

Quarantined with Mom - Illustrated!

by [HeyAll](#)©

Dear readers,

This is the illustrated version of "Quarantined with Mom" complete with a new introduction, an epilogue, and a modified storyline.

The illustrations are the product of a highly talented AnnabelleB. You can find her work on Valerie Whip's "Perils of Paul" series which she illustrates.

Please enjoy,

heyall

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Becoming a US Attorney was the highlight of Christine's legal career, but with a new Presidential administration coming in, her tenure had come to an end.

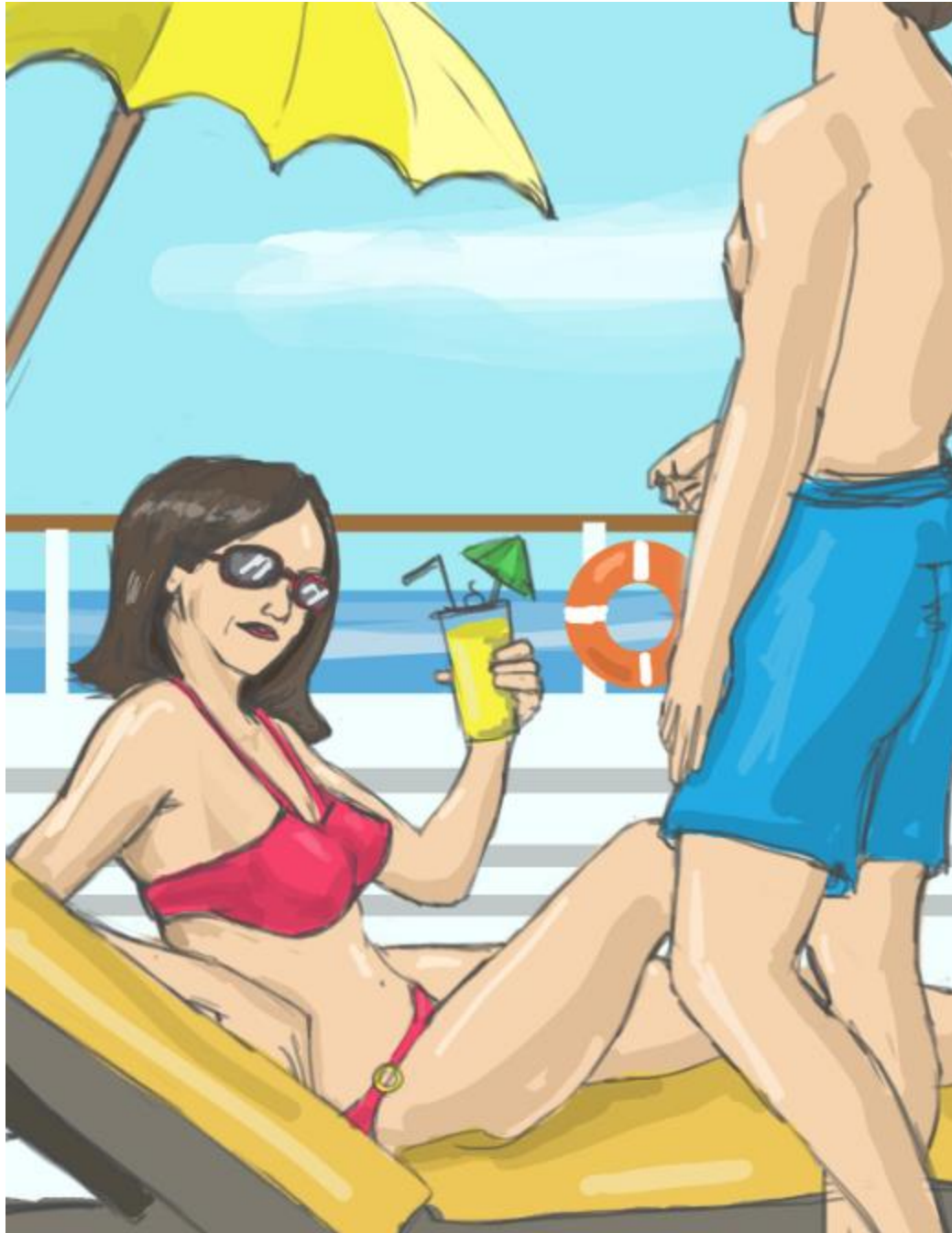


For a parting gift, her assistant attorney had bought them tickets for a cruise ship adventure. They had gone on these sorts of trips together before and always had a great time.

As fate should have it, her friend had a job in the private sector lined up and had to start immediately. That's how things are in the legal world. Things are bound to pop up. Major lawsuits quickly arise. And lawyers are forced to hustle.

