Krista Allen and her Son, Story: 1 chapter: 1

*The Krista Allen and her Son stories is an attempt on my part to explore my own ongoing fascination with mother/son incest and too incorporate super sexy actress Krista Allen. It is hoped that I will be able to complete 3 or 4 different multi chapter stories. Please note: these stories will be stand-alone tales so there is no need to read them in any order. The only they will have in common are they will feature Krista Allen and her son in an incestuous relationship.*

Introduction:

Krista Allen was pumped. When her lawyer had call an hour ago she had been alarmed by his serious tone. Why she didn’t know, even at his best he gave the impression of someone giving himself Last Rites. When she had arrived at his office she had been shown directly into his office which increased her sense of dread. He wordlessly directed her to the lone chair directly in front of his desk. He stared at her grimly for a moment and asked her if she knew why he had asked her to come? Krista slumped and nodded tearfully, “Not again?” A year before she had completed a decent “B” action flick that had promised almost double largest paycheck of her career. A year ago, she had intended to pay off her mortgage. The past year had been Hell; no work, no paycheck from Mr. Hotshot Would Be Producer, the bank breathing down her neck, even though the kindly loan officer had been doing his best to keep her afloat. Tears welled in her eyes, “What am I going to do? I am broke, I have been broke.” She whispered. “Well you can quit crying and read this for one.” Her lawyer said as he handed her a sheet of paper and what looked like a check. She glanced at the check first; it was from the personal account of the producer for 150% of her original contract. She didn’t understand until she glanced at the sheet of paper, it contained an apology from the producer admitting full fault for the delay in her pay, a formal promise to her starring roles in the two planned sequels with increases in pay of 15% and 25%, all legal fees paid by him, and two free weeks at his bungalow in Hawaii. Krista squeaked and jumped into her lawyer’s arms, kissing him on the top of his bald little head. Excitedly she asked him how he managed to pull this off, it being impressive even for him. He sat her down and said, “I made him an offer he couldn’t refuse.” And almost smiled. “Seriously, I threatened him with going public. He doesn’t care about you or anyone, he sure doesn’t care what you think of him but his ego couldn’t tolerate letting people think he couldn’t pay his bills. Wouldn’t pay yes, couldn’t no. Now, sign here, go on home, and be sure to stop at the bank, I already told them to expect you this morning.”

So she was headed home. Justin, her son had discovered surfing a couple of years before and from what Krista understood he was quite good at it. Despite the time she had lived in LA and her time on Baywatch she had never surfed herself and knew little about it. However, when the young surfing crowd had discovered his mother was “that” Krista Allen, his social standing (especially among the guys) had shot into orbit, he frequently had friends over, all of whom were more than happy to spend time talking to her. She had found their attentions amusing and flattering even though at forty plus she was totally unimpressed by their clumsy attempts at flirting. They did provide her with the information she wanted, Justin was very good at surfing, not as good as themselves of course and he was physically safe. In addition, she was assured she was a natural and should come out and let them give her free lessons. So she was confident that he wasn’t going mind spending a couple of weeks on the North Shore of Hawaii even if he was going to have to spend with his mother.

No, Justin didn’t mind when he got the news. He was beyond ecstatic. Two weeks on the North Shore, the center of the surfing universe. And spending it with his beautiful mother was a plus; you see the internet had introduced young Justin to his mother’s career several years before. Most teenage boys had no interest in their mother’s career no matter what it was and certainly weren’t interested in seeing them naked or having sex on camera. But nude pictures and scenes of her in R-rated sex scenes were all over the ‘net and they had almost been waiting for Justin when he out of simple curiosity had started looking up his mother online a couple of years before. Initially he had been embarrassed at these sites and quickly changed websites. But he kept coming back to them, subconsciously telling himself these visits were accidents. But visits online had gradually developed into a regular habit and unobtrusive glances at his mother. Krista Allen, despite her sexy glamorous image was an absolute slob as a dresser in private. She didn’t even own a nightgown and usually slept in a T-shirt or man’s dress or work shirt with the sleeves torn off that she had inherited from old boyfriends, ex-husbands, or her Dad, no bra, and a pair of granny panties that were worn until they disintegrated. Although she dressed appropriately if she went out during the day or if any company was expected, if she spent the day at home dressing for the day meant adding a pair of cutoff jeans about her son’s age to her night clothes or changing into a bikini if she was going to hanging around the pool, no jewelry, and minimal makeup. So the Allen household was a constant flow of eye candy that provided plenty of material for Justin’s fantasies and masturbation habit.

