

# Christmas with Mom



Ahabscribe

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## Christmas with Mom

"Omigod! Look at it snow, son!" Mom looked over at me with amazement and joy on her face. We had just walked out of the mall, arms laden with last minute Christmas presents after several hours of shopping. The weatherman had mentioned snow might be in the forecast, but there were a few inches of the white stuff on the ground and in the dimming afternoon light, the clouds promised more snow, lots more. As we walked through the falling snow, I couldn't help but admire how beautiful Mom looked, her long black hair dusted with snowflakes.

We took our presents to Mom's old station wagon and went in search of a restaurant. At a local steakhouse, we ordered steaks and from our window seat watched as the snow piled up. "I think we might have made a mistake, honey," Mom said. "Maybe we should have headed for home as soon as I got here."

I looked at her and nodded, replying, "Maybe so. Even the weather guy didn't see this coming." I'd stopped at the bar on our way in and instead of sports, everyone was watching the weather reports on the Six O'clock News. An unexpected collision of polar and humid fronts was giving birth to a major snowstorm. The word blizzard was being tossed around.

Mom had driven down from our hometown in western Illinois to drive me back for Christmas break. I'm a junior at a local university in Chicago. I live off campus and ride the 'El' to school. No real need for a car, especially at today's scandalous prices. It was tradition for Mom to drive the four or so hours to pick me up for Christmas break. We'd spend the day catching up, going shopping and having dinner before heading home for the Christmas craziness. It was a chance for Mom and me to have a quiet moment together.

We left the restaurant with a couple of more inches of snow on the ground. Mom's station wagon plowed stolidly through the snow, but it was getting really messy now. On the radio, the report was to expect somewhere between twelve and fifteen inches of snow by noon tomorrow.

Near my studio apartment, we stopped at a local Korean grocery and used the pay phone there. Mom called home to discover that they were already snowed in. Dad wasn't happy, fussing that Mom should have known better and the roads there were in even worse shape. He complained until Mom cut him off, saying, "Just get over it, Harold. You and the twins can survive a few days without me. You'll probably enjoy Christmas even more." She rolled

her eyes at me in disgust. Yeah, my father was a class act, bitching about his own possible discomforts rather than the safety of his wife.

Mom spoke to my younger brothers and reassured them that she'd miss them, but that they and their father would have a fun special Christmas all on their own. I imagine at sixteen, they weren't too broken up about it. Hanging up the phone, and wiping away a couple of tears, Mom shrugged and said, "Well, sweetie, I guess it's just you and me this Christmas."

I hugged my Mom, a shiver going through me. I have to confess, the thought of having my Mom all to myself for several days really appealed to me. I would miss my brothers, heck I might even slightly miss Dad, but I spoke the truth when I replied, "I can't imagine a more wonderful person to spend Christmas with, Mom."

Before we left the grocery, Mom insisted we do a little more shopping, fighting the other customers for last minute buys before the storm closed everything down. From there, we managed to get the station wagon back to my old apartment building and into the back alley where the parking slots were located. I usually used my space for storage, but stacking things up, we managed to squeeze Mom's old boat of a car inside.

We lugged our food and shopping up the five flights of stairs and then collapsed on the couch. On the little black and white television, I kept in my studio apartment, the weather man was gleefully assuring everyone that with a projection of now twenty inches of snow, we would be having a very white Christmas. "So, just get comfortable and snuggle up with someone you love and enjoy the snow," he advised. Mom and I just grinned at each other, Mom's smile just a little mysterious. I laughed and said, "Let it snow, let snow, let it snow!" It was December 23, 1981 and I was spending Christmas with the woman I loved more than any other in the world.

Inspired, I went downstairs to the storeroom and brought up our old Christmas tree that Mom had given me when I first went off to college. It was an old artificial tree that I had grown up with. Mom had packed it full of old ornaments and lights. We spent that evening putting it up and thoroughly enjoyed decorating the tree as we recalled special memories evoked by specific ornaments and of hilarious disasters involving the tree and our efforts to decorate it in my youth. Miraculously the lights actually worked the first time we plugged them in. Mom clapped her hands and jumped up and down and I couldn't help but notice how her breasts bounced enticingly under her cable sweater.

We turned off all the other lights and cuddled up on the couch to watch our tree. I had some Christmas music playing softly on my stereo. Mom, her feet curled up beneath her, leaned into me, my arm around her and her head on my shoulder. "This is perfect," she said softly. "This is so..."

"Romantic?" I suggested, pulling her against me.

"Yes, romantic," she replied, looking up into my eyes. "This is how I always wanted Christmas to be like with your father. Cuddled up on the couch with the man I love, but...well, you know how he is." She left the rest unsaid.

"Yeah, I know. Guess you'll have to make do with me," I said it kind of jokingly, but also realizing she might take it as flirting.

"Actually, John, I prefer being with you. You always did know exactly what I like. I can't imagine anyone I'd rather be with right now. Thank you for this." Mom rose up and kissed me on the corner of the mouth. "I love you, son."

I leaned down and replied, "I love you too, Mom," before I returned her kiss. I missed the corner of her mouth and kissed her smack on the lips. I didn't rush it and the kiss lasted maybe five seconds.

Mom gasped a little and for a moment as I pulled slightly back, she looked as if she might kiss me back. We just gazed at each other for long time, the air full of tension. Finally, she smiled at me and leaned into me again, putting her head on my chest. "It's very romantic," she whispered and then she fell silent and the tension slowly drained away. The moment was wonderful and romantic and we watched our blinking Christmas tree for a long time, content to be in each other's arms.

As we approached midnight, Mom yawned and said, "I reckon I'll go to bed. It's been a long and interesting day." Then she sat up, laughed and said, "Good Lord, I didn't pack anything. I expected us to be home by now!" She stood up and stretched and said, "Can I borrow a T-shirt or something for a night gown?"

Inwardly, I groaned with desire. If Mom only knew how guys felt about seeing their woman in one of their shirts. I don't know why, but I don't think there's a guy alive that isn't turned on by the sight of a good looking woman wearing nothing but one of their shirts. "I'm sure we can find something, Mom. Unless you want to go au' natural like Aunt Debbie? Mom's sister is notorious for her nudist habits."

Mom kind of smirked and said, "In your dreams, *John*. You don't really want to see an old lady's sagging body!"

As I rummaged around in a dresser and came up with an old, comfortable sweatshirt, tossing it to Mom, I replied, "You might be surprised."

Mom blushed and said, "I'm going to go change. Why don't you fix up the couch for me?" Mom turned and stepped into the bathroom, smiling back at me as she closed the door.

I changed out of my jeans into a T-shirt and some baggy gym shorts. I then changed the sheets on my bed and pulled out fresh sheets and some extra blankets and made a bed for myself on the couch. No way was I gonna make Mom sleep on my couch. Heck, I fall asleep there half the time anyway.

I was sitting there watching the late news shows when Mom came out of the bathroom. Without thinking, I let out an appreciative wolf whistle. Mom looked downright delicious in my sweatshirt. It seemed to mold itself to her chest, drawing attention to her magnificent, meaty breasts and it bottomed out not quite halfway to her knees, looking a lot like a sexy sweater dress. It flattered her sexy legs big time.

"God, shut up, John. You're such a flirt and I am your mother!" Mom growled, although she looked pleased at my reaction. In any case, she stayed in the bathroom doorway, hands on her hips, posing for me for several seconds. Finally, she moved on in the room, self-consciously tugging the bottom of the sweatshirt downwards as if she was afraid of it rising up.

"So, you've got my bed ready?" Mom asked, standing over me.

"Yep, I've changed the sheets on the bed. You're my guest, so you get the bed tonight." I pointed my thumb over my shoulder at the bed across the room.

Mom said, "I don't think so, honey. I'll be fine on the couch."

We argued back and forth for a couple of minutes, ragging each other good naturedly. Hell, I was fine with arguing because it gave me an easy excuse to

ogle Mom's sexy body. Finally though, in an exasperated voice I said, "Mom, just quit arguing and get in my bed!"

Mom gave me the funniest look and as I realized what I'd said, I'm sure I had an odd expression on my face. I know from the heat I felt on my face that I was turning red.

Mom then gave me that funny little smile again and said in a quiet voice, "Well, I guess when a son commands his mother to get into his bed, she better do what she's told." She ducked down and kissed me goodnight, this time kissing me on the lips. I sensed her shiver a little and then she said, "Goodnight, son. I love you."

I watched her walk away and said, "I love you, Mom. Good night." I turned off the television and then the light next to the couch. Mom turned off the bedside lamp. We were in partial darkness, our only illumination the multicolored lights of our Christmas tree.

We both had trouble getting to sleep. I could hear the noisy springs of my old brass bed creaking as Mom tossed and turned several times along with some heavy sighs. I was restless too, not because of the couch, but because of the funny tension that was building inside my apartment. All my feelings for Mom were coming to the surface and I wondered if I would be able to restrain them while Mom was stranded with me here. As finally, I heard Mom's breathing settle into a soft, steady rhythm and heard her softly snoring, I began to think about our lives together and how we had come to this moment.