Doing the next best thing, Christine took her son. She had worked strenuous hours for the last many years and her son was graduating from college soon. If there was ever a chance to have a mom/son bonding experience, this was it.

We had just left an exotic island where a local had given us the most amazing fruit drink. It was so refreshing and sweet. The man said it was 'perfect for couples' like us, thinking we were actually a couple. Mom enjoyed it on the deck of the ship after departure.



Naturally, she got plenty of attention from the way she laid there.

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An hour later. My mother and I were resting in our room. Suddenly, the ship's intercom system was activated and we listened to the oncoming message:

Attention all passengers,

This is the Captain speaking. Do not be alarmed, but there has been an incident onboard this ship involving the accidental release of insects, which had been illegally stored by a passenger. None of the insects are believed to be dangerous at the present moment.

For precautionary reasons, we urge all passengers to remain in their rooms for the next several hours while our crew works diligently to restore safety.

Thank you all for your cooperation. We will inform you once the ship is clear.

Captain Johnson

My mother's eyes suddenly had a look of panic.

"Oh my gosh," she said. "I hope no one gets hurt."

"It'll be fine. The Captain just said there's no danger. We'll just hang out until everything clears."

She nodded. "You're probably right. So much for our plans this evening."

"I know. We're under quarantine now. I guess we're trapped together."

"You say that like it's a bad thing," she said with a motherly expression on her face.

"No way," I replied, trying to smooth things over. "I don't mind being locked in a room with you."

She flashed a playful, yet skeptical look. "Looks like we'll be here a while before dinner. I desperately need a long nap. It's been a long day."

"I know. Me too."

My mother put the brochure away, along with her empty cup, and she laid on her bed and closed her eyes. I turned the tv off and did the same. There wasn't anything better to do.

An hour later. I awoke because of a powerful feeling between my legs. My heart rate was beginning to rise for whatever reason.

Something was happening to me and I didn't know what, or why.

Seconds later, I had a full erection inside my shorts. It instantly became swollen and ached badly. A strong feeling of lust came over my entire body.

My mother wasn't laying on the other bed. I got out of bed and saw that the bathroom door was closed, which obviously meant that she was inside.

I laid back down on my bed. My erection throbbed harder. With my mother still in the bathroom, I decided to handle it as fast as I could. With my raging hard cock freed, I stroked rapidly. When I heard the water running in the bathroom, I went even faster. My mother would be coming out soon. It wasn't long before I came and I quickly wiped it away with a nearby tissue paper and threw it in the trash.

The bathroom door opened and I tried my best to look relaxed. My mother came out of the bathroom looking tired. I noticed there was moisture on her forehead, which was probably sweat, and her breathing looked exhausted. She didn't say anything. She simply walked to her bed and collapsed on it.

Inexplicably, my erection came back to life. My sexual endurance has always been good, but it's never been *that* good. With my mother's eyes still closed, I got up and walked to the bathroom without covering the bulge in my shorts.

I completely lost track of time while I masturbated in the bathroom. I shot a massive load of cum in the toilet, flushed, and washed my hands.

Before I opened the bathroom door, I heard a noise which immediately caused me to freeze. I thought I heard a moaning noise coming from our room. I pressed my ear against the door to hear it better. Then I heard it again. Another moan. She was masturbating!

At that very moment, it all made sense. Whatever was affecting me, was affecting her too. From the sound of things, she was even more aroused than I was.

I became aroused again from listening to her sounds of pleasure. After a loud moan, the noises stopped. She must have finished. She must have orgasmed. I waited a few moments to be sure.

Then I opened the door and left the bathroom. I saw my mother in bed looking flustered. Her hand was on her forehead, and I could see her chest moving up and down from heavy breathing.

"Are you okay, mom?" I asked.

I laid on my bed and my mother turned to look at me.

"I'm fine," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. You seem kind of uneasy."

"It must have been something I ate."

"Oh. Me too."

We both continued to lay on our beds. I tried my best to recover from the two back-to-back powerful orgasms I had, while trying to fight off the returning urges to masturbate again.

"Are you... having the same... umm... digestive issues?" she asked uncomfortably.

"What do you mean?"

She flashed a more serious look. "I think you know exactly what I mean."

"Fine," I admitted. "I'm extremely horny right now and I don't know what's happening."

"Gosh, what do you think is causing it?" she sighed. "Do you think it has something to do with the quarantine on this ship? Maybe it has to do with those insects on the loose. Maybe there's something they're not telling us?"

"Probably. I have no idea what's going on."

"It has to be something on board this ship."

My eyes quickly looked around the room while I thought to myself. Then I saw the large container of fruit juice we got before leaving the island.

"I think I know what the problem is," I stated confidently.

"What is it? Tell me."

