

The Over-nighter **The Over-nighter:** It was like any other time that Blake's friends came over for the night. Lots of movies, salsa, chips, snacks etc. But what I found out later was that there was a specific plan tonight. It wasn't suppose to go the way it did but it took a turn for the worst and the rest is now history. Blake has a young lady Natasha that he had taken to; she is three years older than him which gives me reason for pause. On Valentine's Day I came home to find them camped out in his room, on the floor, under a comforter, eating snacks and watching a movie. Of course I went nuts, I was savvy enough to know that one thing leads to another and then trouble. I had a heart to heart with him afterwards and made it very clear that she was not to be in this house alone with him, and that was final.

Fast forward to April. Blake called and asked if his friends, Brad, Jim and Bob could come over and hang out for the night. I said sure, rather have him at home than running the streets. Anyhow, I was going out with my friend Kathy for dinner so I was amenable to the whole idea. They were just getting there at 8 when I left to pick up Kathy. They greeted me respectfully as they always did and I told them I would see them later, not telling them for obvious reason exactly what time I would return. I arrived home about 11:45 and they were all watching TV. I said hi, excused myself and went upstairs for my shower and lights out. I was so tired, I had eaten like a piggy, the food was so good, and now I was sleepy. It must have been around 12:30 when I heard the front door shut with a thud and some voices. I got up, opened my door and called downstairs to see if everything was ok. Yes, they replied, just went out side for some air. Sorry we woke you. I hopped back into bed, it wasn't till later that I found out Natasha had come over, her and Blake were downstairs on the couch. So for insurance, it was Brad, Jim and Bob's job to make sure that mother didn't interrupt. I had just fallen back to sleep when I heard rustling in my room. Opening my groggy eyes I could see slight images of people. Who's there I murmured. It's just us Mrs. K., we were wondering if we could talk to you? At this time of night, are you crazy? Go back downstairs boys. No seriously Mrs. K, we need to talk to you. I heard them come closer as I lay comfy under the covers, naked I might add, which was my clothing of choice while I slept. What do you want boys I said with a little aggravation in my voice. Well Brad said, we were wondering if you would answer a few questions for us? You seem so easy to talk to and you are such a kool Mom. Must be the counselor in me I deduced. While Brad was talking Bob went over and turned on the lamp by the computer and I could then see all three boys clearly. OK, what is it I said? I'm really tired and need to get back to sleep. Well Mrs. K, we were wondering if you could clarify some things that we learned in school that we didn't quite understand. Well, what is it I said, still tucked under the covers. Bob and Jim were now sitting on the foot of the bed as Brad sat down next to me. Well we have never had any experience with girls and in sex ed class they were saying some things we didn't understand. Like what I replied? Well in class Mr. Johnson talked about the different body parts and how different men and women were. Starting with the top of the body, the man has a chest that is flat, unless he worked out a lot and then it is a little defined. But a woman, which we can all tell, is raised and has breasts. Yes, so what I replied? Well other than in books Bob and Jim have never seen a real breast. We were wondering if you would show them yours. What the shit are you talking about; get the hell out of my room before I get really pissed off. Well why don't you get up and throw us out Mrs. K, Brad smirked? Pointing with my right hand I commanded them to get out and get out now. Just settle down Mrs. K, Brad retorted. Then Bob moved up the bed and was lying beside me, and he started to stroke my hair. Chill Mrs. K he said real softly. While Bob was stroking my hair Jim had moved around on the bed and was facing me from the foot of the bed. By now I had taken the covers and was holding them tight around my neck. Look Mrs. K, don't do this the hard way, just cooperate a little and we will leave. Out.....was the only word that would come out of my mouth. Then Brad with a very evil grin on his faced and shaking his head, defiantly said, "no". Then he reached up and put his hands on my hands that were clutching the covers tight to my neck. Looking straight into my eyes he said, let em loose or I'll pry them loose. You little shit I snapped, get the hell out of this room now or I'll scream. I think not Mrs. K, Bob is ready to make sure that does not happen, right Bob? Bob just smiled and nodded his head. Ok Mrs. K, we want to see those tits, NOW he snapped. With that he clutched my hands with his big paws and

