed body. Mom smiled lightly and stepped forward, seeing the answer in my eyes.

"So... Tom." Mom began, her boobs pressing slightly into my chest. "What do you want to do today?"

I looked up at her, and her eyes met mine. We shared the same message.

The truth was about to come out. Would I fight off the beast inside me, or would I let it consume me?

****

(Jay)

I guess I should have seen it coming. I sensed something was off these last few days, something strange happening under my own roof. Tanya was acting strange, as was Tom. But what was actually happening... I never would have imagined it. I never would have imagined the one thing I had been dreading for years would happen in the way it did.

I came home from work in a pretty good mood. Work was good. Life was good. I was surprised to find no one downstairs. No Tom lazily watching TV. No Tanya bouncing around, always working on something. No nothing.

I went to the kitchen to grab a bottle of water. And as I sipped on this drink, I sensed a presence near me, and when I saw it, I nearly choked.

Tanya was padding towards me, barefoot, only wearing her silky, midnight blue robe. Her body was covered with sweat and her robe was half closed, meaning her boobs were just spilling out. Her hair looked like a mess and her makeup was a bit smudged. I raised my eyebrow.

"Tanya, cover yourself up. Tom might be here." I said, nodding towards her half-exposed breasts.

"Oh." she said with surprise, clinching her robe shut. "Sorry." I looked at her, confused.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"Oh!" Tanya said, as if she suddenly realized what a mess she was. "I worked out with Tom all day, seeing what he does to keep himself in such good shape. And I tell you... that son of ours... he's hard to keep up with." she said with a laugh. "But I was just about to hop in the shower. We just finished up, so..." she trailed off.

Suddenly, Tom walked into the kitchen, his fit, muscular body covered with sweat as well.

My wife and my son, both barely clothed, both covered in sweat... if it was anyone but my son, I'd be worried that maybe Tanya had done something bad.

"Hey Dad." he grunted out, making his way to the fridge. He pulled out a bottle of water and began gulping it down, replenishing his moisture.

"So..." I began, till sensing something was up. "You worked out with your mother, today?" I asked.

"Oh... uh, yeah." Tom said. "Yeah." he added, more confident. He began to walk back out towards the living room. "I'll tell you what, Dad.... you got a hell of a woman here." he said, and as he walked by his mother, he reached down and slapped her ass, a smack echoing

through the walls of the house. Tanya's mouth was open wide in shock and amusement. What the hell was that? Why did Tom feel so comfortable slapping his mother's ass? Why did she seem to enjoy it? Something weird was happening here. Something was off. She turned to face me.

"Tanya!" I began. "What the hell's going on?" I asked. She looked up at me, mischievously, holding my eyes, conveying a message. She looked at me. And I looked at her. I mean... it looked like... uh, if it was any other guy, I would think Tanya had cheated. But it was Tom, our son. But, he did seem awfully comfortable with her. They did seem to be sharing an unspoken bond. There definitely was some weird, heated tension between them. It couldn't be... no... it couldn't. Right?

I looked at Tanya, and she gave me a slight nod, telling me that she knew what I was thinking, and confirming my worst fears. I looked at her, my heart sinking, but her expression was one of amusement, not shame.

"Tanya... are you saying...?" I began, panicked.

"Oh..." she interrupted. "I was gonna make steak tonight, since it's you know, Tom's favorite, but time got away from us. Would you mind going out and grabbing some?"

"Wait... I'm not ignoring this. Tanya, tell me... did you and Tom..." I began.

"Jay, you should really get going. You should go to the deli, across town. They have Tom's favorite." my wife said brightly.

"What? Tanya, I...." I began.

"Jay, I really think you should go out for a little while." Tanya said firmly, nodding pointedly.

"Tanya, did you and Tom do something together?" I asked gingerly. My wife's expression was curious for a bit, before her lips curled into a smile.

"Jay... I'm messing with you." she said, rubbing my shoulder.

"What? Tanya, what..." I began.

"Jay, I'm joking around." she said with a laugh.

"Awful messed up thing to joke about." I said firmly. Tanya simply giggled.

"You should get going, hon. They close up early." she recommended.

"Okay." I relented, still not sure what was going here.

"Alright, I'm gonna go shower." Tanya announced.

"Okay... I guess I'll be back." I said, still confused.

As my wife padded up the stairs I made my way back to my car, still thinking over what had just happened. I was behind the wheel, and just about to start the car up, when, in a flash of inspiration, I stopped. I exited the car and quietly opened the front door. I opened it up and stepped in, waiting to hear something. And then, finally my wife's voice carried from upstairs.

"Jesus, Tom." Tanya began. "There is cum everywhere! Luckily I threw on this robe before your father saw any of it, but... Jesus. And you fucking soaked the bed with it too. Oh my God, your dad's pillow is covered!"

I slipped out of the house, my brain going on lockdown.

Oh my God! This can't be happening. This can't be true.

Did my wife and son just have sex?

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(Tanya)

Me and Tom had just had sex.

I never thought it would get this far. I never thought it would reach the point. Tom was just a young man. What did he really know about sex? Banging slutty teenagers was not exactly difficult. I had spent years honing my talents, perfecting my skill, all in the search of that one elusive, explosive moment of pleasure. That world-breaking, soul-shaking orgasm. I wasn't about to let some young dickhead saunter into MY bedroom and act like he owned the place. I wasn't about to be conquered by a mere boy. The thought was laughable. As if a young guy like him, my own son, could actually handle a body like mine. As if, after years of searching, the young stud capable of giving me that elusive pleasure lived under my own roof. I had my doubts whether or not he would be able to actually make me cum at all, let alone giving me that world-changing orgasm I needed. It was a near impossible task, and I didn't think my own son had the nerve to get the job done, to give me one good fucking cum.

But I was wrong.

He did it twelve times.

I have no idea if my orgasm count was even close to accurate. I lost count, because I was too busy seeing stars. What felt like a dozen world-shaking, pussy-creaming, body-quaking orgasms roared through my body during our first encounter. He worked my body

like a maestro, playing my body like an instrument, his mighty cock pulling orgasm after orgasm from my body as if it was his sole purpose, as if he was built solely as a tool to help his mother cum. His cock was the key I needed to unlock the untapped vault of orgasms within me.

The best thing was that he knew he could handle me. Deep down, he knew he had my number. God, I loved arrogance in a guy, especially when he could back it up. And he did back it up. And in exchange, I was happy to back my ass up onto that fat cock of his. The things he did to my body, my long legs, my round ass, my big tits... the way he controlled me in bed, the way he pounded me, the way he handled me... the thought of it was enough to make me melt.

I had told Tom that if he beat me, if he conquered his Mom in bed, that I would step aside. And he did. I wasn't afraid to admit he had conquered me. And he had SO conquered me. I had no idea what he was capable of. What he could do in the bedroom. I don't know how a guy his age could fuck a woman so completely, but he did. Not only was he better than me at sex, he was a LOT better. As I told him during the sex, his cock was a weapon designed to tame sluts. And he had tamed me, the biggest slut of all. Where did this natural talent come from?

It must be the genetics.

I mean, sure, despite all my protestations early on after his confession, he wasn't as far away from having me as he thought. He was still fucking far away from ever having his mom screaming at

the end of his cock. At the beginning, I told myself at first I really didn't want this, it just couldn't be a coincidence that he checked so many boxes for me, right? I mean, I know I am his mother, but even I knew deep down that he was fucking hot. That he was a young stud. That he could handle himself in the bedroom. And even though I couldn't really admit it to him then, I had to admit now that, yeah, I am totally into younger men. So once Tom made his confession to me, I couldn't help but assess him sexually.

Younger? Yep. Was he a stud? Clearly. Was he hot and sexy? Yes, obviously. Football player? Yep. Arrogant? Yes. And most importantly, was he hung? Mmmm... oh yeah. My son was a cocky, arrogant young stud with a massive dick and an even bigger ego. That type of guy made me wet. At first, knowing that my son was practically built for me freaked me out, but eventually, it was all I could think about. He had what it took. He was my match. Despite my earlier thoughts to the contrary, the forces of fate bringing us together were too strong to counter. Sex was quite simply inevitable.