I pointed to the juice. "Remember when the man on the island said that the special fruit was good for fertility? This is probably what he meant by that. The fruit he gave us must be some sort of powerful aphrodisiac or something."

My mother leaned back and sighed. "Oh my gosh. I drank several cups! My hormones are torturing me. It feels like I'm burning inside."

"Me too."

"We're stuck here together and there's nothing we can do about it."

"I thought you didn't mind us being stuck together?" I asked playfully, trying to lighten the mood.

"Now isn't the time for jokes. I have a serious medical emergency. Both of us do, and we need to get it treated as soon as possible."

"I think you're overreacting, mom. It'll go away soon."

"How do you know?" she asked.

"Because it's just fruit. Obviously it's potent, but if it was so dangerous, then everyone would have been warned about it."

"I guess you're right. It hurts inside though. Badly. I wish we had the cure."

"We already know the cure. How many times have you masturbated so far?" I asked, and immediately regretting it.

My mother instantly gave me a sharp glare. It was the kind of menacing look that only a battle-hardened trial lawyer could give, and still look sexy at the same time.

"This is an unusual situation," she replied. And the answer is three. I touched myself three times in the last hour and it still hurts a lot. I haven't masturbated this much in an hour since I was your age. Yes, I was young too, you know"

"I did it twice. And I'm still going through the same thing you are."

"Gosh, I can't believe that guy gave us those fruits," she sighed.

"Maybe he didn't think that we would drink so much at once. He warned us to drink it slowly. He knew it was strong."

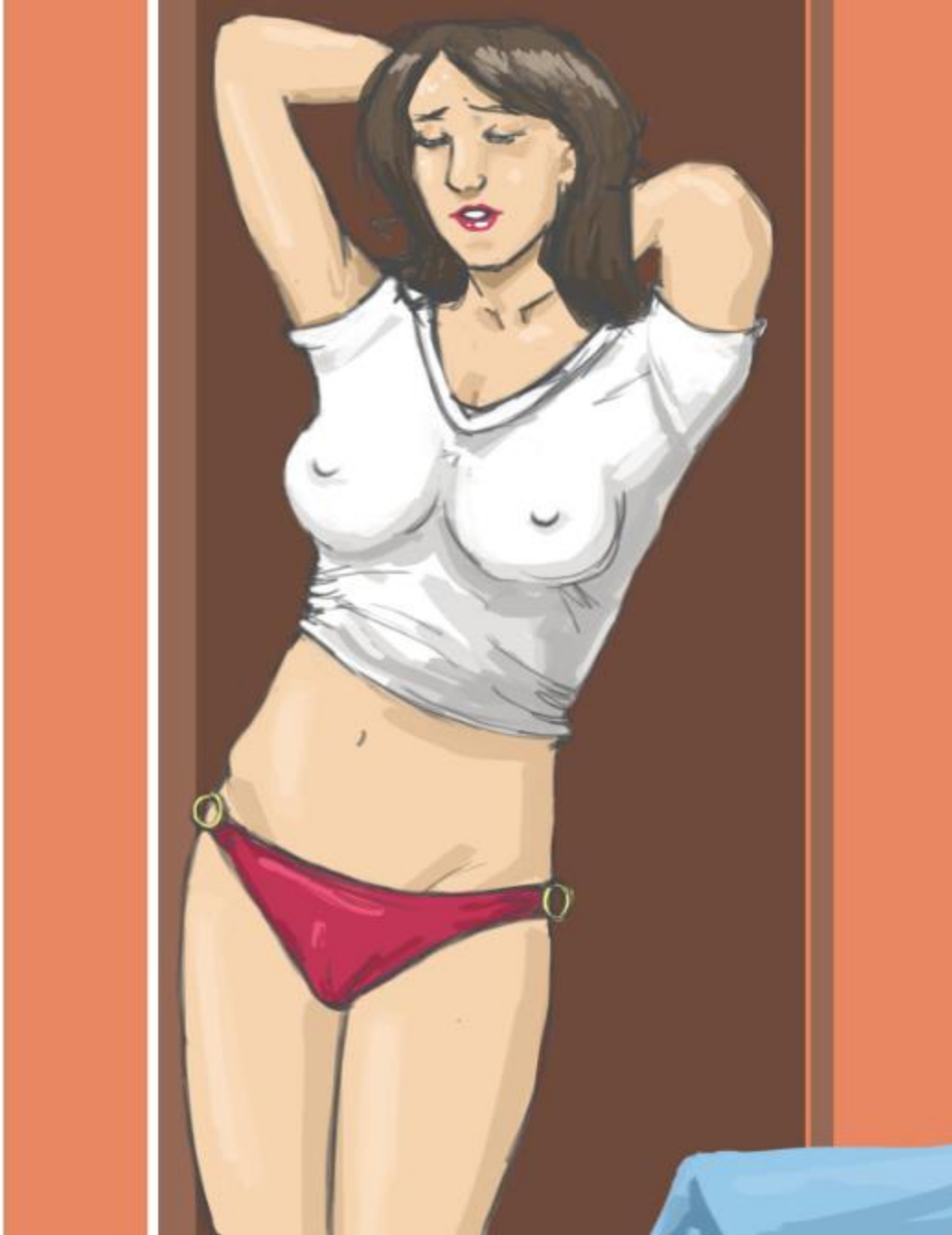
She sighed once again. "We'll just have to wait here until the quarantine is over. In the meantime, if we need privacy to take care of our needs, then we'll use the bathroom to relieve ourselves. Agreed?"