pulled. My hands and the covers came loose and he pulled them down to my waist. Oh my God I heard Jim exclaim, they are real tits, and they are beautiful. Ok, you've seen them, now please leave. Without replying, Brad reached down and took one of my breasts in his hand and began to fondle it. I tried to protest but Bob immediately took his hand and placed it over my mouth. Mmmm, I screamed in his hand. I was terrified as Brad continued tweaking my nipple roughly. I started to kick my legs, but then from the bottom of the bed Jim grabbed my ankles through the covers and held tight. Relax Mrs. K, Brad quipped as he moved his head down and took my breast in his mouth and began to suckle it. I tried beating him off with my hands but he grabbed my wrists and pinned them to my side. At the same time, Bob reached in and took my other breast in his hand and began to fondle it as well. These guys were too powerful for me, I was helpless as they had taken hold of me and I could not move. Then Brad raised his head from my breast and told Bob to take his hand off my mouth. As he did I started to scream but Brad immediately placed his mouth on mine and kissed me hard. I was breathing hard from exhaustion as he continued to kiss me and Bob continued fondling my breast. Then I became aware of the fact that Jim at the bottom of the bed was massaging my legs from the knees down. I could not deny the effect this attention was having on me as Brad continued to kiss me, Bob fondled my breast and Jim massaged my legs. Then Brad lifted his mouth from mine and just looked into my eyes. Now that was not so bad was it Mrs. K? I could not speak as I just lay there stunned and shocked at the boldness of these three young boys. Mrs. K, I'm only going to say this once, if you yell or resist we WILL hurt you. Do you understand? With a tears running out the side of my eyes I nodded yes. Good Brad said, you seem like a really smart lady, I'm glad you understand. Then without Brad taking his eyes from mine, him and Bob took their hand and fondled both of my breasts, tweaking the nipples hard. You like that don't you Mrs. K? Brad said? I just stared at him and he smiled. Then without warning both boys took their hand, moved them away from my breast down to my belly and then under the covers and placed them on my pussy. I jumped in shock and started to fight but it was to no avail, they had me bound. Spread them Mrs. K Brad commanded. I reluctantly complied and they both went to work massaging my pussy and rubbing my clit. Then I heard Jim speak. Look Brad, her eyes are rolling back into her head. She fuckin loves it. Of course she does Brad sneered, you just got to get them started. No I shook my head, no. Bob then leaned over and placed his mouth on mine kissing me hard. I swear to God, I could not help it, I started to cum. As soon as I did Bob took his big middle finger and slid it deep inside me and started to finger me vigorously as Brad continued to rub my clit. I went over the edge. Screaming in Bob's mouth my ass was bucking up and down on and off the bed. I had not even realized it but Jim had pulled the covers completely off me and I was lying there naked in front of these three boys, legs spread and bucking like a two bit whore. I felt rustling at the end of the bed when Bob removed his finger from my pussy and I felt Jim's tongue begin to lick me. Oh shit I heard myself moan, oh shit as yet another climax erupted deep inside my being. Brad continued to rub my clit as Jim ate me out, and then Bob took his finger that he had inside me and stuck it in my mouth. Suck it he said, suck it clean. I complied. There I was, lying on my bed with three teenage boys, one rubbing my clit, one eating me out and the other one with his finger in my mouth. You like Mrs. K, Brad said as I kept cumming over and over. Ugggg I grunted as they continued their ministrations. Laughing, Brad said, well if you like that, you're going to LOVE this. With that he stood up, and in less than 5 seconds he was naked from the waist down and holding his, holy shit, huge cock in his hand. Ok Jim he commanded, move away, I'm going to teach you how to properly fuck a lady. Brad looked at me and said, don't you even think of closing those legs. I had not even stopped cumming when Brad mounted me and with one clean motion he plunged his big cock deep inside me till I felt his balls slap against my ass. Oh gawd I moaned as I felt his big tool split me in two. Then he took his hands and placed them on both side of my head and looking me straight in the eye he said. Ok Mrs. K, I'm going to show the boys how it's done, and you're going to love it too. Are you ready boys for your lesson? Absolutely Brad, Bob and Jim retorted. Fuck her and fuck her good. Brad needed no more encouragement; he placed his mouth on mine and began to move his cock in and out of me slowly and methodically. Instinctively I wrapped my legs around his waist and dug my heels into

his ass as he fucked me slow and deliberately . My pussy was moving to keep up with him as I continued to cum and cum. Then Brad moved his mouth from mine and placed it by my ear. Does Theresa like Brad's big cock fucking her? He called me Theresa, it reminded me of my former boyfriend who used to do the same thing; that's when something just snapped inside me. Yes, Brad, yes I whispered, Theresa likes your big cock fucking her you little shit I whispered in his ear. Say it louder Theresa, say it louder. Yes Brad, yes, Theresa likes your big cock fucking her. Then I knew why he wanted me to say it louder. Jim had his iPhone out and was recording our every move from the foot of the bed, Bob was busy taking pictures beside us. Of course at this point I was so far gone it really didn't matter. Brad was fucking me tenderly and gently and I was grunting like a pig as he continued to pound me to kingdom come. Without warning Brad pulled out of me, pulled away and commanded me to get on my hands and knees. I quickly rolled over on the bed, got on my knees, stuck my ass in the air and spread my legs and buried my head in the pillow. Good girl Theresa, Brad smirked, Paul trained you well. With that he got back between my legs and reinserted his cock deep inside me. Oh God I mumbled, oh God it was so deep. I could feel it in my throat. Then he told Bob to move to the top of the bed and position his body so that I could suck his cock. I began to protest but Brad drove his cock so hard inside me he threatened to split me in half. Do it Theresa he shouted. Suck his cock. Bob then took hold of my head and pulled it down onto his erect cock. I opened my mouth as he inserted it deep, I could feel it in my throat