#

Growing up, I think I always knew I had a special connection with my mother. Perhaps it was that I was the first-born child (I have two younger twin brothers). Maybe it was the fact that as an infant, I was gravely ill and might have died if not for Mom's determination that I pull through. And maybe it is simple fate. I believe that sometimes we're born with powerful bonds to other people, some that we only meet later in life and some we've known literally all our lives.

In any case, all through my childhood and into my early adult years, I knew that our relationship was more than simply mother and son and Mom knew it too. We were friends and soul mates. We could read each other's moods, sometimes it seemed like we could read each other's minds. Just being around each other seemed to cheer the other up. We were inseparable. I

guess that made me a little weird in the eyes of my siblings and sometimes my friends. When the others were hell bent on playing outside or doing fun "kid" stuff, I would often be hanging out with Mom, helping her in the kitchen or out in the garden or just hanging out.

My father called me a "momma's boy," and in general regarded me with disgust. I wasn't anything like he'd pictured as the model son, I had little interest in football or hunting which were his primary obsessions in life. My younger brothers were much more to his liking and once they began to exhibit interest in his hobbies, he pretty much ignored me which was fine. If he was out doing his "man" stuff with my brothers, I had just that much more time to spend with Mom.

I was well into my teenage years before I realized I was head over heels in love with my mother. Oh, I was attracted to her as soon as puberty hit and Mom was the center attraction of my adolescent fantasies, but it took awhile to understand that what I felt was more than just teenage lust. I simply felt happier when she was around, and who could blame me? Mom was and is the most wonderful person I have ever known. Mom is kind and generous and loving and in my eyes, the most beautiful woman in the world.

The year of the Great Blizzard, Mom was forty-two years old, and stood five foot, five inches in her stocking feet. She had and still has a gorgeous, zaftig figure. Mom has large, heavy and yes, sagging tits, like great gourds resting on her chest, that are capped with thick and long nipples, as round as quarter. Mom has a slight stomach pooch and wide hips from giving birth twice, but still has a voluptuous figure. She's a little proud of her legs which are still very shapely and sexy. Red letter days are those in which Mom chooses to wear a dress that shows off her lovely legs.

Mom has lovely, pale skin and the most beautiful brown-green eyes. Her thick, black hair she wears long, hanging down below her shoulders and for years whenever possible, I would try and find reasons to press my face into her dark mane, relishing the scent of her hair. Mom always seems to have a fragrance of jasmine around her, mixed with her own natural scent which always provokes a reaction in me.

For her part, I think Mom slowly came to realize how I felt about her and also recognized that she had more than just chaste, motherly feelings about me. She told me often that I resembled her father who had died before she met my father and that I was the handsomest man she knew. I don't know about that. I grew up to be a stocky fellow, muscled, not fat. In high school and in college, I've worked for a soda drink distributor, loading up the delivery trucks. It pays well and keeps me in tip-top shape.



In any case, I knew that Mom and I often acted more intimately than the standard for mother and son. By the time I turned eighteen, we were often mildly flirting with each other, Mom treating me more like a spouse than a son. Certainly we acted more like a couple than did Mom and Dad. Sometimes, this seem to trouble Mom and she'd withdraw from me for a day or two, but like a moth drawn to a candle, our old familiar ways would always resume. But, until the Great Blizzard, we never really found ourselves in a situation that might induce our mutual attraction to lead to something else.

#

I woke up feeling somewhat out of sorts. I recalled a jumble of erotic dreams involving Mom and me, much of the kind that I'd had since I was a teenager. I was also feeling horny and I needed to piss really bad. My gym shorts were tented with a massive piss hard-on. I struggled out of my blankets only to hear Mom say cheerily, "Good morning, son!"

I looked up and my aching erection throbbed. Mom was in the kitchen area of my studio apartment, still wearing my sweatshirt and showing off those damn fine legs. Her long black hair was sexily unkempt from sleeping, making her look like some bedroom goddess in my eyes. She was cracking open eggs and dropping them into a frying pan. I suddenly realized that I could smell bacon. "Morning, Mom!" I said slowly, enjoying the sensations of waking up to find a sexy woman making me breakfast.

I stood up and stretched, realizing too late how my hard-on stood out against my shorts. Mom was looking over her shoulder at me. Breakfast in five minutes, John. You better go take care of things before you explode."

I again felt myself blushing and I hurried towards the bathroom while Mom giggled. I did my business and washed up. As I was reaching for a towel, I saw that hanging on the towel rod were Mom's panties. They were your standard white cotton panties, but just seeing them there made my cock began to swell again. I reached out and touched them. They were slightly damp and I realized Mom must have washed them out the night before, although they still carried her distinctive scent (and yes, I was known to occasionally sniff Mom's soiled panties). My cock jerked as I suddenly wondered what Mom was or not wearing under my sweatshirt.

I tried to adjust my shorts to conceal my rather large bulge and carefully walked back into the main room. Mom could hear the floor creaking and called out, "Breakfast is almost ready, honey. Where do you keep your toaster?"

I turned towards the kitchen area and stopped dead in my tracks. Mom was bent over peering into one of my bottom cupboards, sorting through my kitchen utensils. Mom's sweatshirt had ridden upwards, exposing her full, round butt cheeks and her pussy! Now I had caught glimpses of Mom's hairy bush over the years, walking into the bathroom and catching her by accident, but in this position, her cunt lips were very much exposed, blooming out of her thick pubic hair and exposing a thin, glistening pink line of pussy flesh. This was the holiest of grails for me. I'd dreamed of seeing Mom's pussy so many times and now it was exposed scant feet away from me!

I tried to reply, but only managed a garbled mumble. Mom turned her head to look at me with my pole-axed expression and realized what she was showing off. "OH!" Mom gasped standing up and tugging her sweatshirt down. "I'm so sorry, John!" We both stood there shocked and embarrassed. Finally, Mom laughed and said, "Where's the damn toaster?"

"Um. It's uh, in there." I pointed in the general direction of the cupboard doors over the stove or at least I think I did. My eyes kept moving back towards the hem of the sweatshirt, hoping against hope I'd get another chance to see my mother's pussy.

Mom turned away, trying to get things back to normal. She raised her arm and opened the cupboard door and then went to tiptoe to reach for the toaster, saying "How do you want your toast, buttered or - DAMMIT!" Mom realized too late that reaching for the toaster, she again exposed her bottom to me. I didn't get the crystal clear view of her pussy this time, but enjoyed the view of her dark hair covered mound and her luscious ass.

She spun around, trying to pull the shirt back down, but not before I saw her bush from the front. Mom's bush was a beautiful, wild mat of black pubic hair that grew in an unruly 'V' well above her pussy, gradually thinning out on her lower abdomen.

Mom's face was beet red as was mine and we stared at each other for a few seconds, the tension building until we both burst out laughing. "Get the damn toaster down, John." She moved out of my way, her laughter suddenly cutting off short as I reached up and got the toaster. I glanced over at her and saw that she was looking downward at my crotch. I glanced downward and saw the tent in my shorts. If I could get any harder, I'm sure my cock would have torn right through that cotton fabric.

"My god, John. I'm your mother!" she whispered, stepping away from me. Mom laughed nervously, suddenly trying to make light of things. "Settle down. I'm sure this isn't the first one you've ever seen."

I tried to laugh back as I handed over the toaster, but it sounded strained to me. "No, but it's the prettiest one I've ever seen. Mom, you're beautiful!"

Mom turned away, putting more distance between us. "Son, you shouldn't talk about me like that. I am your mother," she reminded me again.

I felt like we were reaching some critical moment in our lives and said, "Yes you are, and you're a woman too. The most wonderful, beautiful woman I know." I stepped towards Mom, my hand reaching out to her. I started to confess all my feelings for her, but she cut me off.

"Okay, that's enough. Consider this your Christmas present come early. Let's eat before breakfast gets cold." I recognized the edgy tone in her voice. It meant no further discussion was allowed. I looked into Mom's eyes and saw her need to put on the brakes right then and there.

I nodded. "Okay." I swallowed and turned for the small dinette table in the kitchen area. I took a seat. "Okay. Breakfast smells delicious. Let's eat, I said, trying to sound relaxed and normal. We ate in an uncomfortable silence. I kept squirming in my seat trying to get comfortable and trying to will my erection away, but every time I glanced at Mom, I thought of her naked pussy sitting a couple of feet away and felt my penis throb.

Mom kept dropping her fork and after the second time, I realized as she ducked down to pick it up, she was peeking at my hard-on under the table. She did it twice more before we finished eating and her face was now very red and flushed. I could follow the heaving of her breasts as she tried (and failed), to control her breathing.

Afterwards, she excused herself and I cleaned up the morning dishes while she took a shower. She took a very long shower. At one point, I thought I heard Mom cry out and I went to the door and knocked. "Mom, is everything okay?"

"Y-yeah, John. I, um, just dropped the soap," Mom replied in a shaky voice. "I'll be out in a few minutes." I felt my face turn red as my imagination insisted on another explanation. Had Mom been masturbating? Had she been masturbating over me?

When Mom emerged from the bathroom, wearing her jeans and sweater, hair hanging wetly over her shoulders, we could barely look at each other, both of us with blushing faces. Mom sniffed at her sweater and said, "I don't know what to do. I don't have a change of clothes and these things are gonna smell rank before long."

