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Summary

Over the years I've had literally hundreds of on-line "affairs" with all sorts of different men. Almost all of them just wanted to meet me, get nudes of me or enjoy free phone sex but in EVERY case I refused. Despite an almost ten year history and me having written about this numerous times, there are STILL guys who think they will somehow be the one to coax me into doing such things. Well, guys who push too hard for me to cam or send a photo of me other than what I want simply get put on my ignore list. Really, I mean why should I take any risks just for a little short-lived fun?

While the vast majority of people who contact me are pervs and fakes (I'm not as dumb as people seem to think), now and then I hear from someone who's special. I mean someone who I've confirmed is real - although usually not because they wanted me to find out. Someone that does naughty things for me to prove what they tell me. It's pretty unbelievable what some people will do for me. It's funny that some people accuse me of making up some or all of my diary but I doubt anyone would believe what some of these guys have done. For this reason, and to protect everyone involved, I generally never post or discuss such things in my diary.

Spencer was one of the few who met all the criteria - and then some. He was real, engaged, and willing to do things that would have shocked his fiance and mother had they known. I'll leave it up to the reader to decide what parts actually happened - if any of it. All of the names, locations and other identifying attributes have been changed so don't try to "read between the lines" to figure out who he is, where he lives, or even when this happened for that matter.

Table of Contents

Chapter 1 - Flirting On-Line.....	2
Chapter 2 - Spencer Contacts Me.....	4
Chapter 3 - Getting More Personal	7
Chapter 4 - Spencer Pushes the Limits	8
Chapter 5 - The Fiance.....	10
Chapter 6 - Pushing Too Far?.....	12
Chapter 7 - Crossing the Line	14
Chapter 8 - Later.....	20

Chapter 1 - Flirting On-Line

Wow, it's hard sometimes to believe all that's happened since the first time I entered into an on-line adult chat site. Back then I was just eighteen; a home-sick, ultra-horny college freshman frustrated by the draconian rules imposed on me by my university regarding sexual conduct. Essentially it boiled down to they expected me to behave like I was at some sort of convent. No College Fuck-fest episodes to be sure! I wasn't even allowed to wear a bikini or shorts that came higher than mid-thigh!! It wasn't like I didn't know the rules when I chose to go there but like many things in life, reality turned out to be a whole lot more difficult to deal with.

Being on-line was new for me, at least in the realm of adult "meeting" sites, and I really had no idea what I was doing at first. Fearful of being discovered, I started out by pretending to be different women/girls of various ages, locations and backgrounds. At the beginning it seemed to be as much fun pretending to be a forty year-old frustrated housewife as it was to act out being fourteen again and anxious to explore my newfound sexuality. Of course the guys all ate it up regardless of how far-fetched things became and from the beginning it amazed me how they would believe almost anything I said no matter how ridiculous.

Perhaps what shocked me the most was how badly these guys WANTED to believe me. It wasn't just to chat - most wanted me to call them, expose myself on cam for them and even meet with them - regardless of whether I was that forty year-old MILF or fourteen year-old virgin. It was the fourteen year-old role play that particularly was disturbing. I mean like what if I really WAS a girl that age? Yeah, there are those shows on TV like "To Catch a Predator" but it was more chilling than erotic when it was personal. Whenever a guy would send me photos of his erection thinking I was a young teenage girl I had to wonder how many REAL girls this perv was involved with.

The things some guys would do with absolutely no proof of who I really was and without me responding in kind was astounding - and titillating! Men would masturbate for me on their cams and send me photos of them doing it. Some would also send me pics of their families - especially their wives and daughters. Then the things they would DO with them... well that's probably better left unsaid but you can just imagine.

Yeah, so it was a lot of fun at first but over time it lost its luster. One of my biggest problems was keeping track of all the lies and misrepresentations I was making on-line. It was pretty embarrassing to start chatting again as a young girl and have the guy ask what was going on since apparently the last time we'd chatting I was supposedly older than his wife. It's like me today when I chat with guys. I've learned that if I talk with a person long enough I can always determine whether or not they are being truthful. Think of it as a long-term interrogation where it's almost impossible to maintain the facade without making a slip somewhere along the line. Like one guy who sent me a photo that when blown up showed a name badge, or another who took a pic of his daughter's room with her backpack and nametag in the background.

Not only was it embarrassing to be caught in a lie, pretending to be someone else wasn't all that much fun after a while. I had to make everything up and it got to where I was asking myself what was the point? I would have had to keep up a special notebook just to track all my impersonations and even then it was easy to slip up.

In some cases where I trusted the guy or woman I would trade photos but of course they had to be of someone that matched the person I was impersonating which meant stealing them from someone's FaceBook page or other on-line source. The problem there was I would quickly run out and have to make up lame excuses for why I didn't have more. That's funny as that's exactly how I "out" someone today when it turns out they have a limited portfolio. It immediately tells me they're doing just what I did back then - borrowing them from someone else. It's even more true when all they have are nudes. Like, who has more nudes of themselves than regular photos?

So over time I started to forego the "fake" Kelly and just be myself. Right off the bat I learned that for a number of people the real Kelly wasn't nearly as appealing as the fake versions. I guess that's only logical because as a fake I could do literally anything whereas in real life I was restricted by reality. Still, I found myself enjoying myself more with those who still wanted to be friends with me. It was so much easier and less nerve-wracking to be able to pick up a conversation after not having spoken to someone for months and not have to worry about what I'd said the last time we chatted!

At the same time that I made my switch from fiction to reality I found myself becoming less and less tolerant of people posing as someone else. But then I'm not THAT naive! Of course people like to get on-line and live out their fantasies and to some extent I can tolerate it when people "enhance their resumes". If I believed every "cock shot" then I'm living in the wrong part of the country as men everywhere else are eight inches long and two inches thick!

That said, while I would play along with most people so long as it wasn't ridiculous, I would cut off contact with such people after the first chat or two. Really, what was the point in continuing? Over the years fewer and fewer people have made it to my "Friends" list and even fewer remain on it for very long. Today I would say there's less than a dozen people

on-line that I consider true friends. All of them have been in contact with me for years and shared enough with me to trust them. Well... trust them to a certain point. While I may provide more information about me and share racier photos and such, even these people have never gotten my phone number, heard my voice, seen me in person, or anything else that might allow me to be tracked and identified. As a rule, any photo I send is a year or more old so at least it's not exactly what I look like today.

People ask me all the time why I am so paranoid. Many get abusive and accuse me of being a fake. It gets pretty nasty sometimes but face it, why should I take ANY risks? I know it frustrates a lot of people but then that's their problem. It's not like I anyone on as I clearly state all of my policies throughout my diary and I like to think they've been consistent over the years. Even so, there's always the one who thinks he's special and that someone I will do with him what I haven't done in the past ten years with hundreds of people who have tried before.

So what do I do when someone new contacts me either through chat or e-mail? Well, the first thing I ALWAYS ask is their name and age. I don't expect it to be their real name but at least something besides a chat ID which I can never remember. As for age, I NEVER knowingly chat with anyone under eighteen. Of course someone could be lying but at least I have it down for the record that they claim to be at least eighteen. I have had people "confess" to be younger after we've chatted after which I immediately cut them off and never chat with them again. It's funny how many will try to make contact again claiming they were just kidding but even if that's true, all the more reason not to chat with them again.

Once the age limits has been confirmed to be met, then I generally ask if someone is single. If not then I ask if they have any kids and then the names of their kids and wife - again to make it easier to discuss as I don't expect real names in return. Anyone who has chatted with me probably recognizes what I'm saying here as they've had probably been through this series of questions at least once.

Interestingly, while most "women" I chat with are actually men, so far as I know no woman has ever chatted with me pretending to be a man. Yes, I'm confident that at least 99% of the so-called "girls" who contact me are actually men. I always wonder why they bother. Do they think that somehow I'm going to be more willing to answer or even divulge more about myself to a woman than a guy? First, any such assumption is totally false. In most cases I'm not looking for another woman to have girl-talk with. The only reason I usually chat on-line under this ID is to have fun and get to know different people's lives and fantasies. If anything, I tend NOT to chat with women who contact me because I know they're probably fake in the first place. When I do it's more a game for me to expose them than anything else.

As I just said, nowadays the only reason I chat for any extended period with someone I think is trying to pull one over on me is more out of fun and playing a game with them. First, I look for ways to "out" them and see their reactions when I confront them. I also find it fun at times to see how ridiculous the situation can become and yet they still think I am stupid or naive enough to believe them. It never ceases to amaze me how many "real" situations happen after I suggest the idea. Sheer coincidence? I think not. No doubt people are doing the same with me but I just wish them good luck as I've got nothing to hide or worry about when I chat.

One way for me to quickly learn about someone's intentions is to ask them for a tribute. For those who don't know the term, it means to take a photo of someone and then jerk off and cum on it. You can find photos and videos on-line of guys doing it to movie-stars, wives, girlfriends and such. Personally, for the most part I put these in the same category as porn. Seeing a stranger cumming on a photo of someone I have no connection with don't interest me - I need a personal connection. Send me a photo of you cumming on Kim Kardashian, who cares? Please don't waste your time or mine. Send me one of you cumming on a photo of your wife or daughter... well THAT is hot. But even then only after I've seen enough of them in "real" situations to know they are really who the guy says they are.

Needless to say the best tributes are the ones of them cumming on ME. Indeed, as they say, a picture paints a thousand words. I just love seeing the proof that some guy I've never met is so hot for me that he would do such a thing and then send it to me. It tells me unequivocally that he finds me sexy and desirable. I mean like what girl doesn't want to hear and see that from a man?

As I mentioned, the only reason I chat is for fun - not to meet people. Therefore unless it stays fun, why bother keeping up the relationship? Thus I push people to tell me more about themselves, to express their most secret and closely-held desires, to open their minds to new possibilities, and to do things they've never done before - or thought they ever would. It's sometimes difficult because they ask for me to do the same and generally I ignore them but sometimes I just have to put my foot down and say no. As I've said many times, I chat for MY benefit, not theirs. So long as they play by my rules then that works for me but if they don't like it then that's just too bad. Just so I don't sound TOO greedy, I DO try to "reward" them without compromising my own security.