and I began to gag, then he pulled out a little and let me begin to suck it. He kept moving his hips up and down as he moved my head up and down with the same rhythm. Out of the corner of my eyes I could see Jim moving around the bed filming from every angle. A cock in my pussy and a cock in my mouth, then Brad took his middle finger and slid it into my ass, I gagged on Bob's cock as it took me by surprise, then as Brad continued pumping me in both holes I began to cum. I began to scream on Bob's cock and I guess he just couldn't take it and I felt him swell up and begin to throb, I knew what was coming and I braced myself. And did he ever cum. He began to shoot gobs and gobs of his young cum in my mouth as I was cumming all over Brad's cock and finger. I began to hear the air coming out of my ass as Brad fingered it and I lost all control. I came again, and again and again. Then Brad pulled out and rolled me over on my back, he straddled my chest as he placed his left hand behind my head stroking his cock with his right. He pulled my head up just enough that I was looking straight into the eye of his cock. You ready Theresa I heard him ask? I never replied, I just closed my eyes, opened my mouth and struck out my tongue. Damn, Paul really did train you well. Then I heard Brad moan as he erupted in my mouth, all over my face, in my hair and on my tits. It seemed like it would never stop, then I opened my eyes and saw Jim on his knees beside me, Brad took my head and moved it so that I was perfectly lined up with Jim's cock, then I heard him moan and there it came. Another plentiful load of young cum, all over me. Then they told me to get on my knees again as they lay under me, they told me to clean them up, when I got on my knees, Bob moved in behind me and started to fuck me. I had nothing left, I just knelt there as he fucked me to his heart's content. But then without warning, he pulled out of me and drove his cock into my ass. I began to pass air again and everyone started to laugh. Then I heard Jim grunt and his cock began to throb in my ass and he began to unload his cum inside my bowels. Of fuck I heard Jim grunt, oh fuck that was good. Finally spent, Brad and Bob laid back in the bed and pulled me down between them while Jim laid his head on my stomach. Well Mrs. K, how did you like it? You know that this was rape you little shits? Really Mrs. K, well I'm afraid the camera will show a much different story. Oh shit, I had forgotten about the camera. Where is my son Blake I countered? He's down stairs fucking the shit out of Natasha. Now you're not going to give him a hard time are you? As a matter of fact, he is going to bring her in this house and fuck her anywhere and anytime he wants. Even if it is in your bed. You understand? I just nodded my head yes. And as far as the rape thing goes Mrs. K, by morning we will all three have fucked you so many times that you will forget what rape is. You believe that Mrs. K? Well, they were true to their word. One thing about teenagers, they are quick to rebound and are so damn virile. Each one fucked me so many times I lost track. They all took turns at my pussy, my ass and my mouth. Seemed like for the rest of the night there was something and someone cumming in every hole I had.

I don't know when they left, all I know is when I awoke it was after 1pm. I was covered with cum and the room smelled like shit. My ass was so sore from the reaming they gave me. I got up and made my way to the bathroom where I proceeded to take a long hot shower, then I threw my robe on and staggered down the steps to get a cup of coffee, as I came to the bottom of the steps I could hear moaning; as I looked toward the couch I saw Blake pounding Natasha like a jackhammer. I heard her moaning, fuck me Blake, fuck me Blake, fuck me Blake. I proceeded to walk by them and I went into the kitchen, it was like I was not even there. I made my coffee and as I walked back into the living room to go back upstairs Blake lifted up his head and said. Good Morning Mom, Oh by the way, you don't mind do you, he smiled and went back to his business with Natasha. I thought to myself, what the hell if I do, so what. As I was going up the stairs, Blake once again addressed me. Oh by the way Mom the guys said to tell you they were coming back over later, thought you'd be glad to see them. Moving half way up the stairs I could hear Blake go back to his business with Natasha. I couldn't help it, I turned around and moved back down the stairs and sat right at the edge of the wall where I could see Blake and Natasha. Where in the hell did he learn to do that I thought. The little shit was fucking the insides out of this little 100lb girl. Natasha had her hands on Blake's ass trying to pull him in even deeper as he methodically fucked her between her wide spread legs, then she opened her eyes and saw me sitting there, she just smiled as she began to talk to Blake again. Fuck me Blake, fuck me honey. She was not only talking to Blake, but she was taunting me, the little whore. Then as I watched, I saw Natasha's eyes roll back into her head, oh fuck Blake, I'm cummmmming she screamed as her little ass started bucking up and down. In the middle of her climax I heard Blake start to moan, no I thought to myself, don't cum in her, don't. Too late. Blake let out this blood curling grunt and I knew he was unloading his baby juice deep inside her. Yes Blake, yes, squirt in me baby, squirt in me deep she moaned. Then it was over and Blake collapsed on her. She looked up one more time before I stood up and proceeded upstairs and just smiled at me. OK, I was defeated. It must have been around 7 when I finally woke up again. I put on my housecoat and went downstairs fully expecting the house to be empty. But there was Blake, alone, sleeping on the couch.