That's why I enjoyed the game, I think. Cause deep down, I knew that's how it would end. That's why I loved teasing him. That is why I opened that door in my mind, a door that should never be opened and began flirting with my own son. Not only because he checked all my boxes, and not only because he was so much fun to tease and toy with. No, the core reason I teased my son with my hot body was simple.

It made me wet.

Teasing my son made my cunt wet. Teasing Tom made me soak my thong in sex-juices. Taunting him with my hot body would literally make me dripping wet. And what drove me even more wild was that since I thought I had all the power, I figured there was nothing he could do about it. There was nothing he could do to stop me.

How wrong I was.

I thought I knew him, but I had seen a side of him I didn't know he had. I had seen a monster inside him, a sex-crazed beast, and even though he was still my son, it scared me a bit. Not that I was fearful of him or anything like that, but it was at that point I realized I didn't know my son at all. He was something I had never encountered. After the sex, I kept my distance slightly, trying to figure out how to handle this change of events. And I was afraid that what I told him in bed was true, that I couldn't handle him.

He looked a bit shaken by our encounter too, as if he didn't believe what had just happened either. He didn't know what he was capable of. He looked a bit lost and unsure. It was then I realized what he needed. He didn't need to talk to his father. He didn't need the advice of a friend. He didn't need the platitudes from his fiancée.

He needed his mother, now more than ever.

I planned to live up to my word and not come after him. Live up to the warrior's code, you know? But that did not mean I wouldn't make it clear that he could have me again whenever he wanted. My body

was his for the taking. I would be his slut, a complete fucking whore just for him. If he seriously thought I would give up that big dick after that transcendent, world-shaking encounter, he was a fool.

Tom would be wasted on a young girl like Carmen. She was too ugly and too unsexy to ever be a good match for him. Tom being married to her would be like having Picasso painting your bathroom. Tom had too much raw talent to just be thrown away like that. It was my duty as a mother to make sure my son went down the right path. That path being with me, fucking the shit out of his own mother.

I had very clearly gone too far down the dark path of incest to come back now. My relationship with my son had been so deeply infused with sex at this point that there was no hope of things ever going back to normal. Moms shouldn't want to know anything about their sons' sex lives. A mom isn't supposed to wonder about her son's penis at all, and if she does, she's supposed to think about it as a nasty, disgusting piece of meat that if left unattended will happily live up to its sole purpose and spray its filthy seed anywhere it wants. Moms are supposed to be disgusted every time they found a garbage can full of jizz-coated tissues or leftover dried cum on his underwear. Moms are supposed to make sure their sons steer clear of those nasty, trashy girls who only want one thing. Moms would be happy if every drop of thick teenage seed stayed nestled in their sons' swollen balls until they got married. Only then would a mom's job be complete. But clearly, I was very different. I was not a typical mom. I had taken a VERY active, hands-on role in my son's sex life. I had actively made sure my son would be spraying cum everywhere.

To a mom, any details about her son's penis shouldn't matter... unless it's really, really big. A son having a massive cock really shouldn't make a difference to a mom, but it totally does. And Tom, he was bigger than big. He was huge! It's not my fault that my son had a fucking cannon in his pants, and it's not my fault I wanted to fuck it. It was only natural.

It wasn't my fault I had gotten so invested in my son's sexual habits. Tom's cock was like magic, every thick, meaty inch designed to give a woman pleasure. I LOVED his cock! Loved, loved, LOVED his cock! I know a mom isn't supposed to be so smitten with her son's bulging meat. But it was SO BIG! I loved it. Mom's weren't supposed to have to deal with having a hot, sexy son with such a massive, bulging dong. It was a work of fucking art, ten thick, meaty inches of perfection. And I had experienced its full fury. I had experienced Tom's rock-hard dick in all my holes, fucking me ferociously, turning my previous curiosity at my son's size to a full-blown obsession. I couldn't stop thinking about it. It was my sexual muse. I couldn't stop thinking about that beautiful piece of meat and what it had done to me. I couldn't take my mind off his amazing length, each perfect inch more impressive than the last. Everything about it was just big. It was as thick as a soda can, the tip was massive, and the head flared out in just the right way... ooh, I just loved it. It was SO sexy! Even that tube along the underside was thick, allowing gallons of cum to travel up from his large, swollen, beautiful balls. Then, there was that nice, long slit at the end, the only interruption on that beautiful perfect fat tip. The way it always bubbled and boiled over with hot cum...mmm, I get wet just thinking about it. I would happily run my finger along that tip, collecting his leaking cum onto my finger, toying with it for a good long while, teasing him. And then there was the way his massive cock would swell up, stretching my cunt even

more when it was about to cum inside me, feeling his iron-hard rod flexing as it pumped warm cum inside me... uhhh, even thinking about it was enough to make me melt.

God, I even loved his fucking cum. How fucked up was that? I shouldn't be even thinking about my son's thick, creamy cum, but I loved it. I fucking loved it. I always thought it was a disrespectful thing for a guy to cum on a girl's face, but when he did it to me, when Tom baptized me with his thick, fresh seed, at that moment, there was nothing I wanted more. After the pounding he gave me, I would be happy giving him whatever he fucking wanted. I was happy to take his offering of warm cum. It felt well earned on his part. I said it during the sex, but Tom's cock and balls were a fucking cum factory, and I now realized it was my duty to be on the receiving end. I would take his thick cum wherever he wanted to give it. On my face, my tits, in my cunt, in my ass, or all over me. I loved how thick it was. I loved how much cum he would pump every god-damn time. I swear, it was like his body's sole purpose was to produce cum with how much he could spurt. I loved the thickness. I loved its warmth. And I fucking loved its taste. God, the taste had only improved since I first swallowed it. It tasted SO much better straight from the source. Letting his thick and warm seed enter my mouth, letting it coat my tongue and go down my throat, it was like a fine meal. Even though swallowing it naturally meant it was the end of a sexual encounter, his cum was like an aphrodisiac to me. Every time I swallowed it, I would only want more. I would be filled with lust anew and be ready for more sex. His cock fed my lust for him. It was a perfect match for me. I loved his cock, his balls, his cum, and those parts of him clearly very much loved me. His cock needed someone to care for it, and who better than his mother to do the job?

I had gotten one sample of my son's cock, and I wanted more. That was a cock that even the most frigid bitch would do anything for. That was a cock you grabbed onto and didn't let go of. One look at it would make any girl want to stroke it, just so she could get her feminine fingers on a piece of such throbbing manhood. It was a cock you wanted to squeeze your boobs around. A cock you were happy to choke on, just so you get to experience the pleasure of wrapping your lips around its impressive thickness. It was a suckable, fuckable, perfect piece of cock that any girl would be lucky to have inside her. And I had, and I was not going to let it go without a fight.

Tom was a cocky young stud who knew how to handle a woman. I was pretty dominant in bed, always using men for my own pleasure, only caring about what they could offer me. But deep down, I had always craved finding a man who could turn the tables on me, who could dominate me the way I had dominated others. To be completely, overwhelmingly pleasured. And Tom had done the job.

Tom had out-fucked me, railing me like an animal. Tom tossed me around, using me for his own pleasure, using my body, handling me completely. In the process, his magical cock got me lost in the pleasure, making me cum constantly, getting me drunk with the pleasure he gave me.

And when the time came for me to fall to my knees, to accept his superiority and take his creamy load on my face, I was happy to do so. I was almost relived. Tom was a fucking sex-god. I was happy to take his thick offering. He had made me experience things I had

never known possible. I had always thought of myself as the top of the pyramid, a true fucking sex-goddess. But Tom made it clear I still had a lot to learn.

And I planned to learn from him. To learn from a true master. A sex-god and a sex goddess where meant to be together. It didn't matter that we were mother and son. That only made it better. We were two masters of our craft. A perfect match. Two artists in the craft of sex, and our canvas was the bedroom. We didn't belong among the masses, among the mere mortals. We belonged together, plying our craft.