"That makes sense," I replied.

"Excuse me for a moment."

My mother's face looked flushed as she got out of bed and quickly headed to the bathroom. The bathroom door was thin. After she closed the door, I heard faint noises of my mother stripping off her clothes. Then came the faint noises of my mother moaning as she presumably touched herself.

When she came out of the bathroom, I adjusted myself so she wouldn't see that my cock was bulging through my shorts in a lewd manner. There was a look of relief and frustration on her face. She obviously just had an orgasm, but I could tell she wanted more. She wasn't completely satisfied yet, and neither was I.



Mom seemed oblivious to the fact that her erect nipples were protruding so obscenely. She looked like a porn star after a gang bang with how exhausted she was.

"Feel better?" I asked, not knowing what else to say.

My mother laid down on the bed and looked at the ceiling.

"A little bit," she replied. "I'm surprised you aren't suffering from the same horrible reaction that I am."

"I'm feeling the same things."

Her eyes suddenly gazed across my body. "Oh, I can see that now."

I looked down to see what my mother was referring to, and I saw my erection bulging through my shorts. I immediately adjusted my body once again to cover it.

"Sorry about that."

She thought for a moment. "I'm going to regret this, but we could make a deal. I know it sounds absolutely horrible, but I think if we helped each other, then this situation would be a lot easier. What do you think?"

I couldn't believe what my mother had just said. If I didn't know any better, I would have thought that she offered me a chance to sexually relieve her, and vice versa. It was the last thing I would have ever expected her to say.

"What do you mean?" I asked to clarify things.

"I'm tired of running back and forth to the bathroom. I'm sure you must feel the same way. I heard the sounds of you masturbating loudly in the bathroom earlier."

"Oh," I replied with embarrassment. "The bathroom door is thin. I heard you masturbating also."

Her eyes widened. "You were listening to me?"

I nodded. "Every moan."

"Why didn't you knock on the door and tell me? I could have stopped, or done it quieter."

"I didn't want to bother you. Besides, this whole thing is embarrassing enough."

"You're right," she replied. "So what's it going to be? Do you think we should, you know, help each other in this situation? Or would you prefer that we take turns using the bathroom instead?"

The answer was instantly clear to me. At that point, I desperately wanted to do things with her. Our hormones were raging, and it would feel amazing just to touch her, even though she's my own mother.

"I would be okay with it. I mean, if you're interested, of course."

She reluctantly nodded. "Remember, this is a special arrangement. It's only for necessity. After these feelings go away, we'll never mention this again. Is that clear? I don't want you telling any of your friends either. My reputation would be ruined if this got out."

"Of course not. I would never tell anyone about this. Do you think I want anyone knowing what I did with my own mom?"

"I'm glad we're clear on this. Whatever happens, it will always be our secret. No one will ever know."

"I agree. So, where should we start?" I asked.

Her face went blank for a moment. "We'll undress at the same time. Afterwards, we'll get on my bed and provide each other with relief. Hands only. Just touching. Nothing beyond that. Understood?"

"Great... I mean, good idea."

She squinted her eyes when she suspected that I might have been enjoying myself a little too much. Frankly, I was ready to rip off my clothes and climb on top of her, but she wouldn't have allowed it. At least not at that point.

"We'll do it at the same time," she said. "Are you ready?"

"I think so."

My mother sat up on the bed, and I did the same thing. I watched her take a deep breath, as if she had already regretted making the offer. I could tell she was incredibly nervous. I was equally nervous.

Without warning, my mother swiftly yanked off her tshirt and placed it on the bed. I was so mesmerized that I simply watched without removing my own clothes. She sat in her red bikini top, and she looked at me like I had broken the rules.

"Well?" she said with an eyebrow raised.

"Oh, right."

I took off my tshirt and tossed it to the side. Being shirtless in front of my mother wasn't a big deal to me. She had seen me without a shirt plenty of times, especially since we spent so much time on the beach recently.

