

A Very Special Mother's Day (Fm, Incest).

Story Summary – Benny plans a special day for his mommy on Mother's Day.

This is a work of fiction, make-believe and fantasy. It is not based on real people or actual events. You must be of legal age to read this story. In real life, incestuous relationships, particularly when an under-aged person is involved, can cause deep psychological damage. This story is provided for entertainment purposes only. The author does not condone any sexual activity with family or with persons under 18. It is OK to have fantasies, but turning a fantasy into reality can destroy lives. Don't destroy other people's lives!

Fifteen-year-old Benjamin Lamar laid on his bed and slowly stroked his hard, teenage, cock. His laptop computer was playing one of his favorite porn videos – a sexy older woman was moaning while sucking a much younger boy's penis.

"Yeah, suck it, you slut," he grunted. "You cock-loving whore."

Benjamin loved jerking off to older women. He thought they were sexy. He lusted after their big, fat, floppy, tits and their large, jiggly, asses. Besides, not only were older women sexy, but they were sexually confident and experienced. They knew how to fuck, and how to suck a cock. And (he had read), they were at their sexual prime. They would probably be grateful for a hard, teenage, cock that could keep up with their wanton, raunchy, desires.

He glanced up at the dresser, where a large picture of his mother was looking down at him. It was his favorite picture of her; she was wearing a low cut, red-sequined dress and showing a lot of cleavage. Her large breasts were nearly spilling out of her sexy outfit and her expression showed her happiness. Her mouth was opened, her eyes sparkled, and her full lips were soft, wet, and inviting.

He looked at the video again, then at his mother. The porn star and his mom shared an uncanny resemblance.

"Suck it mom," he said. "Suck your son's fat, fucking, cock."

The porn star soon released her lover's cock from her mouth and turned around, wiggling her shapely ass and wet pussy at the camera. "Fuck me son," she begged. "Fuck me with your big, cock! Mommy needs it."

"I'll give it to you, mom," Benjamin hissed. "I'll give you my cock right up your FUCKING PUSSY!" He watched the close-up of the man sliding his cock into the actress's pussy. He again wondered how it would feel to have his cock engulfed by a warm, wet, cunt and wondered how his own mother's juicy cunt would look and feel. He began to jerk his cock faster as the mother and son fucked and moaned on his computer. They soon increased their tempo.

The woman on the screen began to moan louder and louder. Her exaggerated sounds of ecstasy as she came over and over again filled Benjamin's ears and inflamed his lust. Timing it perfectly once again, he

got on his knees at the same time the woman on the screen turned around and opened her mouth to receive her lover's spunk.

Benjamin glanced at the picture of his mother once again as he felt his orgasm approaching. Just as the man on the screen began to unload on the woman's face, Benjamin did too. Thick, teenage, sperm erupted from his cock, splattering the image of the woman on the screen. His mother's look-alike opened her mouth and huge jets of cums filled her mouth. Benjamin aimed his cock right at her opened mouth, imagining his mother taking his hot load.

"Aaaaahhhhhrrrrggg!" he moaned. "Take my cum, mom! Eat my fucking load, you FUCKING, SLUT! Ahhhh! Uh! Uh! Uuuuuhhhhh!"

He pumped out his last few globs of semen as the woman on the screen obscenely displayed the cum in her mouth before she swallowed it with a smile. He watched, catching his breath as she sucked and licked the cock clean. As her cum-splattered face smiled up at him, Benjamin took one final look at his mother's picture. He loved how close the picture matched the ending scene from the video. He paused the movie with a practiced hand and admired his work. Sperm drip from her face and she smiled at him. Oh, how he wished it was his own mother covered with his spunk.

Benjamin began to clean up his mess, taking the dirty hand-towel from his laptop's keyboard (he hated having to clean spunk from between the keys), and wiped his hand clean. Then, he started to the intricate process to clean his computer screen, he heard the front door of the apartment opened and slam close.

"Honey! I'm home!"

"Shit," Benjamin muttered. He looked at the clock and realized how long he had been edging himself and jerking off while thinking about his mother. He usually took the opportunity to have a nice, long, masturbation session when he got home from school. He liked to walk around the house aroused and naked, stroking himself, and rubbing his cock on many of his mother's belongings; her pillows, her coffee cup, her bra, panties and make-up accessories. It gave him a perverse thrill to know her body parts and especially her lips, were touching places his cock had been. He sometimes left a smear of precum on her coffee mug and lipstick. He also enjoyed talking out loud, imagining his mother was home, and calling her a slut and a whore and encouraging her to suck and fuck his cock. Saying it out loud almost made it seem real.

Hurrying, he pulled on his shorts closed his laptop, just as his mother was walking down the hallway to his room.

His mother opened his bedroom door and stepped in.

"Hi honey," she said. "How was school today?" She smiled at him while casually glancing around his room. Pamela Lamar lately has been trying to catch her son in the act of masturbating, just as she used to do to her brothers ages ago up. She delighted in their embarrassment and guilty expressions while they tried to hide their erections. Horny boys were so fun to tease.

Pamela immediately smelled the fresh odor of semen in the room and spotted his favorite cum-rag laying near his dirty laundry basket. She knew about it, of course, since she did the all the laundry.

Pamela had also found some of her soiled panties buried in his dirty clothes too. Did he think she wouldn't find them when she sorted the clothes? Teenagers are so clueless.

"Why are you breathing so hard, Benny?" she asked. "Working out again?" She looked at his body and admired the thick lump in his shorts. Pamela was very curious about her son's penis. She wanted to know how much it had grown since the last saw it. She wondered if he was going to be as well-endowed as his absentee father.

"Uh, yeah," Benjamin said. "You know I like to..., uh..., work out after school."

"You sure do!" she said with a smile. "You work out a lot!" She chuckled at the sexual stamina of young boys. "Oh, are you watching exercise videos again?" she asked, gesturing to the laptop lying on his bed. "Can I see it? I liked the one you showed me last week."

Benjamin quickly grabbed his laptop before his mother could reach it. He knew his cum-smear video was still paused. He almost regretted showing his mother the exercise video, trying to convince her he was actually working out instead of jacking off. Now, she wanted to see his laptop all the time.

"Uh, it's the same one," he exclaimed. "Nothing new."

"Oh, OK."

Pamela glanced at his dresser. "I wish you'd let me replace that old picture of mine," she said, picking up his favorite image of her. "My tits are almost falling out of my dress and I have such a goofy expression on my face!" She pressed her breasts together, licked her lips, and opened her mouth to imitate her image. Benjamin's cock surged. His mother's eyes were closed, her mouth opened, and her breast cleavage was exposed to him, mere feet away. He wished he could stop time at this very instant so he could cover her face with his cum.

She looked at him again, grinning widely.

"I uh..., like that picture," he said. "You look pretty..., and happy."

"I think I look slutty," Pamela teased. "Sure. Happy, but still a little slutty. Oh well, I'm glad you like your mother's hideous picture that much." Seeing his cum rag on the floor, she impulsively walked over to pick it up. She bent over low, displaying her tight skirt and flashing her panties. As she stood up, with her back to him so he couldn't see, she sniffed it. 'Fresh cum.'

"What did I tell you about leaving things laying around?" she said, holding his cum-rag in front her and shaking it for emphasis.

Benjamin gasped. "I uh..., finished working out, and just tossed it. I'll use better aim, next time."

"See that you do," she smiled, enjoying his look of fear and dismay. Imagine, having his mother touching his freshly used cum-rag. Pamela fought herself from laughing out loud.

"Hey, I have a heavy box in my trunk. Will you get it for me while I start a load of laundry?" Pamela picked up the laundry basket and motioned her son out the bedroom in front of her. She stopped at the laundry room in the hallway and took the opportunity to inspect Benjamin's cum-rag, searching for his fresh ejaculate. The rag was covered in it. She found a heavy glob and felt it with her fingers before giving it a contented sniff.

“Aaaahhh.” For some reason, Pamela loved the smell of fresh cum. It reminded her of the awesome sex she used to have when she was younger, and the many loads of fresh cum on her face, in her mouth, and spurted into her pussy. Her boyfriends used to tease her about loving cum so much. She didn’t care. Getting a man to cum really hard felt like a small victory to her. His cum was just part of the reward for a job well done. The bigger the load, the better she felt. It was a skill she was proud of. Not that she had the opportunity since her husband left.

Impulsively, she eyed a glob of her son’s sperm, and gave it a quick lick. She rolled the cum around her mouth. “Not bad!” she thought. She felt like such a pervert!

Hearing the door slam, and knowing her son was momentarily out of the house, she sprinted back to his bedroom, her heart-rate rising. She quickly opened his laptop, curious to know what her son was jerking-off too. She hoped it wasn’t locked again. Was it straight porn? Anal? Orgies? Something really weird? She just had to know! Besides, it’s a mother’s right. Her sacred duty! How else could she subtly educate him about sex and provide guidance, let alone protect him?