I scratched my head and replied, "Well, I've got plenty of sweatshirts and sweatpants. They might not fit perfect but I doubt if we're going out much. There's a laundry room down on the first floor. Sometimes the dryer works, sometimes it doesn't."

I pointed out the dresser drawer full of sweats and jogging suits. I showered quickly and dressed. The bathroom smelled of jasmine, soap and steam and something else that made my nostrils flare and put steel in my cock. Maybe I was imagining things, but I was positive that I could smell my Mom's juices...her unique musk. My jeans felt extra snug and there was no way to hide the tell-tale bulge in my crotch.

I came out of the bathroom to see Mom looking alluring in an old blue jogging suit of mine, staring out the large window by our Christmas tree. In a pile on the floor were her blue jeans, sweater, bra and socks. The jacket which zipped in front, was open and I saw that Mom was wearing one of my school T-shirts. The cotton material was molded around Mom's heavy breasts, her thick nipples pressed against the shirt seeking freedom, hardened by the cool air seeping in through the old window frame.

"It's a winter wonderland, son!" Mom said as I stood beside her. And she was right. Almost two feet of snow was on the ground now. Virtually nothing was moving. There were no cars and just a few people struggling through the deep snow, moving towards or away from the few neighborhood stores that were open. I had a view of a small park one street over. There, kids were playing and having the time of their lives.

I put my arm around her shoulders and pulled her against me. I couldn't help, but take sneaking peeks down at her breasts. Mom slipped her arm around my waist, leaned her head on my shoulder and we stood and watched snow continue to fall lightly on the city.

"I'm sorry I sounded rude earlier, honey," Mom whispered suddenly. "I'm a little bit scared."

"Don't be, Mom." I whispered back. "Whatever happens, I'm just glad I'm spending this Christmas with just you. Does that make me selfish?"

Mom chuckled a little and looked up at me with love in her eyes. "Maybe a little. Maybe I'm selfish too. I'm glad we have this time to ourselves too. It's needed to happen for a while now. I just need to take it slow." She rose, up on tip-toe and kissed me on the lips, again quivering a little as she did so. Mom's arms came up around my neck and the kiss went on. Still chaste, but insistent, her lips warm and soft against mine. Mom leaned into me, her breasts pressing against my body, nipples hard. I could feel Mom's heart beating wildly. My heart was pounding too.

The kiss ended and Mom stepped back just a little. "That -- that was nice, son," Mom said in an unsteady voice. She ducked her eyes and seemed to suddenly realize how erect her nipples were. Self-consciously, she pulled the jogging suit jacket closed and zipped it up. "Um, how about we see about washing my clothes?"

Fifteen minutes later we were in the laundry room. We had already started her clothes in the washer when I noticed an "Out of Order" note on the room's dryer. I showed it to Mom who groaned. "These things will take forever to dry out!" she said, fussing.

I shrugged and said, "Guess we can always hang them over the heating vents in my place, Mom." We left the wash to run its cycles and I suggested we go out and play in the snow. I ran back upstairs for our coats and Mom and I went outside. Walking was tough, but we made our way down the block to Mr. Lee's grocery store.

There were a surprising number of people out now as the snow drifted silently down. Most were quite cheerful, given Christmas Eve off by old man winter and as Mom and I walked, her arm through mine, we were given many a Christmas greeting. Mom's worry lines smoothed out and she was all smiles by the time we walked into the store.

Mom called home and spoke to the boys. Dad fussed at her some about having to fix Christmas dinner, but Mom sharply told him to put his nose into a cookbook. "Honestly, Frank, you'd think you'd never cooked before." Mom wished him and the twins a Merry Christmas now because we were unsure whether we'd find a working pay phone on Christmas Day.

We walked out of the store and I steered us towards the park. Mom sighed and said, "Well, at least the boys' presents are at home." She looked up at

me and patted my arm. "You're the one getting the short end. All your presents are at the house."

Stopping and facing Mom, I hugged her to me. "I've got my Christmas present right here. I get my lovely Mom all to myself this Christmas!" There, on the middle of a Chicago street, I kissed my Mom. Again, it was chaste, but long. Mom's arms went around my neck again and she leaned into me, pulling my body against hers. Warmth seemed to spread from her lips, filling me with her heat and her love. I was vaguely aware of people occasionally walking around us in the snow, mostly smiling at the couple, obviously in love, kissing in the snow.

When it ended, we continued to walk. Mom had her head down, a little pleased smile on her face. We wound up in the park, walking in other folks footsteps until we came to the crest of a small hill where grownups and kids were sledding. We watched them for a while, then Mom spoke up and said, "Doesn't that look like fun. Don't you wish you were doing that?"

I laughed and said, "Yeah, I remember us sledding on Watson's Hill when I was a kid. This really makes me wish I had a sled."

Mom shrugged her shoulders and said, "Who say's you need a sled?" Before I could ask what she meant, she lashed out with her boot and kicked my feet out from under me and down the hill I went, skidding down on my back.

I came to a stop at the base of the hill, sputtering and not knowing whether to laugh or cuss. I rolled over and climbed to my knees. A few kids were laughing at me and I looked up to see Mom bent over with laughter. She laughed so hard that she lost her footing and it was my turn to laugh as Mom came sliding down the hill head first.

I moved to catch her, kneeling and raising her up in my arms. Mom also didn't know whether to laugh or cuss so she did both. I fell away from her, I was laughing so hard and I could barely manage to say, "Serves you right!"

Mom tried hard to scowl at me, but couldn't stop giggling. Finally, she held out her hands and said, "Help me up, John, I've got snow in my pants!"

I stood up, walked over and helped her up. I tried to dust her off, but as I brushed her backside, Mom did a little dance. "Oh crap, I've got snow up my butt! It's sooo cold!" That made me laugh even harder. Mom got an evil look and said, "Oh, you think that's funny. Here, you try it!" and she took a

chunk of snow clinging to her shoulder and deftly jammed her hand into my pants.

The howl that I let out when that icy stuff hit my crotch would have woken the dead. "Oh, you're gonna get it now, Mom!" I growled. Mom laughed and ran, but didn't get far before I managed to tackle her, pushing us both into a snow drift. We both yelled and screamed as we flung fistfuls of snow at each other. I took a handful of snow and yanked upwards on Mom's jacket, pulling it and the T-shirt up, exposing her alabaster skin. I stuck my hand up under her shirt, intending to rub her belly with the snow, but suddenly felt my fingers brushing against something, heavy and meaty. Mom's scream suddenly cut short as we both realized I was touching her naked breast. Time seemed to slow down. We stared at each other as my fingers rested against her soft flesh.

Suddenly, I snapped out of it, withdrawing my hand and whispering, "Sorry, Mom!"

Mom saw alarm on my face and immediately tried to defuse the situation. "Oh, you will be sorry!" she giggled as she planted a chunk of snow in my face. She rolled free of me and took off running again. She moved off about thirty feet and put her back to a tree. She stood there breathing heavily, watching me and I cannot ever recall seeing her more lovely, her cheeks red from the cold, eyes so brilliant and alive, hair flowing wildly over her shoulders.

I walked up to her, my arms out wide, hands open, free of snow. Mom opened her arms and I stepped into her embrace. I leaned into Mom and we kissed again, mouths closed, but exhilarating just the same. Then as we kissed, chests together, hearts pounding, Mom opened her lips slightly and I felt her tongue brush against my lips. I opened my lips and flicked my tongue out to greet Mom's probing tongue.

Mom moaned a little, her body pressing against mine as we soul kissed tentatively like young lovers. I felt her crotch grind against my thigh and her arms tightened around my neck, pulling me closer as our first real kiss became more passionate. My hand came around from her back and slid up Mom's front, almost touching her heaving breast when Mom broke the kiss off. A little string of saliva hung between our tongues for just an instant, only to break and splatter against Mom's lips. She licked it off with a slow movement of her tongue almost as if she were savoring my taste.

Mom shivered and said, "We better head back home, darling."

We tromped through the snow back to my apartment building. Mom seemed to be struggling a little as we walked, periodically letting go of my arm to yank on her jogging pants. "Something wrong, Mom?" I asked.

"It's this damned jogging suit," she replied. "It's a little big on me anyway and after playing in the snow, they're soaking wet and the weight is making them sag!" I found this funny, but restrained myself from teasing Mom. We made it back to my building and collected Mom's wet wash and trudged up to the fifth floor.

"Good God!" panted Mom. "That climb is a killer."

"Yeah, but it help keeps me trim!" I struggled to fish out my keys while holding the wet clothes. Finally, I said, "Here, catch," and I tossed Mom's clothes to her.

Mom reached out with both hands and caught her clothes neatly as her jogging pants fell down around her ankles. I paused with my keys in my hand, ready to unlock the door and just stared at my mother who was now naked from the waist down! Mom's thick, hairy bush was like a magnet to my eyes. I couldn't take my eyes off the sweet vision between Mom's legs!

Mom made a little "Eep!" noise and then said, "DAMN!" She looked down and sighed. "I guess I'm just determined to show you my pussy today, son!" She stood there, her arms full of wet clothes and then said, tapping her foot, "Well, c'mon, John, it's getting cold out here!"

