Krista Allen and her son Story 1 part 2

inc, Fb, anal, celebrity, romance

 The next two weeks passed uneventfully. Krista and her son arrived in Hawaii on a Monday afternoon and were met at the airport by a chauffeur and were escorted to their home for the next two weeks. After the chauffeur dropped them off, they walked around in amazement; the bungalow was a two bedroom with a small pool surrounded by a fence for privacy. Barely fifty yards through the woods was the beach and the hotel owned by the producer where they would eat their meals for free was a quick walk down the beach through the woods.

 That night they attended the nightly luau at the hotel. Krista enjoyed the dancing and ate so much that she felt like she would burst, she liked the dancing but surprised herself by being annoyed at the attention the dancers were paying to her handsome young son. Her son for his part overate himself and didn’t mind the attention at all. The following day they were taken on a limo and helicopter tour of the islands. Krista was wearing a red summer dress with large white polka dots, a big floppy hat and large sunglasses; her son was dressed simply in khaki shorts and a white sports shirt and Ray-Bans. Through the day she found herself looping her arm through her son’s and sitting unusually close to him. This made her son stand taller and straighter and sent his ambitions for the vacation soaring. The highlight of the day for both of them was touring the USS Arizona Memorial at Pearl Harbor seeing the scene of such a terrible loss of life quieted everyone who visited it as they always had. At the end of the enjoyable day they had a quiet candlelight dinner at the hotel and retired for the night. The next day started early with Krista’s son waking her up ready to surf. Groggily she joined him sans breakfast, coffee, and makeup, hair in disarray and wearing her favorite black bikini. While he surfed she sat on the beach in a beach chair watching him. As the day grew warmer, she left the chair to body surf and swim for brief periods before leaving the water to watch over her son. On two occasions she was recognized by men who stopped by to speak to her and get her autograph. Her son saw was watching her both of these times and headed to shore in jealously but both men left before he could get out of the water. At the end of the day they again had dinner at the hotel and retired to the bungalow. Krista and her son disinterestedly flipped through the TV before beginning to talk and ignoring it. Krista asked her son if he was enjoying himself. He acknowledged that he was and asked her the same, she replied in the positive. Thinking quickly, he mentioned his back felt stiff from the day’s surfing and the fall from two weeks prior. Innocently Krista asked if she could rub his back, he pretended to semi-reluctantly agree and removed his shirt and lay on the couch. Krista began rubbing his back starting with his shoulders and slowly working her way down. His cock immediately grew to hardness pressing almost but not quite painfully against the couch. Krista felt a warmth building and spreading in her long neglected pussy. Nervously she finished up, kissed the nape of her son’s neck and mumbled about going to bed. She hurriedly undressed and jumped into the shower as her desires overcame her. As the warm water washed the day’s sweat away she frantically rubbed her pussy bringing herself to an orgasm that left her rubber legged and leaning on the shower’s rail for support. Without bothering to put on nightclothes, she dried herself off and collapsed facedown on the bed.

 The next morning she was again awakened early by her son. She asked him, “Can we stay in today? Between the flight and this last two days I’m exhausted.” Her son eagerly replied, “Sure Mom, no problem.” They threw on shorts and t-shirts and walked down to the hotel for breakfast. After they got back Krista suggested they change into swimsuits and hang around the pool. When they got back outside Krista had her son put on sunscreen. As he put it on his front she applied it to his back working starting from his shoulders on down. When she finished she began putting it on herself barely noticing her son’s stare and completely missing his obvious erection. When she finished with her front he offered to do her back, unthinkingly she lay face down on the pool chair. Nervously he sat next to her and began applying the lotion to her back starting at her shoulders. Slowly, powerfully but gently he rubbed it in hoping that his mother was enjoying it as much as he was. Krista for her part was in bliss, she was genuinely tired and stiff from the previous few days. The sun was warming her body and she ignored the tingling sensation her son’s massage was giving her and when he came to bikini straps and unsnapped them and pulled them to the side leaving her back bare she barely noticed. Down her back he worked and when he came to her ass, his mother’s ass, her perfect ass he boldly kept going rubbing her through the flimsy material and continued down her legs. Krista lay unmoving, her eyes closed, her sons’ ministrations had her in heaven. Never had she felt anything like it, that the source of her pleasure was her son was not even part of her consciousness. When he finished with her back she turned on her back and patted the chair indicating for him to lie next to her. As he lay next to her, she turned on her side, the hand holding her bikini top in place was touching his chest, they looked into each other’s eyes.