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Krista was quite aware of her son’s interest in her and dismissed it out of hand. When she had the internet installed, she explicitly had the computer programmed so that she could see what anyone saw on it without their knowledge no matter what they did to erase it. A naturally protective mother she was quite aware of online predators and despite her work with its copious amounts of nudity (which she had never hidden) did not want her son prematurely exposed to pornography especially the stuff that featured her. So she was genuinely shocked when she discovered that her son was looking up her and only her when he was surreptitiously looking up porn online. She analyzed this and assumed correctly that teenage boys were sex-crazed and attracted to just about any attractive woman, which she was aware she was. She genuinely loved her son and assumed that it was a simple phase and what the heck; having a remarkably handsome much younger man who truly loved her and she loved, drooling over her was not the worst fate in the world.

Krista assumed that her son wouldn’t be home until after dark. He had left before dawn to surf and wouldn’t be back as long he could actually see the Pacific Ocean so she had some quiet time. She was still exhilarated over the morning’s news, especially paying off her mortgage. She thought about some champagne but really didn’t feel like drinking and smelling like brewery when Justin got home. She thought about alternatives for less than thirty seconds before deciding to have fun with the boys. She slipped out of her clothes on the way upstairs and was completely nude by the time she reached her bathroom. Glancing over at the boys, she said, “Hi boys, sorry I haven’t been around but I’m going to make it up to you right now.” Krista had discovered masturbation at an early age with a wooden handed bathroom plunger and when she first heard of anal sex had added a scrub brush with a flexible rubber handle, since then; married, dating, single, with or without roommates, son or not, she had never been without her “boys.”

She squatted naked on the floor took the plunger and began sucking on it. Licking on it like it was the head of a cock, taking it as far as she could down her mouth, whispering “You like how I suck your cock? I love your cock in me. Don’t come in my mouth baby. Come in my cunt, please come in my cunt, come in your whore’s cunt, master.” She continued this for several minutes before picking up the scrub brush with the long rubber handle. She breathlessly whispered to it, “You know what I want, I want you in my ass.” Krista then stood the plunger up in the middle of the bathroom floor and stood over it. She then began slowly squatting over it guiding it into her oh so tight pussy. Almost crying with pleasure up and down she eased it in and out of her remarkably tight pussy. She kept this up for almost half an hour before picking up the scrub brush and almost commanding it, “Now fuck me up my ass, fuck me like the cheap whore I am, fuck your whore.” She then squatted down on the plunger as deeply as she could with almost half its length in her pussy, far enough to make it painful enough to bring tears to her eyes. She then took the scrub brush and began to ease it into her ass, again only stopping when it began to be too painful. In and out she fucked herself, in tandem and alternating between the two she fucked herself with the boys, slowly and then faster and then slower again. Knowing she had plenty of time she enjoyed herself bring herself bring herself oh so close to orgasm and then backing again and again.