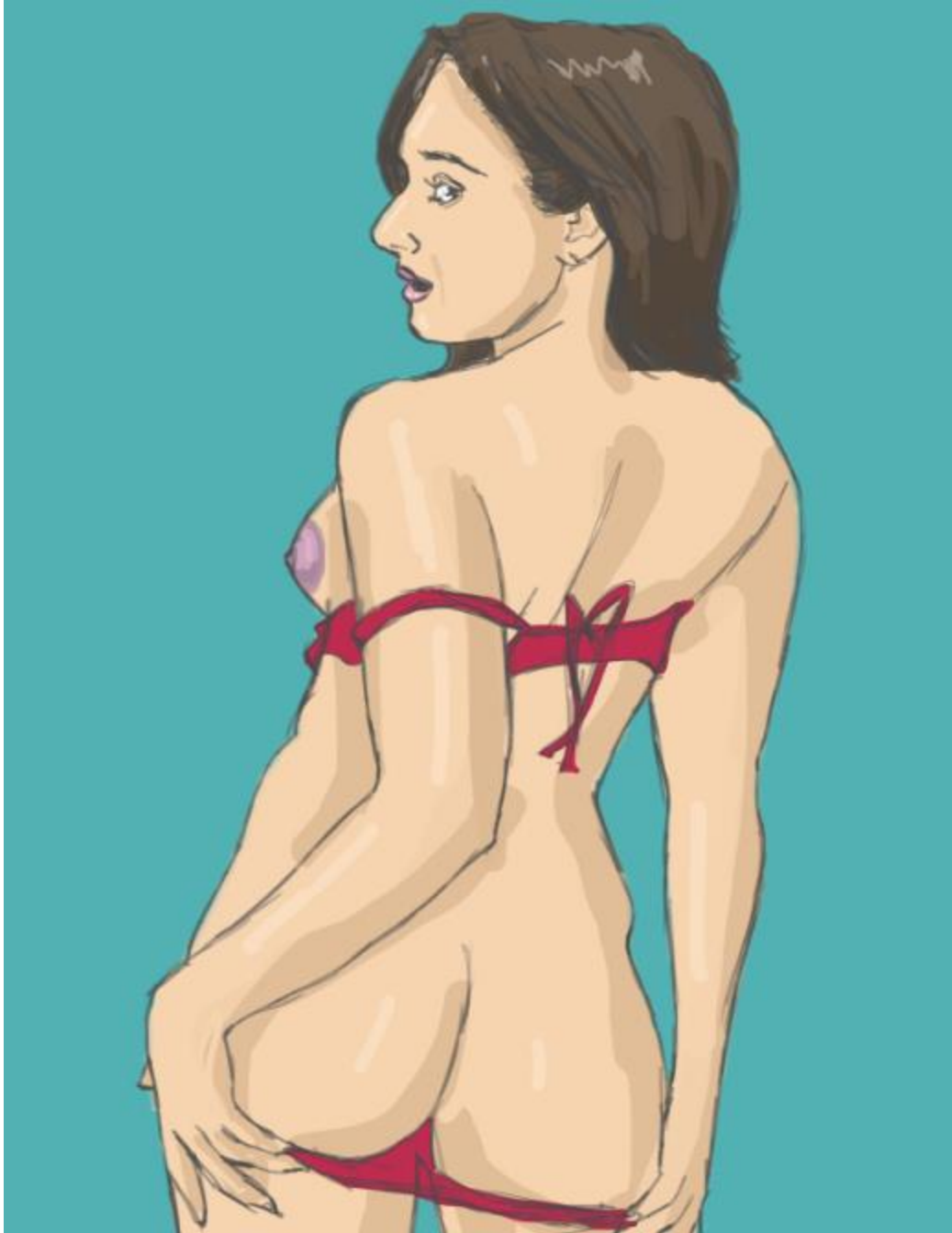
She reached behind her back and was ready to unclasp her top.

"Do you swear to never tell anyone about this?" she asked for a final time.

"I swear, I'm not telling anyone."

"Okay."

Mom stood up. After a deep breath, she unclasped her bra and let it fall to the floor. Her tits were fantastic. They sagged a little, but they were firm. Her areolas and nipples were large and pink. Her nipples were especially swollen, and they gave me an idea of just how aroused she actually was.



"What do you think?" she asked, as if to model her breasts for me.

"I think you look sexy," I replied truthfully.

"Thank you. Next, our bottoms, and fast. I urgently need some relief."

When my mother began to remove her bottom, I did the same thing. She looked nervous, and so was I. After our shorts came off, I watched my mother remove her panties to reveal her completely naked body to me. In all our years of living together, I never imagined that I would be sexually attracted to her. I had always viewed her as just being my mom.