I tried being quiet but Blake woke as I was in the kitchen. He got up and walked and stood in the doorway. It was really hard looking at him. He was not a little boy any longer, he was a man. Do you want something to eat I asked. Sure he replied, how about a sandwich. Ok I replied. I got the sandwiches ready and took them over to the table. Blake had gone up stairs to take a shower and was walking down the stairs as I reached the table. Thanks Mom he said as we sat down to eat. We really didn't even look at each other or speak while we ate. Then I finally broke the silence. I sure hope you don't get her pregnant Blake. Mom, do you think I'm stupid? Natasha is on birth control. Thank God I murmured. She's really something isn't she Mom? She's something ok Blake I retorted. And how about you? Where did you learn to do that? Mom, its part instinct and part good teaching by Natasha. She sure can fuck, I'll tell you that Mom. Blake, don't use that word around me, it's horrible. Chill Mom, from what I heard from my sister and saw on a certain video, you kind of like that word yourself. I felt myself blush as I realized he knew everything. You know Mom, the boys really think you are tops. And I must say, you really seemed to like them as well. Wow, they really did you good. What the hell was I going to say? I just sat there as he talked feeling dirty, and beaten. Like I said Mom, Natasha can really fuck. She loves to fuck, but I just can't get her to do oral sex. She just won't do it. Well Blake, not all girls like oral sex. You just have to be patient with her. How about you Mom, did you always like oral sex or did you dislike like it when you were young also? Blake, that is a highly inappropriate question. Shit Mom, quit being so fucking self righteous, I saw the video, remember? So answer me. I was dying inside, having a conversation about oral sex with my 17 year old Son. Well he said? Yes Blake I retorted, I did. He smiled. Then he got up from the table and took the dishes to the kitchen and came back and wiped the table off. Then Blake walked up behind me and placed his hands on my neck and began to rub. What are you doing honey I asked? Well Mom, for years you have been giving me leg and butt rubs, I guess this is the least I can do for you after the workout you had. I was silent as he continued to rub. You know Mom, I have never had the opportunity to enjoy oral sex before, I'm

dying to experience it. Be patient Blake, your time will come. Be patient with Natasha, maybe she will come around, if not there will be someone else eventually. Blake continued to rub my neck in silence. It was so relaxing, it felt really good. Then I heard Blake mumble something. What did you say Blake I asked? Nothing Mom. Blake, go ahead, what was it? You know you can talk to me. Why don't you teach me Mom? What I screamed as I jumped up off the chair. Are you crazy Blake, what has gotten in to you? Mom, chill, don't be such a fuckin prude. Don't be a fucking prude you say, I'm your Mom, you're my Son. Mom's and Son's don't do that. Well Mom, you might just be surprised what goes on out there between Parent and Kids. Well whatever but this is never going to happen Blake. Not in a million freakin years. Well before her Father died, Natasha had sex with her Dad for three years. What? I screamed, that is insane. I know Mom, but it happened. That's why she's such a good fuck, he taught her well. Well someone else can teach you about oral sex, cause it isn't happening here. Sit down Mom and relax. You're going to have a stroke. I'll sit down but there will be no more talk of any of this crap. I sat down and Blake resumed rubbing my neck in silence for about 5 minutes. Then he broke the silence. You know Mom, you having sex with my friends is statutory rape. My blood ran cold inside me. I said nothing. You know Mom, I'm sure Dad would love to get his hands on that video. We both know how much he loves you, I'm sure he would love to put you away for the rest of your paltry life. I could feel the tears rolling down my face as my evil son continued to talk. So Mom, it's real simple. Teach me about oral sex and your secret will be safe with us. Dad never has to see it. Trying to compose myself I stood up from the chair and walked upstairs to my bedroom and shut the door. My head was spinning out of control. I thought I was dreaming, I had to pinch myself to realize I was awake. I laid down on the bed and just started weeping. I must have dozed off cause when I awoke there was Blake sitting on the side of the bed. Why are you crying Mom, Blake inquired? Are you nuts Son, why am I crying? You know why I'm crying. Mom, stop this self righteous shit. You weren't crying when you were sucking Bob and Brad off and when they came all over your face and everywhere else. For crying out loud Blake, they were not my Son. You're right Mom, but you're a good actress, just pretend. Can't you do that? Blake, please, don't talk like this. Ok Mom, but will you at least give me a butt rub? Ok, I will do that but nothing more, understand? Yes Mom, I understand. Lay down over here, so he did, on his stomach and I began rubbing his legs and then moved up to his butt, and through his jockey shorts began to rub his butt like I always used to. Then suddenly Blake turned over and grabbed my hand and placed it on the bulge in his shorts. Blake I screamed, what the f..... Mom, shut up, rub me or I swear to God I will turn that fuckin video over to Dad, TODAY!!!! I closed my eyes as I began to rub Blake's cock through his shorts. Open