Suddenly she was startled out of her reverie by the sound of a vehicle pulling into her driveway. In an instant she recognized the sound of the souped up party van of one of her son’s friends, in another instant she realized that there was a trail of her clothes from the front door to her bedroom. Leaping out of the boys and letting them fall to the floor, she was picking up her clothes and was stepping back in her bedroom before she heard the front door being unlocked. Nonchalantly she descended the stairs and stepped inside the living room seconds after her son and his friend. Her eyes went to her son who was slightly bowed over and was wincing and holding his left shoulder with his right hand. Her eyes widened and with a shake in her voice she asked, “What’s the matter? What happened?” “It’s ok Mom, I just slipped in the parking lot.” “Yes, Mrs. Allen I took him to the ER already, they say he’s just bruised.” His friend added obsequiously. “Shut up and get out,” Krista replied with an icy stare that would have sent a Navy Seal running for cover. “Mom!” her son protested and was answered with same stare. His friend was out the door with a “Later bro.” “What happened?” Krista demanded in no uncertain terms. “It’s like I said Mom, I slipped.” And my friend you just scared half to death was the one who insisted that I go.” “Why didn’t you call me, and what hospital did you go to? Because I assure I will be checking!” “I did call you Mom, three times! Did you ever check your messages?” Krista went upstairs looked at her phone and realized she had turned her phone off when she had entered her lawyer’s office and had been so excited hadn’t turned back on. She checked messages and realized that he had been telling the truth, she sheepishly showed it too her son. “Sorry about that sweetie. I was just so startled seeing you like that.” “It okay mom. I’ll tell my bud that you’re not mad at him.” “Don’t, I like your friends being scared of me. It’ll keep them on the straight and narrow.” He gave a wan smile at that. “Now take your shirt off, I want to look at that back and shoulder.” Almost meekly he complied and lay down on the couch. There was a bruise running from his shoulder to his waist and disappearing underneath his swim trunks. “What did the doctor say to do?” Krista asked civilly. “Aspirin for the pain, and ice for the bruises.” He answered as he lay face down on the couch. “Oh and a massage for the bruises also.” He added hurriedly. “Oh okay.” Krista answered. “I can handle all that.” As she headed to the kitchen, Justin smiled to himself, he had heard that the best lie was the truth. Everything he and his had said had been the truth, except the part about the massage. In truth Justin would never been able to work up the courage to take make the first move with his mother but when offered a chance to get her to make the first move he leaped on it. Krista was back from the kitchen in moments with a compress filled with ice; a glass of water and two aspirin the size of fists. She gave him the aspirin and the glass of water which he emptied to wash the super-sized aspirin down. She then began using the compress on him; placing it on the bruises with a small amount of pressure working her way down until she got to the top of his shorts. Without hesitation she continued her ministrations until she reached the end of the large bruise at the bottom. Despite the pain Justin was in ecstasy, his blood was racing, his cock as solid as a hunk of marble, in addition to the ice making him shiver. “How are you babe?” Krista asked innocently. “Fine mom.” He answered. “Okay.” Krista said. “I’m going to give you a backrub now.” “Okay” he replied, unable to keep his voice from shaking. Krista failed to notice this and hesitating she began rubbing his shoulders lightly. With his hard dick pushing into the leather couch as his mother began rubbing her fingers into his back, Justin moaned with pleasure, Krista immediately pulled back and asked if she was hurting him. With his voice uncontrollably shaking he assured her he was fine if anything to put more into it. Without hesitation she slowly began to comply as shudders of pleasure ran through Justin. The close and intimate contact was having an effect on Krista as well. She had spent almost two hours masturbating before Justin had come home unexpectedly. The feelings she had been experiencing had been temporarily suppressed by alarm and anger but only temporarily and they were coming back strong. As the massage progressed, her pussy began to heat up and grow wet. Krista was at first irritated and then alarmed. Her son already had a thing for her and now she was getting turned on. She told herself it was not having a sexy (No! She didn’t just call her son sexy) young man lying before her. She was close to his ass now, she wanted to stop then but she realized he would think something was wrong which it very much was. So when she got to the top of his swim trunks, she pulled them down just far enough to reach his bruising and when she finished gently pulled them back. “Better now sweetie?” she asked with forced nonchalance. “Better mom.” Justin said rolling on his back “You’re the greatest!” When he rolled on his back, Krista almost choked when she noticed his erection through his trunks. “Well good.” Krista said almost shaking at the site and all it revealed and promised. “I’m going to bed now.” Justin stretched out and placed his hands behind his head as he stared at her ass as she hurried up the stairs. “What next?” He wondered in awe.