She sat down after getting naked, then I removed my underwear. My raging hard cock flopped in the air the moment it was freed. At that point, I was so aroused that I just didn't care about feeling ashamed. The only thing on my mind was getting sexual relief, just like my mother.

"Impressive," she said, looking at my cock. "Or maybe those exotic fruits are making you bigger than you normally are."

"This is how it normally looks," I replied jokingly. "Can I come over to your bed now?"

"Please do."

My mother looked shy when I stood up and moved towards her bed. Her body language showed how nervous she was. I completely understood. She had always prided herself on being the 'perfect mother,' and there she was, naked in front of me, waiting to be touched.

"How should we start?" I asked, standing over her.

She spread her legs. "Touch me down here. You're old enough. I'm sure you've had plenty of experience giving women pleasure."

"I'll try my best."

I got to see my mother's most intimate area when she opened her legs. It was bright pink inside, surrounded by her brown labia. Her pussy was dripping wet. Her clitoris was absolutely swollen. I could understand her frustrations. She was far more aroused than I was. It looked like she was in sexual agony.

When I bent down and got on my knees, I got to see her pussy up close. It was the most arousing thing I had ever seen in my life. She was soaked. Those exotic fruits that we drank had an incredible effect on her and her sexual senses.

Her entire body shivered the moment I touched her pussy. She seemed like she was in pain, yet felt an extraordinary amount of pleasure at the very same time. My fingers rubbed the outside of her wet pussy. It was soft and warm. The tips of my fingers instantly became drenched with her vaginal fluids. The more I touched her, the more she squirmed and shivered.

I watched her face as my fingers went to work. Her eyes were wide open, like she couldn't believe any of this was actually happening. Her mouth was wide open too. Moans escaped her lips. I felt her breathing on me. We looked each other in the eyes. She couldn't believe what was happening. She couldn't believe that her own son was sexually pleasing her. I couldn't believe it either.

"Just like that," she moaned, looking me in the eyes. "Put your fingers inside me. I can't stand it anymore. I need to finish."

With a swift push, I shoved two fingers inside of her pussy and she nearly screamed. I pushed them as deep as they could go, feeling her warmth and wetness. She became wetter by the moment. The inside of her pussy felt soft and smooth. When I used my thumb to rub her clitoris, she leaned back onto the bed and cried. I was in awe over the fact that I was seeing my prim and proper mother in such a depraved state, and that I was satisfying her intense sexual needs.

"Don't stop," she moaned. "Please, I'm so close. I'm so close!"

My fingers went to overdrive and I bent down to kiss her clitoris out of pure instinct. It happened without thinking. My mother didn't object to my lips touching her pussy even though it broke the 'rules' of whatever we agreed was the limit. She was too busy enjoying herself. When I licked her clitoris and labia, she cried some more. I continued kissing and licking her pussy for both of our enjoyments. I pushed my tongue inside and she went wild. Her fluids tasted good.

I moved my mouth away when she showed all the tell-tale signs of an impending orgasm. Every line on her face became visible with the different expressions she started to make. Her muscles tightened, especially around her thick legs, and her toes curled. Her body began to clench and shake.

That's when I fingered her pussy and rubbed her clitoris as fast as I possibly could.

The look on her face was something to behold. She came powerfully. Her eyes and mouth were wide open and she squirted so hard that it almost felt like my fingers were inside of a running faucet. I continued fingering her pussy furiously and she continued making a huge mess everywhere with her orgasm. I had never seen a woman squirt so much in life, and that included watching porn.

When it was over, my mother's body became limp and lifeless, except for her hard breathing and heaving chest. I pulled my soaking wet fingers out of her pussy and just looked at her. She had never looked so beautiful before, at least in my opinion. Her eyes were closed, and her face had a glowing look of bliss. Her breathing began to calm down after a minute.

"Mom?"

"That... was... incredible."

I sat down on the bed next to her naked body. "I've never seen anything like that before. You were unbelievable."

"Thanks to you, I feel like a new woman."

Her eyes were still closed and the blissful look on her face remained. She was still in the midst of her sexual high, while my cock was raging hard and my hormones were on full blast.

"Mom? Remember our deal? I helped you out, now it's your turn."

"Can it wait?" she replied, with her eyes still closed.

Truthfully, I could have easily just masturbated in the bathroom and it would have felt amazing. But this was an opportunity I just couldn't miss. The chance to do something sexual with my beautiful naked mother was a unique opportunity. Besides, she owed me a favor after that orgasm she received.

"It can't wait," I fibbed. "Can you at least use your hand? Or your mouth?"

My mother responded by simply opening her legs once again.

"Just put it inside me," she said, while still in her sexual bliss. "I'm getting horny again."