She flipped open the laptop and was immediately shocked. She stared at the cum-smear screen.

“OMG! He jacked-off right on the screen!” Her first thought was concern about him damaging his expensive computer, then, she focused on the splattered image and something made her pause. She started at it, then glanced at her picture on his dresser, then back to his computer, then again. Same pose, same hair, same lipstick.

“Nooooo.... Oh, nooooooo,” she uttered long and quietly. “Me? He jacks-off thinking about me?” She refused to believe it. It was too much to comprehend. She read the title of the video; “A Mother’s Urges.” She quickly scanned his internet history. It was mostly mother-son porn!

“OMG, OMG, OMG!” Pamela heard the front door open and close. With shaking hands, she closed the laptop and ran to the safety of the laundry room.

“Where do you want it mom?” Benjamin yelled from the entryway.

Pamela thought, “I just found out where you want to put it, Benny.” Her teenage son had a crush on her! He fantasized about fucking her! Having his own mother suck his cock!

“Put it on the table!” she yelled back. Pamela leaned against the washing machine and rubbed her forehead, deep in thought.

Her mind began to race, trying to comprehend the reality of her little boy stroking himself to images of his own mother;

‘It’s only natural a boy finds his mother attractive, Pam,’ she told herself. She had read about stuff like that.

‘You’re the only woman in his life. You have to expect him to be curious.

‘Besides, you are still smoking hot, and there’s no harm in your son having a little sexual fantasy about you, is there?

‘You should be flattered! A young stud like Benny having..., uh..., urges for his mommy.

'Maybe you should embrace it? Enjoy it while it lasts? Show him a little skin once in a while. What harm could there be in that? Part of his sexual education. A mother's duty, right?'

She imagined how dressing sexier could help her son with his sexual development.

'Oh! I'm sorry, Bennie. Mother's breast fell out of her blouse. It's OK. You can look. After all, a breast is just a lump of tissue...'

Or

'You have an erection? Oh! Don't be ashamed! It's perfectly normal. Boys get erections all the time. Even girls get horny. Even mommy had to 'scratch that itch' sometimes.

Or, maybe she should start walking around in just her panties and bra? Or naked under her bathrobe, flashing him a little tit and ass, or a glimpse of her pussy. What about going topless? Bras are so uncomfortable. Maybe he should learn that it's OK for a woman to expose her breasts. Especially in the privacy of her own home?

'Damn, this is making me wet?'

Later that afternoon, and feeling a little horny, Pamela already decided to act on her naughty impulse. She now considered it a duty to teach her son about a women's body. And, so many things made sense now. The way Bennie was always hovering around when she was trying to change after work. And, the way he always wanted to chat while she was doing yoga in the living room. Well, if he wanted to watch her sweaty mother exercise, she would give him an eyeful.

Pamela put on her tightest pair of spandex yoga pants, and as she started to put on her sports bra, she decided to find something sexier.

"Ahh ha!" she said, triumphantly, holding up her thin, halter-top. She loved the way the top barely covered her breasts, and the thin, string-like, straps allowed her boobs to bounce freely. She looked down to see her nipples and areolas pressing against the material, and almost changed her mind, but a sudden twitch in her pussy made her pause. "What the hell? Why not give Bennie a little wank material?" she thought. She took her yoga matt into the living room and began to work-out. She left her sports-bra and panties sitting on her bed.

Hearing her son's bedroom door open, she got into position; "downward dog" and aimed her ass towards the hallway, so it would be the first thing he saw. She wondered if the yoga pants would show off her pussy lips. "Too late now," she realized.

She heard his footsteps in the hall. They stopped. She waited. She stretched even lower, pushing out her ass. She grunted. "Unnnghhhh!" Pamela imagined his expression. Shock? Lust?

Feeling sexy, she wondered if he would get an erection. That would be fun! So, she went even further. "Unnnghhhh! Yeah! Right there!" She wiggled her ass and stretched her back. She began to count, holding her pose:

"One..., two..., three..., four... (Unnnghhhh!), five..., six... (Ahhh! Aaaaah!), seven..., eight... (oh, yeah!), nine..., ten!"

Keeping her ass towards her son, she performed a few forward bends, keeping her legs straight, while bending her body to her knees. Not hearing a sound, she decided to get on the floor and turn around.

“Oh! Hello, Bennie!” she said. “I didn’t know you were there!” She laid on the mat and started to perform some pelvic thrusts. She kept her legs spread just a bit, trying to give him a glimpse of her crotch, but not realizing how exposed her pussy was. Her pussy lips were clearly outlined against the tight material, with the seam of her pants imbedded in her lips.

“Hey, mom,” he said. “Working out?” That was a stupid thing to say, but his teenage hormones were making his cock hard, and his mind soft. He came closer. ‘Damn, his mom was hot!’ He tried not to stare at her pussy.

“Yeah. Duh!” she smiled. “Hey, you wanna help me stretch? There is a pose I’ve been struggling with!”

“Uh, I guess so?”

“Great!” Pamela stayed on her back and put an ankle against the opposite knee. “Now, get on your knees in front of me.... Closer. A bit more. Right there.”

Her son was very close. He began to breath harder. “Now, I’m going to put my foot on your chest, and you are going to push against me gently, until I say stop, OK?”

“Uh, sure.”

“Now, push!”

Pamela met her son’s eyes and then closed her own, letting her son perv on her body. ‘Gawd! This is making me wet!’ she thought to herself. ‘What a fucking slut I am!’

“OK, stop!” Pamela took a deep breath, making her breasts rise and press against her thin top. Her nipples hardened, and being on her back, her boobs expanded as she exhaled, exposing the soft, bottom, flesh of her generous breasts.

“Now, push gently, back and forth, OK?”

“OK.”

Benjamin stared at his mother’s breasts, and watched them sway forward and back, as he rocked against her. Seeing her eyes were still closed, he stared at her pussy. He could see everything! Her lips! Her crack! Oh, god! Was that a wet-spot? His cock became rock-hard.

“Unggh! Ohh!” his mother grunted. Then, after a while, “Now the other leg!”

As she adjusted her legs, Pamela saw the hard lump in her son’s pants. “I bet he goes back to his room to jack-off,” she thought, before allowing her son to rock his body against her once more.

“Are we almost done, mom?” he asked. He couldn’t hide his erection any longer.

“Yes, we’re done,” she said. “Thanks!” Pamela watched her son leave the room, an obvious bulge in his pants, that his hands failed to hide.

Benjamin woke up with the filtered rays of the evening sunset illuminating his room. He looked at the clock, not believing he slept so late. He felt better after his long nap, and now he could look forward to another long night of playing video games and jacking off. He still couldn't believe he saw parts of his mother's boobs. And her pussy and ass in those fucking yoga pants! He rubbed his eyes and walked out of his room, his penis already thickening.

He could hear his mother on the phone and immediately went into 'ninja-mode.' He decided to see how close he could get before she noticed. Sometimes, when he surprised her, her large titties would jiggle in the most delightful way. He crept down the hallway. It would be so great! She probably still thought he was staying over at his friend's house tonight, so she should be really surprised.

"Oh, Sue," his mother said into the phone, "don't be silly. I couldn't do that!"

She was talking to her best friend Susan, he surmised. She moved away a year ago, but the two of them still talked on the phone every Friday night, drinking wine, relaxing after a long week at work, and getting drunk and silly. He pictured Susan in his mind. She was quite the MILF as well.

"Why? Because I have a teen-age son living at home! What am I going to do, bring some random guy home and fuck his nuts off, with my son just across the hall? He'd think I'm some kind of slut!"

Whoa! What was she saying? Obviously, his mother didn't know he was home.

"Oh, Bennie's staying at a friend's house tonight. You know how they are. They'll be playing video games until two in the morning."

He hated it when she called him 'Bennie.'

"I couldn't do that! What if he came home and caught me sucking some guy's cock or getting my ass plowed? I can't go whoring around like we did in college. You know how much I love sex, but I can't take that kind of risk!"

Oh, shit! His mom sucked cock and took it up the ass? His cock immediately got hard.

"No, that won't work either. You know how loud I can get. And, I love to talk dirty. I don't even jill-off unless he's out of the house."

...

"Yeah, I *do* need to get fucked. Ridden hard and put away wet. Ha, ha!"

...

"Oh, I don't know how long it's been. When did Frank leave?"

...

"Yeah, that long ago. Fuck, I miss his cock. Frank would pour me some wine. Rub my feet, and then he'd rub my shoulders. We would get naked and he'd give me a back massage until I could feel his hard cock pressing against my ass. Oh god, Sue, he'd grope my ass like he was kneading bread dough. His fingers would play with my pussy, and then, when I was ready, I'd raise my ass up and he'd fuck me long and slow, just like I like it, until I was ready, you know? Then he'd pound me really hard until we both came.