The sex we had was just so fucking perfect. Just lock the two of us in a bedroom and magic happens. We did things that most people couldn't handle doing. Things most people weren't capable of. Tom brought out my absolute best. He drove me to improve, to try to conquer him, to ride him into the mattress. But of course, I could never quite out-do him. I don't even know if I really wanted to. Getting fucked into submission by my absolute stud of a son, getting fucked so well I just couldn't take it anymore and just had to cum... the sensation was incredible. And quite frankly, when me and him were in bed, my eyes would fall to the mirror. I would be on all fours as I stared at our reflection. I would see my son behind me, muscles flexed, face screwed up in concentration as he drove his battering ram into my tight, squeezing cunt, and he looked like absolute perfection. He looked like a fucking Greek god, and he was all mine. But then my eyes would fall to myself. I would look at my body, coated in sweat, skin glowing, my massive breasts hanging down, looking fucking huge, my face a mask of absolute pleasure, my plump lips spread as I gasped, my eyes looking smoky and sexy, my

hair looking wild as it fell over my face... I could go on and on. When I would see myself, all I could think was... I had never looked better. When I was in bed, getting ravished in just the way I needed, my body coated in sex-sweat, I looked fucking perfect. I looked like a fucking goddess. The goddess I was. Goddesses were gorgeous, like me. Goddesses had huge tits. Perfect, round asses. Long, firm legs. Perfect fucking hair. Like I said, Tom brought out the best in me, and when he fucked me, it made me feel like the goddess I was.

All I could think about during these moments was that, quite frankly, I fucking deserved this. I had put up with twenty years of ineffectual sex from my husband. I deserved more than that. A lot more, and Tom could give it to me. I was too gorgeous to be wasted any longer. I was way hotter than every other woman, and my body was fucking perfect. I was fit, my legs were long and smooth, my butt was round and firm, and my tits, well, clearly, I had utterly massive tits. And they were so round, and so soft, and so perky, and so, so big. Other women fumed with jealousy at my hot, mature body, but little did they know how much it was being wasted on Jay. A woman as sexy as me deserved to be getting fucked constantly and properly. This taut body deserved the best, and I shouldn't have to wait any longer. I was 42! No more fucking around, wasting time. I only wanted the fucking, and I only wanted it from Tom. He was the only guy man enough to handle me the way I needed it.

As world-changing of a fuck he was for me, I had no doubt the feeling was mutual. Although he claimed to want to move on, after one night with me, I could feel his eyes on my body still. He wanted more, just like I did. His little girlfriend was fading fast in his heart, soon to be forgotten. And in its place, something so much better. I

wanted him, and clearly, despite his best efforts to stay loyal to his sweet, lovely fiancée, he still wanted me. Shows how much that love means in the face of pure, sexual bliss.

It really didn't take much to get him back into the bedroom. He just needed a little push, a reminder of what I was offering. I was clearly horny, as was he. The lust between us was palpable. His cock was hard, as were my nipples. We both wanted it. We both needed it. It was cute how loyal he tried to be to Carmen in the face of the overwhelming, obvious lust he felt for me. But it didn't take too long. His love for Carmen was fading fast. My boobs were just too big to think about anything else. When I saw that look pass over him, that animalistic glint in his eye, I knew I had him hooked.

The sex was just as amazing the second time as it was the first. Tom was a fucking machine, an unrelenting, cursing, rutting beast. We spent all day getting it on. Even though I had been conquered by him before, that didn't mean I became his submissive little slut. No, I would never stop trying to win, I would never stop trying to wear him down. But even though I did my best to keep up with him, he eventually wore me out again and reduced me to a puddle of shivering pleasure. By the time I got back to my feet, I was stumbling around, practically high on orgasms.

The only thing that stopped us from fucking the day away was Jay returning home. It was at this instant that a plan began forming in my cunning mind. It was time to cut out any distractions between me and Tom. Me and him needed privacy and time to slake our sick lusts. We couldn't afford any interruptions. I had gone too long

without good sex to let anything get in the way of the best sex of my life.

It was time to cut Jay and Carmen out of the picture.

I felt like such a naughty slut, talking to my husband after he nearly caught us in action. Wrapped in a thin robe, my body covered in cum and sex-sweat, it couldn't be more obvious I had just been having sex. And he sensed it too. I wanted him to know, without explicitly spelling it out. And I could tell, by the time I sent him away to pick up dinner, with the way Tom paraded through the kitchen in front of him like a king, handling his woman like the cocky fucking stud he was, Jay put the pieces together.

Tom didn't think I had the guts to cut things off with Jay. He told me I didn't have the nerve to leave all the money and luxuries my husband provided. But if my plan worked out, Jay would be out of my hair, and the money would keep rolling in. (Tom was right about that. I was not walking away from the money Jay provided. I was a greedy little slut, after all.)

By the time I sent Jay away, the ball was rolling on that point. I was confident in my plan as I made my way back upstairs, tossing my cum and sweat-soaked bed sheets into the wash, before slipping out of my robe and joining Tom in the shower.

Being naked under the warm water with my studly, fit son, it was an incredible sight. Watching the water running down his firm muscles,

his lean biceps, his fit chest, his fantastic abs, his thick, dangling meat... I was practically drooling. I felt like a slave-girl to a mighty emperor, washing him down, letting my hands run across his amazing, yummy body. And in exchange, I offered my body up to him, letting him use his hands on me, really focusing on soaping up my huge, smooth tits and small, tight cunt.

Needless to say, I was completely satisfied by the end of the shower, but despite all that soap and water, I still felt awfully dirty.

Dinner that night was beyond awkward. Jay was terrified of what was running through his mind, of the filthy things he imagined his wife and son doing. He didn't speak up, paralyzed in confusion. He was a robot, going through the motions, barely saying a word before going to bed.

I slept soundly.

The ball was rolling with Jay, so it was time to move onto Carmen. I had been thinking about how to handle her, and I came up with something good. I had big plans for Ms. Carmen.

I could tell that Tom would be happy keeping this thing with me as an affair on the side, his dirty little secret. But that didn't work for any of us. Tom was trying to have things both ways, and that just didn't work. He was splitting his attention between two women, and that was unfair to him, Carmen, and especially, me. Tom was a fucking master of sex, but Carmen was his Achilles heel. His

weakness. Things needed to be ended between her and Tom, and it needed to be hard and brutal. Tom didn't have the nerve to do it. He claimed that he would be willing to dump her and forsake her for me, to make our sex better, but I didn't believe him. Tom had said he texted her during our first sex session, but somehow, I think he knew she wouldn't show up. Tom didn't have the guts to do what was necessary. But I did.

This was the time when good mothers stepped in to stop their sons from having any disgusting habits. And Carmen was his disgusting habit, and it was my job to cut her out of the picture, cause that's what good moms do. It was time to cut ties with his disgusting girlfriend and get my son home, where he belongs.

The die was cast, and it was time to live out the fantasy. I couldn't wait. The thought made me wet.

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"Fuck me, Tom! FUCK ME! GGUUUUUHHH!" I grunted.

I was on all fours, getting railed by Tom. Or bodies were covered with sweat as we banged. Tom's cock was like iron, filling my needy cunt with thick meat. My cunt was stretched around his throbbing shaft like elastic, smothering his pulsing shaft with pleasure. Tom slid his big hand under me, cupping one of my hanging breasts, squeezing it roughly.

"God fucking dammit, Mom! You're so fucking tight!" Tom grunted out, spanking my ass roughly.

SPANK!

"GGUUHHH! FUCK!" I spat out in pleasure. We had been at it for a little while, but the end was not in sight. We had both just cum, so we were just hitting our stride, our second winds.

I LOVED getting fucked doggy style. Bent over, on all fours, being fucked like an animal. This position just felt so slutty, you know. Just bending over and just fucking taking it, like a slut would. This position highlighted my best features. My perky, round ass, pointed up, teasing the lucky man behind me, in this case my son. My cunt, ready and waiting, dripping with pleasure. My huge tits, hanging below me like fucking massive udders. I always felt like such a slut on all-fours, and I loved being a slut. Plus, I could take the maximum length of cock this way, and, with a cock Tom's size, it would hit the sweet spots in my cunt over and over again. It was perfect.

I drove back at Tom as he drove into me, neither of us giving any ground. I marveled again at what a perfect lover Tom was for me. He could keep up with me, match my intensity, equal my filth level, and surpass my ferocity. Plus, my ass formed a perfect fit at his hips when we fucked this way. Me and him, we were a perfect fucking match. We were meant to do this. We were built for it.