 They began by stroking each other’s faces and then running hands up and down each other’s bodies. Their lips grazed each other, breathing in each other. With a start Krista cried out and jumped up and ran into the house with arms across her breasts. Her son rose and followed her into the bungalow and into her bedroom. She stood there shaking and crying, as her son entered the room she turned to him and shakily sobbed, “Please, stop, I’m sorry.” Wordlessly he stepped out his trunks exposing his erection hypnotizing her as he walked forward. She began backing up away from him until she backed into the bed. He walked up to her and pulled her bikini top away leaving her breasts covered with her arms and she sat back and then lay back on the bed. He lay on her, his mother and began kissing her unresponding lips as she looked around trying to escape this moment which filled her with horror but which she did not want to stop. Lower and lower he kissed and when he got to her breasts he pulled away her unresisting arms leaving them bare before him. Her breasts were beautiful, perfect by any man’s standards. He began to massage and squeeze them, kissing them, licking them, sucking them. An involuntary moan of pleasure escaped her lips and he knew it was going to happen. He took her hands and began to massage her breasts through them, he let go and she continued to squeeze and rub her tits as he kissed his way down her stomach. When he finally knelt between her legs, he removed her bikini bottomed exposing her hairy pussy to him. Gently he kissed her sweet wet pussy eliciting a small cry from his mother. Slowly he explored her aching cunt; tongue fucking her, running his tongue around her clit and flicking it over it, running it around her pussy lips as she whimpered, moaned, and sobbed. As he began finger-fucking her he pressed his tongue down on her clit rubbing it in a circular motion. A heat she had never felt began to build through Krista, she stopped playing with her aching tits and rammed her son’s face into her soaking wet cunt and as she came she cried out in a joy she had never known. Everything went red and she convulsed uncontrollably as her legs shot in the air and she almost jumped off the bed. After a time, her vision returned and her breathing slowed, she reached down and took her son’s face into her hands and pulled him towards her. They began to kiss at first gently, tentatively, then with more passion, their tongues intertwining and then grinding their faces into each other. Her son stood up and lifted her legs into the air and set her feet onto his shoulders. Carefully he guided his cock into her waiting cunt. As he leaned forward he entered her sending her into spasms of joy. He reached forward bending her almost in half and began fondling her tits and she reached down between her legs and began playing with her pussy. The passion so long there and so long denied would not be denied. Krista began babbling, “Fuck me, fucking, fuck me, fuck me baby! Fuck Mommy, fuck Mommy.” Her son answered, “Oh God, oh god it’s good!” And as his white hot load of come blasted through her waiting pussy, she came with a scream and dug her nails into her tits as she cried, “Oh God,!” And they collapsed sobbing into each other’s arms.

 And so it began. Every morning began with Krista and her son literally attacking each other as soon as they awoke. They fucked like animals, savage animals; Krista would rake her son's back with her nails leaving bloody trails, once her son grabbed her by her hair and repeatedly slapped her across the face before climbing on her and shoving his cock down her throat almost choking her, she would bury her teeth into his chest leaving bloody marks. After their morning fucking they went to the beach; Krista either sitting on the beach watching her son surf or swimming or body surfing. After lunch the afternoon was spent in leisurely love-making, Krista laying back as her young son drove his powerful young cock into her for hours on end. If they got out of bed in the evening they went to the hotel for a quite romantic dinner or the luau. One night on the walk back through the woods, Krista stopped and without warning dropped to her knees and gave her son a blowjob on the trail draining his cock of every drop of sperm, another night he barged into the ladies room and fucked her bent over the toilet in a stall in the ladies room.