your eyes Mom, you're not getting off that easy he laughed. I opened my eyes to gaze upon a huge bulge in his shorts. He was well endowed, just like his Dad. Pull my shorts off Mom. Blake I protested. Mom, now he snapped, pull them off now. I proceeded to pull them down his legs and off his feet and threw them on the floor. Then instinctively I took hold of his penis and began to slowly stroke it. I was mesmerized as I stroked and watched my Son respond to my touch. As I stroked I watched as a drop of precum oozed from the tip of his penis. Mom, Blake broke the silence, I looked up and he said. Mom, that's for you. I felt myself blush as he said those words. Here I was, stroking my 17 year old son's cock, but what choice did I have, it was this or go to jail for the rest of my life, so I figured, I might as well give him what he wants. I will just have to shut off my mind to the fact that he is my son. So I took both hands and wrapped them around his virile 8" cock and began to slowly stroke him. The quicker I could make him cum the quicker this nightmare would be over I thought to myself. And if there was anything I knew, it was how to make a man come by giving him oral sex. I took my thumb and rolled it around in his precum and painted it all over the head. He started to breath heavy as I continued to stroke him. I knew he was close and I could probably bring him off with my hands, but I knew that's not what he wanted, he would only make me do it again. So, without any further ado, I bent my head forward and took the head into my mouth and gently licked it. I then reached down and took his balls in my hand and squeezed them. That's all it took, I felt him stiffen and his cock start to throb. That's when I went further down on him and he started to cum in my mouth. Oh shit Mom he screamed, oh shit, suck

it. Firmly grasping his balls with my left hand and stroking his cock with my right, I stroked him as he continued to squirt torrents of his young juice down my throat. I swallowed hard and fast as to not lose a drop. Oh fuck Mom, oh fuck he chanted. I continued stroking him till he was totally spent. But the amazing thing was.....the little shit was still hard as a rock. Oh the glory of youth I smiled to myself. At this point I really didn't know what to do next. Here was my son lying there in a state of euphoria, his dick still as hard as a rock, and he had just cum as much as anyone I had ever known. So, I figured I would break the moment by getting up and going to the bathroom. When I came back into the bedroom Blake was still lying there with his eyes closed and his big dick sticking straight up in the air. I sat down beside him and said. Son, I'm going to get my shower, maybe you need to go into your bedroom now and get some rest. I'm sure you are exhausted from all the activity in the last 24 hours. He just grunted. So I proceeded to the bathroom to take a shower. I have to tell you that the hot water felt so good, especially after what I had been through. I basked in the wonderful feeling of it for what seemed like hours. Then I was awakened from my state of euphoria by the sound of the door opening. Blake, is that you I called? Yea Mom, it's me he answered. Before I spoke next, the shower curtain opened and Blake stepped in the shower, completely naked and his winkle still hard as a rock. Ahhhhhh Blake, I think it would be best if you took a shower in your own bathroom. With that he grabbed the body wash and proceeded to shampoo his hair and wash himself thoroughly, not forgetting to completely lather his cock and balls as he lewdly did it in front of his Mother. Then suddenly he came in behind me, wrapped his arms around me and placed his hands on my breasts as he pushed his hard cock against my back. Blake, enough is enough I screamed, get the hell out of this shower NOW. He just kept massaging my breasts and pushing his cock against my back as I struggled to get loose from his grasp. Then he moved his head next to mine and said in my ear. Shut the fuck up Mom, that's when he turned my head and placed his mouth on mine kissing me deeply. This was no kiss from a young boy, this was a kiss from a man. I continued to struggle to try and get loose when he took his right hand off my breast and quickly moved it down my body till it came to rest firmly attached to my pussy. I jumped with surprise as he took his arm and moved it across my body to hold me tight and bent me backwards as he started to move his finger up and down my pussy. The water was still pouring out of the shower head, directly on us, as Blake continued to rub my pussy up and down. Then he took his finger and placed it on my clit and just applied pressure. My body began to convulse as my climax washed over me, as it did Blake started to massage my clit faster and I came even more. Then he stepped back and took both hands and pushed me forward till I thought I was going to fall, I placed my hand against the wall and he then proceeded to take both hands, put them between my legs and forced them open. No Blake, fuck no Blake, you are not going to fuck your Mother, I don't give a shit if I go to jail for the rest of my life, you're not fucking me. It was like I was not even talking, he took his cock in his hand and placed it as the entrance of my pussy and shoved. In one clean motion he slid all the way inside me. Blake, what the fuck do you think you're doing? Blake, take it out. NOW, I screamed. He had me positioned in such a way that if I took my hands from the wall I would fall on my face. I