Despite the rough sex, I couldn't help but let my attention be drawn elsewhere. I kept one ear open, listening for signs of life, before I heard the sound of the front door shutting with a firm click. I smiled. It was time to act.

"OHHH FUCK! TOM! FUCK ME! Fuck your mother! Fuck your mom better than you ever fucked Carmen!" I demanded. Tom reached down and grabbed my hair, yanking my head back roughly.

"Guhhh! Fuck, Mom! I love it! I fucking love it!" Tom grunted, smacking my ass again.

SPANK!

"Tell me! Tell me again how much I'm fucking better than Carmen!" I screamed out.

"YYYYESSS! YES! It's so much fucking better than Carmen!" Tom grunted. "You're so much better! Your face is hotter! Your boobs are so much fucking better! Your ass is fucking incredible! Your pussy is way better than hers! I love your fucking body way more than I ever loved her!"

SPANK! SPANK!

"Yes! YES!" I screamed out. There was a silence, a significant pause. I opened my eyes just in time to see the bedroom door open. The door opened, revealing a standing, frozen Carmen, wearing a blue top and khaki shorts. I watched her reaction as the unholy tableau was revealed! Her eyes widened, her jaw dropped, and her hand moved to her mouth.

"OHHHHHMMMMMYGGGGUUUHHHH!" Carmen screamed out into her hand. "OH MY GOD!" she screamed, her knees shaking. I looked up at her with a wicked smile. Tom's driving cock stopped.

"Carmen!" he screamed out in shock.

"Wh... wh... what are you doing!?" she squealed out, her back falling against the door.

"Carmen, hold on! I can explain!" Tom said, panicked.

"Tom... you're fucking your mom!" Carmen called out. She put her hand over her mouth again, as if nauseous. Tom pulled out of my cunt and stepped off the bed. Carmen saw Tom's nudity, and this shook her, making her back out of the room.

"Carmen!" Tom screamed out, pulling his jeans on. As he sprinted after her, I rolled onto my back, stretched out, and smiled.

I had sent a text to Carmen earlier from Tom's phone, telling her to come over for her surprise. I confirmed that she was coming, and I told her to just come right in. I had led her to her doom, and the thought made me drip with moisture.

"Carmen, wait!" Tom called out to Carmen from down the hall.

"How could you?" Carmen squealed. "How could you do this to me? And with your fucking Mom? Oh my God! That's sick! I... I... I, God, I can't believe this! I... I can't believe this."

"Carmen, I... I'm sorry." Tom replied.

"You fucking asshole! I fucking knew it! I knew you were a fucking asshole, deep down. I thought you were different! I thought you could be better!" Carmen sobbed, tears no doubt running down her cheeks. This spurred me to move. I got up and sauntered down the hall.

"Carmen, I love you too. I didn't want it to be this way. I'm so sorry." Tom replied, clearly emotional. I walked up to the landing and looked down. Tom and Carmen were standing near the front door as they went back and forth. I looked down at Carmen, at the wet tears dripping down the cheeks.

"Tom... I loved you! How could you do this to me?" Carmen sobbed, her body shivering.

"Carmen, I am so, so sorry." Tom said, clearly emotional. "I... I didn't mean to."

"To what! To fuck your own Mom! Did your dick just accidentally fall into your mom's cunt? Oh my God, I guess I shouldn't have kept talking about how hot your mom was. I shouldn't have kept talking about how big her boobs are, cause I'm sure you fucking knew that, you sick fuck!" Carmen spat out.

"I..." Tom trailed off. I began to step down the stairs, completely naked.

"Tom... I don't want to hear it. I can't fucking believe this. Tom... you broke my heart!" Carmen sobbed. "How could you do this to me??" she said, her voice breaking. Tom put his hands on his shaking fiancée's arms.

"Get off of me!" Carmen said, shoving Tom away, stepping back away from him. And that was when she ran into me.

The back of her head hit one of my perky, jutting boobs. She jumped away and spun around, turning to face me.

Her eyes widened as she took me in. She stared at my naked body, my huge tits, tight, flat stomach, and exposed cunt. We stood there,

studying each other for a few moments, before I reared back and slapped her across her face.

"Ahh!" Carmen called out and fell to the floor.

"MOM!" Tom called out in shock.

"Fuck!" Carmen said, rubbing her cheek in pain. I bent down and pointed at her.

"Get out of my house, you disgusting little bitch!" I said, my voice cruel and callous. "Tom clearly doesn't fucking love you, or he wouldn't be fucking his own mom. And face it, bitch! I'm double your age, and I'm still better than you in every way! You're a pathetic excuse for a woman, and the idea of any man actually loving you is a fucking joke. Face facts, you little cunt. No one will ever love you, and the only man who ever did would rather fuck his own mom than ever touch your disgusting body again. So, take a good look..." I said, standing proud, jutting out my chest at her. "and always remember that there will always be women like me with better bodies than your pathetic one, and you will always fucking lose. So prepare for a life of loneliness, bitch, cause that's all you'll ever have."

I stood up straight and looked down at her.

"Oh my God!" Carmen sobbed, getting to her feet and running out the front door.

"Carmen!" Tom called out, glancing at me in shock before chasing after her.

I was fucking dripping wet after this tirade, and I slowly sauntered my way upstairs. As I reached the bed and slipped a few fingers into my cunt, I realized I could hear them screaming from outside.

"Carmen, please!" Tom begged.

"Go fuck yourself, Tom!" Carmen screamed. "I don't ever want to fucking see you again, you piece of shit!"

"I'm sorry." Tom said. "You deserve better than me."

"Yeah, I fucking do!" Carmen spat out. "You know what, here's your motherfucking ring!" she screamed out.

"Carmen..." Tom begged.

SMACK!

The hard smack of Carmen's hand hitting my son's cheek reverberated into my bedroom.

"Go have fun sucking your mom's ass you fucking prick!" Carmen screamed out.

"He will." I sang out to myself, recalling the sensation of my own son's tongue rimming my asshole, and how eagerly he always performed that lewd act.

I listened as Tom eagerly pleaded for Carmen to stay. Carmen was having none of it, swearing at him again before entering her car, slamming her door shut and blazing away.

I was so wet! My juices were dripping from my cunt, down my ass, and down onto the bed as I fingered myself hard. I heard the door slam shut and heard approaching footsteps. I looked up to see Tom standing at the doorway, a dark expression on his face. I met his fiery glare with my own, sensing a fury in his eyes I had never seen before.

Needless to say, the sex that ensued was amazing. Tom fucks SO good when he's angry, and he was absolutely furious. He took it out on my hot body, fucking me as hard as possible, filling every one of my holes with thick cum. It was the best sex of my life, and by the end, I was an absolute mess, covered with cum, sweat and red marks from the physical, rough sex-play.

It was amazing.

I had blown up his relationship and spoiled his true love. In the process, his fiancée got slapped in the face, as did he. And me, the person who caused this conflict, the person who was the instigator for all of this...I got my brains fucked out. It was glorious.

Tom was all mine now, and I was all his. Sure, I had been proven wrong, and he had proved to be more of a man than I could possibly imagine. I had been conquered, something I thought would be impossible.

And I couldn't be happier.

****

(Jay)

It was all my fault.

As I sat on an airplane, flying over the ocean, I was lost in thought, pondering the tragedy my life had become.

After that first day, when Tanya had all but admitted to fucking our son, I couldn't get it out of my mind. It was so gross. So disgusting. My wife and my son, having sex... cavorting in bed...uh. Ew. It was incest! It was so wrong. Although as much as the thought disgusted me, I had no proof. I didn't know for sure.

I remember awhile back, Tanya said one of her friends gave her a bunch of these little spy cameras. Tanya told me she had no use for them, but she figured she'd take them anyway. I retrieved them, and when no one was around, I hid spy cameras all over the house. By the time I retrieved them a day or so later, I was nervous, but I had to know. I had to know for sure.

I wish I hadn't.

If there was any doubt before, those were quickly erased. It was official. My wife and son were having sex. They were committing incest under my own roof.

I saw everything. In the living room, I saw Tanya sending me to pick up some stuff for dinner again, and knowing that I wanted to catch them in action, I relented. When this happened, my busty wife slipped into the living room, kneeled in front of our son, who was watching TV, unzipped his jeans, and began sucking him off.