Ahhhh! Fuck, I'm getting so horny. You know, going to get really, really, drunk, and then I'm going cum so fucking hard."

...

"Yes, tonight. Oh, you know it girl! Mommy's little electric friend is coming out of *his* box, and into *my* box. Mr. Plastic-Fantastic and I are going to parrrrr-taaay!"

...

"Yeah, I'm a slut. So what? So are you! Oh, remember that time with Roger and Steve?"

...

"I'm not the one that pulled out Roger's cock and gave him a blow-job in the theatre!"

...

"Yeah, sure, I took off my panties and hopped on Steve's cock, but you started it!"

...

"OK, OK! I almost got us thrown out, but you didn't have to shove my panties in my mouth to keep me quiet! That was *hot!* At least they were my panties, and not your skanky drawers."

...

"You know I'm kidding. I love your skanky pussy. If you were here, I'd show you how much I love it."

...

"I know. Good times and great sex... I miss you so much... So, how's work been going? That dick-head boss still giving you shit?"

...

Benjamin stayed in the hallway, listening to their conversation for a while, but finally snuck back into his room when they stopped talking about sex. He couldn't believe it. His mom was a slut, sucked cock, took it in the ass, and even fucked some guy in a movie theatre. His mom even said she loved Susan's pussy! He pictured the two of them having sex and then he pictured the two of them taking turns sucking his cock. Benjamin gripped his hard cock through his shorts.

"Oh, mommy, mommy, mommy...," he sighed. "You really are a fucking slut."

Benjamin waited until he heard his mother drunkenly stumble into her bedroom. He stripped off all of his clothes and gave his cock a quick stroke. Naked, he walked across the hallway and entered the bathroom. The bathroom shared a thin wall with his mother's bedroom. He hoped to hear her masturbating, and he was not disappointed.

He heard her rummaging around in her closet and knocking over what he recognized as shoe-boxes. His mother owned a lot of shoes.

“Hello, Mr. Fantastic! Mommy has missed you!” His mom was really drunk tonight.

“Mmmmwaaa!” He heard her kiss something.

“I hope your batteries are still good. It’s been a while.” Yes, and she was horny. Drunk and horny.

“BUUUZZZZZZZZ” What was that? Shit! A vibrator! His mother owned a vibrator!

“Ahhhh!” she sighed. “Yes, you can bring your friend too.”

Friend? What the fuck? Benjamin heard his mother climb into bed. The bed squeaked as she got into a comfortable position.

He heard the buzzing sound again.

“Bzzzzzzz, zzzzzzz, zzzzzz.”

“Mmmmm, mmmmm...,” Pamela moaned. “That’s what mommy needs.” She ran the vibrator up and down her slit. She closed her eyes and imagined some nameless stranger in her bed making love to her. “Yeah, you like that pussy?” she asked. “It’s all wet and ready for you.”

Benjamin slowly jerked-off to the sounds of his mother masturbating. He wanted to time his orgasm to hers. It was going to be a good one! His own mother! He never imagined her masturbating before, but he would now.

“Bzzzzzzz, zzzzzzz, zzzzzz.”

“Sooo goooooood!” Pamela moaned. “Sooooo, fucking goooooood!” Pamela loved to get loud when she had sex. With her son out of the house, she could finally let loose.

“Let’s see that cock, stud. It felt pretty big at the bar,” she said. “Ohhhh, mommy likes!”

“Sluuurrrrp! Sluuurrrrp!”

What was she doing? Sucking her vibrator? No. He could still hear it buzzing. Oh, god! She was sucking on another dildo! That would explain ‘the friend’!

“Mmmmm, I love your cock. It tastes so good! Sooo fucking good.”

Benjamin heard the buzzing get muffled, then louder, then muffled again. Over and over.

“She’s fucking herself with it,” Benjamin whispered to himself. “She shoving that thing in her slutty, pussy!”

“Sluuurrrrp! Sluuurrrrp! Gaaack, Gaaaack, Gaaaaack!”

Now what?

“Yeashhhh, your friend has a nice cock too, now fuck my face some more. Fuck my pussy! Treat me like a fucking slut!”

The buzzing got louder and its pitch got higher.

“BUZZZZZZ, BUUUZZZZZ, bbbbz, bbbbz, BUZZZ! BUZZZ! BUZZZZZZ!”

“Gaaaack, Gaaaack, Gaaaaaack!”

“BUZZZZZZ, BUUUZZZZZ, bbbzzzzz, bbbzzzzz, BUZZZ! BUZZZ! BUZZZZZZ!”

“Fuck me! Fuck me! FUUUUUCKKKK MEEEEEEE-eeeeiiii!”

Shit! His mom was cumming! Benjamin started stroking faster!

“fap, fap, fap, fap, fap”

“Gaaaack, Gaaaack, Gaaaaaack!”

“fap, fap, fap, fap, fap”

“Oh, shit! Oh, shit! Oh, shit! I’m cumming. I’m fucking coming! It’s a big one! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck! Oh, fuck me, fuck me, fuck, me. FUUUUUCKKKK MEEEEEEE! Yeeeesss! Yeeeessss! Yessss! Nnnnngggghhh, nnnngggghhhh, nnnngggghhh! Aaaaaahhhh! Aaaaaahhhh! Aaaaah-eeee-ooooohhhh! Yeeeesss! God, yeeeesss!”

Benjamin’s cum churned in his balls. He stroked his cock furiously, listening to his mother’s violent orgasm. He imagined it was him fucking her senseless. “Take it mom!” he said under his breath. “Cum on my cock, you fucking slut!” It was so real, like they were in the same bed together. “Unnnhhh! Take my cum, mom! Take my cum in your slutty, fucking, cunt!”

The sperm shot up from his balls and arced across in front of him, before splattering on the bathroom wall, a good two feet away. Another blast, and another! He couldn’t stop cumming! His mother’s cries of ecstasy made his cock harder than ever! Another blast, and another! Followed by a few weaker ones.

The cum oozed out on to his fingers and he squeezed out the last, fat, drops. He wiped himself clean using some toilet paper, sat down, and caught his breath.

“That was great, boysss. Rest up, and then we can do a DP. Who want’s my asssshhh?”

Benjamin listened for a long, long, while, but he didn’t hear anything more from his mother’s room. He crept back and turned on his computer and quietly played some video games so his mother couldn’t hear any noise.

Finally, an hour later, he got up and stood by his mother’s bedroom door. He listened and he heard her breathing deep and regularly, with an occasional snore. He slowly tried her door knob, expecting it to be locked. It wasn’t! She always locked her room since that time he caught her changing. He did see a flash of her breast tissue, but no nipples or pussy. This was his chance. Maybe his only chance for a long, long time.

‘Should I?’ he asked himself. He wanted to peek. He wanted to peek *so bad!* He just *had* to peek. He turned the door knob. She was passed-out, right? The odds of her waking up and catching him were very slim.

He opened the door slightly and looked in. She was asleep and lying on her back – OH MY GOD! SHE WAS NAKED! His hands trembled as he crept in.

“Oh, mommy!” he breathed.

There she was. She looked like goddess. A naked goddess! He stood at the foot of her bed and stared. His eyes locked on to her pussy. She was shaved, with only a small v-shaped patch of hair on top of her slit, like an arrow pointing to paradise. He thought she would have much more pubic hair, like those old porno movies. He stared at her tan lines and realized why she kept her bush trimmed. He looked closer. He could see her pussy lips. They were slightly parted and he could see a hint of her, soft, pink, wetness. There were even stains on the insides of her thighs. He found her vibrator where she had left it. He slowly reached out his hand to pick it up. He brought it to his face and smelled it.

“Aaaahhhh,” he sighed. “So good!” Should he? Yes. He gave it a lick. He was tasting his mother’s MOTHER-FUCKING-PUSSY-JUICE! He licked it again and again, until it was clean.

Then, he picked up the silicone dildo by her head. It was heavy! He mentally measured it against his own, and discovered they nearly the same size, though his ego made him think he was thicker..., and definitely a little longer... That made him proud. He imagined her sucking it down to the large sets of balls at the base. “So horny, since dad left, aren’t you mother?” he asked in a hushed whisper. “And your slutty friend is not here to lick your pussy, either.’ His mother wouldn’t even masturbate unless he was out of the house. His poor mother. She deserved better. But how?

Maybe he could help her? He could be the one to replace his father and her best friend. But how? How could he become the one to keep her satisfied. He knew he could learn to eat pussy. And, his cock was big enough... But, would she let him?

“Hmmm...”