If there's one rule I follow - I don't lead people on. I find it amusing when people get mad at me because I do exactly what I say I'll do. Frankly, I really don't care if they don't like it, if they think it makes me a bitch, or even if it causes them to question who I really am. I've been called every name in the book, accused of being everything from a giddy teenager to a sexually frustrated sixty year-old fat bald guy. Some have even accused me of being associated with the police using my site to lure in pedophiles and perverts. Granted, there have been a few folks I think would have gone to jail had I reported them, but I never wanted to get involved in that sort of mess. It boils down to this... If you don't like my rules then don't contact me! Am I being hypocritical? Of course I am. Am I self-centered and selfish when on-line? Most definitely. Do I care if people don't like it? Not a whit. I'm not chatting with people associated with my real life, my real family, my real friends or my real social circle. It's all for MY entertainment and if the other person gets enjoyment from it as well then that's great.

One thing I DO try to honor is that I never want to bring harm to anyone. I've had many cases where I've learned enough about someone to identify them, usually NOT because they wanted me to know such information but because they inadvertently told me or showed me something that allowed me to find out. Still, just because you can ruin someone's life doesn't mean you have to do it.

For example, a guy sent once me a photo of him and his daughter. He sent me a high-res photo which when blown up showed her last name on her name badge. With all the other information he'd told me here and there that was the final link towards getting everything I needed to know about him - name, phone number, address, employer, FaceBook profiles (his and his daughter's), you name it. He was telling me things and doing things for me that had his wife and daughter known it would've certainly caused a lot of trouble of him if not an outright divorce. A simple anonymous letter with copies of our chats, the letters he wrote, the tributes he'd done, the private naughty photos he'd share, and it would've been all over for him.

Of course I never did such a thing nor would I even consider it no matter how provoked. Really, like what would be the point? For me the thrill is knowing I have the power to do it and that he knows it as well. While I have never threatened anyone to get them to do anything, I have no doubt for some it has to be a factor when considering whether or not to indulge my latest tribute request. This may be beating a dead horse but for me it's important - especially in context of this story. I've NEVER done anything to expose anyone to their wife, fiance girlfriend or family. Yes, I DO admit to having fantasized about it but like all fantasies, it's what you DO that counts and I've never come close to doing anything to hurt anyone. There HAVE been cases where a wife has learned about her husband's activities and in some cases the repercussions have been severe - for him. In every case it was his fault for leaving an e-mail open, files on his computer to find, etc. so I don't feel any personal responsibility for his woes.

In a couple of cases I've even been contacted by the pissed-off wife which I find rather ironic. I mean like why bitch at me? She's the one that isn't satisfying her husband so don't blame me if he's on-line at all hours of the night chatting with strange women and exposing himself. I seriously doubt I'm the only one he's in contact with. If anything she should be happy in that I didn't have any intentions of taking it to another level and it was just on-line entertainment for her husband. Think about it... If he's sending me nudes of her that she let him take supposedly just for him and doing tributes to me using them, odds are he's doing a lot of other even naughtier things that she doesn't know about!

Chapter 2 - Spencer Contacts Me

At first, "Spencer" was just another horny guy contacting me after reading my diary on ASSTR.org. His e-mail didn't stand out although one thing DID catch my eye - he included his phone number and a biblical verse reference after his signature like it was a standard "signature" he used on all his e-mails. In any case I responded more or less automatically, not expecting anything different in return than the last hundred such introductions to which I'd responded.

Well, he DID respond and tell me more about himself as I'd asked. Spencer claimed to be what I would consider a rarity these days - a 22 year-old virgin. Needless to say I didn't believe him but hey, if that's how he wanted to portray himself then what did it really matter? He claimed to be saving himself for marriage to Kristina, his fiance, who was also supposedly unspoiled and by that I mean not even second base! Yeah, like I was going to believe THAT! True, I've known people who were intent on waiting until marriage for sex, including one of my roommates back in college, and I respect them for being able to hold to such principles in this day and age. Still, even those had at least fooled around to some extent up to the point of a hand job or even oral sex. To claim not to even have seen each other naked and yet be engaged... now THAT was pretty extreme.

At first for the most part we just chatted as Spencer wasn't into e-mail nearly as much as me. I just find it so much more efficient and useful than chatting but then I think most guys like that "personal" touch of a chat versus exchanging mail. The times he DID e-mail me were to send me photos of himself and his fiance. I saw immediately that while Kristina was

pretty with a beautiful smile, she was also a bit overweight to be polite. Apparently that didn't bother Spencer, especially since it appeared to be helping her out in the boob department and he seemed to be infatuated with breasts!

For someone supposedly betrothed to be married and sticking to his religious upbringing, Spencer seemed more than anxious to share himself sexually with me. He sent me numerous photos of his erection which, if they were really of HIS dick, showed a nice thick cock of above average length. He was also uncut. Eventually I got him to send me some whole body shots of him nude with his erect dick poking out like a missile! I have to admit that the sight of him sporting that monstrous erection was quite a turn-on, especially when he would hold up a photo of me or his fiance next to it.

Yes, Spencer was really into doing tributes for me. He said he'd never done any before but he became quite the expert in a short time. The best part was that he listened to me and did them just as I asked. For me, it's not just the sight of him cumming that turns me on, it's seeing where it came from. I always encourage men to include ALL of their dick and as much of their crotch as possible in every tribute pic for that very reason. Just the image of a photo covered with cum isn't nearly as erotic as when the guy's freshly spent dick is there with it.

To my enjoyment and to some extent, amusement, Spencer was more than willing to include his entire dick in the photo when showing me the results of his latest masturbation exploits. I have to say, he was incredibly hard when he was erect. Some men never seem to achieve that pipe-hard effect but Spencer's dick would stand out straight and poke up towards the ceiling when he showed me a side shot. He even sent a number of them showing him fully nude which turned me all the more to see his smirking face as he jerked off on pics of me and his fiance.

While I do enjoy tributes to me, it's also hot for me when a guy turns his attention to his family. After a guy has sent me photos of his wife and daughters I'll ask him to use them for his next tribute. While some guys draw the line at their own daughter, especially if she is young, I would say the vast majority have enough vested by then that they are more than willing to up the ante and take the next step. When they include their daughter's bra and panties it adds a nice touch.

In Spencer's case he wasn't even married yet, let alone have a daughter so in his case after cumming on me and Kristina numerous times I coaxed him into using his mom for the next ones. I'd seen her FaceBook page so I knew he was actually using photos of her which made it really hot to see. Admittedly at first he seemed reluctant and a little embarrassed even but eventually my instincts were proven right - as usual. Spencer had a thing for his mother and from the way he would coat her face with his cum there was no doubt about his true feelings for her!

With Spencer, as with many other men like him, the photo tributes eventually turned to videos and I was treated to being able to actually listen to Spencer as he worked himself to an orgasm. Again, some of the first were for me and Kristina, but his mother eventually entered the picture as well, sometimes with her lingerie or better yet, pieces of her wardrobe that she was wearing in the photo that he sneaked from her closet.

I loved listening to him express his desires, especially when he would tell me in his own words how much more he wanted to have sex with me than Kristina. At times he would include us both, a photo of me next to hers as he masturbated and covered ME with his cum as she "watched". I only wished Kristina could have heard her fiance telling me how much more he wanted my sexy body than her fat one and how much more he wished he could fuck me instead of her.

For me that was a large part of his allure for me - how he was so forthcoming in comparing me to his fiance including his lust for me over her. At the same time there was a line he would never cross. SHE was the one he wanted to marry and while he openly admitted I turned him on WAY more than her, he still wanted her to be his life partners - preferably with me as his mistress. Because it turned me on, I pushed him every chance I could to express his lust for me over her, to compare my body against hers, to tell me how much better he knew I could suck his dick than she ever would. I loved listening to him on video as he shot his cum on one photo after another of me, each time telling me how much more he wanted me sexually than Kristina.

Perhaps some of the sexiest tributes went far beyond the standard tribute. Spencer would tape himself next to photos of his mother in a video he made as if to give to her. He expressed his lust for her and how much he wanted to fuck her. Finally, after jerking off the entire time, he would cum and cry out to his mother how badly he wanted to be inside of her.

Similarly, Spencer did videos "to Kristina" although I'm sure she'll never actually see them. In this case though, unlike the ones to his mom these were more about how he wanted me more than her, telling her that I was sexier and that I could satisfy his needs better than she could. The last one he sent was the absolute best though. I called it the "hate tribute" where he let out all his frustrations for Kristina not allowing him to have sex with her before marriage. He told her how fat she was and how much better I looked than her. Whether it was all made up or not, the fervor and force of his words showed there had to be SOME truth to what he was saying.

Once after a hot chat I asked Spencer if he loved me. It was almost comical in that it was just like watching some romance movie where the guy gets all tongue tied while trying to use the "I" word. For the longest time he refused, saying that while he lusted for me and loved doing things for me, he only LOVED Kristina. It took a long time for him to overcome that speed bump in his head but over time his resolve weakened and his true feelings finally spilled out to where he admitted that yes, he DID love me and that he wanted to be with me, even more than Kristina. There was never any reason he had to say that so I took it to mean he was sincere.

I mentioned earlier about the videos and photo tributes Spencer did for his mother but the whole story was a bit more complicated. Like most guys who read about me before chatting with me, Spencer was interested in incest, especially with regards to me and my father. Out of curiosity I asked him if he ever had any fantasies about his mother. I'd seen her in several of the photos he'd sent me of him and his family. She actually looked a little like Sara Palin to me, only with much smaller boobs and more conservatively dressed with her hair worn rather plainly.

At first, like so many men, Spencer adamantly denied any sexual attraction to his mother. Actually I think he was more than a little embarrassed to even discuss the topic. When I asked him if he'd ever explored her personal things and maybe played with her underwear or even tried them on (all things a LOT of guys have told me they did as teenagers without their mom knowing), he vehemently denied it and seemed rather shocked that I would even ask such a thing.