For emphasis, Mom threw her wet bra at me. I snapped out of my reverie and mumbling, "Sorry, Mom!" I turned and tried to unlock the door. It took me several seconds as I kept fumbling as I tried to both unlock the door and take glances back at my half naked Mom.

Finally the door swung open and Mom shuffled by me, her face beet red. "I swear -- Men!" she said, rolling her eyes at me. I followed Mom inside, admiring her lush butt cheeks. Inside, Mom dropped her wet clothes into a chair and announced, "I'm freezing, son. I'm going to take a hot shower."

Mom kicked off her boots and then stepped out of her jogging pants. Walking slowly and half naked towards the bathroom, Mom unzipped her jogging jacket and then pulled it and her T-shirt over her head and dropped



them to the floor. I stood, slack-jawed, watching Mom's naked body as she walked to the bathroom. At the door, she turned, giving me a splendid view of her body, especially her magnificent, sloping breasts in profile. Mom's nipples were swollen, amazingly thick and long, just seeing her turgid digits made my mouth water, awakening old hungers and appetites.

"Honey, I'll need some dry clothes for when I get finished." Mom said and she disappeared into the bathroom, closing the door behind her. Mom was in there a long time. When she emerged, she had regained her modesty, hiding behind the door and asking me to pass her some clothes. She spent the day wearing my snuggest sweat suit. The pants were still too big for her and she had to be careful, but the sweatshirt, hugged and molded itself to her large breasts.

The afternoon then passed with Mom and me tip-toeing around each other and the growing feelings between us. After we ate supper, I tried to bring up what was happening with Mom one more time, but she just shook her head and said, "John, I need a little more time. We've been moving towards this for a long time, please be patient for a little while longer."

We spent the evening watching the old Alistair Sim version of "A Christmas Carol," on the television. We sat cuddled up together on the couch, a blanket draped over us. Mom's body was pressed firmly up against mine. I could feel her breasts move as she breathed. We held hands and once in a while, Mom would squeeze my hand and I would look at her only to find her staring intently at me. During most of those moments, we would kiss, sometimes chastely, sometimes with the passion that only lovers ever experience.

After the movie, we watched the news, the weatherman gleefully predicting another five or six inches of snow overnight. Mom went and got ready for bed. I tuned the radio into a station playing bluesy, slow jazz Christmas music. I changed into some boxer shorts and a T-shirt. Mom came out wearing only the sweatshirt, again looking sexy as hell as it showed off her shapely legs and was just long enough to make me wonder what she had on underneath. "Mmmm, I like this music, John," Mom said, swaying a little in time to the tune.

I smiled and replied, "Mom, would you like to dance?"

Mom grinned from ear to ear. "I'd love to, son!" I turned off the lights, turned on the Christmas tree lights and took Mom by the hand and walked her to the middle of the room in front of the blinking Christmas tree. Mom put her arms around my neck and I wrapped my arms around her waist and we slowly moved to the music.

As Nat King Cole sang about chestnuts and such, Mom rested her head against my chest and whispered, "I love you, John."

My heart felt like it would burst and I whispered back, "I love you, Carrie."

Mom sighed and pressed herself more snugly against me. "Son, do me a favor. In public when necessary, call me Carrie, but when we're alone like this, please remember to call me Mom."

She lifted her head to look me in the face, her eyes glittering with love and I think desire. "Whatever we are, whatever we become, you and I are always mother and son . Never forget that, John."

I could barely make my voice rise above a whisper, "I won't. I love you so much, Mom." We continued to dance, our movement slow and steady, almost melding into one being, both our hearts beating in rhythm. I pulled Mom more tightly against me, relishing her warmth, her softness against my body. My hands seemed to slowly stray downwards, finding their way underneath Mom's sweatshirt until almost with a start, I realized I holding my mother by her bare ass cheeks. Her skin was soft and hot to the touch. I slowly realized I was as hard as a rock, my cock pressing against Mom's stomach.

Mom sighed and then seemed to realize how I was holding her. She tensed up a little, but didn't pull away from me until the current song ended -- the "I'll be home for Christmas," song that ends with "...if only in my dreams." As the tune ended, Mom said, "Well, we better get some sleep. It's almost Christmas. Mom rose up and kissed me gently on the lips. "Good night, John. I love you, son."

"I love you, Mom. Goodnight." I watched Mom climb into bed. I lay down on the couch and again, hearing Mom's occasional sighs and tossing and turning, took a long time to fall asleep. I thought about the day we'd just had. I thought about how close we had seemed to come to becoming more than mother and son. We were right on the cusp, I was positive of that, of becoming lovers. I was more than ready and I believe Mom was too. She would just have to let her mind catch up with her heart and take that last breathtaking step. I fell asleep imagining a life where Mom and I were lovers, wondering how long it was going to take. In truth, I wished for a Christmas miracle. You know something -- sometimes Christmas wishes do come true.

I woke up suddenly. I glanced at my watch which said it was almost 1:00 A.M. Christmas morning was here. I realized Mom was standing beside the Christmas tree, staring out at the window at the falling snow. She was bathed in a multicolored glow from the lights of the tree. Mom had taken off my sweatshirt and was wearing a lovely negligee. White, I think, but seemingly all colors of the rainbow as it reflected the Christmas lights of the tree.

"Mom? Everything okay?"

It's so beautiful out there, a perfect Christmas snow, son," Mom said softly, glancing back at me. She held out her hand to me. "Come see, honey."

I climbed off the couch and wearing only my boxers, I went to my mother. She took my hand and guided me to stand behind her, my arms wrapped around her upper chest. She leaned back against me, her soft, plush asscheeks pressing into my thighs. I was very much aware of how much of her body was showed off by the gauzy nightie. I could literally look down from above her and see so much of her beautiful body.

Mom's breasts were very much visible, the outfit offering a generous view of her cleavage and the rest covered by a very transparent material that hid nothing. I could even see freckles just to the right of her left nipple which was thick and swollen. Mom's breasts were slowly rising and falling as she was taking deep breaths in an effort to stay calm.

"Isn't it lovely, John?" Mom sighed, her head resting on my chest. "I don't know when I've seen a snow so beautiful." And it was lovely out. Big, heavy flakes were falling, illuminated by the street lights, sifting down to join the heavy white blanket that seemed to have swallowed up so much of the city.

I hugged Mom tightly, relishing the way her bottom seemed to press against my legs. Mom's skin was almost feverish in its heat and she was radiating warmth and her scent, tinged with that waft of jasmine that always seem to be a part of her. "It is lovely, Mom, but not as lovely as you." I shifted us just a little, enough so that we could see our reflections in the window. I could see my mother's sexy body, barely hidden in her negligee, breasts and her bountiful muff clearly in the glass. "You're beautiful, Mom. The most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Mom smiled, a pleased look on her face. She turned around in my arms, not a bit ashamed that she was rubbing her meaty breasts across my lower chest as she did so. "Do you like this gown, John? I bought it at the Mall the other day thinking maybe I'd try and get a reaction from your father, but I

thought even then that you'd appreciate it even more. Maybe I always knew I was getting it for you, darling."

"It's great, Mom. Thank you."

Mom wrapped her arms around my neck and pressed her body more firmly against me. "We can't ignore this anymore, can we? I love you, John. I love you as my son and I love you as the man you've become. I want us to be lovers, son." Mom looked up at me, her green-brown eyes wide and anxious. I couldn't help but love her more. Did she think there was even a slight chance I'd say no?

"Oh, Mom, I can't think of anything I want more. I love you, Mom. I've dreamed of this for so many years. I've wa-"

Mom put a finger against my lips, shushing me. "No more dreams, my darling. Now we make our love real." Mom stood up on tip-toe and kissed me. Her lips pressed firmly, hungrily against mine. She parted her lips and I sucked her tongue into my mouth. I could taste her. The essence that was her scent was present in her taste and it was an essence that I had hungered for so long. We kissed, our tongues kissing as well and we both tightened our hold on the other. I was kissing my mother as a man kisses a woman, as a husband kisses his wife. It was right and it was perfect.

My hands slipped slowly down her back and cupped Mom's bountiful ass cheeks. I lifted her up and as I did so, Mom raised one leg and curled it behind my thigh, using it for leverage to raise herself higher up my front. We both groaned with need as I felt her furry pussy slip across my cloth covered bulge in my cock. Mom reached down and between her raised foot and one hand managed to tug my boxers down. My cock sprung free, slipping into the thick forest of her furry bush. I could feel delicious heat and wetness.

I continued to lift Mom up and she now had both legs wrapped around my middle, trapping my cock against her lush, hairy mound as her legs crossed behind my back and her heels dug into my butt cheeks. In a flurry of motion, Mom relied on me to hold her up and tore the nightgown off her body, gasping, "I need to feel your body against mine, son."

And like that, for the first time, we were naked body pressed against naked body, mother and son in a lover's embrace. We kissed there in the window, oblivious to anyone who might be watching from another window or maybe flying by on their sleigh. My Christmas wish had just come true.

Mom reluctantly ended our kiss and hunching her hips against my crotch, whispered, "Take me to your bed, son. Make love to your mother."