She just offered sex and my mind began to race even more than it already was. A part of me became incredibly excited. Another part of me became worried that I was taking advantage of her. The exotic fruits were affecting her mind and I was afraid that she would regret this later and blame me somehow.

"Are you sure, mom? You really want me to do this?"

Her eyes opened and she looked at me. "I'm sure. I want this. I desperately need to have sex right now. I think I'll be okay after. My hormones are almost under control and I need to orgasm again."

That was all the confirmation I needed that my mother was thinking straight. I positioned myself over her body and got in between her soaking wet legs. I pointed my cock at her drenched pussy.

"Here it goes," I said.

She put her hands on my body. "Please remember, this is only for medical necessity. This is the only time we'll ever do anything like this. Okay?"

I nodded. Then I pushed my hard cock inside of her pussy, guided by one of my hands. I went in slow at first and my mother's body reacted. A wave of pleasure flowed through her. I felt the same feeling. The potency of those exotic fruits we ate showed no signs of slowing down.



She gasped when I entered her body all the way. Every time I entered her, she would gasp again. Her tits waved back and forth across her chest in a hypnotic manner. Seeing them jiggle and shake only made me want to ravish her harder, for both of our pleasures. Beads of sweat began to form around her face and nose.

I held onto her shoulders and she grabbed my arms while we had sex. Things only became more

intense the longer things lasted. The look on her face showed disbelief. It was like she couldn't believe what she was feeling, and that her own son was on top of her, ravishing her delicate mature pussy. But neither of us cared how 'wrong' it was at that point. Our lust was out of control and the sex felt surreal.

The sound of my cock plopping in and out of her dripping wet pussy echoed in the room. She cried. Her tits looked swollen. I bent my head down and sucked one of her large pink nipples for the very first time, rolling it around in my mouth, which made her cry some more. When I reached down to briefly rub her clit, she screamed.

Her body began to squirm and violently shake during sex. I had to pin both of her shoulders down with my hands as I continued pounding her. Her body continued to shake and struggle. Her face was turning red in a way that I had never seen before. Her eyes continued to show an expression of disbelief. She began to squeeze my arms with a strength that I never knew she had. Her mouth was wide open and she was taking deep breaths.

"Oh my god!" she cried. "Oh my god! Keep doing it... I'm going to... I'm going to..."

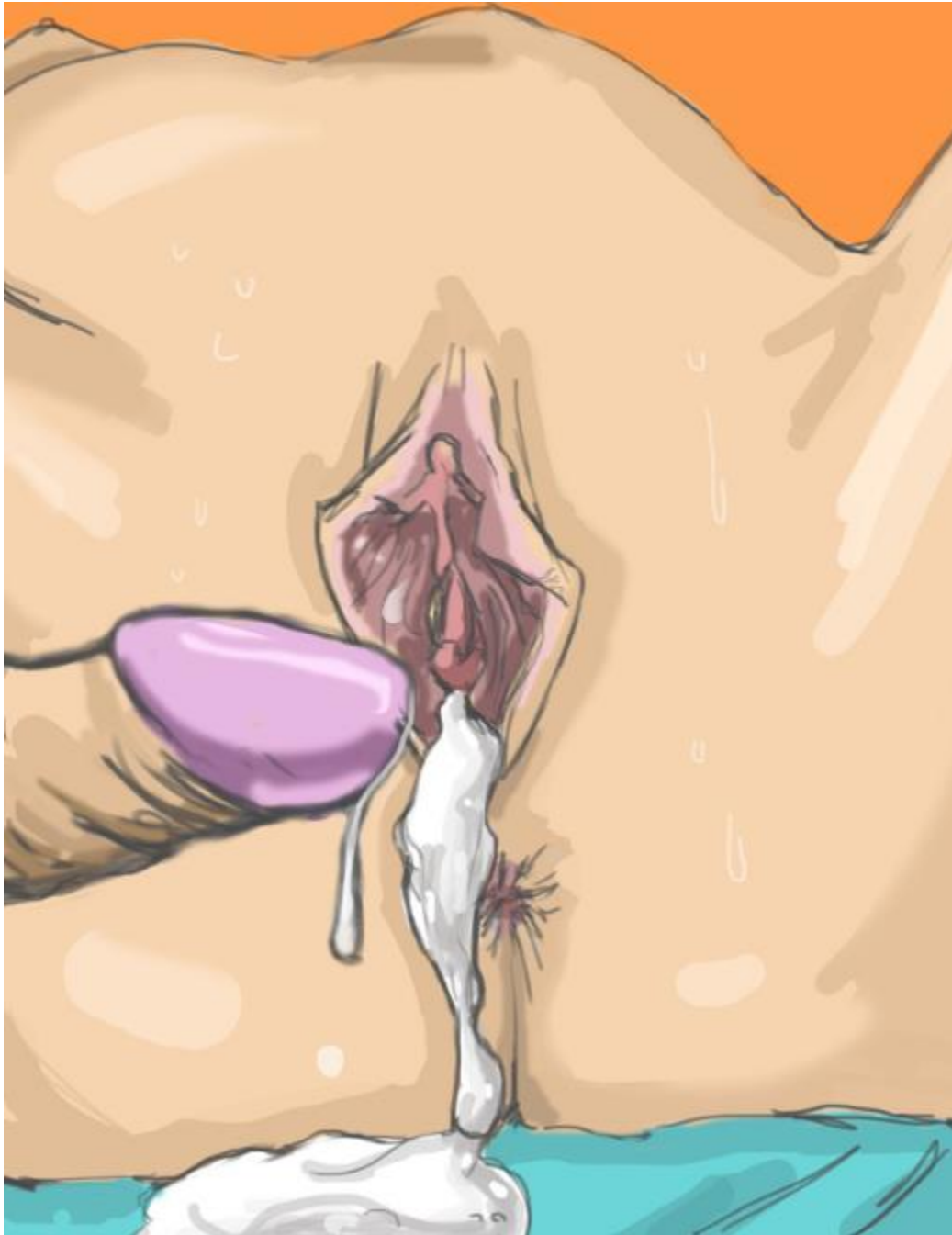
She screamed near the top of her lungs. My mother squirted once again. This time it felt even more powerful than before. It gushed all over me while I continued to pound her wet pussy. The look on her face was priceless. Every line on her face was on full display with the different expressions she was making. She squeezed my arms so tightly that I was sure it left bruises later.