It took a while but eventually the truth came out as I knew it would. I know lots of guys who first tell me they were never attracted to their mothers and when they show me photos of them I can see why. But in many cases it's something more that they've felt guilty about and in our society it's not like it's something they could discuss with anyone so such feelings tend to get buried pretty deep. The key for me is to provide men with a "safe" environment where they know they can trust me and that I won't judge them for their supposedly "bad" thoughts and actions. It's a bit heart-warming when guys eventually allow these deeply held secrets to surface. Personally, I think once the dam is broken that they feel better about facing their fantasies rather than trying to deny them.

So it was with Spencer. Once he was finally able to admit his true desires for Brenda, it was like the floodgates opened. Yes, he did indeed have such desires but boy oh boy, talk about feeling guilty about them! I suppose being raised in a conservative, ultra-religious home environment where such thoughts would be considered perverted and sacrilegious had something to do with that. It was like he would tell me all his thoughts and feelings for his mom, how he wanted to touch her and have sex with her but then try to disavow everything he'd just said by claiming he was only saying it for my benefit. On the one hand he would masturbate and cum on her photos, even sending me videos where he would say how much he loved her and wanted to fuck her. Then the Jeckle-Hyde thing would run its course and he would say she was too skinny and her boobs were too small to really turn him on.

Well, no matter how he might protest, a guy doesn't do a ten minute video dedicated to his mother where he sits naked surrounded by her photos and masturbates while telling all about his love and lust for her and NOT have true sexual desires for her. Yes, Brenda might not be the sexiest MILF on the block but it certainly wasn't like she was ugly. Most of all, she WAS his mother. No other woman, not me or anyone else, can take the place in a man's heart of his mother. Not even Kristina will ever replace Brenda in that special place in Spencer's heart. It's not any different than my dad and my husband Steve. As much as I love and adore my husband, my father will always be special to me. He's the one thing no other man can ever be - my father.

And so it went on between us. I never grew tired of Spencer's almost daily tributes. God that boy was horny! I've talked to guys who claimed to masturbate a lot but with Spencer I got the proof! I think that the best part was that he was so open and unafraid to reveal himself. Most guys that send me tributes are very careful not to show too much of themselves. Heck, I even have to push them to include their entire cock in the photo - an essential element for me. Spencer was more than willing to put his entire naked body in the shot, that mischievous smile melting my heart as he stroked himself to yet another photo of me, Kristina or his mother. It was like he WANTED me to see him doing all this which was so refreshing from the secrecy of most other guys.

Another thing of which I never grew tired was Spencer telling me how much he LOVED me and how much he adored my body as compared to Kristina's. yeah, she might have had his ring but I had his soul. I knew I could ask him to do almost anything for me, at least sexually and he would do it for ME whereas he couldn't even TALK to Kristina about masturbation, let alone send her a video of him doing it. It made me feel so sexy to have him do more for me than he could for his own fiancée.

On the other hand, out of respect for his mom I never asked him to compare me to Brenda or to tell me how much more he wanted to fuck me more than his mother. No matter how much it might turn me on, I could never ask a guy to put me ahead of his own mother, even when he would try to tell me it was me he wanted more than her. Sure he might SAY that but his dick told me an entirely different story and dicks never lie!

I like to think we were both having fun as Spencer would find more and more ways to get naughty with his almost daily tributes. Then things changed a little bit....

Chapter 3 - Getting More Personal

Earlier I mentioned that when Spencer first contacted me I immediately noticed that he was using his real e-mail address. By that I mean the one he uses in his personal life. Take me for example. I NEVER give out my real e-mail address that is known to family and friends. By the same token, the only people who know my pghpa_girl version are those who know me on-line. It only makes sense to me as your e-mail address is linked to so many other things in your life that you wouldn't want people to know it unless you want them to know it.

What was also interesting was that he included a scripture reference as a standard signature in his e-mails. Maybe I was reading too much into things but it seemed sort of ironic for a guy to write me telling me how he wants to fuck his mother and cheat on his fiancée and then quote the Bible all in the same letter. In principle it doesn't bother me in the least as I don't see most of those things as being unethical or anti-spiritual, but I'm sure many people would feel differently.

The more we chatted the more little things would be revealed to me. Eventually I had enough data to do a FaceBook search and lo and behold, it was him! The guy in the profile was Spencer - his clothes on of course but still him. Indeed, there were some of the same photos of his family, including his mother and fiancée, that he'd shared with me earlier. Now I was 100% convinced of who he was. In fact, I found that he actually HAD disguised a few things about him and Kristina but now that I had access to their on-line profiles I had the true story about everything.

Another interesting part was that I could see his list of friends. Not only Brenda and Kristina, but other relatives and past girlfriends. I got to see literally hundreds of photos of him, his family and friends. It was like suddenly this guy I'd been chatting to for months now was a real person no different than if I'd actually met him.

You can imagine Spencer's surprise when he learned of my discovery. At first I wasn't sure if I should share my new knowledge with him as I might scare him off but then at the same time it also had to make him think twice about dumping me since a simple on-line message to Kristina with a couple of tribute photos would have been a problem, to say the least. Not that I ever actually WOULD do such a despicable thing but it didn't hurt that he knew I COULD in terms of protecting my own privacy.

Spencer quickly accepted that he now had no secrets from me - none. I knew Kristina's full name, email address, where she lived, where she worked and went to school. Brenda's FaceBook profile was also now available to me. I was sorely tempted to try and friend them both but that would've been crossing the line, raising potential questions that didn't need to come up. As hot as it would've been to be an on-line friend with them both it wasn't worth the risk. Besides, what if they blocked me because they didn't know me? At least the way things are now I can always check in on them now and then and keep in touch so to speak.

It was so erotic for me now that Spencer literally had no secrets from me. In fact, from a sexual point of view I felt confident that I knew more about him than any of his friends and probably even more than Kristina. After all, she wasn't privy to this whole world of sexual fantasy that he shared with me yet I knew everything about their VERY limited sexual relationship.

For me, it was so refreshing and downright erotic to have such a personal connection with Spencer. I found it exiting to go to Kristina's profile and wonder what she would say if she knew what her fiancée was doing behind her back! To read his mother's updates and then later chat with her son, knowing she hadn't a clue as to how he really felt about her, was enough to make ME masturbate at times!

Of course the more I learned about Spencer the more he wanted to know about me. Sadly for him, despite the incredible journey of self-discovery he'd been on I never strayed from my basic principles. He never once got to actually see me on cam, listen to me on the phone, or get any information as to my personal address or such.

Still, given all I knew about him and the rich history of e-mails, chats and tributes that he'd sent me, I felt I could trust him with more than usual. After all, if he even hinted at betraying such trust all I had to do was post his latest video cumming on his mom on her FaceBook page!

Thus Spencer got to see what very few people on-line have - my boobs and most of my naked body. I even shared more of my family than I would normally do with anyone. I was rewarded by some massive cum shots on my bare boobs which

I have to say made me glad I sent them. At least I knew he appreciated them plus I felt comfortable he wouldn't share them with anyone else.

Chapter 4 - Spencer Pushes the Limits

As with all my on-line relationships, I continued to press Spencer and push him to see how far he would go for me. Of course I couldn't ask him to do anything that would be TOO outrageous as he WAS a real person with a real family. Still, there's a lot I've learned over the years that a guy can do for me so long as he's careful and discreet.

The first step into new territory was to ask him to search his mother's room for her bras and panties. Unlike the majority of guys who contact me, Spencer claimed he'd never investigated his mother's private things. Maybe it's just a sign of the type of men who want to talk to me, but I've been surprised over the years how many men admit to doing such things, even to the point of trying on their mother's clothes and underwear. Many of them claim it wasn't so much a sexual interest in their mother but more of a general interest in women's underwear... yeah right! Still, even those guys would almost always finally admit they DID take at least a whiff of the crotch!

It took some pretty heavy encouragement but Spencer finally sent me his first tribute using his mother's panties. I helped him along by suggesting he include photos of me, his mom and Kristina. For me any tribute photo that doesn't include someone personal may as well be a generic one stolen from a porn site. A pic of a dick covered by a pair of panties is a dime a dozen on the Internet. Now take that same photo but knowing that the panties were his mothers and the photo was one of the ones of her that got him horny... now THAT is erotic - especially since I knew for sure that it was his real mom!

The next step of course was to get him to cum on them which he seemed more than willing to do. By this time Spencer had pretty much lost all inhibitions when it came to talking about his true feelings for his mother or showing me those same feelings using his dick and cum. The best part was he claimed to put them back in her drawer and not in the laundry. The idea of his mother wearing his cum up against her pussy was too enticing for him!

That's one thing I've found different between me and the men I chat with. They are all about a woman's panties where for me I have little interest. Maybe it's along the same lines as my distaste for anal sex. It's one thing to lick another girl's pussy but another to sniff her panties that's she's been wearing and leaking lord only knows what onto!

For me, if you're going to talk about underwear then it's all about bras. I have probably dozens of various panties but only six or eight bras at any one time. Panties are cheap and almost disposable whereas a good bra is expensive and much more personal to me. Thus while Spencer was infatuated with his mother's panties, I tried to steer his attention to her bras. It took some prodding but he finally relented and came inside her bra cups, spreading the cum around them using his dick. Like the panties he'd cum on earlier, he put the bras back in her drawer such that she would wear them later, placing his dried cum up against his mother's bare breasts.

One of the interesting points to come up was what Spencer found in Brenda's drawers. Turns out his mom had more than your standard white and black bras from JC Penney. Indeed, she had some down-right sexy numbers which included a semi-sheer red one with matching sheer red panties. Spencer seemed quite turned on by this new revelation. I guess he never imagined his own mother wearing such things. I guess it's like most kids who can't imagine their own parents ever having sex.

Well, that discovery provided a natural bridge for me to lead him on to the next step. More than anything before this one took some real coaxing but he eventually did it for me - WEARING his mother's underwear. One of the best parts for me was he actually did it while camming live for me. Watching him strip, then masturbate to photos of his favorite women, and then slip into his mother's sheer red lingerie was so incredibly erotic for me. Before he came he took off the bra and used it to capture his cum, coating the interior of his mom's bra cup with her horny son's sperm. Mmmmmmm, SO hot!

What Spencer didn't know but soon found out was that I was capturing the whole cam show for posterity. It was easy - so easy in fact that it's why I never get on my web cam for strangers. A series of simple "Print Screen" window captures and I had the whole sequence saved on my computer. Later I sent photos of him wearing his mom's underwear and then of him spewing his cum into the bra while still wearing her panties. I wasn't sure how he would feel about that but thankfully he seemed proud of himself which was what exactly the reaction I was hoping for.