"My honor and my pleasure, Mom. I love you." Carrying my mother carefully, I walked us across the wide room to my bed. The springs creaking as I knelt on the mattress, I eased my mother back until she was on her back and I was kneeling between her thighs. My cock throbbed as I gazed down at the most heavenly sight imaginable, my mother, naked and aroused in my bed, her legs spread wide, waiting for me to make love to her.

Mom was a sight that would have made any artist weep with joy with her long black hair fanned out on the pillows, heavy, meaty tits heaving, her hard, long nipples throbbing while her spread legs revealed a heavy muff glittering with carnal juices, Mom's vaginal lips blossomed wide, revealing her glistening pink flesh, rivulets of pussy cream flowing through the folds of her cunt. Mom's mouth was open as she breathed heavily, her eyes full of incestuous love, desire and need. Mom's hands were raised, her fingers wagging at me in a 'come hither,' motion.

"Merry Christmas, Mom. I love you," I whispered as I lowered myself on top of her.

"I love you, son," Mom gasped back, excitement now in her voice. "Merry Christmas, lover." Mom flung her pelvis upwards, meeting the probing of my cock. The head of my penis slipped between her labial lips and I groaned at the sweet warmth that enveloped my flesh. As inch after hard inch of my dick buried itself in Mom's tight pussy, her warmth, her wetness, her silkiness felt so right. Mom sighed, "So big!" as I buried myself in her to the roots and I was in awe of how right, how perfect it was. My cock and my mother's pussy seemed to be made for each other.

Without a pause, our instincts kicked in and Mom and I began to move together as if we'd been lovers for years. Mom's legs came up and back as she gripped me with her thighs, her heels pressing into my flanks, guiding the pace of my thrusts. I rested on her big, pillow-like breasts, enjoying the sensations of her hard, thick nipples scraping against my hairy chest. I brought my mouth to hers and we teasingly kissed each other, tongues reaching out to lick a lip or to dance together before finally we pressed our mouths together in a passionate kiss of soul mates.

The old brass bed began singing a song of lustful abandon, the old metal springs and posts creaking, marking the rhythm of our incestuous

lovemaking. As we moved together and kissed, we kept our eyes open, losing ourselves in each other's gaze. Mom's pussy clasped at my shaft, resisting every movement my cock took to withdraw and then gently caressing my flesh as I sank back into her moist, creamy flesh. Buried deep within Mom's womb, her whole body seemed to throb with desire, massaging my cock flesh before I again began to move. With each deep thrust, Mom's eyes grew wider and seemed to beg for more.

Mom's arms uncurled from around my neck and she reached back and gripped the brass rails of the headboard and used them for leverage to thrust more fiercely at my delving penis. Mom spread her legs wide and then wrapped them around my pistoning ass, digging into my butt. Mom suddenly broke the kiss, crying out as an orgasm began to explode inside her, "More, lover! Fuck Mommmmm harder, deeper, Johnnn!" A look of joyous disbelief broke out on Mom's face. "Omigod! Making me cummmmm, John! You're making Mommm cummm!"

Tears began trickling down Mom's cheeks and she bit her lip as almost overwhelming waves of pleasure swept through her. Mom's body began to spasm, her pussy tightening around my cock, deeply buried in her creaming flesh. I bit my own lip, focusing on the minor pain to keep my own incredible pleasure from sending me over the edge. Mom arched her back as she continued to orgasm, her face now contorted with ecstatic sobs.

Finally, Mom goes limp like a puppet whose strings are suddenly cut. Her legs slipped down and she sniffled as she gasped, "Whoooo - I've never cum like that before, sweetheart!" Her words made my cock throb with pride and I think it swelled up even more because Mom let out a happy moan and reaching back to grip the brass railing again, said, "Make me cum again, son!"

Beaming with pride, I slowly began to thrust into Mom's white hot pussy again, building the pace gradually and relishing every little grunt or sigh of happiness that my cock brought my mother. Mom caught her second wind and began to return my thrusts, making our now sweaty bodies slap loudly together. I rose up on my hands and began to really fuck Mom hard, grinding my groin against hers as our pubic hairs met, tangled and then tore apart in a wicked sensation. I gazed down at Mom as she writhed underneath me, enjoying the erotic spectacle of her heavy, meaty tits rolling and bouncing all about. Carefully, so as not to break our incestuous dance, I reached down and lifted her legs one at a time and draped them over my shoulders.

Mom began to scream as now I sank to the deepest parts of her womb, touching her as nothing ever has. Her orgasm was instantaneous and

massive. Her heavy flowing cunt juices bathed my aching cock and suddenly her cunt muscles clamped down and began milking my shaft. I thrust deeply into Mom one more time, burying myself deep as I grabbed one heavy, flopping breast and raising it upwards, pressed my lips to her hard nipple. I nipped the rubbery digit lightly, but it took Mom's orgasm to an even higher level and the tremor that swept through her body sent me over the edge and I began to flood Mom's pussy with thick streamers of my semen.

Mom's entire body seemed to clench up as she screamed and convulsed beneath me, her cunt clasp my dick tightly, literally sucking my jism out of my body. I let her throbbing nipple slip from my mouth and moving up, kissed her roughly on the mouth, driving my tongue between her lips. We kissed hungrily, madly, passionately as we rode out our mutual orgasms. It seemed for a moment as if I might never stop ejaculating, as if I had held back for years, saving my sperm for the one pussy that deserved it the most, my beloved mother's.

Gradually, things began to calm down. My flood of semen became a trickle with Mom's milking cunt sucking the last few drops of my seed as we caught our breath. "My god, Mom," I gasped. "That was incredible!"

Mom nodded wordlessly, tears still running down her face, managing only a, "Uh hummm."

Mom began to shiver uncontrollably and I looked at her with concern. "Mom, are you okay?" I started to climb off Mom, but she reached out and hugged me, her arms and legs wrapping around me. Mom held me tightly and had a good cry. I was torn between worry over my mother and being really aroused by her urgent embrace. Mom even seemed to clamp down on my semi-hard cock, unwilling to release me from her wet, cum filled pussy.

Several minutes passed and Mom's sobs began to fade, eventually becoming sniffles. Again I asked, "Mom, is everything okay? Did I hurt you or something?"

Mom eased her embrace so that I could look at her. "I love you so much, John. I never, ever thought I could feel so much -- so strongly about a man, especially my own son."

"Why are you crying, Mom?"

She choked out a laugh, sniffed and replied, "Women do that sometimes, son. When their man gives them an orgasm so powerful and overwhelming, sometimes it just overcomes us and we bawl our eyes out." Mom wiped her cheeks and kissed me. "Thank you, darling, for the most wonderful moment of my life."

We kissed again, long and lovingly. Then with some regret, I moved off Mom, my cock slipping out of her warm and wet womb. Mom curled up against me and we kissed some more, bodies entangled.

"We're in trouble, aren't we?" Mom said as she ran her hand over my chest.

"What do you mean, Mom?" I raised up to look down at her angelic face.

Mom sighed and said. "We've danced on the edge so long. Knowing we were attracted to each other...loving each other more than just mother and son." She stroked my face. "John, we can't go back to the way things are. I don't want to. We're lovers now. I haven't had sex with your father in two years and from now on I won't let him near me. I love you, John and only you. You're my man now."

My heart felt as if it would explode. I thought I might have a cry now. How long had I imagined this moment? How long had I dreamed of Mom talking to me this way? "I love you too, Mom. I don't want anyone else...just you, my beautiful, wonderful Mom!"

We both held each other silently for a long time in the dark, both of us feel joy for finally being together as we were meant to be, but there were also many questions that hung there unanswered. Finally, I asked, "So, what about Dad?"

Mom snorted and said, "I wish I could just say he could go to hell, but..." She paused, trying to keep her contempt under control. "Your Dad and I are through. Our marriage has been dead for years. But we've stayed together for the twins. They graduate from high school in two more years and the day after that I'm filing for divorce. Until then, you and I..." Mom's voice trailed off and I felt myself tensing up. I was afraid she was about to say, "Until then, we can't be together."

Mom as always seemed to read my mind and smiled encouragingly as she reached down and stroked my semi-erect penis. "Until then, we will simply



have to seize the moments whenever we can. We have to be careful, but you're my lover now. I'm not giving this lovely cock up for anyone."

Mom kissed me again, leaning into me, the weight of her meaty breasts feeling delicious on my skin. Mom pushed me onto my back and began to kiss her way downwards. She stopped at my nipples, circling the hard nubs with her tongue, making me groan as she nipped them with her sharp teeth.

Her tongue traveled further south as she gave me butterfly kisses down below my stomach. Mom ran her face across my groin, her breath feeling incredible as she rubbed her face in my pubic hair. Now lying between my legs, Mom looked lustily at my rapidly hardening cock that she slowly and lovingly stroked.

"This is the best Christmas present I've ever had. It's given me more pleasure in one night that I had in a lifetime with your father," Mom said. She giggled and wagged her eyebrows. "And it's a lot bigger than your father's cock too!" I think I swelled with pride as well as desire. And then another fantasy become reality as my mother began to suck my cock.