Afterwards, she became limp once again. That's when I shot my load inside of her pussy, which at that point was a river of orgasmic fluids.



I collapsed on top of her and rolled to the side, with my finally soft cock plopping out of her worn out body. We were both completely exhausted. Our bodies were covered in sweat. We breathed heavily. I

stared at the ceiling for several long minutes, enjoying the unbelievable sexual bliss that I shared with my own mother.



"I'm cured," she finally said.

"Me too. Finally."

"I need a long cold shower. Care to join me?"

I looked at my mother, wondering what she meant by that. I wondered if she wanted to continue our little sexual adventure, even after she had been 'cured.'

"Really?" I asked.

She turned to me. "Yes, really. Just an innocent shower. We've already seen each other naked, so it doesn't make a difference if we shower together. We're both filthy right now."

"Thanks to you."

"Sorry about that," she said, almost laughing. "I certainly wasn't expecting that much to flow out of me."

"Don't be sorry. I loved it. I love women who squirt."

She smiled, "We still have plenty of fruit juice left."

"The perfect vacation."

In the bathroom we kissed passionately before I could turn the shower on. She got on her knees and took my soft wet cock in her mouth, tasting both of our orgasms. I thought I had been completely wiped out sexually, but I was wrong. My mother's mouth was slowly bringing my cock back to life.



It wasn't much longer until I felt the need to cum again. I warned her a few times, but to no avail. Mom simply wasn't interested in hearing my pleas, or maybe she just didn't care. Or perhaps she was too far in her sexual zone to even hear me.

Her mouth was flooded with my cum and she kept on going. She slurped it all down as if my cum was as intoxicating as the island drink.

Epilogue:

Christine's first case in her return to private practice was an unusual choice. When the cruise ship she had attended was being sued in a class-action lawsuit, she jumped at the chance to defend the company.

Before becoming a prosecutor, she had spent years in civil litigation, taking on big companies that skirted the rules.

Here, she recognized that some things are just accidents. That sometimes all the right precautions can be taken and bad things can still happen. Companies should be shielded from these sorts of frivolous lawsuits or else the economy would collapse.

Besides, if it weren't for the cruise ship disaster, she would never have experienced the pleasure of fucking her own son.



Speaking eloquently in a court of law, neither the judge, nor jury, nor the opposing counsel could have ever imagined that she had spent the morning screwing her son. It was a good-luck charm, she figured. In the kitchen, her purple skirt had been lifted while she was bent over the counter making coffee, while her son rhythmically fucked her from behind.

At first, their continued sexual activity had been shameful and filled with great remorse. It consisted of Christine, filled with the residual effect of that fruit drink, going to her son's room late at night, riding him senseless until they both came, and leaving without saying anything. It happened every other night.

Eventually, it became their normal routine when she became pregnant. Christine had always been a

moderate conservative and family meant everything to her. She'd be a mother again, with her son being the father. They were almost like husband and wife, in addition to their mom/son relationship. She'd lay on her back every night while her son fucked her wildly, rubbing her belly in between thrusts.



The End