Spencer once again put the cum-splattered bra back in her drawer, even capturing the moment on his cell phone camera which he sent to me so I could see it waiting for her to wear. Too bad she wasn't going to be wearing it for him!

OK, so watching Spencer cum on his mom's bra collection was hot but of course I wanted more. It wasn't long after that he met Kristina in a hotel room for some heavy kissing and over the clothes groping. He claimed it went no further than over the underwear and oddly enough, I believed him. Knowing his religion and reading what she had to say about herself on her FaceBook page, I could picture them waiting for marriage although I have to admit, I could never have done it myself!

That said, it didn't mean he couldn't be a little naughty for me so while she was sleeping he snuck her bra into the hotel room bathroom and used it to masturbate. Since it was her only one and she would be putting it back on in just a few hours he drew the line at cumming ON it but he didn't do a bad job covering a photo of her with sperm while he used her bra to stroke himself. I could only hope that maybe another time he might cum on the bra itself.

Needless to say I would've loved to have seen more of her but all he could take was a pic of her buried under the blankets sleeping. Still, imagine if she'd woken up and asked why he was taking pics of her sleeping? Even better, what would she have said if she'd caught him masturbating with her bra while chatting to a girl on-line she'd never heard of before?

As things turned out, Brenda was even more sexual than her son had imagined. While looking through her things he discovered something he'd never seen before - his mother's sex toy drawer. As he'd never gone through her personal things before, she undoubtedly thought it safe to keep them handy but boy, was she wrong now!

Poor Spencer, seeing the dildos and other devices put his mother in an entirely new light. Now she wasn't just a fantasy when it came to what he wanted to do with her - she was doing it already! Here was proof she masturbated and did who knows what with her husband. Might not she do the same for her son? OK, now THAT was stretching things but when I mentioned it to him it earned me some nice tribute shots of his uncut erection spouting sperm all over me and his mother's photos.

I wanted to keep pushing Spencer and find out just how far he would go before he finally drew the line but it seemed so long as I took each step slow and careful, he never said no. So I continued trying to come up with new and fresh ideas for Spencer. Finally one day he opened up a chat saying he was sitting in the same room as his mother while she was on the computer. Inspiration struck...

Taking a deep breath and hoping I wasn't finally crossing the line, I asked him to take a photo of her. Of course I knew he wouldn't dare but next thing I knew there she was in a grey sweater, totally clueless as to what her son was telling me as he sat near her. It was so hot to read all he was saying about his desires for her knowing she was literally only a couple of feet away from him. It didn't hurt that the time stamp on the photos was just a few minutes prior.

Spencer was telling me how hard he was sitting near his mother while explaining to me how he wished she would strip and suck his dick and then let him fuck her when suddenly I had a GREAT idea. I think at first Spencer thought I wasn't serious but I pushed him harder and his dick was obviously doing all the thinking when he finally agreed.

Bingo! Before I knew it my Inbox had a series of photos. The first was from behind his mother as she faced her computer and worked totally unaware of her son's intentions. The next was him pulling down his sweatpants, exposing his erect dick just a mere foot or so from behind her. Finally the coup de grace... he sent one of his stiff dick pressing her grey sweater just hard enough to see the indentation! Wow, talk about erotic! This was not some fake swinger family or guy trying to claim he was fucking his daughter. Brenda was your typical housewife and mother of three sons and here one of those sons had his hard dick out of his pants right behind her! All she had to do was turn and there he would have been, hard cock and all sticking out in front of her.

Well, fortunately that didn't happen and Spencer was so horny afterwards I got a GREAT tribute from him and a promise to seek out further opportunities to touch his mother with his dick.

Later that week I was talking to Spencer again and he said he was in his mom's room while everyone was out. A photo popped up of his hard erection and I knew my guy was horny but then it seemed he always was! Soon he was exploring her underwear drawer yet again, a photo of it with his erection hovering over it now in my Inbox.

But this time that wasn't the end of things. I encouraged him to go into her closet and take photos for me so I could see her clothes. It was hot to see some of the outfits she wore in various photos she'd posted on FaceBook and that he'd sent me. I asked if he could find the grey sweater that she had worn when he had poked her with his dick and soon I saw it on a hangar.

Well, you should be able to guess by now what happened to that sweater. First I had him show me his dick against it, but this time against the front and not the back. Of course this time his mom wasn't wearing it but from the state of his

erection she may as well been. Then I had him lay the sweater out on her bed and empty her underwear drawer so as to surrounding the sweater with all of her bras and panties. It made me so horny to think of him in his mother's room, stark naked as he positioned her private underwear on the very bed he wanted so badly to fuck his own mother.

Not only did Spencer play with his mother's clothes, he also sent me a quick video of him rubbing his wonderfully stiff dick against her pillow so that later she could sleep with it against her face, not a clue that her son's erection had recently been rubbed all over it.

For the finale he finally came all over the front of the sweater. In the video I was treated to shot after shot exploding from his dick, spraying her son's sperm all over the front of the sweater. Placing the soiled garment back on the hangar, he returned it to her closet for her to wear another day, hopefully when he'd see it on her and knowing what he'd done to it.

The next item to gain his incestuous attention was his mother's sports bra, the one she wore every morning for her daily workout. Unlike the other clothing he'd sprayed cum on so far, this was the one thing he knew for sure that she would be wearing the next morning so he made an extra effort to soak it really good before returning it to her drawer. I can only imagine how hard he must have been the next morning knowing she was exercising with her son's cum pressed up against her breast!

Where this was leading to I had no idea but I was loving every moment. I found it almost intoxicating each time he sent me an email with more photos of his doing something naughty with either our photos or his mother's personal things. I was treated with videos and pics of him cumming in a coat pocket, inside her gloves, into her shoes. It was like nothing of hers was sacred and much of what he soiled with his cum wasn't washable! One day he even sprayed her pillow quite generously after which I was like holy crap! I'd already wondered about how she never noticed the other clothing before but in this case how could she possibly not smell it with her face buried right in it? Heck, if my dad came on something I was wearing at the time I always got it cleaned immediately as it would smell up my whole closet otherwise.

Chapter 5 - The Fiance

Over the course of our on-line relationship Spencer would occasionally have an attack of remorse where he would drop off and not contact me for a while, claiming he felt guilty and wanted to be true to Kristina. I never worried. Spencer was a man and as such I knew that he couldn't stop what he was doing for long. He was addicted to the high he would feel every time he masturbated and sent off his latest naughty betrayal of his mother and fiancé's trust. Indeed, there was most likely a real element of addiction in that the hormones and such released during his incestuous episodes more than likely WERE impossible for him to resist. It's like asking someone to stop masturbating. Trust me, you don't have to be a man to understand that such a thing is virtually impossible!

Just as I knew he would, every time Spencer would eventually relent and if anything, come back even hornier and more willing to betray his mom's and fiancé's trust than ever. Then one day I got the strangest e-mail. Spencer claimed that he had confessed everything to Kristina - all the e-mails, all the chats, even the tributes and his thoughts and actions about his mother. Apparently he didn't actually show her all the things he'd done and sent to me so maybe she didn't get the full impact but just to tell her about such things had to be gut wrenching.

Spencer then told me that he could no longer continue doing things that were in direct contradiction to his religion and his faithfulness to his fiance. Apparently she'd taken it surprisingly well, granted assuming he was making a confession and had promised to change his ways. Surprisingly, if anything he felt it opened up paths of communications between them such that she understood his feelings and desires more than she had before. No, it didn't mean she was going to blow him or even let him feel her up under her blouse but they WERE talking more about their future sex life and masturbation even if she claimed to never do it.

Of course I couldn't believe it at first and figured he was just having another guilt attack. The question I had was whether or not he REALLY told Kristina everything or was this just an elaborate hoax he was spinning to explain his latest attempt at getting out of the dangerous game he was playing.

If I was honest I had to admit to myself that it WAS a seriously dangerous game. Well, not for me as I really wasn't doing anything. It wasn't me taking nude shots of myself masturbating and sending them out to total stranger. My FaceBook page nor any of my family were available to him. I wasn't the one sneaking behind the back of my parents and husband. OK, granted I didn't tell them all that much about what I did on-line, especially when it came to a guy like Spencer, but it's not like they would've cared anyway so long as I maintained everyone's privacy.

Surprisingly over a week went by and it was starting to look like Spencer was keeping true to his word finally. He'd gone as long as a couple weeks in the past before his lust overwhelmed him so I wasn't totally worried. He couldn't resist what he did for me for long and we both knew it. Actually that's a big part of what turned me on so much about the entire affair - the fact he couldn't resist me!

Eventually I DID get an e-mail but not from Spencer. At first I thought it was just another spam message and in fact I almost deleted it but something told me to open it and I was glad I did. You can imagine my shock when I saw who it was from - Kristina!

Without copying the whole thing here - it was almost two pages when I printed it out to show Steve, essentially it started out by saying first who she was. Some of it was superfluous as I already knew so much about her but then at this stage I wasn't sure if she really knew that. Then she went on about how Spencer had proposed to her and how they were looking forward to their wedding.

So far so good...

Then she dropped the bomb, reiterating what Spencer had told her about his relationship with me - his "ongoing affair" to as she put it. It became obvious as she told me what he told her that he hadn't told her EVERYTHING. For example there was no mention of the "hate video" or any video for that matter.

On the second page (as I had printed it out) things got more interesting. Kristina must have had done some research into me and come across my diary on ASSTR.org. Couldn't have been very hard if she knew my e-mail address as a simple Google search would bring up dozens of references to my diary. One more thing that Spencer had apparently left out of his "confession" to her. She told that me that when Spencer had first told her about me and such, including the incestuous part of my life, that she had her doubts that I was real and figured I was just someone playing a cruel practical joke on her naive fiancé. After reading my diary and seeing the extensive history along with the consistency throughout what was literally thousands of pages she changed her mind and said she now believed I was indeed who I had claimed to be.

That led to some talk about how she knew there were people like me out there but never had thought she would ever be involved with anyone like me. My first reaction was that technically she wasn't but I guess you could say she was through Spencer.