Mom sucked and licked me, cleaning up our juices from our first lovemaking. I clawed the sheets as Mom showed me that despite a lack of practice, she knew how to suck her son's cock. "I was quite the cocksucker when I was younger," Mom said teasingly after licking my shaft. "That's a story for another time, though," she added as she moved upwards, not letting go of my erection as she straddled me.

"Oh god, Mom!" I moaned as Mom placed me inside her and slowly slid down the length of my hard dick. I felt myself swell inside her as I gazed at her lovely face, an sneering expression of pure carnality unlike anything I'd ever seen before in my mother. Mom began to ride me, lifting herself up down on my cock, her fingernails tracing circles on my chest as she looked down at me.

"I love you, John," Mom cooed as she moved, gradually building up speed. Mom's pussy was the ultimate wet velvet glove, wrapping my flesh in fiery, liquid warmth. Mom began to bounce up and down, her sagging, heavy tits rolling and swinging wildly. I began to meet her thrusts, unwilling to part with an inch of her hot, sopping wet and so incredibly soft cunt. Being buried to the hilt in Mom's pussy just seemed so right -- the perfect natural state that I'd been seeking all my life!

"I'm gonna cum, Mom!" I moaned after an eternity of sexual bliss. Mom was carnality incarnate, her long hair wet with sweat and swinging around her face, her lovely skin dripping with sweat, her scent thick in my nostrils, urging me to cum.

"Cum in me, son!" Mom gasped, on the edge of orgasm herself. "Give me your seed, lover. I want it. I need your spunk, John! Fill Mommy up with your sperm babies! Make me pregnant, son!"

"YES!" I cried as Mom's words sent me over the edge as never before and I bucked upwards, seeking to bury my cock deep in Mom's pussy, my mind exploding with images of Mom, huge with child...my child. I flooded Mom's pussy with another incredible load of semen.

Mom blinked in surprise and squealed with delight as my hot semen inside her sent her into another tremendous orgasm. Mom moaned and cried and could nothing more said than, "JOHNJOHNJOHNJOHNJOHN!" over and over again.

Again our mutual orgasms ended with Mom in tears. Not as concerned now, I held her tightly and let her cry, relishing the feel of her hot tears on my neck. When she regained control of herself, she tried to move off me, but I held her firm, saying, "I'm not ready to let you go, Mom." My cock was still inside her although softening. I wanted nothing more than to hold her, for us to remain joined, two loving bodies made into one.

"This is forever, Mom," I whispered to her. "I love you, Mom."

Tears welled up in Mom's eyes again and she said, "We are forever, son. I love you too!" We kissed and snuggled and gradually exhaustion took us and we fell asleep, Mom and I, joined cock and pussy and soul to soul on the best Christmas morning of my life.

I woke to seeing and hearing snow splatter against the window and to savor the joy and utter contentment I felt in my heart and the wondrous pleasure of Mom's lips wrapped around my cock. The covers were kicked off the bed and Mom looked like a heaven sent angel between my legs, my erect penis in her mouth. Mom watched me as she sucked and licked me, momentarily letting me slip from her lips to say, "Merry Christmas, baby! I don't know if Santa's come yet, but I think you're about to!" Mom winked at me as her little naughty gibe thrilled my heart and then went back to work on my cock.

For a minute, I just continued to lie there, wallowing in the incestuous joy of the moment. However, my own desires quickly got the best of me, especially the desire to make Mom as happy and ecstatic as I was. Mom groaned in protest as I gently disengaged myself from her sweet lips. "I'm not done!" Mom growled.

I climbed over Mom, rolling her onto her back. "It's okay, Mom, I just want to please you as well."

Mom squealed as I buried my head between her legs, rubbing my face vigorously in her thick, black pubic hair. "Omigod! John -- oh my!" Mom gasped as my mouth sought out her pink slit, my tongue slicing between her wet labia lips, urging her pussy lips to spread and reveal her tender, cum slickened cunt flesh. I then moved to straddle Mom's face and she took the hint easily, taking my cock back into her mouth, even as I began to lick my mother's juicy pussy.

My mind reeled at the carnal and incestuous vision we two made. Mother and son, locked in a passionate sixty-nine, my fingers digging into Mom's thick ass cheeks as I buried my face deep within her creamy pussy, dragging my tongue across her pink wetness, urging her clitoris from hiding and making Mom cry out with pleasure. Her juices tasted sweet and salty, mixed with my semen from earlier, and tasted like ambrosia of the gods. My face quickly became soaked with Mom's cunt cream, her scent filling my nostrils, making me heady with lust and love and swelling my cock.

For her part, Mom was showing me unsuspected talents with her expert cocksucking, taking my cock deep into her throat while her tongue brought me closer and closer to the edge of orgasm. Too quickly it seemed, we both brought each other off, Mom flooding my mouth with copious amounts of pussy juices while swallowing thick shot after shot of my semen. Our mutual orgasms came slowly down and we stayed locked in position for a pleasurable eternity.

When we finally rearranged ourselves, I looked at Mom and started laughing. "Hi, Santa baby! Love your frosty, white beard!" Mom had not quite managed to swallow all my sperm and thin blobs were hanging onto her chin and her left cheek and smeared on her upper lip.

Mom raised an eyebrow and then used a finger to scoop some of my seed off her chin. Mom licked my cum off her finger and then leaned in, saying, "I always taught you to share!" and kissed me, smearing my own semen against my lips and face. We fell back into the bed, laughing and kissing until we were out of breath.

Finally, I said, "I wish we could do this every Christmas, Mom."

Mom purred happily and replied, "Sounds wonderful to me. I'll see what I can do." We curled up together and Mom began to softly snore. I held her for what seemed hours in my arms, looking down at the most beautiful woman I have ever known, marveling that this voluptuous, black haired woman, my mother was now my lover. Mom was smiling in her sleep, an angelic smile of one who is perfectly content. Finally, I drifted off to sleep as well.

I woke to the smells of breakfast and Christmas dinner cooking. Mom was up, singing to herself as she cooked, wearing my sweatshirt and no longer worried about showing off her meaty ass or her lovely, furry pussy.

Mom gave me a cock hardening kiss as she served me breakfast, her hand stroking my penis as she watched me eat. I helped her get the ham into the oven and then she said, she needed something in her oven as well and we retired to the bed for a sweet bout of lovemaking.

Our Christmas Day passed by too quickly, our time divided by eating, talking and making love. Mom and I couldn't seem to keep our hands off each other. Even when my cock reached its temporary limits, I couldn't leave her alone, taking my sweet time in eating Mom's pussy, rendering her into a babbling, sobbing mass of orgasming woman.

And we talked -- oh, how we talked! Things that had long been in our hearts were finally said that Christmas Day. Mom confessed that she had long harbored intense feelings for me -- "Not just lust, John, although I dreamed of your cock so many times," Mom said, "But, just knowing that I was in love with you, but thinking it was just a phase for you was so terrible. I knew you were infatuated with me, but I thought it was a phase you'd pass through and then move on. I've expected and feared for years that some girl would steal you away from me. I know it would be the right thing, but I knew it would break my heart!"

"No one's going to steal me away, Mom. I'm your's heart and soul." I said in return, hugging her tightly. I confessed to her that I think I had been in love with her since I was a young teenager. "I was helping you plant flowers one day and I looked up from working a flower bed and you were maybe ten feet away, kneeling. You were dressed in old cut-off jean shorts and a skimpy halter top, that old green one with the bandana pattern, you remember? I looked up and you were looking at me and there was something about the way you were smiling at me. Your cheeks were dirt stained and you had your hair pulled back in pigtails and I felt my heart just swell. I could barely

breathe, you looked so beautiful and happy and your smile did something to me, Mom. Since that day, I think I've been head over heels in love with you."

I felt myself becoming choked up. "I guess I always have wanted this to happen, but I never really thought it would." I stroked Mom's face and said, "I'm the luckiest son in the world!"

Mom did tear up then and leaned into me, kissing me after whispering, "I love you so much, John!"

Our talk took us down many different paths. Mom discussed how unhappy she had been all the years, her lustful needs suppressed in a loveless marriage. Mom aroused herself as she talked about her desires and fantasies over the years, aching to be a part of the sexually free movements of the nineteen sixties and seventies. "There's a part of me, son, a sluttish, nymphomaniac side of me that has dreamed of becoming unleashed to satisfy all my naughty desires, to becoming besotted with sex, to celebrate my sexuality in front of the whole world." There was a hungry tone in Mom's voice, a quiet intensity that was both daunting and arousing. I wanted to see that side of Mom unleashed.

Mom also piqued my curiosity as we discussed the incestuous nature of our relationship. We both agreed that the knowledge that we were mother and son was a very special and maybe essential ingredient to our relationship. I told Mom I couldn't imagine loving anyone. "Who loves a son as much as his mother?" I said.

Mom nodded thoughtfully and replied, "Well, maybe we do come by it naturally. Incest runs in our family." That got my attention and I asked Mom what she meant, but she just smiled and said she wasn't ready to talk about that yet. "Someday soon, John, but let your mother have a few secrets a few months longer." Nothing I could say could make her elaborate on that, but now I was definitely intrigued.