steadied myself as Blake started an in and out movement with his cock buried deep inside me. Involuntarily I felt my hips pushing back to meet him every time he pushed forward. He continued this methodical rhythm pounding hard in me with each stroke. He had his hands on my waist and was moving his hips back and forth. This little shit was taught well. There was no question about it. Then my body began to convulse again as I started to cum. Blake must have sensed it cause he increased his speed, pounding hard in me with each stroke. Oh god I heard myself moan as Blake continued to fuck me. My whole body was shaking but he never stopped. I came again and again on his young virile cock as he never let up for a second. Then he reached around and grabbed both of my tits and began to roughly squeeze the nipples, that put me over the edge yet again. Fuck Blake, stop this I pleaded, stop, please. Not on your life Mom was all he said. Then he pulled out of me, wrapped his arms around me as he stepped out of the shower and dragged me with him as he preceded to get me to the bed, shove me on my back, jump up on top of me, spread my legs and drove his cock back in me again. I had no fight left in me as Blake got on his knees, put his arms under my thighs and lifted them up as he pulled me toward him, then

proceeded to move his cock in and out of me, slowly and methodically. I laid there and watched as my 17 year old son was fucking me like a mature man. His own mother, this was incest, this was perveted, this was, this was.....oh shit, another climax hit me and this time Blake didn't speed up he just continued his slow fucking of me. But, I needed him to go faster, oh shit, I needed to complete this climax. Blake, come on I grunted, come on. Come on what Mom? Blake snickered. Come on, go faster. Go faster? Blake exclaimed. Does my Mom want me to go faster? Yes, please. Tell me Mom, I want to hear you say it. Now. Go faster Blake, please go faster. Come on Mom, you know what the fuck I want to hear you say . So say it or I'll pull out right now. No, no, no don't do that. Then tell me Mom. My climax needed to be brought to fruition, I was dying here, this little shit had me at his mercy and he knew it. Fuck me Blake I whispered. What Mom? I can't hear you. Fuck me Blake. Mom, I still can't hear you. FUCK ME BLAKE, DAMN IT, FUCK ME. With that Blake let loose of my legs, extended his body over mine, placed his hands under my ass and pulled it up off the bed and began to pile drive me like a crazy man. Uggg I grunted as he fucked me. Is this what Mama wants Blake screamed? Yes Blake, yes, this is what I want, fuck me oh fuck me hard. And he did, it seemed like one climax ran into another, I didn't know where one ended and the other began. Then I felt Blake tighten up, I knew he was getting ready to cum. Cum Blake I cooed, come to Mama. With that I felt his cock start to swell and throb inside me and then I felt his warm juice spray my insides. Oh baby, cum in Mama, that's it, give it all to me honey. He squirted and squirted as his climax subsided but not his erection. Oh the glory, oh the glory of youth. He just kept moving in and out of me, a little slow maybe but just as intense. I was spent, I was gone, I was destroyed, I was going to hell for sure, I knew it. In and out, in and out, this little shit was relentless. Blake honey, aren't you done yet? No Mom, I can't help it, I want more. You're gonna kill a girl Blake, not many women can take this. Thank god there was so much cum in me, as least I was well lubricated, there was no friction. Put your hand between us Mom and feel me sliding in and out. How erotic this little shit was. I put my hand between us and took hold of his cock as it slid in and out of me. Then I heard Blake begin to groan. Oh gawd I thought, here he goes again. Then he pulled out of me, crawled up my body and straddled my chest. He looked down at me and smiled. Just like the video Mom. With that he took his left hand and put it behind my head and pulled it up and toward him as he stroked his cock with his right. His eyes rolled back into his head and I knew he was ready so I reached up, grabbed his balls and opened my mouth wide and extended my tongue. That was it. He started to cum again, squirting his hot juice everywhere. He then pulled my head toward him and slid his cock in my mouth and finished off squirting in my mouth. Finally spend, Blake rolled off of me and lay on his back beside me, panting like a dog. Bracing myself on my elbow I leaned over him and began to place my mouth on his. His eyes shot open as he felt a drop of his own cum fall on his mouth. Mom, yuck he protested. What you little fuck, you don't mind squirting that shit in my mouth so see how it tastes for yourself. With that I grabbed his head and puckered his mouth with my hand and placed my mouth hard to his and let what was left of his cum drip into his mouth. I then squeezed his nose and this caused him to swallow. Mom, you fucking bitch, what do you think you are doing he choked? What's a matter Blake, what's good for the goose is not good for the gander? With that he grabbed my head and kissed me hard. Since that day our relationship has vastly changed. He is not the rebellious child he was anymore. He is kind, respectful and thoughtful. We fuck every day. I have no need for an outside relationship any longer, at least not as long as Blake is in the house. Oh, by the way, his friends don't come around anymore. Guess he wants me all to himself. Little did I know what was coming next?