It was hard to watch, but I couldn't look away. My wife, kneeling before my son. She had never done that with me. She reached down and pulled her jeans down over her round ass, exposing her ass only clad with a neon pink thong, exposing it directly to the camera and to our son as she sucked him to completion.

There was more footage. A lot more.

Tanya joining Tom in the living room later that night when I was upstairs in the bathroom. She opened up her blouse, sat facing forward over Tom's lap, and shoved her massive breasts in his face, drowning him in softness.

I saw footage of Tom and Tanya in the shower, water dripping down my wife's hot body as my son railed her from behind. For a second, Tanya glanced at the camera, as if knowing it was there.

I also saw Tom and Tanya getting naked and having sex near the pool, in my bed, and Tom's room. In fact, I saw my wife slip into Tom's room after I went to work, slipping off her robe, pulling the sheets off of Tom and exposing his naked body. She woke him up with an early morning BJ, before giving him a furious ride.

The worst thing was how they talked to each other. How sex now not only defined their relationship, but infiltrated every aspect of it. I saw footage of them talking, and hearing how they talked in such a casual way about their sexual exploits.

I saw one such occurrence when Tom was working out in the exercise room. Without him knowing, Tanya was watching from the doorway, exerting himself as he handled the weights easily. Tanya was a very appreciative audience, eying her shirtless son hungrily. This went on for a while before Tom set the weights on the floor and wiped his brow with a towel. As he did, Tanya approached her son from behind, slipping her arms around his bare torso, her fingers

lightly tracing over his abs as she pressed her bulging, covered breasts against his sweaty back. She purred in his ear as her fingers admired his abs. Finally, she slid one hand down to his crotch, massaging his bulge, while sliding her other hand to his ass and squeezing it firmly, causing him to jump. Tanya kissed his ear then whispered to him.

"I want you to choke me on your cock." she whispered, her pillowy lips curling into a knowing smirk.

Minutes later, Tom's shorts were at his ankles as his mother kneeled in front of him. Tom's hand was on the back of her head, curled in her hair, as he fucked her mouth with his cock roughly. The gagging noises echoed throughout the room as Tom fucked her throat, but she was clearly loving this rough treatment, her hands on his bare ass squeezing lovingly as she bobbed on Tom's thick meat. Spit leaked from her mouth as Tom drove his hips into her, forcing her to take his cock, his face screwed up in concentration. This went on for a while before Tom finally reached his climax, forcing his cock to the root in her wet mouth, sending his load down her throat and into her belly, making her swallow her son's thick load. Finally, Tom pushed her away and Tanya fell back onto her butt, gasping as she looked up worshipfully at him.

That expression broke my heart. But there was a lot more footage than that. And it got even worse for me.

I remember one scene on the recordings where Tom was sitting on the couch, watching a TV show. Tom wasn't a huge TV watcher, but

this was one of his favorite shows, and he always made it a point to watch it. As he did, Tanya was in and out of the room, doing various things, but her attention was always on him, looking at him, lustily. I could tell just by looking at her, looking at her eyes, her body, her glowing skin, her throbbing nipples... she was horny and ready for more. It was a look of pure lust that she had never given me.

"Let's have sex." she said to her son like a ditzy teenager, toying with her own hair. Tom glanced at his horny mother.

"We've already done it for, like, two hours today, Mom." Tom said. "You can wait a few minutes." he added, turning his attention back to the TV.

Tanya rolled her eyes and just sat next to him for a few minutes. She was fidgety, strumming her fingers, playing with her nails, eyeing her son. Eventually, she just couldn't control herself. She slid next to him on the couch, her light-brown top lifted up, exposing her bare, sun-kissed belly. As Tom tried to watch the show, she couldn't keep her hands off of him, first squeezing his shoulder, then sliding down and admiring his firm bicep, squeezing it in her firm fingers lightly. She slid her hand onto his chest, appreciating his firm pecs. She slid her eager fingers down his torso, before her hand finally slid directly onto his crotch, squeezing at Tom's cloth covered bulge.

I can't stress how strange it was to watch my wife squeezing our son's cock so worshipfully. As Tom tried to stay focused on the TV show, she just kept going, digging into his cock firmly, making sure he really felt her fingers at work. Her lips curled in a wicked smile as

her silky hair fell onto his bare shoulder, her son's cock thickening in her hand. Finally, Tom had to say something.

"God, you can be such a bitch sometimes, Mom." Tom groaned out in annoyed pleasure.

"Aw! A bitch?" Tanya questioned, now outright stroking his cock through his shorts. She moved her lips close to his ear. "I'm a sweet, loving mother. If I were really a bitch, I'd make you wear a condom. No, you get the best. I let you take me bare. Raw. I let you cum inside me day after day after day."

I gulped at hearing this. This was SO fucked up.

"Doesn't mean you're not a bitch. That just makes you a slut." Tom replied with a wry smirk. Agreed, I thought to myself. Tanya smiled. "I mean, you did slap my fiancée, yell at her, humiliate her... that makes you a huge fucking bitch in my book."

"Mmmmm, you love it, though." Tanya purred. "You love that your mother's a complete CUNT!" she said, pulling the hem of Tom's shorts over his bulging cock, revealing his thick, battering-ram sized cock to his mother and the camera. She began to stroke him, skin on skin.

"Uhhhh, fuck... Mom, can it wait, like, 15 minutes? It's almost over." Tom pled.

"I waited for twenty years for some good dick." Tanya said lustily, stroking her son's meaty cock. "Now that I've got one, I plan on making up for lost time. I'm gonna grip it tight... and never let it go." she said, firmly stroking his cock. Tom's head fell back. His attention was clearly stolen away from the TV show. Tanya took advantage, plopping onto his lap, grinding her skirt-covered crotch into his. And then, as they ground into each other, their lips met in a fiery kiss.

I couldn't look. Just hearing the sounds of my wife's lips smacking wetly with my son's, hearing them moan into each other's mouths, hearing the sucking noise of a deep, tongue kiss... it was almost worse.

When I finally looked up, both of them were naked, Tom on top of his mother, my wife, fucking her as hard as her could. Both of them had worked up a sheen of sweat, and Tanya's legs were pointed straight up towards the ceiling as my son relentlessly drilled her.

I couldn't watch any more.

My feelings were beyond complicated. My wife and son were fucking. My wife was cheating on me. I had long suspected this would eventually happen. My wife was far too much for me, and I knew deep down she would step out on me. And she did, in a big way. And even though I knew it would happen, seeing it actually come to pass was still heart-breaking.

And what was worse was seeing my own son in action. Seeing his fit body, seeing him be superior in size, strength, and fucking ferocity made me feel even more emasculated than I already did. Seeing my cocky, big dicked son banging the ever loving fuck out of my wife was a shattering experience for me.

They barely hid their affair from me. In fact, at times, they seemed to be lording it over me. Teasing glances, obvious innuendo... it was terrible. I couldn't hope to understand what kind of things they got up to. One time, Tanya was screaming at Tom about picking up his stuff from the house, and they got into a bit of an argument. I got called for a work emergency, but I only drove about a mile away before I realized I had forgotten my wallet. By the time I re-entered the house and retrieved my wallet from the table near the front door, I could hear Tom and Tanya upstairs, having rough sex. It was as if I were an obstacle, interrupting bouts of nasty, filthy sex. I swear, every fucking day I came home to Tanya carrying bed sheets to the washing machine, either our bed sheets or Tom's. And I would look in the garbage can, and see the empty bottles of body oil, and the images of what that oil was being used for was far worse than if I had just seen it in person. Just imagining my busty wife, completely naked, her body shiny with oil, soon to join my son in bed... I didn't want to think about it.

Tanya was being bitchier to me, and Tom was becoming cocky, as if he lost all respect for me. As if he knew he had supplanted me as man of the house.

My heart was broken even more when I heard that Tom was basically throwing his life away. He had dumped Carmen, which was a tragedy. They were so good for each other, and I had never seen him so happy. Plus, he had dropped out of school and moved back home, devoting himself to this affair with his own mother.