Our Christmas ended with Mom and me lying on a thick quilt in front of the Christmas tree, naked as the day we were born, using each other to keep warm. There, illuminated by the blinking lights, I made love to my mother again. We were both weary and a little sore, but this was a sweet, slow expression of our incestuous love that seemed to carry us into a dream world where Christmas seemed to go on and on as we treasured and enjoyed the ultimate Christmas gift of each other's love. For what seemed a joyous eternity, I thrust my hard, aching cock into Mom's slick, burning pussy, my eyes focusing on Mom's face as I kept her on the edge of orgasm, her mouth open as she panted, her eyes reflecting her desire, love and pleasure, and

then biting her lower lip as finally our passion crested and once more, I gave Mom a thick load of my seed, triggering her own incestuous orgasm.

That wonderful moment also seemed to be suspended in time and even now, twenty years later, I remember that moment, our sweaty bodies cemented together, Mom's bountiful tits bouncing and rolling as she shook with orgasmic delight, her low crying of my name, Mom's arms and legs locked around my body, demanding a tighter, even more intimate embrace as her womb massaged and milked my cock of my semen.

We fell asleep there, under the Christmas tree, Mom curled up against me, holding on to me tightly as if I was a Christmas miracle that would fade away come morning.

Come the morning, we were still there, still in a lover's embrace. Christmas Day was over, but the love that had found bloom on that holiest of days was not about to fade, but was destined to be eternal, growing not fading as time has passed. Mom and I are still lovers, husband and wife in all ways that matter.

We knew the snows would melt or be cleared, that Christmas would soon be a memory, but we also knew that snows would come again, that Christmas would return as it always will. This was simply our beginning and there is so much more to tell.

## **New Year's Eve with Mom**

Words cannot quite capture my feelings after becoming Mom's lover on Christmas morning. I wish I was a poet or an artist or a composer. Perhaps I could then do some justice in describing this new world that I now find myself in. Everything changed with our first intimate dance of love and lust, both passionate and exhilarating. I know that I could not help the goofy grin that was perpetually plastered on my face. And words simply fail to capture the beatific glow that Mom now exhibited. I knew now that it was my life's mission to keep Mom looking this happy for the rest of her life (a job I merrily carry on to this day.).

In the days after Christmas, as Chicago and the rest of the Midwest began digging itself out, I could not keep my eyes off my mother, amazed that this woman who'd I'd been in love with practically all my life was now mine. My mother, who had nursed me, cared for me, tended to my wounds and encouraged me to explore the world around me, my mother was now my soul mate, my lover.

The day after Christmas, we took things easy, just enjoying each others company, savoring our new found intimacy. And Mom admitted a little sheepishly, "John, I'm kinda sore." She laughed as we embraced under the Christmas tree, wrapped up in our blankets and each other after waking up, "I swear, it almost feels like I lost my virginity again last night. It's been a long, long time, since anyone made love to me like you did, son." She reached down and stroked my already erect cock. "And I've never had anything as big and long as this inside me. I guess you did fuck virgin territory!" she giggled as I pulled her in for a kiss.

Truth be told, my cock was also aching a bit, but it was that pleasant 'I've had a lot of great sex kind of ache,' so I wasn't complaining a bit. It was a wonderful day, our lusts momentarily sated, but there was no uncomfortable "what do we do now," atmosphere left behind. We have always been comfortable just being together and I think that even without sex, we enjoyed an equally intimate time together. We talked and napped and kissed and just spent the day 'cocooning' as they used to say. I enjoyed the freedom of cuddling up with Mom as we slept and savored the delicious feel of her warm body against mine when we woke up.

In the late afternoon on December 27, Mom suggested a nice, long soak in the tub. The best thing about my apartment was that it had an old fashioned claw foot tub that two normal size people could squeeze into – emphasis on "Squeeze." It took a little wiggling and adjusting, but we both managed to fit in the tub. We sat at opposite ends and adjusting our legs, found ourselves joined at the crotch, my semi-erect cock resting against Mom's furry mound.

We spent most of the morning in a hot bubble bath, continuing our talk from the day before, Mom looking at me with an expression that few sons have probably ever seen in their mother's eyes; a look that signaled desire, lust, love and utter and complete happiness.

Something had been on my mind, a memory of Mom straddling me, crying out her orgasm and begging me to make her pregnant. I reminded Mom of that moment and she smiled mysteriously and wiggled a bit in the water as if the image was making her horny. "Mom, did you mean that? Would you really like to have a baby with me?"

Mom sighed as she smiled sadly at me. "Well, I think that's just natural. A woman wants to have a baby with her lover and the thought of having my son's baby in my belly really makes me wet, John."

"But...? It really sounds like there's a 'but' in there." I said

Mom sighed again, her breasts heaving into sight as she did so, swollen nipples peeking out briefly. I had an image of Mom's heavy, sloping breasts becoming swelled with mother's milk and my cock stiffened a little more. "But, I'm forty-two years old, honey," Mom said. "And I had my tubes tied after your brothers were born. I might be able to get that procedure undone, but at my age, getting pregnant is a long shot. And like we talked about, I don't expect to divorce your father for another couple of years." Mom raised her right foot and gently brushed my chest with it, the movement making her thick matted mound rub deliciously against my cock. "After that, well, son, we'll just see what happens."

I felt Mom roll her pelvis slightly, raising up so my cock was brushing against her blooming pussy lips which felt like hot, wet silk. "I suppose I should ask you, John. Would you like to make a baby with your Mom?" Mom was grinning evilly at me now.

I flexed my hips to counter her movement. "Mom, the thought of you pregnant alone makes me hard. The thought that I could make your belly and breasts swell because I put a baby inside you is almost enough to make me cum!" I thrust forward and my now iron hard cock slipped a couple of inches into Mom's hot pussy. "I would love to make Mommy pregnant!"

Mom groaned, a little bit of pain, a whole lot of pleasure and bit her lip as she moved forward to take more of me into her. I moved deeper into Mom's pussy on my own, finally our arms were wrapped around each other as sitting in the tub, we became joined, cock and pussy. "I love you, Mom!" I stammered as I felt her mature cunt muscles wrap around my cock. Sitting face to face in the bubble filled water, Mom and I couldn't move easily, but it's amazing what delicious pleasures a man and a woman can derive from the slightest movements when making love!

Mom kissed me hard, her body shivering with excitement as her wet, soapy body pressed against mine; her heavy, meaty breasts pillowing out against my chest, her thick nipples making me shiver as they scraped against my flesh. Mom's legs wrapped around me, digging into the small of my back as she thrust herself against me, taking me deep within her fiery womb.

Mom cried out against my mouth as I thrust back, my hands cupping her ass cheeks to hold her against me as I shoved my cock into my mother's hungry pussy. It was a long, sweet fuck, our slow in and out motions making things last forever. Sweat poured out of our bodies, joining the bathwater which didn't seem to cool off. Our incestuous lovemaking seemed to keep the water and ourselves steaming hot.



For what seemed hours we both crept towards the edge of climax. Mom and I stared at each other, our mouths slightly open in awe or disbelief that we were again consummating our desires for each other. Our eyes held the real expression of our deed. Looking into Mom's eyes I could see the desire and love that she had for me. I saw her raw, naked, incestuous passion steadily growing towards the moment of no return and I knew that the same look was in my own eyes. I was making love to my mother, my woman, my soul mate! Each gentle, slow agonizing thrust into Mom made us groan and sigh. We seemed to reach climax together, Mom crying gently as she pressed her face against my chest, her arms holding me so tight, her nails digging slowly into my back as our mutual pleasure mounted and mounted until finally, my cock buried deep in Mom's pussy, I cried out, "I love you, Mom!" and let myself go, ejaculating my seed into her steamy cunt.

Mom screamed, her voice muffled against my chest and I felt her subtly thrust a little more, taking me a fraction deeper into her pussy before her vaginal muscles clamped down tightly and enhance my pleasure by constantly milking me of my semen. I held on tight to Mom as she convulsed in orgasmic delight. Her long, black mane of hair ticked my nose as she shivered and I could smell her distinct jasmine tinged scent, mixed with sweat and our lusty, combined musks.

We sat in the middle of my old bathtub for what seemed an eternity, our orgasms seeming to go on forever. I couldn't believe how much semen I pumped into my mother's body. I couldn't believe how I seemed to be able to produce such intense orgasms in my own mother! Her chest heaved against mine, both our hearts pounding as we struggled to regain our breath.

Finally though, Mom shifted to look up at me, her face streaked with tears. "That was wonderful, John." Mom kissed me then, tenderly, her tongue dancing with mine. "I don't know how I can leave you, son," Mom whispered. "I want to stay with you here and never go back."

"I know, Mom," I replied softly. "That day will come, though. Not soon enough, but someday we'll be together forever."

Eventually we climbed out of the tub, not wanting to turn into prunes. We spent the evening on the couch, making out and talking more. I tried to press Mom about other things she'd said, "Incest runs in our family," being a comment that hung tantalizingly between us. Mom was adamant though, and told me she would answer that when she was ready.

Mostly Mom talked about her suppressed desires. "Like I've told you, John, I think at heart, I am a slut. I can't tell you how much I want to just open up the windows and tell the world that my son is the best cocksman I've ever known. That I fuck my son and that I love it and I love him more than anything on Earth!"