It had been about three weeks since that fateful night where my life was changed forever. Never in my wildest imagination did I ever think something like this could happen to me. The thought of incest in families sickened me and made me ill, I thought it was evil and demonic. But now, here I am in the troughs of it myself and it looks totally different. Or was I just skewed. I don't know, I can't say, but this I do know. My pussy aches for my son's young cock now. I usually can't wait till our next encounter. It's all I think about every day at work, actually, all my waking moments. And it's come to the point where I am actually jealous of Natasha, especially when I

know Blake is over her house or here when I'm not home, fucking her young insides out. But I can't say a word. They all made sure of that. As I was contemplating all that had happened there was a knock at the door. I went over and looked through the peep hole, it was Peter my ex husband. I wondered what the hell he wanted. I hadn't had any aggravation from him in weeks, and I was quite content in keeping it that way. As I opened the door he just barged in which was his normal insensitive way. What's up Theresa he said? Nothing much, just doing my day off thing I retorted. Thought I would bring over the Access card for you since I will be working this afternoon. Thanks I replied. Well I see you have stopped harassing the kids he said, glad to see you have finally come to your senses. If you would have listened to me all along and did what I said, your relationship with them would probably be much different today. I hated this smug prick I thought to myself. Why would I ever marry someone like him, I must have been crazy. I didn't reply to him. Well Peter, thanks for dropping off the card, I will be going shopping later. With that I reached out and opened the door so he could leave. Peter immediately pushed the door shut and smugly said, not so fucking fast Theresa, who said I was ready to leave. There he went again, using the language. Just leave Peter I said, I have a lot to do. Like what Theresa he sneered, fucking our son's friends. I became faint and watched as my life passed before my eyes. The room began to spin and I felt my knees buckle under me. As I felt myself falling toward the floor, Peter reached over and took hold of me and sat me on a chair. You ok Theresa? Peter sneered. You look like you've seen a ghost he snickered. Then he continued. Things are going to drastically change in the Kooper house hold from today forward Theresa. I could not even speak; I was so stunned and shocked at the thought of this prick knowing all about what happened. Like I said Theresa, things are going to change. From now on you will do what I say, when I say, how I say, without any bullshit or mouth. You understand? I couldn't speak; much less comprehend what he meant. Theresa, I'm talking to you. With that he slapped me across the face. This shocked me out of the fog I was in. Don't you ever slap me again you prick I screamed. Theresa, shut the fuck up, you are in no position to make any demands of anyone you fucking pedophile. I didn't know you enjoyed fucking young boys, actually I didn't know you liked fucking at all till the Paul incident. You sure never fucked me in our marriage. That's because you treated me like trash you prick I screamed. Then he hauled off and slapped me hard across the face again. I felt my cheek burn and tears started streaming down my face. Then he grabbed a hand full of hair and snapped my head back so that I was looking straight at him. Then he moved his face right up to mine where we were nose to nose. Theresa, you are a fucking worthless cunt. Always was, always will be. Then he moved his mouth to mine and started to kiss me hard. I started to protest but he squeezed my hair harder till it started to hurt bad and just kept kissing me. Then he removed his mouth and I spit in his face. With that he slapped me again, hard and I felt my nose start to bleed. Like I said Theresa, things are going to change, starting now. Still holding a hand full of hair, he pulled me up off the chair and began to walk up the stairs dragging me behind him. Let go of me you son of bitch I screamed. He just laughed as he continued dragging me up the stairs. Once we reached the top of the stairs he opened the door to my bedroom and dragged me inside and threw me on the bed. He handed me a tissue and told me to clean my nose. I was sobbing uncontrollably as I wiped the blood from my face. I glanced over and looked in the mirror only to see my face red and swollen from the slapping I had received. Now get undressed Peter taunted, get them fucking clothes off now. I'm not doing a fucking thing for you Peter I screamed. I'll kill your ass if I get a chance. With that he took another handful of hair in his left hand and with his right he slapped me hard across the face yet again. I could feel myself losing consciousness as my head started to spin and everything went black. I don't know how long I was out, but when I awoke, I was laying across the bed, totally naked. Peter had undressed me and was standing there naked himself. Grinning from ear to ear he said, welcome back Theresa. If you're a good girl you won't go on that trip again. You understand? He must have seen the distain in my face as I stared at him because he moved toward me and grabbed my hair again and looked me straight in the face. Theresa he said, I don't care how much you hate me, cause it couldn't be more than I hate you. I've waited for years to have you in this position and now I'm in command and there is not one fucking thing you can or will do about it. I would be more