Three quarters of the way through and I still couldn't figure out WHY she was writing me. So far it was pretty much regurgitating everything I already knew. About all I got from it so far was finding out what SHE knew. Indeed, Spencer had left a lot more out than he had said if she was telling me everything.

It was more than just the "hate video" as I liked to call it and the various tributes which apparently he mentioned but never showed her. IF he had told her about his antics in the hotel room, she never mentioned them and I would've thought those would have made an impression on her given she would have thought it was just the two of them for a romantic night, not that he was chatting and sending photos to another woman while she was sleeping.

I also got the idea that while he had told her about his infatuation with his mother's, it appeared that he had glossed over things and made it sound more like a typical fantasy, almost as if it was some sort of Oedipus thing. No mention of the videos he had made for me where he jerked off and talked as if to his mother about all the things he wanted to do with her and how he wanted to fuck her and cum inside of her pussy. Nothing about wearing her clothes or cumming in her bras and on her outfits and pillow. And especially nothing about whipping out his erection behind her while she was working on her computer. Since Kristina had more or less alluded to everything else, it would've been more than odd for her to leave THAT out.

It wasn't until the next to the last paragraph that the other shoe dropped. The first thing she said was "Now don't tell Spencer..." and then she explained the real reason behind why she was writing me. Oddly enough it was for my advice! Apparently seeing the fixation her fiancé had on me, she wanted to know how it was I managed to hook him so strongly such that he wanted a fantasy girl on the Internet whom he would likely never meet more than an actual flesh and blood woman that loved him and wanted to marry him.

Her sad request demonstrated even more of what Spencer hadn't shown her. While he may have described everything, all she had to do was read our chats and emails to understand what it was about me that turned her guy on so badly. Spencer had earlier claimed to have deleted everything but I knew better. No matter what he might say, he had a stash somewhere...

The last paragraph was almost pathetic. Yes, she was asking for "advice" but regardless of my response, she was hoping to appeal to me to leave Spencer alone and stay out of her engagement and romance. In particular she all but begged me NOT to come to their wedding - something I'd told Spencer that I would love to do so I could be the first girl he ever had sex with BEFORE his marriage and then the first girl to have sex with him AFTER he said his vows. Frankly, I had a pretty good idea that he would do it if I was there - and obviously so did Kristina.

With that she closed without saying another word about me. I had to give her credit as throughout it all she never condemned me or said much of anything about what she thought of me as a person or Christian. It was if she wanted me to know all the things that Spencer had told her and then try and convince me to go away and not ruin her marriage.

Funny thing about that though. I've had a lot of people accuse me of "ruining" marriages simply because I pursue sex with the husband. Personally I don't see it that way at all. Face it, he wouldn't be fucking me if his marriage was all that great to start with. Why would he even WANT to have sex with me if his wife was satisfying his needs? Why am I to blame because HE wants to have sex with me? It's not like I'm raping him or holding a gun to his head. HE was the one that contacted me in the first place!

If anything, I like to think I HELP a struggling marriage when I have sex with the husband so long as his wife remains unaware. First, it's not like he's taking a mistress as I never meet with them twice. One and done - period. For me it's all about the hunt and the thrill of him breaking his most solemn vows to God and to his wife because he finds me so desirable and sexy. Once that's been achieved, what does a second time prove, at least so far as I'm concerned?

What I do is give a man an outlet, the chance to finally live out his deepest fantasies. Just when he think he's too old to attract a younger woman or he's bound within the confines of a loveless marriage, that's where I come in and fulfill his dreams and give his ego a much needed boost. I wonder how many men return to their wives and have incredible sex after they've been with me. I bet most do. I would think that the fact that he's probably fantasizing about me while fucking her shouldn't matter to her as she won't know the real reason why their love life suddenly got jump started.

So it was when it came to how I felt after reading Kristina's letter for like the tenth time. Why was she worried about me? As she'd said so herself, it's not like the odds were that he would ever meet me so it was all harmless fantasy regardless of how naughty it may have become. Was she so insecure that she couldn't stand up against the competition when she held all the cards? Heck, I don't mind when my husband has sex with other women let alone just fantasizing about them. I know he loves me and wants me more than anyone else so why would I be concerned because he is banging another woman? It's just sex after all.

That's when the backlash struck me. Who was this fat bitch to tell me who I could and couldn't interact with on-line? What nerve did she have to send this pathetic letter to me and tell me to butt out of their lives? Just because she couldn't turn him on the way I could, why is that my concern? As for giving her advice on how to attract him... yeah right, like I was going to do anything of the sort. No, if anything I was more determined than ever to entice Spencer. Indeed, I'd show her!

What had been a game until now became a mission. Kristina made a serious error in judgment when she sent me that e-mail only she didn't know it yet... but I had anything to say about she would.

Chapter 6 - Pushing Too Far?

It took longer than ever before - almost four weeks in fact, but just as I knew he would Spencer was back in touch, pleading for forgiveness for ignoring me and attaching a number of naughty photos demonstrating his lust for me over Kristina. Mmmmmmm, I have to say that his wonderful dick looked so good when he was hard!

Spencer made no mention of Kristina so I had to assume she hadn't told him that she'd written. I never bothered to answer her back although I must have mentally written responded to her a hundred times. Sometimes it's just better to say nothing.

Well, if I was going to get serious about this, now was the time. I stood in front of the mirror naked except for a pair of four inch pumps and snapped a few pics of me in various poses, including one I loved in particular of me bent over at the waist with my legs straight, my butt facing the camera with my shaved pussy in full view between my legs with two fingers pushed inside. Spencer had been begging for nudes of me and if I was going to make him the first to get them, then they'd better be good.

His response was immediate and intense. God, he barely had them for ten minutes before my e-mail chimed and there it was, a video of his wonderfully hard dick spurting all over me while I listened to him describe how much he wanted me more than Kristina and how he'd done nothing but think about me in the past few weeks despite his best efforts.

I had two objectives in mind for Spencer, one involving Brenda and the other Kristina. For his fiancée I wanted him to cum in her bra and panties which meant getting them in the first place. For his mother I wanted him to become bolder in exposing himself to her. Not to the point of her actually seeing it but as close as he dared.

Having crossed the line, what was the point now in me holding back? The only thing was the price for Spencer was steep but I knew that Spencer would do anything for another shot of me nude, for another glimpse of my wet pussy. Like any economic situation where a market is dominated by one supplier, the price skyrocketed...

The Kristina part was actually the most difficult mainly because they didn't live together and so there were fewer opportunities. It also didn't help that now she was aware of his feelings for me and no doubt was keeping a much closer eye on him - and her underwear.

Spencer was a horny 22 year-old guy which means he found a way. Somehow he managed to sneak off with her bra and panties, masturbating several times in one day so as to literally soak them with sperm. He was aptly rewarded with a photo of me masturbating as I watched him cumming on her underwear.

Getting Spencer to betray the love and trust of his fiancée was simple. It was no different than when a married guy contacts me and next thing you know he's betraying his family's trust. They all contact me because they are missing something in their lives that the woman who SHOULD be giving it to them either can't or won't. I'm being kind - I'd say 99% of the time it's because she won't. ALL men have needs and many of them don't handle the frustration of a sexless (or less sexual than they wish it was) relationship well. All I have to do is give them the opportunity. It's not like I seek them out and force them to do anything. In some ways I feel like I perform a community service. If it wasn't for me would they be seeking out someone to meet and actually commit adultery? If they couldn't release their feelings to me, would they cave in someday to their lust and molest their unwilling daughter?

No, getting Spencer to tell the truth about his feelings for Kristina was easy. It was his mother that became the bigger challenge and the more daring it required, the hornier it made ME for him to do it. The prize I offered must have motivated him though - photos of me with a dildo fucking myself. One way or another he was going to find a way to do it!

Spencer claimed the hard part (not his dick, the act of daring) was getting the photos to prove he'd done what I demanded. I could understand that as how do you explain to your mom that you want to take a picture of your dick behind her back? Still, since he'd done it once he could find a way to do it again - at least he would if he wanted to see me licking the dildo after I'd masturbated with it.

It was Spencer who came up with the solution - clever horny boy! He somehow managed to set up his phone to give a view of his mother's work area. All he had to do was wait for the right opportunity when it was just the two of them and she was engrossed in her work on the computer. To be fair, I had to understand that such a situation probably wasn't the easiest to set in motion but that didn't keep me from teasing him and pushing him.

Then it finally came - the video I'd been waiting for most of all. I opened the file and started watching. The first images were of him setting up the phone but then he pulled away and I could see his mom working across the room again. He was wearing a pair of loose grey shorts and a t-shirt but otherwise barefoot. He turned the camera down to his crotch and there he had his dick out, stroking it with one hand as his mom worked on across the room totally oblivious. God, all she had to do was turn around suddenly to ask him a question and there was no way he could react in time to keep her from seeing what he was doing!

Back and forth the camera angle went, first on his mom and then back to his dick. He must have been super horny as it only took a few minutes before he was cumming all over his hand. OMG, it even spurted out onto his legs and I figured some of it must have landed on the carpeting. He quickly stuffed it into his shorts but that just created a wet spot in the crotch. Just when I thought he couldn't get any more naughty, he got up and walked across the room to his mom and put his hand on her upper back and said something about dinner and such. In doing so some of the cum on his hand remained on her blouse! That was the final shot but by that time I was soaking wet!

Spencer seemed to really get off from it as well as during our next chat it was all he could talk about. He seemed more anxious for me to say how much it turned me on than anything. I told him that I'd masturbated while watching it several times. It wasn't true (I only did once) but then did it matter? He ended up sending me another tribute to me and his mom minutes later, using one of her bras that he seemed to keep on hand these days for just such times.

Now what? I'd never actually had anything like this happen before. Oh sure I've had some guys do some pretty wild things, even videoing themselves cumming on their sleeping daughters. Still, nothing was comparable to where Spencer was heading. This last video, where his mom was fully awake and just a quick turn from catching him masturbating, had me wondering where this was leading.

