

# **Forbidden Desires**

**By: Alexis Alexandra**

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**Author's Note:** All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.



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# Chapter 1

## Secrets Discovered

Amongst family and friends I'm known as the Computer Doctor. With the exception of laptops, I've built every computer I've ever owned and could tear them down and rebuild them with my eyes closed. I'm also an avid collector of and fixer so when my mother called me up to give me her old laptop I was as giddy as a kid in a candy store.

"You know I can probably fix it for you, right mom?" I told my mother over the phone. "You don't need to buy a new one."

"I know. But the thing is as old I am so I'm due for an upgrade," mom replied.

"It's only a year old mom."

"Practically ancient in the life of a computer. Isn't that what you're always saying?"

"The tech is outdated the minute you buy one, but that goes even for the top models. It doesn't mean you have to buy a new computer every year."

"If it's that old perhaps I should just toss it," she teased.

"That's not even funny! I'll be over in fifteen minutes to get it." Throwing away a computer without at least attempting to fix it was blasphemy in my book. I've been known to sit up all night in my workshop tinkering away until the wee hours of the morning to get a computer up and running again. And only when I deem it impossible to fix will I even consider trashing it.

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I picked up my mother's old Toshiba laptop and ordered her a new one online. It wasn't top of the line, but it was close. She paid for overnight shipping because she was the type of person that couldn't go a day without being on twitter or Facebook telling the world every detail of her life.

When I got home I booted the laptop up but it up and almost immediately got an error message saying there were files missing. This told me one of two things happened. Either there is a virus on it that corrupted system files, or my mother deleted system files by accident. It wouldn't be the first time in either case.

I popped a hard drive in the second drive bay, made it the master and booted again. Once I got to the desktop I ran virus scans on both drives just to be safe. An hour later and the anti-virus program found 864 infected files on the hard drive. Most of them were common and easily fixed, but there were a couple that required delicate removal. Two of the nastiest had corrupted essential systems files, preventing the laptop from booting up.

While rooting around the file structure looking for things that didn't belong, I found a password protected folder. It took me all of twenty seconds to crack the password. I opened the folder to find eight more password protected folders – each with a year for a name dating back to 2006. The password for these was the same as the parent folder and I was in.

"What the hell!?" I said aloud to myself since I was the only person around. "Inside the 2006 folder were another 300 folders with dates as if my mother was keeping an almost daily record of something. I opened the folder for January 1, 2006 and nearly fell out of my chair.

Contained within the folder were more than a hundred pictures of my mother. They started with her dressed in a black and purple babydoll and showed her posing on the bed. By picture 47 the babydoll was on the floor and she was butt naked. By 76 she had a dildo buried inside of her. The last ten or so showed my father shooting all over her face and chest.

My first reaction was to delete them and pretend I never saw them, but for some twisted and perverted reason my second reaction won out and I opened another folder. More of the same. Things got really interesting on May 6, 2008. The images within showed my mother and her best friend Gina making out and performing a 69 with each other. May 9 showed dad with Gina. It seemed the closer to the present I got, the kinkier the images became.

July 17, 2010 floored me. I didn't know whether to be sick, or turned on. There were more than four hundred pictures and a forty-three minute video showing my mother's first attempt at sex with a dog. The video was shot by my father whom appeared several times to help with the mounting and to have his dick sucked. I stared in wide-eyed fascination as Hector – my parent's now six year old Siberian husky licked and fucked my mother to several orgasms.

Eighteen minutes into the bizarre video I realized my dick was harder than granite and leaking pre-cum. I opened my pants and pulled it out, slowly jerking off to my mother and the dog. When I shot my load I suddenly felt incredibly guilty. I shut the laptop and went to the bathroom to clean off, vowing to reformat the hard drive when I got back.

But I couldn't do it. I tried. I really did, but I just couldn't bring myself to delete my parent's diary of dark secrets. I couldn't stop staring at my mother's stunning body with her long black hair and piercing blue eyes, to her large breasts capped by pierced nipples and her shaved vulva and pierced clit hood. Even the tattoo of a fairy I had only ever seen the wing tips of looked amazingly sexy to me. I was told as a child that it was a fair tattoo, but it wasn't until now, at the age of twenty-six that I finally got to see the whole thing.

At forty-three years old, my mother looked at least ten years younger and had the body of a Greek Goddess. Or at least she did to me. I've always thought she was an incredibly beautiful woman, but it wasn't until today that I thought of that beauty in a sexual way. Seeing her perfect body in all its naked glory, and doing so many taboo thing, had me going out of my mind. I wanted to fuck her. I wanted to fuck my mother.

The thought of sinking my dick into my mother's pussy and asshole consumed my every thought. I had to make it happen. Somehow, someday, I was going to fuck my mother silly as so many other men, women, and dogs had already done.