 *She taught him everything; how to please a woman and how to please himself. He repaid her with youth and vigor. Their bodies would blend together in a blur of skin and sweat. Even as they fucked wanting more of each other; . No gentle love-making; pure fucking, bruised, scratched, and even bleeding they would fall apart from stopped only by sheer exhaustion; their souls screaming for more. Passion, desire, damnation.*

 Their most memorable adventure of the entire trip would be the night they took the beach route back to their bungalow from the hotel. The young lovers were walking on the beach holding hands and carry their shoes, letting the surf wash their feet. "You know what would be fun?" Krista asked her young lover. He replied with a cocked quizzical eye. She grinned evilly and they both ran into the woods and stripped off their clothes. Hand in hand they ran onto the beach and dove into the water. They surfaced a few yards out with the water just deep enough Krista's awesome tits to float delectably. Wordlessly they fell into each others arms; their mouths grinding into each other as their tongues battled each other, her tits mashing into his chest and his dick stabbing her into the stomach as the waves crashed into them. They broke apart from each other gasping for breath. She looked into his eyes and placed her hands behind his neck intertwining her fingers and with the next wave jumped up on her son and with the skill of an Olympic gymnast wrapped her legs around his waist as he grabbed her ass holding her up. She reached down and began to guide his cock into her as he lowered her onto his hard dick. As his cock entered her, she let out a cry and threw her head back shocked as the warm ocean water let in by her son's cock brought an instant orgasm. With her son's help she began to ride up and down on his cock throwing her head back and forth. She cried out as her orgasm ran through and through her, it wasn't one orgasm after another but an endless full body orgasm that would not stop. After more than a half an hour of this she pushed her lover away from her and he gently set her down. She leaned against him sobbing and heaving for air. After regaining her composure, she said "Baby. I don't know how you did that but here's some payback." She pinched her nose and dove underwater. She floated down and took her son's hard dick into her mouth and began sucking it. After the performance his mother put on her son was not going to last long and within a minute he shot a long string of hot come down her greedy throat. She exploded out of the water like Venus rising from the sea. She turned around and leaned against her son's chest, he wrapped his arms around her and they watched a young newlywed couple walk down the shore; hand in hand, carrying their shoes, and letting the surf wash their feet.

 It was their last night on the islands. They lay in bed, nude, looking into each others eyes. As tears welled in her eyes Krista spoke, "I want you to know that the last two weeks have been the happiest of my life. I have never know love like this. I have loved you since I first felt you grow inside me, there has never been anything in this life that has made me happier than being your mother. But I have fallen in love with you, you my son. I love you as I have never loved any man. What I feel for you makes the very word love seem inadequate. And I want very much for this to continue when we get back home. But I know it cannot continue forever. You will meet girls and someday you will a very special girl that you will want to spend the rest of your life with. This is the way it should be and this is what I want." "But Mom, I love you. I don't want anyone but you" Her son protested tearfully. "I know, and I love you." She answered and kissed him on the forehead. "But this is the way it will be and should be. It's our last night here. I want to give you something special." Her son laughed and said, "You've been doing that for a couple of weeks."

 Krista got up and placed a pillow on the edge of the bed and lay on it with her feet on the floor, sticking her ass up. She spread her legs and reached back and pulled her ass cheeks apart. She said, "I haven't done this in a long time, but I want you to fuck me up the ass. Fuck you mother up the ass." Her son got up and stood behind her. "Do you want me to fuck you up the ass Mommy?" He asked mildly. "Yes, I want you to fuck me up the ass." She replied "Say it louder, beg for it." He ordered. "PLEASE FUCK ME UP THE ASS, OH GOD, FUCK MY ASS, PLEASE GOD!" She begged tearfully. He probed her long untouched asshole with the tip of his dick and without warning rammed the full length of his hard dick deep into her. She cried out in pain but it was too late. Savagely, without mercy or even consciousness he raped her ass. He placed his hands over her's and pulled her ass cheeks even further apart. In and out he tore into his mother's asshole as she cried for more, begging him to fuck her harder, to fuck his mother more and more. She felt a heat building in her ass matching the one in her cunt. In one final convulsion she felt her ass, cunt, and body explode into an orgasm nothing like what she had ever even imagined. She hear her son howl like a wolf in the moonlight as his hot come blasted up her ass filling her guts.

 They flew home the next day.