On top of everything else, I was pissed. I was pissed at my wife for doing this, not only to me, but to Tom as well. She should know better. She was an adult. A mother. She should be thinking about raising Tom and sending him out into the world as good, well-adjusted young man. Instead, she had torpedoed his future and taken him for her own use. Taken him and used him for sex. She should know how wrong that is. She should realize the implications of what she was doing, but instead, she reveled in it. I was furious with her. Furious at being so selfish, so narcissistic, only caring about herself and her own needs. Furious that she had corrupted our son. Furious that she had ruined him, turning him into something unrecognizable.

My son was gone from me now. I had always tried to lead him down the right path, but he had turned his back on me, betraying me by fucking his own mother. Letting his arrogance flow through him, fully embracing the fact that he had taken his place as man of the house, embracing the fact that he had pretty much completely taken my place. He was not blameless in all this. As much as Tanya was responsible, he was too. He was an active participant in all of this, reveling in the heated action as much as Tanya did. I always knew Tanya had a dark side to her, some darkness within her that was there from the start. But Tom... I just knew, deep in my heart, that he was a good kid. I knew deep down that even though he was an active

part of this, Tanya was the root of this corruption. It started in her, and the darkness had spread to him.

The sadness, the regret, the shame, the emasculation... it was almost too much to take.

I didn't need to see this. No man should have to take this. No man should have to watch his wife and son working up a sweat in his marital bed, two writhing, naked bodies having athletic sex with each other. No man should have to see his wife riding their son's dick furiously. I shouldn't have to watch my own son use his massive equipment, far larger than mine, to fuck his mother, my wife, better than I ever could. I shouldn't have to watch my wife, the woman who promised to be faithful to me and only me, get on her knees and wrap her plump lips around our son's swollen balls. I shouldn't have to watch my wife worshipping our son's sack with her tongue. Enough was enough.

Finally, it all came to a head. I was staying up late, sitting by the pool, when Tanya came out to join me, sitting next to me. I looked at her, not knowing what to expect, and she smiled.

"So, I've been thinking..." Tanya began. "I know that promotion is still up in the air, that one where you're travelling most of the year. I was thinking about it, and... I think you should take it."

"What?" I asked. "The whole point was for me to stay at home. To make things stronger between us." Tanya smiled sadly.

"Hon..." she began. "I think that ship has sailed."

"How can you do this Tanya?" I asked. She paused for a bit.

"We all do bad things, Jay. All of us." she said, looking pointedly at me. My mind flashed to the circumstances of us getting together, with me knowing about the broken condom, and then the pregnancy. Did she know the truth?

"We both know that our marriage was never exactly built on the strongest foundation." she said as I looked up at her. "So here's the deal. This job of yours means you'll be travelling 300 days a year. When you're home, I won't lord this in front of you. I'll be your wife... when you're home. But when you're gone, you have no say in what goes on here."

"Why would I go along with this? Why would I agree to let you two continue? It's wrong, Tanya. It's wrong! It's illegal! What's stopping me from divorcing you, leaving you high and dry? What's stopping me from reporting you?" I asked.

"Hon, do you really want your dirty laundry exposed to the world? Do you want the world to know how emasculated you became? Do you want the world to see you and think that this is the guy that had his wife stolen from him by his son?" she asked, looking at me pointedly. I was silent. "And for why you shouldn't divorce me... Jay, we never should have been married. You know that, deep down. The

fact that we ended up together was nothing more than a fluke. A mistake. I've stuck it out for twenty years and have been a good wife. But I deserve better. I deserve this, and you know it. After doing what you did, what kind of guy would you be if you just kicked me out onto the street? Do you want to do that to me? To our son?"

"Don't talk about what's best for Tom." I said firmly.

"Hon, I know our son much better than you ever will. I know what's best for him. Trust me." Tanya said. I looked at her and held her firm gaze. She was right, I had always felt a guilt for accidentally getting her pregnant. I had felt guilt for stealing her potential, for corralling her shining star. And also, she was right that I could never leave my own son out in the cold like that. Even though he was banging my wife, his mom, I still couldn't help but care.

That was what led me to riding this airplane, traveling, throwing myself back into my work, contemplating the tragedy my life had become.

I was travelling the world, leaving my wife and son at home, where they no doubt spent all of their time having illicit, immoral, nasty sex. I felt like a fool, a spineless fool for letting my wife carry out an affair with my knowledge, and with my own son. I was working, travelling the world most of the year, leaving my wife at home, with access to the money I worked so hard for.

It was all my fault.

I had the original sin. I had lied to Tanya, not telling her about the broken condom, letting myself lose control inside her, getting her pregnant. It was an awful thing to do and in the end nothing good had come with it. I had spent twenty years in a marriage that was based on this lie, and even though it had its good points, this marriage was definitely missing that special something. And now my wife was cheating on me, carrying out an incestuous affair in front of me and I was stuck letting this happen, and footing the bill.

I felt terrible for all involved. I had put myself in this position. And I had done this to Tanya. When I first met her, she was a shining star, destined to be something huge. She had the looks and the body to be a huge star. But I had spent a night with her, accidentally gotten her pregnant, and had stolen her future. She was destined to be in movies, to be a face the entire world recognized. But instead, thanks to me, all she had become was a twisted, incestuous whore, fucking her own son, cheating on her husband.

I felt the worst for Tom. He was a good young man. I had worked hard to make sure he knew he had to work hard in life, to treat people well and do things the right way. I had felt pride in him. He had found a great girl who brought out the best in him, and he was going to a great school. He had a bright future ahead of him. He had been a good kid! A great kid! But now, he had ditched all of that just to fuck his own mother. He was destined for great things, not to end up fucking his own mom. He had fallen victim to that pride and arrogance that always rested inside of him. He had been twisted to become someone else entirely. No longer was he my son. He was an

arrogant asshole, the douchebag jock I always tried to make sure he would never become.

I had failed him as a father.

I spent the next few months on the road. I called home every so often, and I was dismayed to find Tanya was shameless in what she was up to with me out of the way, panting and moaning while on the phone with me. Needless to say, I didn't call home much.

I kept an eye on both her and Tom online. I checked their Facebook pages, and was disheartened by what I found. I saw visual evidence of what Tanya and Tom had been up to.

I saw pictures of them on some Caribbean beach, her in a revealing bikini and him in his slim board shorts. I saw lots of selfies of Tanya, pictures in flattering clothing and all dolled up. The thought she was doing all this for Tom filled me with impotent anger. It became clear that neither Tom nor Tanya were working. Tanya must have not bothered doing auditions, and Tom wasn't going to school or working or anything. They were just staying at home, with just each other.

I saw two pictures that caused a huge level of distress. The first was a few months after starting this new job. I saw a picture of Tanya, her pants pulled down slightly, revealing a fresh tattoo on her ass cheek. Part of the tattoo was obscured by the hem of her jeans, a small

phrase. It said, "Property of ..." I gulped, knowing how that phrase finished.

My son owned my wife's ass.

I even saw pictures of Tom with Tanya's good looking friend Casey, and I could only wonder where she fit in in all this depravity. That was until I saw one picture with her jeans being pulled down slightly, and I saw she had the same tattoo Tanya did.

But it was the last picture I saw that made my jaw drop. I was about to head back home after being gone for a while, so I checked in, trying to see what to expect when I got back. I saw a picture of Tanya, a selfie taken in the mirror.

It was easy to take for granted how gorgeous she was. She looked beautiful in this picture, her face again reminding me how attractive and sexy she was. Her face was perfectly made up, and she had her lips pouted in a kissy face. She had changed her hair, having it not only styled differently, but also adding a blonde streak through her black hair, adding a youthful sexiness to her appearance. But that wasn't the first thing I noticed.

What caught my attention was her pregnant belly.

My eyes were widened in shock. Her stomach was bulging with pregnancy, and she was showing it off proudly to the camera, her

slim top molding to her upper half. She still looked great, still fit and perfect and slim, aside from her pregnant belly. And her breasts looked enormous, swollen with milk, bigger than I had ever seen them. My lust for her deepened. But the thought that my wife was pregnant with our son's child, and that it was Tom that would be the one feeling, sucking, and fucking those massive, milk-filled breasts made me burn with jealousy.

My son had knocked up his mother. My wife had been impregnated by my son. This affair had reached an even deeper level of depravity. I only hoped that somehow, someway, there was some shred of good left in Tom. And maybe, just maybe, he could escape the depths of filth he had entered himself into. If not, if he had completely succumbed to his dark, lustful side... then what a waste that would be. What a waste of potential that would be. It would be a tragedy.