He took a long, long, look at her breasts. Her big, fat, floppy, breasts. They were perfect! They were laying on her chest, with one boob towards the left, and the towards the right. He couldn’t believe the size of her areolas! They were huge and much darker than the rest of her breasts. Her nipples were long, round, and slightly erect. Benjamin wondered if they got as hard as the MILF boobs in his videos. He would love to suck on those, big, fat, tittles. And, her nipples looked so suck-able!

He put his hands in his shorts and grabbed his hard cock. He wanted to remember this moment forever. He tried to memorize every part of her. Her lips, her hair, the many freckles on her breasts, where her bikini didn’t cover her ample flesh. He stared at her pussy for a long, long, time. If only he had pictures like this on his computer. Wait a second! Pictures! He was so stupid!

Benjamin went back to his room and grabbed his phone. His hands trembled and his cock was hard, and he began to take pictures of his naked mother. He took close-up photos of her pussy and breasts. He squatted low and then leaned over her, trying to get every possible angle. He wished he could get pictures of her sucking his cock and of his cock sliding into her pussy. But here is no way he was going to risk that!

Wait? What if he didn’t touch her? He should be safe then! Benjamin slowly pulled his cock out of his shorts He walked up to her face and placed his cock as close as he could to her lips. He smiled as he took picture after picture. He shook his cock at his mother and watched in horror and a fat drip of precum flew off of it and landed on her lips! Startled, he stepped back and let go of his cock.

“OH, CRAP!”

His mother stirred. Her arm came up and wiped away the wet spot of pre-cum, smearing it across her lips. Her tongue came out and tasted it. She grunted, rolled over, and began to snore.

“Whheeeewww!” Benjamin sighed. He was saved! He smiled at the thought of his mother licking his pre-cum.

“Heh, heh, heh,” he laughed, imitating an evil villain. He took some great pictures of her fat ass and a few with her pussy-lips peeking out from under it.

He couldn't wait to cycle through these pictures on his computer. With his high-definition screen and the great camera on his phone, it would be better than a movie, and he couldn't wait to jack-off to them. Then, pretending to be a pornography movie producer, he turned on his video camera.

“Here's my mother the fucking, slutty, whore,” he whispered. “Here's the vibrator she just fucked herself with. Here's her fat tits I can't wait to suck. Here's her slutty ass, waiting for my cock. This is my mom's lips with my cum smeared on them. This is her dildo. Look at the size of that fucking thing. I bet she can deep-throat the mother-fucker. I wonder if it tastes like her ass?”

His mother gave out a loud snort, and rolled over again, flat on her back this time. He took some more pictures, then began to jack-off.

“Oh, mommy,” Benjamin whispered, keeping an ear focused on her heavy breathing. “I'm going to fuck those fat titties of yours, mom. And, you are going to suck my cock, aren't you, slut? Suck my cock and eat my cum, you whore!”

He began to jack-off faster. His hissed whispers getting louder. “I'm going to fuck your fat ass, too bitch. Fuck your slutty ass! Pound your holes until you cum all over my cock, you fucking whore! You cunt! You slut! Aaaahhhhhhh!”

Benjamin came for the second time that night. He stepped back and pointed his cock towards her pussy. He assumed his cum would splatter harmlessly on the carpet and maybe her bedsheets. But, the force of his ejaculation made his cum shoot out from his cock and splattered across his mother's hips and thighs.

“Oh, shit!” He jacked-off onto his mother! It was so hot! Fuck it! He needed more!

He stepped towards her breasts and pumped his second blast onto her fat tits. Stepping closer, another spurt, and the cum splashed against her chin. Benjamin knew he was taking a risk, but he stepped even closer and shook on the last few squirts on her face, splattering her cheeks and lip. She waved away an imaginary fly, but never blinked.

“Ahhhh....,” he sighed, staring down at his handy-work. Then, he had a moment of post-nut clarity. “Oh, shiiii-iiit,” he moaned. If she discovered his sperm, he would be in so much trouble! But, if he tried to clean it up, he could wake her. He stared at her panties lying in a heap next to her bed. He picked them up and gave them a deep sniff.

He knew he had to risk it. He had to hide the evidence. But, before he did, he took some more photos and videos of his mother's cum-splattered body. Then, he took his mother's panties and tried to gently clean her up. The panties touched her cheek. Suddenly, she snorted loudly and wiped away another imaginary fly. She licked her cum-coated lips, and rolled over onto her stomach, pressing her face into

her pillow, and her body into the blanket. Benjamin ducked down until he heard her heavy breathing once more.

Problem solved! Her bed sheets should soak up the rest of his cum. He hoped she wouldn't notice any stains in the morning. He looked at her panties, really wanting to keep them for a souvenir, but knew she would miss them. Maybe he could swipe them tomorrow. He wiped his still oozing cock and tossed them back onto the floor.

Impulsively, he took one last video of his mother's room and naked body to remember this moment forever. He panned the camera around her room and ended his masterpiece of cinema by zooming in on her dresser where she displayed his pictures and some of the silly cards and gifts she had accumulated. He smiled at the card he had hand-made for her – it was her favorite. He usually bought her a sentimental card at the dollar store, but had forgotten, so he wrote down a few words about how she was the best mother in the world, colored a big, red, heart, and picked her a few flowers from her garden. When he gave it to her, she cried. Gosh, that seemed like such long time ago. Like, two years ago? Around this same time of year. Yeah. In the Spring. Wait! Mother's Day! And it is Mother's Day again next week!

His mind began to whirl. How could he make it special for her this year? How could he make her see that he could be more than just her son. He could be her lover as well, and the man of the house. His mother needed a man in her life, after all. And, he had a cock, and his slutty mother needed a cock. In his young, optimistic, mind, it could work! He could become his mother's lover!

He went to his room and began to make plans.

"Happy Mother's Day!" Benjamin said loudly, opening his mother's bedroom door with a bang.

Startled, she woke from her slumber, looked around, and sat up. "Benjamin!" she chastised. "You scared the life out of me!"

"Happy Mother's Day!" he said again, holding a tray of food, and patiently waiting for her fully waken and get comfortable.

Benjamin smiled as he watched his mother adjust her nightshirt, pulling up each sleeve to cover her nearly exposed, breasts. She seemed to be taking her time covering herself. He had a nice long look at her soft, pale, flesh.

"Breakfast in bed?" Pamela said. "How special!" She looked at the food her son had made – coffee, eggs and toast. Next to a small vase with one of the flowers from her garden, was a home-made Mother's Day card.

"Enjoy!" he said, leaving the room. "I'm going to clean up the mess I made. See you later!"

"Wow," Pamela said, taking a sip of coffee. "Nice and hot, with just the right amount of cream." She recalled Benjamin asking her how to make coffee last week. "The little sneak. He's been planning this." She looked again at the food again. The toast wasn't burnt, and the eggs look good. "And, he's cleaning?" Pam said. She was impressed. She took a couple of bites and read the card.

Dear mom,

You are the best mom in the world! I appreciate all you do for me. I'm proud to be your son and I'm proud to have you as my mom. You are so smart and so beautiful too! (She could see where he had written "sexy" before crossing it out and writing "beautiful." Silly boy).

Since dad left, I know it has been hard for you. But all that is going to change. I'm going to try my best to be the man of the house now and start treating you like the gorgeous, wonderful, woman you are. You deserve it.

Enjoy your day!

Benjamin

Pamela's throat tightened and she wiped away a tear. Her boy was so kind and sweet. He thought she was sexy and gorgeous too. What a silly, misguided, boy.

After bringing the breakfast tray into the kitchen, Benjamin ushered his mother into the living room and made her sit in her favorite chair while he finished cleaning the house. He had read that women get turned on by watching men clean. He hoped it wasn't a cruel trick, just to get men to help with the household chores.

Pamela giggled to herself watching her young man working so hard to dust, vacuum and mop the house. He was really working up a sweat! After he removed his damp shirt, she couldn't help but admire his hard, teenage body. It almost looked like he was posing for her while he cleaned; flexing his muscles and clinching his ass. She also noticed the bulge in his tight shorts. He was turning into a handsome, desirable, young man. Pamela itched her pussy, adjusting her nether-lips. She slid her finger down to the wet pool growing in her cunt and quickly diddled her clitoris.

"Mmmm..., my sexy, little, boy," she hummed, while checking out his muscles. She had a sudden image of her son pumping between her legs, his cock inside of her, sliding in and out, while she ran her hands up and down his hard, teenage body.

'PAMELA!' she chastised herself. 'Stop that right now!' What has gotten into her lately? All the teasing and flirting she had been doing with her son must be affecting her. God, she needed to get laid!

"Mom!"

"Mom!"

Pamela heard her boy calling her and followed the sound of his voice to the hallway. He was in the bathroom.

"Yeah, honey?" she said, standing outside of the door.

"Uh, could you bring me a towel? I washed them, but forgot to get more from the closet."

"Sure! Thanks for doing that! What a great kid you are!"