It wasn't long before I found out. This time it started out as before with him stroking himself as his mom worked away clueless in the background. This time though, he stuffed his erection in his shorts. Being he wasn't wearing underwear, it poked out in an obvious manner but he didn't seem to care. Walking over behind his mom, he stood squarely behind her and put one hand on her shoulder as the other pulled out this dick from the side of his shorts.

As for what happened next, if I hadn't see it on video I would never have believed him if he had just told me. As he talked to his mom he masturbated himself, stroking his dick and occasionally straightening up to lean in closer to her so it oppressed in tight against her. OMG, how could she NOT feel it against her back? They talked and she would gesture about something on the monitor, totally oblivious to her son masturbating behind her back.

Finally he put his dick away and walked back towards the camera. OMG, the front of his shorts were dark with his cum. He must have pushed it back in just as he came, soaking the crotch with his own sperm! Grinning at me, he showed me his hand where I saw strands of cum and then he did something very few men have ever done for me - he licked it off, all with dear old mom sitting across the room working away as if nothing had happened. Wow, if she only knew!

After that I almost felt guilty. Was I pushing him too far? As I've often said, I never really want the guys I chat with to get in trouble. A few risks are OK but Spencer was going way beyond the normal boundaries.

As I said, I ALMOST felt guilty...

Chapter 7 - Crossing the Line

After masturbating behind his mom's back I didn't hear anything from Spencer for more than a week which surprised me considering how excited he'd been when we chatted later that day. My first thoughts were that maybe he had finally realized just how dangerously close he'd come to being caught and decided to back down. Then I wondered if maybe he HAD been caught in another such episode. Heck, there was always the possibility that she HAD known what he was doing but waited to confront him until later rather than embarrassing him by catching him in the act.

When I finally saw his e-mail in my Inbox, I have to admit my heart was pounding. What would it say? Had he done anything new? Could he possibly top what he'd done last? Most of all, was everything OK? Well, nothing could have prepared me for what was waiting for me. As so often seems the case, reality trumped fantasy.

The e-mail was HUGE; it must have taken him forever to write. Boiling it down, here's what had happened a couple of days before...

Spencer had returned to his mother's bedroom for another round of cum on his mom's clothes with the intent of doing another tribute for me. The house was empty except for him so he'd undressed in his room and gone into her room stark naked. It was a little more dangerous in that if anyone was to pull in the driveway he would have to run back to his room without being seen but it was that extra element of danger that helped turn him on all the more.

What happened next was interesting but didn't surprise me in the least. My mom once told me that men have two heads and only enough blood to run one at a time. Oh so true! When a man gets an erection it's like his brain ceases to function along with most of the safety interlocks in his consciousness. Like how many guys have told me they get caught after they masturbate because they forget to close a window or leave out the evidence? It's no wonder they fall asleep after sex, it's Mother Nature's way of protecting them from doing harm to themselves until the brain wrests control back from his dick!

So anyway, Spencer was sitting naked on the edge of the bed jerking off using one of his mother's more lacy bras. Seeing the choices he made in the past when it came to which of her bras he preferred to cum on, he seemed to lean towards the more sexy ones. He'd told me once that he'd never imagined that his mother actually wore anything like those. Those, along with the dildos he found in her drawer, were the inspiration for buckets of cum-filled episodes in her bedroom!

As I said, two heads... one allowance of blood. It must have been one of his more intense moments with his erect dick demanding all the blood while it remained firmly in control of situation as he never noticed the shadow at the doorway...

"Just as I thought," his mother said softly but firmly.

Instantly Spencer tried to react but there was no place to go and nothing to hide himself with other than her bra. Without thinking, he used the bra to cover his erection as he sat there on the bed with both hands over his crotch. As I read his description of the situation, I almost laughed at the mental image. It reminded me of a time when I was babysitting and I walked in a boy's bedroom while he was jerking off using his sister's panties. Similar situation... same reaction.

"Well don't stop now, as close as you are you may as well finish," she said rather matter-of-factly with her arms crossed.

Of course it wasn't nearly that easy for Spencer. Another case where fantasy meets reality and it turns out the actual results are quite what the imagined ones were. For instance, I had to wonder how many times he'd masturbated thinking of this exact scenario? But then I'm sure in every one the story line went something along the lines of where she immediately stripped and sat on his dick or something equivalent. Well, now she was actually there but she wasn't undressing and kneeling to suck his dick like she was suppose to!

"C'mon Spencer, do you really think I don't know what you've been doing lately?" she asked. Her tone was gentle but Spencer was too traumatized to say anything.

Interestingly, but not surprising to me, his dick stayed fully erect. I say not surprisingly because I remember way back when I was fourteen and Steve and I had only been having sex for a few months. Sure, he'd had plenty of other girls before me but he was the only guy so far for me and it was like I couldn't get enough of his dick in me. We were doing it in the basement of his house one day when everyone was suppose to be gone but right in the middle of things his mother interrupted us. Just as Spencer described to me how his erection refused to budge, so it was with Steve's dick inside of me. Yes, he stopped humping me at the sight of his mother but he didn't pull out or even give a hint at deflation. If anything, every few moments he would instinctively pump me just once as if he couldn't control himself.

"You know Spencer, I was OK with the panties, maybe even the bras, but now you've pretty much ruined a few of my favorite blouses," she said with a soft smile that blunted her words. "I was going to say something the other day when you pulled that stunt in the family room but I figured sooner or later I'd catch you."

Spencer just sat there, unable to move or say anything. Then to his horror, as if it had a mind of its own, his hand jerked his dick as it gripped him through the bra. His mother didn't say anything about it but she couldn't have missed it.

"I tell you what, I'm going to take a shower so you finish up before I get done. Then we're going to have a talk, OK?" she more or less demanded and then added, "Oh and PLEASE, put my bra in the laundry and not back in my drawer when you're done. That's really not cute."

With that she turned and left. Spencer, being a 22 year-old horny male, did what any other 22 year-old male would do in this exact situation - he finished jerking off! Whether it was his overactive imagination or a reaction to the erotic nature of the situation, when he finally came he groaned loudly and spurted a HUGE load of sperm leaving a slimy mess in both of the bra cups. It was like once he started ejaculating the loads would never stop!

Now that he'd cum it was like reality set in. back yet again to the two head analogy. It's like after a man cums and the blood rushed back to his brain, THAT's when he realizes what was going on when he was too engrossed with making himself cum. Oh my god, his mother had caught him! More than that, she hadn't yelled at him, well other than to tell him put the used bra in the laundry when he was finished. OK, so it wasn't quite up to the level of his fantasies, but it wasn't the disaster he'd always feared might result if he'd been caught.

Not really knowing what else to do, he dropped the violated bra in her hamper this time and walked slowly back to his room. As he got dressed he wondered what his mother would say when she was finished cleaning up.

As it turned out, she said the one thing he least wanted to hear - nothing. Even if she had yelled at him it would've been better than leaving him hanging as if nothing had happened. She had said she was going to have a talk with him but when she came out of the shower she was wearing a long cotton robe as she passed his open bedroom door and then she shut the door to her bedroom behind her. Not a word...

That night it was just her and him for supper and throughout the entire meal Brenda chatted about her day at work and such, never once making any reference at all to the recent events. Poor Spencer was on pins and needles the entire meal, waiting for that moment when she would suddenly lower the boom but that moment never came.

That night when he was ready for bed, his mother appeared at the bedroom door. She was wearing the red satin pajamas Spencer and his brother had chipped in together to buy her last Christmas.

"Here, use these and when you're done, just ask me for some more," she said matter-of-factly as she took her hand from behind her back and offered him a pair of panties and a matching bra, "At least this way you won't ruin my expensive ones and my drawer doesn't reek of old cum."

Spencer automatically held out his hand without a word but the curiosity in his expression spoke volumes.

"Good grief Spencer, get over it," she huffed, rolling her eyes, "Do you somehow think you're the first boy to do something like this? I guess you don't know that your older brother started doing the same thing when he was fourteen for goodness sakes. But then he was a panties guy."

Now THAT revelation really surprised Spencer. His brother had certainly never mentioned anything like that to him but then he was four years older and they didn't exactly talk about personal things, let alone their masturbation practices.

Brenda laughed a little saying, "Where did you ever get the idea to put my things back in the drawer when you were done? Do you have ANY idea how horrible your junk smells after a day or so? I knew from the first time what you were doing. All I had to do was open the drawer and the odor hit me like a truck."

"And you don't mind?" he finally blurted out.

Brenda paused for a moment, considering her words carefully. "It's just a phase I think most boys go through when it comes to their mothers. Ok, so you're a bit of a late bloomer but it's sort of nice to know I can still excite a young guy. After all, it's not like I'm exactly a sixteen year-old teenager anymore."

"Oh mom, you're beautiful!" Spencer blurted out before he realized what he was saying.

"Well you're not so bad yourself," she said suddenly grinning. "damn, I'd love to know where you got that monster from, certainly not your father."

Spencer blushed. Listening to his mother compare his dick to his father's wasn't exactly something he was accustomed to hearing.

"Seriously," she went on, "You're hung! Oh yeah, you're going to make Kristina one happy girl someday."

With that she left him after which he immediately made use of one of the bras she'd left him. he was so hard after what she'd just done and said it didn't take long before he was spraying cum all over it. Indeed, the events of that day changed Spencer's relationship with his mother in ways he'd never dreamed could be possible. It didn't hurt that typically it was just the two of them in the house as his older brother had moved out and his father travelled for his work more than half the time, Even when his dad wasn't traveling he all but lived at his work office.

The first set of underwear she gave him barely lasted a week and that was using each of them twice or even three times before he dutifully dumped them in the hamper. At first it was awkward to ask his mother for a new set of panties and bras. Sure she'd told him to ask but he put it off as long as possible until the set she had first loaned him was practically saturated with sperm. She smiled at him as she went to her drawer to pick out a few new sets saying, "Now don't wait so long next time, OK? Damn, I don't know if I'm ever going to get those last ones clean again."

All this time Spencer was still chatting with me, letting me know each day how things were going. While at first he was excited about his new relationship with his mom, at the same time I noted a growing sense of disappointment. It was like now that his mother knew what he was doing - and even approved of it and encouraged him, it was like it wasn't as hot to do it anymore. Sure he still did daily tributes for me using her photos and others of me and Kristina, but the edge seemed to be missing. I didn't hear that same sense of lust and urgency in his voice as he masturbated, almost like it was being something mechanical.