A God damn tragedy.

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(Tom)

I felt terrible about what I did to Carmen. Sure, Mom had instigated it and had made our breakup happen, but it had to happen sooner or later, and Mom was eager to push her out. I was absolutely furious with Mom for doing it the way she did, to humiliate Carmen so savagely, but that anger had been taken out on her in...other ways. But it was obviously unfair to Carmen to carry out this affair under

her noise, to humiliate her by cheating on her with my own mother. To lead her on and let her keep thinking things were still okay with us when they weren't. So, as much as I hated to do it, my relationship with Carmen had to be ended. It's what I had to do.

I did love her, but I was too hung up on Mom to be the man she needed. It would be impossible to focus on Carmen with Mom around. Mom's body was an addiction I just couldn't shake. Carmen deserved better than me, and despite how cruel our break up was, in a way, it was for the best. This way, the blame was on me. I was the asshole responsible for how everything ended, and not her. She wouldn't have to think about her shortcomings, hopefully. She could simply blame me for being the cheating asshole. I loved her and I hoped for the best for her, I really did, but that relationship needed to be sacrificed. It was for the best for all involved. I had kept tabs on her online, and it seemed like she was doing well. It looked like she was making new friends at med-school, and judging by the pictures I had seen, she didn't seem completely defeated. She was a tough girl, and I was happy to see she was able to move on. I didn't want what had happened between us to haunt her, and I could only hope I hadn't done too much damage to her. But, like I said, I had to do it. I had to break it off with her. I had to give up everything I had before to be able to move on, to go forward into uncharted territory with someone else by my side.

I had lost everything. Traded it all away. All that personal growth I had made had been erased. My fiancée was long gone. I barely talked to my father. I had dropped out of school. My friends had become distant.

But what I did have was Mom.

I had my gorgeous, slutty, hot bodied mom, eager and willing to take my cock deep in every hole. She was a willing slut, letting me do whatever I wanted to her, as fucking hard as I fucking wanted. I knew that it was wrong, that it was fucked-up, but it was what I needed. What I was built for. We did it every day. We couldn't get enough. Each encounter brought out new things and new aspects to the sex between us, but one thing was consistent.

I owned Mom's ass.

I made that clear when I made her get that tattoo. The world needed to know I owned Mom's ass. And now, it was official.

The sex was every bit as filthy as ever, and that didn't change. Mom kept getting nastier and nastier. And when she got knocked up and her hormones went nuts... we both went a little nuts.

I was now unrestrained. All that time I had spent trying to dial down my innermost urges was all for naught. I was living the life I was always meant to. I was being the man I was born to be.

Some might call me crazy for what I had done. But I tell you, when you have your hot-bodied, naked mother riding your cock, her pregnant belly bulging outward, her breasts hugely swollen and

dripping with milk, I defy you not to go a little crazy. I defy you to not let the beast come out.

And if you think that Mom being knocked up with her son's baby made her tastes get any softer, you're kidding yourself. She was as horny and filthy as ever.

So, now after everything I had been through, after two years of battling, I had my mom in bed every night. I had full access to her body. Any resistance I might have once felt had been long since fucked away in my marathon romps with her. All the bad things she had done, all the things she had done to push Carmen and Dad away... that added to her nasty appeal. I wanted her more than ever.

I felt a manly pride being around her, knowing I was more than enough man for her. Mom had really turned up the heat in regards to her slut-wear. Every time we went out, Mom wore super low-tops, her jiggling breasts pouring over the edges. She wore thin, short mini-skirts and severe high-heels, showcasing her long, firm legs and juicy ass. Her thong straps were evident, lifted over her hips, showing some serious whale-tail. People didn't have time to wonder why a young guy like me was with an older woman. Or if they suspected this older women was my mother, and if she was, with how exposed she was, if something going on between me and her. None of that mattered. She was too hot. Her boobs were too big. Mom was dressed up like a twenty-year old party slut, wearing stylish sunglasses and being casually bitchy to anyone who crossed her. God, I had to resist the urge to ravage her in public, and I didn't always succeed.

There was a certain pride I felt at knowing I was the only one that got to see her filthy side. I got to see her wearing the tiniest bikinis and the filthiest, sexiest lingerie. She teased the world, but only let me see the goods. She was still teasing me on a constant basis, every word hinting at innuendo or lust. A few months prior, I would have been furious. But now, she followed through on her teasing, and that made the whole game worth it.

Where before, she had the power over me, teasing me from above, from the power position she held as my mom. Despite everything, at the end of the day, she was still my mother, and that brought out a certain level of respect and awareness of the fact that I should respect her authority. And on top of that, her blatant sexual charisma and her massive tits made her a very intimidating, powerful woman. She was an untamed lioness, prowling the sierra, intimidating all comers who intruded on her, the true queen of the jungle. For too long, her reign had lasted, to the point where she became this unrepentant, unrestrained, sex-goddess, her power and arrogance flowing through her with each challenger she swatted away. She never faced a worthy adversary, a true rival to keep her skills sharp. She fell victim to the boredom of supreme beauty and confidence, not recognizing the danger in front of her till it was too late.

The prince seized the throne. And now, I had the power.

While she was once a lioness, she was now a pussycat. Where before, her sexual magnetism was practically seeping from her pores, leaving her unable to resist the urge to flex her muscles and test her

talents at teasing, making her an untamed, sexual bombshell. But now, although she was still dripping with sex, she had been successfully tamed, her alpha status stolen from her not by some stranger but by her own son. Sure, she still had some bite, and her alpha status over most was still in place. But not to me. I had her number. I knew how to handle her. In our relationship, the script had been flipped. I had the power now. In the relationship between me and Mom, I called the shots. I was the man of the house. The queen deferred to me, now. I had made her mine, and she accepted and loved the power I had over her and her body. And because of that, I got to reap the rewards, namely her hot body and filthy mouth.

It was awesome.

I can't even put into words the nasty things we have done together since our sexual tension had been consummated. We couldn't keep our hands off of each other. We were like two teens that had just discovered sex, only in this case, I was a well-experienced 20-year-old, and she was my 42 year old mother. We had discovered real sex. The type of sex more befitting for people like us. And it was an addiction. It was as hot as fire. And neither of us could get enough. We were both addicts.

It was amazing we got anything done. It would be a lie to say either of us were productive members of society anymore. We barely left the house. Mom would go out shopping and pick up the essentials, but she always made sure to get something special for me, like a new slutty outfit for her to show her hot body in. All the money Dad made for us was being used to aid in the rough, incestuous sex his son and

wife were taking part in. Even the seemingly innocent things, like food and water, were simply fuel to further aid in our nasty, marathon sex sessions. The only purpose we served was exploring the deep, dark, sizzling waters of incest. And boy, we did explore.

The house was a far different place now that I was in charge. I had taken my place in the master bedroom, now spending my nights in bed with my naked mom. Mom still did some mom things, but it was now with a sense of near irony, cause the idea of her being my mom and me being her son really just did it for both of us. Mom would be washing dishes in the sink, and I would sidle up behind her and grind my thick cock between her jean covered butt-cheeks, grinding into her until we both lost control. Within minutes, Mom's freely-hanging boobs would be splashing into the soapy water as I drilled her. Mom would change the sheets on the bed, and minutes later Mom would be squirting all over them as I fucked her brains out.

The contentiousness between us had dissipated now that we were completely on the same page. Mom's obsession in life had become draining my swollen balls, and everything she did aided that purpose. She made sure to wear the skimpiest of clothing around me at all times. She would, out of nowhere, give me sizzling hot strip-teases. Sometimes, she would sneak up behind me and grope my throbbing cock through my clothes while purring in my ear. She would shake her butt when she knew I was watching, and made sure to add a little extra bounce to her step, making those huge boobs of her really jiggle. She would sit on my lap whenever she got the chance, grinding her hot ass into my thick cock, grinding my dick along the length of her ass crack before stepping away, happy in her teasing of me. Sometimes, when I was on the couch, she would step

onto it and start swiveling her hips, lifting her skirt to show off her thong-clad ass and soaked cunt, grinding herself into my face. And she would often join me in the shower. As our slippery bodies rubbed together and our hands groped each other under the pretense of washing, it didn't take long for us to get down to business.