Pamela quickly returned. "Here you go, Benny!" she said, intending to open the door just enough to set the towels down on the counter. But as she opened the door, she realized it was a good opportunity to tease her little boy. She would walk right in, and hand him a towel while he stood naked behind the shower curtain. What teenage boy wouldn't be aghast having his mother standing a mere foot away from his naked body. She hoped to see the shocked expression on his face! This was going to be fun!

Pamela swung open the door and glanced towards the shower. She expected her boy to be hiding behind the curtain, but her son Benjamin was standing there with the curtain completely opened, dripping water. His toned body glistened and his hands were barely covering his thick, heavy cock. He had made sure he was nearly hard, intending to show his mother that his cock was just as big as her dildos. He couldn't send her a dick-pic, but this should have the same result.

Pamela stopped and stared.

"Could you hand it to me, please?" Benjamin said. "Uh..., I don't want to drip on the floor." He gestured towards the floor, exposing his cock even more, before covering himself up again.

Trying not to make the situation awkward, Pamela grabbed a towel and walked to her naked son. "Here you are!" she said cheerfully.

Benjamin reached out both hands as his mother came closer, exposing his cock completely. He flexed his internal pelvic muscles and made his cock twitch, pumping it up and down once. Then he did it again. His mother noticed.

"My, you have grown!" she teased, knowing her son might assume she was talking about his large cock instead of his body.

Benjamin took the towel and held it up to his face, while pretending to dry his hair, giving his mother time to admire his cock. His arm motions made his cock sway back and forth ponderously. Not hearing the door close, and knowing his mother was still standing there, his cock began to stiffen.

Pamela was torn, she wanted to stay and watch her little Benny's cock get fully hard, but knew that would be crossing an imaginary line. He certainly took after his father! She turned her back and began to walk out, then stopped, seeing his clothes lying on the floor.

"I'll take your clothes to the laundry, Benny," she said. She bent over, then realized she was showing Benjamin her fat ass. She decided to take her time, picking up and then dropping an article of clothing only to pick it up again. She bent low and looked between her legs at her son. He was staring at her ass, slowly stroking his cock!

"Eeeep!" Pamela squeaked, and quickly left the room.

Later that afternoon, and after a brief, slightly awkward, conversation, both Pamela and Benjamin apologized for the now infamous 'Bathroom Incident'. Pamela made sure her boy knew that sex and the human body was nothing to be ashamed about. And, two adults living under the same roof should expect to see the other person nearly naked at times. It was more important to be comfortable with your body, they to worry about what others may think.

Benjamin agreed, and then told his mother that her special day was not over yet. He had more surprises for her. He made her sit in the living room while he prepared.

“Oh, honey! Flowers? For me?” Pamela exclaimed, after Benjamin showed her the grocery-store flowers he had purchased earlier that day.

“Not only flowers,” he beamed. “We’re going to have a nice quiet dinner and celebrate Mother’s Day together.”

“Oh? Fancy!” Pamela said, impressed.

“First, follow me.,” Benjamin said. He led his mother to the master bathroom. Candles illuminated the room and the bathtub was nearly overflowing with bubbles. And next to the tub, was a glass of wine - a very full glass of wine - Pamela noticed. Benjamin had been researching how to seduce a woman, and hope his mother was falling into his carefully laid trap.

“Wow. A hot bath? For me?” Pamela said. “How romantic!”

“When you are finished, we’ll have dinner and then watch a movie, OK?” Benjamin said, closing the door behind him. “Food won’t be delivered until later tonight, so you have plenty of time.” “Plenty of time to get you drunk, mother,” he said to himself.

After her son left and the door closed tightly, Pamela wondered aloud, “Oh, Bennie, is this for Mother’s Day, or are you trying to seduce me?” She stripped off her clothes and lowered herself into the hot water.

“Ahhhhh,” she sighed. Whatever her little Bennie was planning, she hadn’t felt this pampered and loved in many years.

“Bennie!” Pamela called out from the bathroom.

“Oh, Bennie!” she called again.

“Yeah, mom?” Benjamin said, standing outside the bathroom door.

“Could you get me another bottle of wine, please!”

“Yeah! Sure!”

“Come in and get the empty. Don’t worry, I’m decent.”

Benjamin slowly opened the door to find his mother reclining in the bathtub. The remaining bubbles were gathered around her breasts. The bubbles also hid her pussy, although he could see her long, legs, clearly.

“Here you are honey,” Pamela said, and reached out the empty bottle. Her breasts rose out of the water and she used her other hand to clumsily cover them.

Bennie tried not to stare. He really did. He looked his mother in the eyes and held her gaze. Her fat breasts rose further out of the water. The suds began to slide off of them. Wet, and slippery, a boob appeared, then as more bubbles fell, a huge, fat, nipple. He glanced down and stared.

Pamela saw his gaze fall to her bosom. She slowly stuck out her chest, making her boobs appear larger. More suds slipped off.

“Bennie?” she said. “Benjamin? The bottle?” She wiggled the glass in front of his eyes, making her breasts jiggle slightly.

“Oh, my god! I’m so sorry mom!” Benjamin said. He took the bottle from her hand and watched her breasts again descend under the foamy soap bubbles.

“No worries. Remember our talk this afternoon. These things will happen with two horny adults living in the same house.”

Pam and Benjamin both wondered the same thing, at the same time. “Horny? Why did she say horny?”

“Oh, you know what I mean, Bennie,” Pamela said, embarrassed.

“Uh, huh,” Benjamin stupidly agreed. He quickly left, hoping his mother didn’t notice his erection.

When he returned, his mother directed him to pour her another glass of wine, then she dismissed him with a wave of her manicured hand. “Thank you, Benjamin,” she said.

He looked at her lying in the tub. So sexy! And there were substantially less bubbles than before. That explains the splashing he heard. Was she intentionally exposing herself to him? ‘And, she called me Benjamin,’ he thought. ‘And earlier, she said we were two adults – two horny adults. I think she starting to see me as more than her little boy.’

A loud splash directed his attention back to his mother. Her body had slipped down into the tub as she reached for her drink. Her legs flew upward as she stopped her body from slipping entirely under the water, using her legs to regain her balance. Benjamin caught a glimpse of her naked pussy. Then, she sat up quickly, exposing both of her breasts.

He stared, then caught her eye. She took a huge swallow of wine from the nearly overflowing glass. “Thanks, Benjamin. Sorry, mommy’s getting a little drunk.”

After her bath, Pamela shaved her legs and trimmed her pussy. She made sure her lips were nice and smooth. ‘Just out of habit,’ she thought, ‘like she would for any date... Wait? Was this a date?’

Then, she did her make-up and dressed. She immediately decided what to wear. The dress she wore in Benjamin’s favorite picture of her. The one he masturbated to. The one with her boobs spilling out and her mouth opened like she was waiting for his load. The dress he probably ejaculated over who knows how many times. ‘Just to give him a cheap thrill,’ she told herself. She had to be careful. Her pussy was getting wetter, and wetter. She had to pat her pussy dry before putting on her sexiest panties.

The two had a nice dinner, ordered from her favorite place.

“Benjamin, you shouldn’t have spent so much money!” Pamela said.

“I’ve been saving up,” he said. “Who needs another video game, when I have...” He didn’t finish the sentence.

Pamela took another gulp of wine.

The movie Benjamin had picked out was sensual, romantic, and funny at times. The sex scenes were graphic, without being porno-graphic. He spent more time staring at his mother from one side of the couch than he did watching the movie. She was wearing that dress, that sexy, fucking, dress, and her huge, fat, breasts were threatening to fall out of there tight confines.

Pamela leaned back against the arm of the couch and stretched out her legs. She dangled one of her high-heeled shoes from her toe before letting it fall to the ground. Then, she dropped the other shoe. She then put her sexy, pantyhose-covered feet in her son’s lap. She slid them back and forth, stimulating her pussy lips with her thighs until she felt the lump growing in her son’s lap.

She stopped and glanced at him. He was staring at her feet. He slowly put his big, warm, hands on them and began to rub then gently.

“Mmmmm,” Pamela sighed. Her son’s strong hands absentmindedly stroked her feet. She didn’t even mind it when his hands occasionally slid up her legs, caressing her ankles and calf, before stopping just before the hem of her short dress.

During a particularly sexy scene, Benjamin stood, his cock chubby and visible through his dress pants. “Time for your last gift,” he said.

She looked at him. She glanced at his groin. Her alarm began to grow.

“Your massage, my lady.” He showed her the massage lotion. “I’ve been studying how to give them. I know you used to love them..., with dad..., and I thought...,”

Her sigh of relief was audible. “I love them! Uh, but my dress...” she began. Then quickly, “I’ll go change.” Pamela stood up and turned her back to her son. Her ass was nearly pressing against his crotch. “Unzip me.” she stated.