As his frustration became more and more pronounced, finally during one of our chats I challenged him, asking him to tell me what he really wanted.

The response was short and sweet. "Fuck her."

I paused at the keyboard and finally wrote back, "Then why not do it?"

The screen remained blank for what seemed to be hours although it was just a few minutes. Finally an even shorter answer appeared.

"OK."

That was it. Just one brief word and he dropped off-line leaving me to wonder where this was all going. It was both excited and frightened all at the same time. Excited because I wondered just how far his mother was ready to take this. Frightened for the same reason - what if she decided enough was enough and started asking too many questions about where he was getting all these crazy ideas from?

I didn't hear anything from Spencer for over two days and then one night he popped up on Yahoo! Instant Messenger. It was one of those proverbial good news/bad news things. To summarize a two hour chat, here's what went down...

The good news is that Spencer's mom actually is a little more freaky than I'd imagined. Apparently all those toys she keeps besides her bed were used frequently when his dad was away while the sexy lingerie was reserved for when her wayward husband was home. While she never openly allowed him to see her, a few times he'd heard her getting vocal as she masturbated and when she would leave the room to go to the bathroom the dildo would be left out on the bed for anyone to see that might be walking by - which was only one other person.

Spencer saw Brenda for the first time in her lingerie when she came into the bathroom when he was brushing his teeth. She apologized as if she hadn't known he was in there but she didn't seem to be in a hurry to leave as he got an eyeful of his mother as he'd never seen her before.

The bad news was that while she was OK with pushing the line ever higher, that didn't mean she was ready to cross it. Apparently in her view of the world, it's one thing to encourage and enable your son's fantasies, another to actually take part in them. I guess when you think about it long enough it sort of makes sense, especially for someone involved in a religion as conservative as hers. Yet no matter how strict the tenants of the church may be for some, it doesn't change basic biology and the needs that arise. If anything I had to give her credit for her balancing act as not many mothers in her position would have been so understanding.

I can't imagine any teenage boy that doesn't masturbate a couple of times a day and at 22, Spencer was surely still in daily category, probably even more often when he was especially horny. As his mother and having already dealt with one son that had gone through a similar phase, Brenda had to be aware of Spencer's issues. From what I could tell, until he started talking to me and escalating things she more or less just ignored him. Actually I think that is how all moms should deal with their son's needs. Why parents try to make their kids feel guilty when they react to one of the most basic instincts they have is totally beyond me - especially when odds are they're doing the very same thing!

It's amazing to me how many guys tell me that they use to play with their mother's underwear. Most of them tell me they either just look at it or smell it. A small percentage admit to trying it on - including things like pantyhose in addition to the bras and panties. It's a REALLY small percentage that actually go as far as to cum on it. Whether it's out of fear of being caught or whatever else, they just don't do it. I guess it could be maybe that they don't even think about doing it.

Finally, almost none of them admit to going the route Spencer has taken recently - putting the cum-soaked clothing back for his mom to wear. I could appreciate her earlier comments. Old cum really stinks! I know when I come home from a date or party with cum on my clothes, no matter how tired I may be I always make sure I at least put them in the sink to soak. While I may LOVE fresh cum, it's like milk only it goes sour a LOT faster.

Apparently that's why Brenda got to the point where she felt forced to make a decision. Knowing her son was masturbating for the past ten years or so was something she simply accepted. Her son was reacting to his hormones like any other typical male. It was when her good clothes started to stink of cum that she knew she had to do something or spend a fortune on dry cleaning. It wasn't TOO bad when he started out cumming on her panties. It's not like his cum was the only thing that needed to be washed out of the crotch.

When Spencer took my prodding and progressed to her bras and then to her clothes and even her purse, that was a whole different story. She started worrying about her friends smelling old cum at lunch and either raising some uncomfortable questions or worse, starting the gossip. That was when she realized things had gone far enough.

In some ways I felt empathy for Brenda. It's not like she came from a supporting family such as mine where dealing with such issues would've been easy. Growing up I wasn't actually involved sexually with my parents but I certainly felt comfortable discussing such issues with them. Poor Brenda had no one she could talk to about it. Knowing the religious constraints she faced, I could just imagine what her friends would have said if such a topic was even raised in conversation, let alone deal with anything specific. Practically living alone thanks to her husband's job with just her youngest son had to be difficult as it was and then to have all the recent events on top of all that? Wow!

Brenda told Spencer that it wasn't just the clothing issue that caused her to reveal what she knew. Back when he had approached her when she was working on the computer and poked out his dick and touched her with it from behind, Spencer was convinced that his mom didn't have any idea what he was doing. Oh contraire! She finally let him know that she'd seen him in the reflection of the monitor and was fully aware of what he was doing. Evidently she was so astonished at his second blatant move that she couldn't think of anything to say or do other than to ignore him and pretend she didn't know what was going on behind her.

So anyway, after Spencer had left me with his cryptic one word reply he waited until his mother was in the shower. The shower had semi-frosted glass doors, the type with large bands of frosted glass alternating with thinner bands of clear glass. It was sufficient to provide privacy but not so much as a shower curtain or full-frosted glass would've provided. You could see that someone was in there, just no details. Sort of like the new airport scanners I guess you could say. At the same time, the person taking the shower could see anyone outside and if they got close to the glass, even see them clearly.

Spencer has already stripped in his bedroom and then waited outside the bathroom door for the shower doors to shut. Instinctively his hand went to his hard dick, stroking it without even realizing at first what he was doing. Giving time for her to get in and get started, he boldly made his move and opened the door, walking into the bathroom stark naked with his already erect dick leading the way.

Brenda, hearing her son enter, called out to tell him to wait until she was finished with her shower or at least use the other bathroom if he couldn't hold it, apparently thinking he need to urinate. Instead, he leaned back against the sink and started to jerk off as he watched the fuzzy image of his naked mother in the shower.

At that point she must have peered through one of the clear glass strips and seen what he was doing because she called out, "Oh Spencer, what are you doing?" It was a rhetorical question as it must have been obvious.

"Mom, I want to take a shower with you," was his response.

I had to wonder what I would've done if I'd been in her shoes. If it was me with my future son I would hope that it would be an easy solution but she was in a totally different space. No matter how she might rationalize it Brenda had to know that allowing her naked son to join her in the shower would lead to more than just washing each other's backs.

"No Spencer," she responded firmly, "That wouldn't be appropriate and you know it. Do what you need to do but stay there."

The wording is what he told me so whether or not she said it in exactly those words I had to take his word for it. Assuming he had it right, I couldn't help but smile to myself. Like all the things that Spencer had been doing so far were "appropriate". heck, all the stuff she'd done to enable and encourage his sexual fantasies weren't quite "appropriate", at least not from her church's perspective.

Spencer tried pleading with her and at one point even started to push the door to the side but she stopped him and told him sternly that he couldn't come in with her and she wasn't getting out until he left.

Brenda wasn't dealing with a rationale human being at that point. Indeed, there's nothing sane or rational about a young guy jerking off lusting for someone close to him. His little head was now consuming so much blood that his big head was all but useless.

Spencer refused to take no for an answer and pleaded with his mother to let him in but she held her ground. Finally he changed tactics and asked if he could just watch her.

Brenda was undoubtedly more than aware of what happens when a guy gets into the sort of condition that her son was in. She was alone in the house with a horny male that was much taller and stronger than she was so the concern had to be

there as to what he might do if she continued to refuse him totally. With that in mind, I suppose what she agreed to do only made sense.

Directing the shower head towards the far wall, Brenda opened the door which allowed Spencer to see his mother naked for the very first time. I could only imagine how his dick must have swollen even more as his fantasy woman turned real.

"Now remember, you can watch but that's ALL," she reminded him.

What I would've given to be a fly on the wall after that! God, to watch Spencer jerking off as he watched his mother shower would've been incredibly hot!

There was little to wonder when it came to how Spencer was feeling but I had to wonder about Brenda. To be naked in front of her son while he jerked off had to be extremely erotic and at the same time a little embarrassing. It wasn't like she was accustomed to flaunting herself in front of people. From the family pics he had sent me and looking at her FaceBook page, she dressed quite conservatively at all times - no cleavage, upper leg, etc. I didn't see one outfit with bare shoulders or a skirt above the knees.

According to Spencer, seeing his naked mother showering was the hottest thing he'd ever seen - hotter than any porn video he'd ever watched and apparently he'd seen a lot. She wasn't the best looking, didn't have the most firm body anymore, her boobs weren't the biggest nor was her ass as tight as someone younger. All that said she had the only thing that counted - she was his MOM and that trumped everything.

It's too bad that Brenda didn't chat with me as I'd of loved to get her perspective on what happening then. According to her son, she made no effort to hide herself and if anything, almost flaunted her wet nude body to her son. He said she kept her eyes closed most of the time but when they were open they were focused on his raging erection. How much of that was wishful thinking on his part and how much was reality I'll never know for sure as all I have is his version of events.

The part that I questioned the most is when Spencer claimed that she started to masturbate by rubbing her pussy with one hand while leaning back against the shower wall facing him so he got the best view. Frankly, I was amazed at how far things had gone up until then and this would've been a bridge too far in my book. Then again, she obviously didn't mind showing herself naked to her son and I know watching a man masturbate while watching me gets me really horny so who's to say she didn't feel the same?

As we continued to chat about all this I found myself wondering where this would end up. Would Brenda eventually be overcome by her own lust and invite her more than willing son to join her in the shower? What if she left the shower and finished him off, either with her hand or her mouth. At the extreme - would she leave the shower and escort him to her bed? While my imagination was running overtime, in my heart I really couldn't see her succumbing and as it turned out my gut was right as usual.

Spencer claimed he lasted ten to fifteen minutes before cumming but I tend to believe that was more than a little bit of exaggeration. While it might have SEEMED that way to him I just couldn't believe he could hold out that long under the circumstances. When he did cum he said that he just shot out in front of him all over the bathroom. Some of it may have made it to the shower but he didn't think any landed on his mother.

"Well I hope you feel better now. I think that's enough for one night, don't you?" she said to him after he'd finished.