than happy to put your fucking ass away for life for fucking under aged boys. And I think you know me well enough to believe that I will. I will ruin your fucking miserable life forever. Do you know what they do with female pedophiles in prison? They will have a good time with you my dear. I guarantee it. Those night guards will rape you so many times you will not be able to count them. Their nightsticks will spend a majority of their time up your pussy and asshole. You will be a real hit with all of them he said as he laughed. And the female inmates? Well, you will be their private bitch. You will get real used to sucking pussy. Is that the life you envision for yourself Theresa dear? No I shook my head as I continued sobbing. Then turn over, get on your hands and knees and move over the side of this bed he said as he was stroking his sadistic cock and smiling. NOW he barked. I quickly turned over and moved to the side of the bed, got on my knees and opened my legs. Good Theresa, Peter retorted, now we're getting somewhere. He moved up to me and took his cock and positioned it at the entrance of my pussy and pushed. I grunted as he hit bottom in one rough motion. Still sobbing, I lay there as he put his hands on my waist and began to fuck me hard, pounding the shit out of me. Then he started to taunt me. Does Theresa like getting fucked? Or does she prefer young boys to mature men? What a great show you put on Theresa, sucking those young cocks and drinking all that cum. Remember how much of mine you use to drink. How many cocks have you sucked and drained since me Theresa? How many? Answer me you little whore. How many and who? Sobbing, I answered him. Jim, Garry and Paul. You fuckin cum slut, and don't forget your three young boyfriends. Did you like getting fucked over and over again by those young boys? Tell me Theresa. You are a fucking slut Theresa. A fucking slut he screamed. Yes Peter, I liked it, is that what you want me to say? Damn right Theresa. Cause you did. It was evident by the video. Peter continued fucking me hard, and as much as I hated and loathed it, my body began to respond. He was being so rough, but my body was responding and I could feel myself wanted to cum. I prayed and did all I could to stave it off, but it was to no avail. I started to cum. Oh gawd I grunted. Theresa, you fucking little slut. You like being treated rough don't you? With that he continued to drive in me hard and I started cumming like crazy. I felt my ass fucking him back as my climax continued to crescendo. Oh gawd, I screamed as it swept over me like a tsunami. Just as my climax subsided Peter reached up and took hold of my hair again and pulled me around to face his cock as he shoved it in my mouth. Suck it you cum loving bitch he screamed. Suck it. I began to suck it as he held my head firmly and fucked his cock hard in and out of my mouth. Then I felt him stiffen and his cock start to throb and there it came. Torrents of his hot sticky cum began to unload in my mouth. Swallow you whore he screamed, swallow my cum. I gulped and gulped as he came and came in my mouth. Good girl Theresa he chanted, good girl, that's what you are best at, sucking cock and swallowing cum. When his climax subsided, he pulled me off the bed and led me to the bathroom. He pulled the shower curtain open and stepped into the tub, pulling me behind him. Lay down in the tub he said, your face is a dirty fucking mess, it needs cleaned. Saying that he straddled me and with cock in hand, began to urinate in my face. It caught me by surprise as he squirted streams of his hot piss all over my face. Wash your face in it Theresa he commanded. I took both hands and began washing my face with his urine. He pissed and pissed as I continued to wash my face. Finally he was done and he reached back and turned on the shower. Stand up he commanded. As I stood up he grabbed my hair again and said, "wash your master". I hated this fucker, but the alternative was not an option. And you better wash me nice he snickered. Because I'm going to take you back to bed and fuck you for the rest of the afternoon. I'm going to make up for all those years you withheld it from me Theresa. And by the way, I took a couple of Viagra so I can go all day. This was evident by his still rock hard erection. I picked up the body wash and squirted it in my hands and began to wash Peter all over, he closed his eyes and I could see the pleasure on his face. Then he said, you may want to wash my ass real good Theresa, cause you are going to spend some considerable time licking and reaming it out with your fucking tongue. My stomach turned at the thought, the only ass I had ever reamed out with my tongue was Paul's, and it was delicious, and I didn't mind doing it because he loved me and treated me like a princess, why did I ever fuck the whole thing up with him. Maybe Peter was right all along about me. Maybe I am worthless. When I was finally finished washing him he stepped out of the tub and told me to

[illegible]

be back he said as he got up, dressed and walked toward the door. Looking back and laughing he said, I guess between Blake and I we should keep you real happy. My stomach turned with disdain. But he was true to his word. Everyday would start out with Blake fucking me before he went to school and sometime during the day or evening Peter would come over and take over where Blake left off. My life was in this endless triangle and I didn't know how to get out.....but the most pathetic part was.....I didn't know if I wanted to.