Benjamin’s hands reached for her zipper. He found it and pulled it down. Her back became exposed, then the top of her ass. He could see her sexy, red, lacy, panties. Pamela walked away, her dress falling down to her ass before she caught it.

Pamela went to her room, took off her dress, and removed her pantyhose. She put on a long t-shirt and impulsively decided against pants. The shirt was long enough to cover her ass if she was careful, she reasoned. If not, more cheap thrills for her boy. Of course, she didn’t feel the need to put on a bra.

She returned and laid down on the couch. Benjamin sat next to her, on the edge of the cushion.

“Uh, mom?” he ventured. “I have to pull your shirt up. Is that, OK?”

“Yes, of course,” she said, then muttered, “I should have worn pants...”

“No, its fine. We are two adults here, right?” Benjamin grinned.

“Yeah, two horny adults...” She laughed drunkenly and Benjamin snorted in surprise. Then, Pamela sighed and relaxed, breathing heavily. Benjamin slowly slid her shirt up, revealing her ass and sexy, red, panties. When the material caught on her stomach, Pamela raised herself up, not realizing she was nearly putting her ass into her son’s face. He could smell her heat and the fresh scent of her moist pussy.

She pulled the shirt above her breasts. Her heavy, pale, globes fell out unrestrained. She laid back down.

Her son stared at her curve of her naked back and her sexy, full, ass. He looked at the soft flesh of her side-boobs and groaned with lust.

Pamela smiled and wiggled her ass. “Get busy, slave boy! Your queen is getting impatient and demands her massage!”

“Yes, milady,” he replied. He squeezed a good amount of cold lotion into his warm hands. Starting at the top of her shoulders, he slipped his hand under her shirt and began to work. He used every technique he had learned; being firm then gentle, and focusing on her shoulders, spine, and the spot above her ass. Not able to resist, he ran his hands up and down the sides of her body and ‘accidentally’ touched her breasts a few times.

Pamela gave out soft grunts of pleasure and long sighs of contentment. When her son began to massage the top of her ass, he pressed against her, pushing her against the rough cushions.

“We need more room...,” Pamela sighed. Too bad. She loved her ass massaged. It made her pussy wet.

“What about the bedroom?” Benjamin suggested. Altogether too quickly, he realized.

“What..., about..., the bedroom...,” Pamela repeated. She was drunk. She was horny. She wanted more. Not an awkward massage on the couch, but a glorious, full body massage in a nice, soft, bed. What harm could there be in that?

“Good idea,” she said, standing up and draining her wine glass. She took her son’s hand. “Come on, lover,” she said, and led him to her bedroom.

‘Lover? WTF? Why did she say that?’ Once in the privacy of her own room, she looked at her strong, handsome, son. He looked so much like his father. She loved his father and loved the fantastic sex they once shared. He was so much like him. The strong body, the way he smiled, and his long, thick, cock.

Pamela started to close the door for privacy, but realized that would be weird. She left it open, turned her back on her son, and took off her shirt before dropping it on the floor. She covered her breasts as best she could, and laid down in the middle of the bed.

“Don’t want to get lotion on my shirt,” she said. “You might want to take yours off too.”

Benjamin stripped off his shirt quickly. She peered at him. Damn, he was in shape. Boundless energy too.

“No shoes on my bed, either,” she added.

Pamela heard the sound of one shoe, and immediately the other shoe, hitting the floor. “Now, get up here and give your mother a proper massage.”

She felt the bed sink when Benjamin climbed on top of it. He scooted close to his mother. He was so nervous. He was in his mother's bedroom! She was half-naked, and she was awake this time. Was his plan working? Was something sexual was going to happen between them?

"Straddle my thighs," she said. "You can get better leverage there than sitting next to me." He swung his leg over his mother's butt and sat on his knees, resting his ass on her thighs.

His mother had such soft, fleshy, thighs. He shuddered. He stared at her ass and naked back.

Benjamin squeezed out a generous portion of lotion and went to work. Again, he started with her shoulders, then worked his way down her spine. Leaning into her body to reach her shoulders, made his pelvis rub against her butt. He felt like grinding on her, grinding his hard cock into her fat ass until he came... Shit! He had to be careful!

Then, he worked on her sides again. Since his mother never scolded him about 'accidentally' touching her breasts before, he did it repeatedly. Then, saving the best for last, he began to massage the top of her ass.

"Ohhhh," his mother sighed. "Mmmmm, mmmmm... you are so good with your hands..."

She moaned some more. The way she did it, almost made it sound pornographic.

"You can touch my butt, Benjamin," Pamela said softly. "Just like a real masseuse would do. You..." She paused and whispered, "Just pull my panties down a little bit... So, they won't get any lotion on them... All right? "

Benjamin gently pinched the elastic of his mother's panties and pulled them down. First, the dimple at the bottom of her spine appeared. Then, the tops of those two perfect cheeks, and OMG! Her ass-crack.

Benjamin wanted to see more, so he pulled her panties down further, before she could stop him.

"That's far enough, young man!" she scolded. "Now behave yourself. I know you don't want to get lotion on my panties, so I'll overlook it. And..., if you need to move them a bit lower later on... Well... Just try to keep your fingers out of my butt-crack..."

Benjamin gripped his mother's ass with both hands and began to massage her soft, lumps of flesh. She was nearly naked underneath him, and if he leaned forward just a little, his upper body blocked the view of her panties, and with those twin globes, the crack of her ass, and her bare back and sides, he imagined she was naked. And, instead of massaging her, he was fucking her. Fucking his own mother on her own bed. Her moans only intensified his fantasy.

"Ohhhh, yeahhhhh....," she moaned, breathing heavily.

Benjamin's cock was hard. Really hard. It almost hurt, being confined in his pants and underwear. He began rocking his body gently against her. Leaning in as he worked her shoulders, then backwards, sliding his hands down her sides before bringing his hands up and down her back before working on her ass once again.

With each forward motion, his hard cock made contact with his mother's ass. First, the lightest of touches. Then, firmer and more persistent. Almost demanding.

Pamela moaned. She raised her head and tucked her hair to one side.

“Do my neck too, Benjamin.”

This made her son have to lean further to massage her neck. His cock pressed firmly against her. He slowly gyrated. He couldn't help himself.

“Do it harder..., Benjamin. Mommy wants it harder...”

Benjamin began to be more aggressive with his hands. He also let his hard cock press into his mother's ass with a little more force. Did she even notice his erection, he wondered?

Pamela knew what he was doing. Her son was practically dry-humping right now. They had been flirting with each other all night and Pamela had been actively encouraging it. And, she was going to keep teasing her horny, teenage, son. She was drunk and she was having way more fun than she had had in years. Besides, he was cute, he thought she was sexy, he had worshipped her, and he had a big cock. Everything felt so right. The more she thought about her son, the more she thought about his cock. It was a nice cock. She was proud of having a son with such a large cock. She kinda wanted play with his cock. She wanted to hold it, and maybe even suck it – just a little. Who was she kidding? She wanted it inside of her.

Well? Why not? They were two horny adults living under the same roof. So, what if they were mother and son? If they both wanted it, what was the harm?

That was all it took for her to decide their fate. Pamela knew she was going to fuck her son tonight. If it went badly, she could blame it on the wine. If it went well? Well, she enjoyed sex, and having a long, hard, cock available to her whenever she wanted? Oh, it, would be so, so, nice. Now that she decided to fuck her son, her uppermost thought was how many times he could get his cock hard tonight, and would it matter if she made him cum in his pants right now? A teenager should be good for at least three orgasms, right?

“Mmmm, like that... Just like that... Keep doing that... You're making mommy feel good.”

Benjamin grunted.

“Now faster... Do it to your mommy faster... Do me... Fuuu..., fuuu..., faster...”

Her son was nearly humping her now. He let out a soft groan and ground his cock against her. He was going to cum.

“STOP!” Pamela said.

“Huh? Oh. Sorry..., I uh, was...” Was he being too obvious? He was humping his mother's ass, after all.

“Do my thighs now, please,” Pamela said. “And, get off me..., I'm losing circulation in my pussy...!” Pamela laughed as if she had made the funniest joke ever.

Benjamin was shocked. His mother could really get raunchy!

“You know what? Take off your pants too. We really don't want to get lotion on them, and I don't want you to make a mess in your pants. I mean, on your pants. Lotion. On your pants...”

“On second thought, take off my panties too,” she added. “Yes, you heard me. That’s right. Take off your mother’s panties. You know I don’t want to get lotion on anything, especially since. I’m the one that does all the laundry around her. Besides... there’re a little wet.” She giggled and whispered “The way you like them.” Then louder. “And leave your underwear on, young man. Let’s not make this awkward!”

