Shannon Tweed and her son

B movie legend has an affair with her son

Inc, mom/son, FM, Fb, celebrity, ped, romance, adultery

 Shannon Tweed lay back her eyes closed, her mouth slightly open, breathes coming in light gasps, her beautiful cream colored body bathed in a light film of sweat as she writhed under the ministrations of her son and his skilled eating of her pussy.

 As she lay in a dreamy state of ecstasy she thought back on how it all started. It was a Friday, for the millionth time she had been left at home alone while her husband had gone out partying. Steaming as she sat drinking wine, knowing he wouldn’t be back that night, that he would be out fucking some bimbo groupie, she thought about revenge she wanted to hurt him, but at the same time she loved him and their life together but she was tired of being ignored; she wanted to be loved and made love to and not just every once in a while. Drunkenly she staggered down the hall past her son’s room. In a motherly fashioned she opened the door and peeked in. As always he had kicked his bed clothes down, dressed only in a pair of athletic shorts, he lay on his back. Only twelve years old you could already tell he was going to be good-looking she thought. She found herself kneeling by his bed and stroking his hair wondering why all men couldn’t be like him.

 *She felt a strange chill come over her. It felt like her body was not her own and she began kissing her sleeping son; his forehead, his lips, his chin, his throat, down his thin hairless chest she kissed. She came to the top of his shorts; she stood and slipped them off and slipped out of her bathrobe. Naked, beautiful, and magnificent she stood next to her son’s bed looking down on him, beautiful in his nakedness, his small cock, hairless but for a small tuft of pubic hair. She knelt again hypnotized by his penis. She took him in her mouth and he instantly hardened and she glanced up to see him staring at her in wide eyed wonder. At twelve years old he was not going to last long and within seconds a stream of white hot come filled her mouth which she hungrily swallowed. She stood and kissed him on the forehead; touched his lips with a finger, picked up her robe and left the room as silently as she had entered it.*

 So it started. For the next decade Shannon’s affair with her son grew. The sex was intoxicating; their love as mother and son grew into something greater. She taught him everything about pleasing women in and out of bed. He could not be a more eager and able student, his mother was one of the most beautiful and desirable in the world and she could not have done a better job of teaching him. Many times she thought about what she was doing but realized that their relationship was the only thing keeping her in a relationship with his father. For her son’s part he was in heaven; mother or not sex with a giving and skilled beautiful woman was a teenage dream.

 Shannon snapped out of her reverie. The heat was building in her pussy. Her son was giving her what they laughingly called their “special” move; he had one arm looped around her leg and spreading her pussy lips, he was finger fucking her with the middle finger of his other hand while rubbing her clit with his thumb and licking around and tonguing her pussy lips. She felt her orgasm building but suddenly she felt herself jerk and convulse as she came. A flash of light exploded before her eyes and she slammed her head back into her pillow and shoved her son’s face into her burning cunt. Wave after wave of pleasure shot through her. After a while she glanced down at her son who was grinning up at her. “Like that did you?” He asked. “Wow!” She replied returning his grin. “Is there something I can do for you?” “You bet!” He replied and stood up next to the bed.

 He was magnificent she thought. A towering 6’ 8” 225 pound body, tightly muscled with a hairy torso and incredibly handsome almost pretty face topped by a shaggy mass of wavy/curly jet black hair. But it was his cock, his gigantic cock that her eyes were fixated on; almost hypnotized she stared at it. They had actually measured his erection about year before; twelve and a quarter inches long and a mind boggling eight and a half inches around with a head literally the size an average man’s fist and the biggest set of nuts she had ever seen to match. “Like my dick Mom?” He boldly asked, repeating a routine they had played many times before. “Yes.” She whispered eagerly. “You want it?” he asked smiling. “Yes, I want your dick. I want my son’s dick.” She moaned as she began to play with her still wet pussy starting that familiar burning sensation. “Good because I want to fuck my mom. I want to fuck her cunt. Kiss it, kiss my dick mom.” He commanded as he moved closer. She complied and scooted over in the bed giving him room to lie next to her. They began to kiss as their hands roamed over each other’s bodies, bodies that they knew so well. She lay on her back and as he moved on top of her she spread her legs as far apart as she could and raised her knees so they pointed to the ceiling while her feet remained flat on the bed, as long as they had been fucking since he had reached his full length she simply couldn’t take his cock in the missionary position any other way. She reached down and guided him to the entrance of her hot eager soaking wet cunt. He began to slowly enter her but without warning slammed into her. She cried out in pain, “Wait baby, no!” as he buried half of his length in her. “Not today Mom!” he answered and began driving his full length into her. She cried out and tried to push him off of her but he was having none of it and pinned her hands over her head, holding them in place with one hand while clamping the other over her mouth, she struggled and cried out in her agony and building passion as he slammed in and out of her, each stroke feeling like a giant sharpened stake being driven in and out of her. Forever it seemed he fucked her, tearing her cunt apart, she felt herself passing out from the pain and intense eroticism of the sex when she felt every fiber of her body scream in orgasm and felt his come explode through her like a white hot blast of lava. Dazedly they lay next to each other until she broke the silence by punching him in the shoulder and asking, “What was that about asshole? That hurt! I’m bleeding!” “I felt like having it a little rough today Mom. Besides you came didn’t you?” He laughed in reply. “Beside the point.” She pouted as she stuck out her bottom lip and crossed her arms. “Oh come on Mom, don’t be like that.” He teased. “I tell you what. You can go for a ride if you want.” referring to her much loved cowgirl position. “Oh please, don’t even try it, you’ve already come. It’s going to take you forever to get it up again.” She said knowing better. “You know you can get me up.” “Okay.” She said partially mollified. “But you let me do what I want, got it?” “Got it Mom.” He answered, knowing she was referring to his habit of forcibly turning the cowgirl position into the missionary position.

 She moved down the bed and took his soft cock into her mouth. Even limp she could barely fit it into mouth and could hold barely half its length. Slowly she began to suck while masturbating the rest of the monster hanging down between her son’s legs with one hand and fondling his grapefruit size balls with the other. Sucking her son’s cock had always been a joy, ever since their first time together and the taste of their combined come added an indescribable pleasure to it. Within minutes he began to harden as she knew he would. As he grew harder and larger, she was forced back until she barely had the head of his big dick in her mouth. When he was fully erect, she began masturbating him with both hands and told him, “Say it!” He gasped, “Fuck me Mommy! Please fuck me Mommy!” “Keep talking!” She commanded. “Please fuck me Mommy! Oh Mommy, I love you Mommy!” He replied. As he babbled on she stood up on the bed and slowly began squatting down on his cock which by now was standing straight up as hard as a marble pillar. Slowly she began taking him into her, even normally they had to go slow but with her in pain from the fucking he had given her a few minutes previously it was taking her forever to take him all the way. As she lowered herself on to her son’s cock she looked at her beautiful son with his eyes closed and hands clenching the sheets, begging for her to fuck him, she wondered if it was possible to be more in love. What she felt for the handsome young man before her was something she had never heard even described. The love of a mother for her son, the love of a woman for a man, those loves put together, but even more, they had something that even the word love seemed inadequate to describe. As she began to painfully move up and down, she thought back on the last ten years and wondered what the next ten years and beyond would bring. She dismissed her thoughts and as she felt her cunt bath her son’s cock with her pussy juices, she began to play with her clit and move up and down and she shivered with pleasure and tears of joy rolled down her face she came and she knew that this was happiness.