For so long, she had withheld her body from me, but now, I saw her naked all the time. It was pretty awesome. I had exclusive access to her hot body. I saw her bare ass every day, and the only good part of watching her walk away from bed was watching each round, firm cheek jiggle with every step. I saw Mom's bare, trimmed cunt at every opportunity, and it made my mouth water. It was such a raw, sexual sight, my hot mom's bare cunt. Each time I saw it sent a jolt of sizzling lust through me. And of course, I got to see her huge, jiggling breasts every day, and the sight never got old. Each mammoth, round, soft breast, each hard, rubbery nipple, it made my cock pulse with need.

Seeing her ass, and knowing I had had that... it was a thrill. Seeing her tight cunt, and knowing I had felt it stretched around my cock was a point of pride. And seeing those huge tits, and knowing I had touched them, squeezed them, sucked them, and fucked them, that I had cum all over them and made them my property... it made all the torture she put me through worth it.

And she had returned the favor. I can't count how many times I caught her staring at my crotch or lustily eyeing my firm body or my butt. Whenever I was naked, Mom had a hard time taking her eyes off my cock. I would catch her eyeing it up, studying every inch

lustily. Sometimes, during the sex, she would slowly stroke me, admiring my cock with her eyes and her hands. She would weigh my balls in her palms as well, squeezing my sack lustily. One thing was clear: Mom loved my cock and balls.

We had many adventures. She dressed up in outfits as we added role-play to our repertoire. Seeing my 42-year-old Mom dressed up like a strict teacher, or a cop, or a schoolgirl, it was amazing. God, seeing my mother, the woman who had raised me, who used to pack my lunches and walk me to school, seeing her dressed like a schoolgirl slut for my pleasure, the thin white top tied at her chest, barely holding back her massive breasts, nipples showing through. Seeing her long legs exposed by her tiny red schoolgirl skirt, white stockings and high heels, seeing her hair tied in pigtails and lips coated with lip gloss. Seeing my mature, hot bodied mother acting like a ditzy teenager... it drove me fucking wild.

I gave it back to her too. I returned to school, at a local school. Mom encouraged me to return to football, and I decided to give it another shot. I'm pretty sure Mom only wanted me back at school in football simply to satisfy her own fetishes. But I had to admit I missed being in the trenches, and on top of that, I knew it would add another layer to me and Mom's fucked up relationship. Once I was able to get onto the field, I made starting QB, and once out there, it felt amazing to be on the field again. But the best part was knowing that watching from the stands at every game, lust in her eyes, was Mom. The motivation driving me was knowing that the better I did on the football field, the harder Mom would be riding my cock later.

And let's just say, during football season, Mom was riding my cock hard and often.

Fucking Mom had made me a better football player, strangely enough. Where before, there was the part of me clinging to the hope of being a cool, well-adjusted, normal guy. Now, I had let the arrogance flow through me. I had become the true 'douchebag buttfucker' Carmen feared I was. I was cocky, I was arrogant, and I was good. People might resent my talents and balk at my cockiness, but my talents on the field ensured a grudging respect. My arrogance allowed me to think outside the box, preventing me from being tentative and fearful. I had fucked my own mother and knocked her up. How much worse could it be throwing the ball into double coverage? Arrogance, combined with my natural talent, served me well on the football field, as well as the bedroom. It was clear I had good future ahead of me with my talents.

The best part of the getting back into football was how much Mom enjoyed watching me. My confidence in life and on the field made me a prime target for eager college girls, but my eyes were elsewhere. I already had the best, and I wasn't settling for anything less. After the games, after a hard fought victory, Mom would lead me into the bedroom and give me her post-game, motherly rubdown. She knew how to work me up, to make me ache for her. God, she fucked me so hard after that. And then seeing her after our romp in the sack, clothed in my football jersey, like the cheerleader after a night with the quarterback when she had nothing else to wear, seeing her jiggling tits dancing under the thin top... it got me back to full hardness immediately.

We had traveled the world as well, our sojourns turning into sexual romps in far-off places. We had done things in public, and even done a few things with other women. Needless to say, the level of filth did not dissipate in the least between us. Things only got nastier.

It was bliss.

It seemed like time was just blazing away. Before we knew it, a year had passed since our first time having sex. Me and Mom had been lovers for a year now, and our attraction was still as raw and animalistic as ever, if not more so.

History had repeated itself with Mom. It was obvious that she was a star, but after I knocked her up, the acting parts started to dry up. But I didn't particularly mind, cause this just meant I got to keep her hot body all to myself. I didn't want to share her with the entire world. And honestly, I don't think she was really that heartbroken either. Acting was a dream for her, but it had become abundantly clear that being a mom was her true destiny. Not strolling the red carpet, flaunting her wares. No, she belonged at home, with me, at the end of my cock. And it became a destiny she eagerly embraced.

Like I said, our lust for each other was as strong as ever. We would have sex two or three times a day, easy. Mom had become the doting mother she was meant to be, not working, just being totally devoted to her son, keeping his belly full, his body comfortable, and his balls empty. The only interruption came after she gave birth.

Yes, it felt weird to have my own mother give birth to my child. But, the knowledge of how nasty that was, of how filthy of a slut my mom was, eager to get pregnant by her own son, it turned me on in a deep, primal way. As soon as she brought up the idea, I just had to do it. I had to make it a reality. Clearly, temptation was a weakness of mine, and as soon as I wanted something, I couldn't stop myself from making it a reality. And boy, I did make it a reality. Seeing my mother's normally flat, firm belly stretched outward with child, and knowing that I had done that, that I had planted the seed in her... God, that turned me on. But she did give birth... to a beautiful little girl named Teresa. Dad was away when she gave birth, not that he wanted to be around. The last thing I would want to do is be next to my wife while she gave birth to their son's baby, so I didn't blame him. So yeah, me and my mother had made a baby, and despite how strange that fact was, it was surprisingly easy to look past. It was a drop in the bucket of the nasty things we had done. And besides, Teresa was a beautiful baby. Me and Mom both agreed on that, knowing who her parents were, she would no doubt be a stunner. And, she would no doubt be trouble.

We both loved our little girl deeply, and having this baby only strengthened our deep, primal attraction for each other. When we would put the baby in the crib, I would look at her, and she would look at me, and the lust coursing between us was clear. There was no doubt this child would not be our last. Our lust was too strong for that.

As soon as Mom was back in fighting shape, we were back at it. As our little girl slept soundly in her crib, her parents were busy across the hall, eagerly trying to make another one. Mom was such a fitness

freak that as soon as she could, she was back to her yoga and exercising, trying to melt off the baby weight. Even I was amazed how good she looked barely removed from having a baby. The only remnant she had that made it clear she had just given birth was her massive, swollen, milk-filled tits.

I swear, they had swelled up a fucking cup size after having the baby. I could not control myself around them, seeing how massive and swollen they were. The way they would slightly ripple. The way they would bounce uncontrollably when she would saunter around. The way they would pour out of tops and bras that had previously fit her. I became slightly obsessed with her rack... well, even more so than I already was. When we got back to action, I went nuts. I couldn't stop myself from squeezing, sucking, and fucking those massive udders. My mouth would savagely attack her swollen nipples as her hands would hold me in place. I swallowed the milk from my mom's swollen breasts like a man dying of thirst, letting her sweet, divine fluid fill my mouth and my stomach. The act of swallowing milk from my mother's massive breasts was a huge turn-on. And mere minutes later, I would have my dick between her mammoth jugs, fucking them roughly, or filling her clutching cunt to the brim. This was an added dimension to my sex-life with my mother, and one I would not be able to give up.

Mom's body was the gift that kept on giving.

So, I had it all. Everything I would ever need. Like I said, my true love was long gone. My father was away for months at a time. I didn't have a job, and I lived at home with my mother. But what I did have

was full access to Mom's hot body... her long, smooth legs, her juicy ass, her gorgeous face, and her mammoth rack. I had access to the nastiest, filthiest slut I had ever seen, a slut so nasty she was willing to get knocked up by her own son. That's what I had. Not friends. Not a father. Not a wife.

I had Mom, and I couldn't be happier.

THE END