Pamela was having so much fun! She wiggled her ass and ordered her son to remove her panties. Benjamin grabbed them with both hands and quickly pulled them down. They caught on the globes of her cheeks, so he tugged at them again. They fell off her perfect ass, with only her crotch gripping them tight, as if they were adhered to her pussy. He pulled once more and they were free. He could smell her scent. It was much stronger now. It was delightful. So fresh! So earthy! So sexual! He inhaled long and slow. It was intoxicating. Her tugged her panties down past both thighs before his mother stirred.

“Let me help...”

Pamela raised her ass once again and pushed back against him. She steadied herself and then raised one knee, then the other, as her son slid her panties down past her calves, her ankles, and finally, he slipped them off her feet. He held them in his hand like a prize. They were heavier than he expected. They were soaking wet. He looked at his mother’s naked ass. He stared at her pussy-lips. All too soon, she laid back down.

“Now, get closer. Sit on me like before, but lower this time. On my calves. And, use your knees, like a gentleman uses his elbows.” She giggled and then snorted.

Benjamin retrieved more lotion, got into position, and worked the middle of his mother’s thighs. He gripped her soft flesh and worked his way down to her knees. One leg, and then the other. Mid-thigh, knee, calf. Then again.

“You can go a little higher, Benjamin. I don’t mind.”

He stared at the dark recess below her ass. He could still smell her heat. He started mid-thigh and slid his hands higher. He kept going, until his thumbs touched her ass. His fingers were so close to her pussy! He did it again. One leg, then the other. Going higher and higher each time. Soon, he was ‘accidentally’ brushing his fingers against her pussy with each stroke.

“Uh, sorry. I..., uh..., have to..., go higher..., like you said.”

“It’s OK, honey. You’re just doing what mommy asked. You’re doing great. You are making mommy feel wonderful.”

Benjamin no longer worried about ‘accidentally’ touching his mother’s pussy. He slid his hands up her inner thighs and let his fingers slip towards that dark, wet, crevasse. When his fingers actually slipped between his mother’s pussy lips, they came away wet.

“Now work on my ass again. Without panties, you don’t have to worry about getting lotion on them. So, really work it. I know I told you too keep your fingers out of my ass-crack. But if you want to give me a proper massage, go ahead. But no penetration, young man!”

Benjamin groaned. His mother was driving him crazy! Was she just teasing him? His cock was so hard! He grabbed both of his mother’s ass cheeks and spread them. He could see her ass-hole! He lifted them up. He could see her pussy. It was right in front of him! The smell of her hot, wet, pussy was making him

crazy. He squirted more lotion directly on her ass. Both cheeks were soon gleaming. He ran his fingers up and down her crack until he was able to feel her ass-hole. He went deeper and touch her pussy. When he heard his mother moan at his touch. He did it again. He was touching her pussy! He began to manipulate her pussy with his thumbs. He wanted to put his fingers inside of her. He wanted to lick her sweet, cunt. He had to ask her first. He didn't want her to freak out.

"Mom..., can I...? I mean..., I really want to..., you know...? I want to--"

She stopped him with a quick, "Shhhh!"

Pamela raised her ass, putting it nearly into his face. Her pussy was so close! He wanted to taste it! He wanted to lick her cunt until his mother squirted all over his face!

Sensing she wanted him to move, Benjamin climbed off of her. His mother rolled over and sat up. She looked at him. He looked at her. Her fat, heavy, tits were right in front of him. Her knee was bent, and her pussy was obscenely displayed. They both sensed something momentous was about to happen.

"Take out your cock."

"Whaaaaat?"

"You heard me. Take out your cock. Mommy wants to see it. This is what you wanted, isn't it? You want to have sex with your mother? You want mom to suck your cock? You want to fuck me? Well? Take it out. Let me see it."

Benjamin was on his knees. His cock was hard. His cock-head was sticking out from the top of his underwear. It was leaking so much precum, the waistband was wet. He pulled down his underwear and his hard, thick, cock sprang out.

"Mmmmm, mmmm, Mommy likes. Take them off and stand up."

Benjamin jumped out of bed and stepped out of his underwear. The sun was setting and the light from the windows shone into the bedroom. His cock was framed in sunlight. It was long, hard, and wet.

Pamela climbed out of bed and admired her son. His body was hard and his cock was even harder. She walked next to him and touched his shoulder, making him jump. She ran her hand over his chest, back, and ass before standing in front of him. She cupped his balls and smiled as he flinched. She slid her hand up his shaft. She felt his oozing pre-cum and smeared it over his cock head. Pamela gave her son two slow strokes. His cock was throbbing. Probably would cum with a couple more strokes, unless he was too nervous, she thought. Might as well get this over with.

Pamela walked away from her son and picked up her discarded dress. She slipped it over her shoulders, covering her nakedness.

"Zip me," she demanded.

"But..., I thought...", Benjamin stuttered. He thought they were going to fuck! He dutifully zipped his mother's dress. His mother was a fucking cock-tease! The bitch!

"I know you like this dress, Ben...", Pamela began. "... I thought you might like it even more...", she licked her lips, "... if I wore it when...", She did a little twirl. She stood in front of him with her hands on his

shoulders. She looked up at him before sliding, slowly, oh so slowly, to her knees "... when I..." She gripped his cock and looked up at him, "suck your cock..."

"Oh, man!" Benjamin exclaimed. His fantasy was coming true! His plan worked!

Pamela wasted no time. She knew he wasn't going to last. She wanted to get his first orgasm out of the way, so she could enjoy his cock at her leisure. She lapped his precum and licked his glans before engulfing his cock. Knowing it was his first time, she was going to make it special.

'He's thicker than his father,' she realized, feeling her mouth stretch. She took him as deep as she could.

'Maybe a little longer too.' She took him to his balls, but had to pause a moment before adjusting her throat and then swallowing his last two inches.

'Definitely longer. Nice.'

"Aww, mom!" Benjamin groaned. "Oh, my fucking god!"

Pamela took her son's cock from her mouth. She held it tight and looked up at him.

"It's OK to cum, just tell me when. OK?"

"OK." He nodded vigorously and she took him in her mouth again. She licked, sucked, slurped, and depthroated her son. When she began to play with his heavy balls, he inhaled quickly.

"I'm close..., I'm really close... I'm gonna..., Oh, shit..."

Pamela sucked him deep one more time. Then, she stroked his cock while looking up at him. With one hand, she freed her fat breasts from her dress.

"Do you want to cum in my mouth, or on my face?" She knew the answer.

"B..., bu..., both...!" he grunted.

"Do it, Bennie! Give me your cum! Give mommy your cum!"

Pamela opened her mouth and licked her lips. She stroked his wet, sloppy, cock, aiming at her face.

"Look at me," she demanded. He did. His eyes wide.

She stroked her son's rock-hard cock with adoration and wet lips. She licked his glans, tickled his frenulum, and felt his cock swell. She watched him shudder and felt his balls tighten.

The first, heavy, spurt was deposited directly into her mouth. What a load! So much! Another warm, wet, glob of cum splashed against her lips and careened into her waiting mouth. She pulled back as his cock erupted more and more thick, white, ropes of potent, teenage, sperm. It splattered against her cheeks. It splashed against her eyebrows, it dripped into her eyes and spurting into her hair.

She pointed her son's cock towards her fat breasts. His goo sprayed his mother's tits. She took his still spurting cock and rubbed it against her splattered chest. Then, she took it back into her mouth, gently coaxing the last remnants of his orgasm into her waiting mouth, and prolonging his good feelings as long as she could. She sucked and tongued him gently, stopping before his cock-head became too sensitive.

“That... Was... Fucking... Amazing...!” Benjamin shouted.

His mother laughed.

Pamela rubbed her pussy and looked up at her son. He was looking at her with such adoration, smiling, and studying her intently, as if he were trying to memorize every detail of this wonderful moment.

“Take a picture, it will last longer,” she said snarkily.

“OK!”

“Wait! What? I was kidding!” she said. But he was gone. Did she really want pictures taken? Pictures of her covered in her son’s cum? Wearing that dress, he loved so much? ‘Oh, why not?’

Benjamin returned. He stood over his mother with his camera ready.

“If you show anyone these, or post them anywhere, or your phone gets hacked...”

She looked at him.

“I... will... cut... off... your... balls... Understood?”

Benjamin gulped. “Yeah.”

Pamela allowed her son to take pictures of her covered in cum, sucking his cock, and closeups of her splattered breasts. She posed for him, in her sexy, red-sequined dress, with her tits hanging out and her ass exposed. She allowed him to take some up-skirts images and even bent over once to let him take close-up pictures of her exposed pussy.

“That’s enough,” she said. The cum was feeling cold on her skin. “Mommy’s going to freshen up a bit. Unzip me.” She let her dress fall. It clung to her thick ass a moment before it hit the floor. She turned around and gave her son a sensual kiss on the lips. She didn’t care he tasted his own cum, or not. He was going to have to kiss her anytime she wanted, or else. Whether her lips had his cum on them mattered not. Besides, she had licked most of it off.