Spencer said he went back to his room where soon he was hard and was stroking yet again but this time recalling his mother's naked form. Later, when she was finished with her own shower (I wondered if she finished herself as well?) she stopped by his room, this time without the robe, naked with a towel around her wet hair. She didn't enter his room but rather just stood there so he could see her outlined in the hallway light.

She must have given it some thought in the bathroom although who knows, maybe it was all planned out by her ahead of time. In any case, at that point Brenda explained the new ground rules to her son. He could WATCH her anytime he wanted but no touching - by either of them. In return he had to restrict his masturbation activities to the panties and bras she gave him - no more ruining her good things and especially no more on her outfits and accessories. She was especially firm when it came to any sort of photos or videos, including any more "tributes".

Finally, her last condition in return for allowing her son the privilege of seeing her naked and even when she masturbated with her toys... no more chatting with me. Apparently she felt I was a bad influence on him and while she could deal with everything I'd led him to do so far she didn't want to see where it would lead. She was also concerned about his fiance -

her future daughter-in-law. None of this could ever be told to her and the less he chatted with me, the better the odds were that it wouldn't, at least in her eyes.

Fortunately for me she did grant him the OK to chat with me one last time to explain all this to me. I guess she figured better I know than try to dig more into their family situation and find out for myself.

Like he really had a choice to make when it came time to accept her conditions. So that was it... no more Spencer! I had to admit I was disappointed but he'd left me with quite a legacy of tributes, letters and chats. I'll always wonder what his mother eventually allowed, especially now that she didn't have to worry about him broadcasting it to the entire world.

Chapter 8 - Later...

Just when I thought I'd heard the last of Spencer, this appeared in my In-Box one day out of the blue. Spencer explained to me that he was now chatting with other people although not getting into a "relationship" with them as he had with me. I figured she must have been responding to what he'd told her about some of what he'd been chatting about, including one of his favorite fantasies about how he wanted to do a threesome with another guy and Kristina.

Dear Kelly,

I know it's been over a month since we spoke, but I really wanted to share this with you. I had told you that Kristina had become more sensual with me, and here is proof. This is the fantasy she wrote and sent me about how she imagines our first night.

Enjoy :)
Spencer

Oh really?! You mean he likes imagining me undoing his pants, sliding them to the floor and me slowly coming back up kissing his stomach, chest, neck, and finally his mouth as I sway my hips back and forth against your behind me and feel your penis go hard against me?

But now imagine that you want me so much that you do the same to me. Your body is aching to get inside me, so it gets as close as it can get. You quickly pull my shirt over my head and burrow your head into my chest and kiss all of the breast that is exposed. You then lovingly but urgently start to undo my pants as well. As you slide them to the floor you kiss my stomach and bellybutton and then slowly come back up and kiss me full on the lips and press me up against the wall. Our bodies are only separated by the thinnest of materials and as your hips start to rub up against me again I can feel everything and it is turning me on. Everything you do to me is increasing my pleasure. Finally you walk us over to the bed and push me back against it as you take your rightful place on top of me. We continue just kissing for several moments, enjoying the embrace and the feel of the skin of the other. But we want each other far too much to be content with that. Involuntarily, instinctively, I start to rock against your pelvis, your penis pressing hard against me through the thin material of our shorts and underwear - the only barrier to our sexes. Wrapping your arms around the back of my shoulders you growl low, seductively, quietly, right into my ear. "Your man wants you, Kristina, he wants to be inside of you."

You stick your tongue into my ear and lap it around, touching all the inside before moving and swirling around the soft tissue and sensitive hair of my outer ear. I moan and hold you tight to me saying, "Oh, I want you, Spencer, your Kristina wants you!"

My moans turn you on, exciting you all the more, telling you I enjoy your loving ministrations. You re-position yourself slightly higher on my body. As You press into me again, now with more speed and power behind each thrust, I gasp and place my hands behind you, pulling you into me with each thrust and occasionally spanking you.

Slowing down, you plant your lips against mine and press, pushing me hard into the bed. You press into me as I growl myself and spank you again. Shoving your tongue into my mouth, you run it between my upper teeth and lip, eliciting another gasp as I feverishly hump my hips against you, again driving your shaft hard against me.

"Naughty girl!" You grin as I smile seductively, naughtily, "innocently" up at you.

"Just for you!" I reply.

Grinning, you move slower, more deliberately against me.

"Yes...", you breath out, "all for me."

Suddenly you wrap my arms around my torso and roll over, bringing you to your back on the bed with me straddling you, sitting with my nether lips spread open by your hard penis.

"Ooooh!" I cry happily, smiling down at you "I can feel you so much... Does my Spencer like this?" I ask as I rub against you and stroke my body up and down your full length.

"Oh! Oh yesssssss!" Is all you can say, the pleasure is so intense. When you roll your head back in ecstasy I dive, nibbling and kissing all around your neck and upper chest.

"Oh Kristina, you ARE naughty!"

You pull me up high enough that my neck lies at your face. Reaching down you slip my hands into my shorts, feeling the texture of the lace panties I had put on for you.

"Mmmmmmm, I love you so much." you declare as you knead my buttocks, slapping occasionally with varying degrees of strength.

Finally you can't stand it anymore. You turn us around, landing me against the bed again, your hands still inside my lace underwear. You push my legs together and forcefully rip my shorts and panties off, all the way down my legs. You bring your hands back up my legs, pressing them softly all the way up until your hand reach and lightly dances across my pubic area in tantalizing ways. After a minute or so you finally just grab it and kneed it as hard as you can. I gasp with pleasure as this never before touched part of my body is fondled and petted.

"You like that?" you say to me.

"Oh yes!" I moan.

You then straddle me, moving your hands up my waist, and up to my breasts. You take my bra covered breasts and start squeezing and massaging them. Then lovingly you come down and kiss me again.

"You like them Spencer?" I say, referring to my breasts, "They are all yours."

A growl escapes your throat as you push my bra aside and expose my bare breasts to your sight.

"Oh Kristina, you are so beautiful," you whisper.

You just stare down at my naked body with love and desire.

"Spencer, I am yours, all yours," I whisper back.

Your pelvis once again involuntarily starts to rock back and forth.

"That's it!" you moan, "I need to be inside you!"

I completely agree and seductively I respond "let me help you," as I put my hands inside your shorts and underwear and feel your warm, smooth bottom.

With slow deliberate motions I slip the last of your clothing off, exposing your penis to my view for the first time. It is hard, and pointed straight at me. I want you so much that I can't even make a joke about the fact that I can see that you want me. Instead of bringing my hands back up to your bottom, I lovingly, but hesitantly touch the skin of your penis, rubbings its length up and down with my fingers.

Your face is one of pure pleasure and sexual gratification. "Oh Kristina. That feels so good."

"It will feel even better inside of me" I naughtily tell you.

"That's it!" you reply, suddenly coming crashing down on me, kissing me furiously!

Our lips are inseparable Our skin is warm with our desire and lust for the other, our hearts are beating fast, and we can feel the naked body of the other against our own. Your penis is just lying against my pubic area, but that is not where I want it. I want it to be inside of my body. I tell you so and your pelvis begins to rock against mine in new and wonderful ways. Oh wow, we're thrusting against each other now with nothing to separate us. I can feel you, all of you, your penis is touching me!

"Oh Spencer!" I moan! "Put it inside me, put it inside me!"

"my pleasure" you reply.

You then lift my legs up, spread them wide so that you can see the opening to my love chamber. You lovingly stroke me there first, exploring this new part of my body.

"Wow" you softly proclaim. "This is actually happening. I am touching the sacred parts of my new wife's body, and she loves me for it. This is right and good for me to do. And only I get to do this to her. Me, only me. And she loves me so much that she lets me do this to her and actually wants me to."

While you're thinking and touching me I giggle, "Hehe, Spencer! You just made me orgasm!"

"Really?!" you reply.

"Well yeah! There is kind of a lot of nerves down there and you are messing with all of them when you touch and rub me that way."

That's probably a good thing though, because now I am even more lubricated and can think clearly to help this go as smooth as possible.

"True" you reply. "Kristina, are you ready? I don't want to hurt you."

"You won't" I lovingly tell you. "Let's just go slow and see how it turns out."

So you do. You align your penis up with my vaginal opening and slowly begin to move forward. This is so exciting for the both of us but both of us are extremely nervous as well. After a couple tries it finally starts to make its way in. The feeling is a strange sensation of pleasure and discomfort at the same time but all I know is that I don't want you to stop. I want your penis ALL the way in me! I'm gasping for breath as I suddenly realize I've been forgetting to breath.

Then, as it starts to slide father in I begin to relax and moan. "Oh!" I repeatedly cry out.

"Are you doing okay, my love? Are you in pain?"

I laugh a little. "Not really sure, it hurts so good!"

This is such a relief to you that you start to chuckle as well. At last, you are in. We just lay there for a moment enjoying being as close as we can possibly get to the other. You kiss me tenderly and I look up into your loving eyes.

"I love you" we both whisper to the other, smiles glowing on each of our faces.

You move without thinking about it and this creates pleasurable sensations for both of us. Once again we begin to sway and hump each other. You move back and begin to thrust your penis deeper and deeper inside of me, moving and rubbing your penis back and forth against my vagina.

"Oh Spencer, oh Spencer!"

"What my love?" you seductively reply.

"Harder, harder, give it to me!"

My words turn you on as nothing ever has before, and you are in a lustful frenzy as you willingly oblige and feverishly begin humping your penis inside of me.

"You like that my Kristina? You like the feeling of your man being inside you?"

My body responds for me as a series of muscle contractions squeeze tight against your penis as I climax in an orgasm. Your eyes nearly roll inside your head as the pressure against your sensitive penis engulfs you in waves of pleasure. Your body can't hold it in anymore either, and your body orgasms and semen ejaculates out of your penis, sending strange sensations inside of me. We lay there tired, limp, and in an afterglow of ecstasy

"We did it" I pant.

"Oh yeah" you respond. You slowly pull out and we just lay there on the bed looking up at the ceiling with wonder and awe of the act we just preformed. We look at each other.

"We just made love," you say in disbelief.

"Hehe, yeah we did!" I giggle.

"Oh, Kristina I love you."

"And I love you, Spencer, my dear sweet husband <3."

THE END