She took her time in the bathroom, washing her face, and then reapplying her make-up. She considered putting on some sexy lingerie, but decided to save that for another time.

She came back into the room, noticed his hard cock, and laid down. “Now, do my back again.”

Her son massaged her back, shoulders, and ass. He ran his fingers into her pussy and even prodded her slippery ass-hole without her complaining.

“Now, do my front.”

She rolled over.

“Start with my breasts.”

“Oh, mom!”

Benjamin massaged his mother’s massive breasts. Squeezing them and even pinching her nipples.

“I’ve always wanted to do this,” he admitted.

"I know, baby... I know. All boys want to suck their momma's titties. So, suck them. Go on, suck on your mommy's titties."

Benjamin latched-on immediately. Pamela held his head against her breasts and recalled doing this so very long again. She sighed contentedly, and enjoyed the moment.

"You can play with my pussy, Benjamin, if you want. Let mommy show you."

Pamela spread her legs and used her fingers to open her pussy. She showed him her wet hole and her clitoris. She let him play for a while, only giving minimal instructions. He was clumsy, but he would learn. She wasn't expecting him to make her cum with his fingers, though he could, eventually. But, right now, she wanted his cock. She wanted to fuck. She wanted to fuck her own son. It was going to be glorious.

"Come up here, Benjamin," she said. "Kiss mommy again."

Pamela spread her legs, inviting her son, and providing him a path to come closer. They kissed, and Benjamin squeezed her breasts. Pamela felt for her son's cock. He was ready.

"Put your cock inside of me. It's time to fuck your mommy. Are you ready? Are you ready to fuck? You got your mother so, fucking, horny, baby."

Benjamin clumsily poked at her pussy with his cock.

"Here, let me hold it. No, don't let go. Together. I'll show you..."

"Like this, see? Slide it up and down my slit.

"Feel how wet I am?"

"Now, go lower. Feel that? My nasty fuck-hole? It's right here. Feel it slipping it? Yeah? Now, put it in, but go slowly. You'll find out that not all girls are, uh..., as experienced as mommy. With mommy, you can put it in a little faster, as long as I'm nice and wet. And, mommy will always be nice and wet for her boy..."

"Deeper. Give me more. Give me all of it, baby. All of your big, fat, cock.

"Mmmm. Yessss. Your cock is in mommy's pussy now. Does it feel good?"

"Unnnhhh, oh, fuck, mom! It feels incredible!"

"Yeah, I know. Now, fuck me, Benjamin. Fuck your momma! Fuck her good!"

She was talking a lot, and she knew it. She always talked a lot when she was drunk, But, she was also excited to be having sex again, and she was so proud of her son and his big cock, and she wanted to teach him everything!

Benjamin first ground his pelvis against her out of pure joy and lust. Then he pulled back and pushed in again. Barbara had never felt a cock that big and hard before. Her son's cock was perfect. Much bigger, warmer, and thicker than her largest dildo.

"Yes. That's right. Get a good rhythm going. Careful you don't pull out too far. Yeah, like that, long, and deep.

"I feel sooo goo, ooo, ood right now, Benjamin. The way you're fucking your mommy, and how good your cock feels inside of me? You are going to make mommy cum soon. I'm going cream all over that fat cock of yours while you fuck me. Would you like that? You would? You wanna make your mommy cum? You like fucking your momma, don't you? Well, guess what? You're going to be fucking your momma a lot from now on. You hear? You hear me, Benjamin Franklyn Lamar? And you'll do what your momma tells you! If I tell you I wanna fuck, you damn well drop your pants and fuck me!

"Now, go a little faster. I want us to cum together. Yeah... Mmmm. A little harder.... Harder! Faster! OH MY GAWWWWD! Yeah, that its. Fuck your mother. Fuck her good. Faster. Faster! Harder... Mmmmmpphhh! Harder! Harder!

"Nnnnnngggghh, Oh god! Unnnghh. Aaaaaiiiii So fucking good! Your cock! So good... inside!

"Shit! You're making mommy cum. You're making mommy cum. You're making mommy cum...

"Oooooohhhh... Mmmmyyyyyyy... GOD!

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, YES!" She was there! She was going cumming!

She was losing her mind to the exquisite feelings flooding her mind and body! Her own son was fucking her! Driving his huge cock in and out of his mother's pussy. She held him close and let him pound her pussy as she rode him, pushing back against him. She ground her crotch against his groin, making her clitoris swell.

The orgasm racked her body and took her breath away. She gasped for air as her pussy exploded with electrical pleasures. She held her son tightly as her body was wracked with orgasmic tremors. His cock continued to drive in and out of her quivering pussy until her tremors diminished.

"You made mommy cum!" It sounded like an accusation, but it was an expression of pure joy. "You made me cum!"

"Mom, I..."

She looked at his face.

"You gonna cum, too sweetie? Yeah? Do it. Cum inside of me. Do it! Fill mommy's pussy up with your cum, honey. Yesssssss!

"Your cum! I feel it! Oh, God, I'm cumming again..."

"Aaaaaaahhhh, aaaaaahhhh!"

"Mom! Mom, I love you! I love you! You fucking SLUT! Aaaaahhh! YOU WHORE! Take my cum! Take it! Unnnhhhh!" He was so used to calling his mother names when he was beating off to her images, his instincts took over. He soon realized what he had said. Maybe she didn't notice?

Afterwards, the two of them lay softly together. Pamela ran her fingernails against his back.

"You can call me 'slut' once in a while. I won't get mad. Yes, your mommy is a slut. A slut only for you. But, I'm not a whore, OK? Don't ever call me a whore... a cock-sucker, maybe... Or what else? What haven't I done? There're other kinds of sluts, right? Like cum-sluts. Yeah, sure. An ass-slut maybe? I like

getting it up the ass... But that's an anal-whore, right. And, there's that whore word again. Oh, my boy..." She fell asleep before Benjamin's penis softened and slipped out of her, although that did take a very, long, time...

Pamela woke up, feeling hungover and disoriented. She smiled, remembering her dream. She and her ex-husband - Benjamin's father - had somehow gotten back together. The sex had always been great between them, and last night was no exception. After one of his delightful, sensual massages, she had sucked and fucked that gorgeous cock all night long. She had lost track of her orgasms, and her pussy still ached from the pounding he gave her.

Her eyes flew open. Her pussy ached? Wait! Her pussy was sore! Pamela knew the feeling of waking up with a man's cum still in her pussy from the night before. She smelled cum. Shit! She had dried cum on her face. And, she had dried cum in her hair! Oh shit! The previous night's memories flooded back into her conscience.

Benjamin!

She felt the presence next to her and slowly rolled over. She reminded herself to take her dress to the cleaners.

She looked at him. Her not-so-little-boy was lying next to her, sleeping and breathing heavily. A thousand thoughts rushed through her head. She took a deep breath. Then another one.

She was naked. In bed with her son. They had sex last night. Fantastic sex. Really fantastic sex. She remembered saying some foul, filthy, things last night. But that shouldn't matter. If Benjamin wanted her pussy, he would have to put up with her bedroom talk. She recalled he had a foul mouth too. 'Did he really call me a slut? Oh, this was going to be fun!' Benjamin was such a good boy, and she was going to turn him into a fantastic lover.

Feeling chilled, she snuggled up to her son's warm body, putting her arms around him.

She sighed. 'This is nice,' she thought.

Her hand slid down to his cock and balls. He was hard. Was he always hard? Nice. She gently stroked his cock and massaged his balls.

"Good morning, Benjamin," Pamela whispered breathily into his ear.

"Mmmmm, mmmm," Benjamin stretched and yawned. He rolled over and kissed his mother's inviting lips. She kissed him back. His hard cock was poking her pussy. She opened her legs and let his hard shaft slide along her wet pussy lips.

"I wish everyday could be Mother's Day..." she mused.

"From now on, it will be," he said. "Every day." He sucked her tit, caressed her body, and then climbed on top of her. "So, if every day is Mother's Day, Happy Mother's Day, mom."

Then, he added, "What can I do for you today?" His hard cock poked her.

“I want you to fuck me again, Ben. I want you to fuck me every day. And, I want to suck your cock, give you a blowjob before school, and I want to teach you how to eat pussy, and I want you to fuck my ass. Oh! And I want to show my friend Susan what a big cock you have. And, I want you call me a slut. When we’re..., you know..., doing it, OK? Mommy likes to be called a slut. A nasty, fucking, slut.”

“You know, for a nasty, fucking, slut, you talk too much.”

“Maybe I need something put in my mouth to shut me up. Something long, and thick, and—

“Gaaaaaagggggg!”

“Ahhhh! Much better... now suck it, slut!”

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