I'm sure you can imagine how swelled my ego was at that moment, not to mention how swelled my cock was. I mean, this was my Mom. Mom of the matronly dresses and the conservative pantsuits. Mom of the PTA and Cub Scout Den Mother and Sunday School teacher. Mom, who without fail, had dinner ready every night, helped with homework and tucked us in at night. My cock throbbed as she talked about her desire to throw away her conservative clothes and begin dressing provocatively. "I know I'm no thin model, but dammit, I've still got a nice body, son!"

Mom shrugged off the blanket we had ourselves wrapped in and cupped her meaty breasts, lifting them up and squeezing them, her fingers digging deep into her tit flesh. "I mean, I know these boobs aren't perfect anymore, but I think they're still pretty damned terrific!"

I kicked off the blanket to show how much I appreciated Mom how much I appreciated her body and we both laughed as my hard-on pointed its swollen head at her. "Mmmm, now that's a compliment," Mom cooed, sliding off the couch and moving between my knees. Taking me in her right hand, Mom kissed the head of my cock and whispered, "Mommy just loves her son's big penis!"

I spent the next several minutes moaning as Mom showed her appreciation for my compliment. I looked down at Mom and again was completely in awe. Mom could suck my cock a million times and I think each time, I would be in awe that my wonderful Mom was between my legs, sucking my cock with naked passion and hunger.

Finally, I pulled Mom up and into my lap. "Baby, I don't know," Mom sighed as my cock slipped between her flowered, wet lips. "Mommy's awful sore."

"Shhhh," I replied, shushing Mom with a loving kiss. Our tongues danced and dueled as I gently eased Mom down the length of my stiff meat until finally our pubic hairs were entangled and I felt her mound against me. "We're not going to move, Mom. Let's just sit here, mother and son, joined cock and pussy and savor the moment." My hands gripped Mom's voluptuous ass cheeks tightly, restraining any movement.

"Mmmm, savor. I like the sound of that," Mom purred, leaning her naked body into my mine, her breasts like large pillows against my chest. For long minutes, our only conscious movement was kissing. As the minutes passed, involuntary movements took over as my cock throbbed powerfully inside my mother's vagina and her cunt muscles began to massage my penis of their own accord. Her internal temperature seemed to be steadily increasing, going from warm to hot to fiery in scant seconds. I could feel her wetness literally flowing from her pussy, drenching my thighs.

The sensation began to get to Mom. She broke the kiss to moan and gasp, "Omigod, son. I can't keep this up." Mom's ass was trying to flex to increase the pressure, to create movement and friction, to bring fruition to our joining, but I held her firm and allowed little movement..

Pleasure was thick in her voice and I grinned as I replied, "Wait, control it if you can, Mom. Let it happen on its own." In truth, I was in dire need of release as well. Mom's pussy muscles were incredible, squeezing and milking at my cock and I wondered which of us would lose control first.

We kissed a little more and then Mom buried her face against my shoulder, gasping and whimpering, wanting to make the incredible pleasure increase just that one sweet fraction that would bring orgasm. I could feel Mom's heart, beating wildly. Her pussy was a steam furnace now, roasting my cock with her fiery wetness.

A sob broke her lips and then I felt Mom bit down on my shoulder, her sexy little overbite breaking skin as her orgasm suddenly detonated. Tighter than I might have believed possible, Mom's cunt clamped down around my cock and my cock was coated and bathed in a lava hot flood of her pussy cream. Her sob drew out to become a cry of "Ohhh godddd, I'mmm c-c-cummmmminggg!"

Mom's incestuous orgasm triggered mine and I felt my cockhead swell and then begin ejaculating my pent up load into Mom's womb. Wordlessly, I roared my pleasure as jet after scalding jet of my semen blasted into Mom's pussy. My own heart was beating so fast that I feared it might explode.

As orgasms faded, we slumped together, gasping for air and laughing and crying and so happy that we had finally made this leap and become lovers. We fell asleep on the couch, my cock still nestled in Mom's pussy, her head on my chest, feeling safe and loved in each others embrace.

By December 28th, Chicago had dug itself out enough to get the "El" running again and some of the braver taxis were out and about. Heads were rolling downtown as the city government spent most of its time pointing fingers about how long it had taken to dig out of the snow. As for Mom and me, they could have waited a few days more.

On the twenty-ninth, Mom and I walked down the newly shoveled sidewalks to the Korean grocery and called home. I kept teasing Mom about how she was walking a little bowlegged and she grinned and blushed and said, "Between my bowed legs and the big smile, everyone in Chicago should know that my son was keeping me well fucked." Mom talked to the twins, who reported that the roads were pretty much clear now, but still drifting at night. When Dad got on the phone, Mom told him that she expected to be home tomorrow. Mom looked at me as she said it, her expression that of a condemned prisoner. "I guess we'll make the Miller's New Years party after all."

Dad said something in reply and Mom's eyes widened. "What? You're taking the boys where?"

"You mean I'm going to be alone until the 3rd of January? Well, Christ, Harold. I might as well stay in Chicago with John. I don't want to spend New Year's Eve alone."

Mom's face broke out into a disbelieving grin. "Well, be careful. Take care of the twins. Tell them I love them." Dad hung up and Mom barely got the phone into its cradle before leaping into my arms.

"Baby, you can keep fucking Mommy until after New Years," Mom squealed, drawing more than one amused or shocked glance from customers. Mom literally climbed up me till her legs were wrapped around my waist. Despite our bulky coats, I managed to keep us both together.

"Your father decided to dump our New Years plans and take the boys on a hunting and ice fishing expedition up in Northern Wisconsin. Some of his buddies own a cabin up there. Frank decided to take the boys along!" Mom kissed me passionately and if I couldn't have leaned against the wall, I imagined we would have toppled over. "Son, are you looking for a date for New Year's Eve?"

I laughed and replied, "Not any more!"

We had lunch in a little coffee shop and talked it over. Mom was serious about a date for New Year's. She began planning a solitary shopping expedition and told me that she was leaving the details to me. "I expect dining and dancing, sweetheart!" Mom said.

I stared at Mom, again seeing a new side of her. For the first time, I could really imagine Mom as a teenager, excited about going to the Prom. "It's a deal, Mom, but I expect you to be wearing something really sexy. I want to show off my hot Mom to the entire city. I want everyone to know I'm the luckiest motherfucker in the world!"

Mom glowed, both pleased with the compliment and excited about her opportunity to live out long suppressed fantasies. After lunch, Mom decided to venture off downtown by herself to do a little shopping. I saw her off in a taxi, getting a wet, hungry kiss that left the taxi driver wide-eyed, and left me with a small ache in my heart. For the first time in several days, I didn't have my mother within arms reach and it made me a little sad.

I occupied myself by organizing plans for our New Year's Eve. I took my suit to the cleaners, they assuring me they'd have it ready by December 30th. I then proceeded to make a call to a friend. He was an ex-roommate of mine who owed me a few favors and he happened to work for his uncle who ran a well known nightclub downtown. A couple of minutes later, I had us reservations for a nice dinner and dancing (their orchestra specializes in old, big band music from the Forties and Fifties), well into the wee hours. You want to live in Chi-town, make all the connections you can! My last stop was at our neighborhood pawn shop, where I made a purchase after careful study of the goods.

Mom didn't get back until early evening, carrying in several shopping bags with a mischievous smile on her face; a smile that grew larger as she realized that she could smell supper cooking. "And he cooks too!" Mom exclaimed as she put the bags away and came running into my arms. "Your father has never cooked a meal for me, not even once!" Mom kissed me and rubbed herself against me. She was wearing her jeans and her sweater, but I could feel from the way her breasts pressed into my chest that she'd left the bra off. I brought my hand up and cupped one of Mom's meaty tits, the feel of it in my hand making me hard again.

Mom brushed her hand over the crotch of my sweatpants and then palmed my burgeoning erection. "Mmmm, and your father never got this hard for me in his life!" Mom began tugging my sweats down, asking as she began to squat, "Will dinner keep? I need a little snack right now."

I ran my hands through Mom's long hair as she swallowed my stiff dick. Mom's tongue felt so incredible. It seemed as if it was magic, the way Mom made it swirl and dance around my swollen flesh. "Um, it's um, stew, Mom. It needs to simmer a while longer anyway."

Mom made an agreeable noise and continued to lick and suck my hard penis. Even though Mom had now sucked me off numerous times in the past week, seeing her squatting before me, sucking me as her big, brown eyes watched me, studied me, developing her knowledge of how to best please me.

Too soon I felt the unstoppable urge to cum and gave Mom a warning. She burbled something and if it's actually possible to grin while sucking cock, Mom did it and as I began to cum, Mom deftly drank my semen, not losing a drop this time. Even after I was spent, Mom continued to suck me. I was so weak in the knees I thought I might pass out and fall over, but the sensations that Mom's tongue offered me were so exquisite that somehow I managed to stay up. Again I wondered how Mom had come to be such a wonderful cocksucker. When and where did she pick up those skills? And when would she tell me?

New Year's Eve couldn't come quickly enough, but Mom and I spent the time well, visiting museums, making love and just spending time together. As I said, it wasn't (and isn't) just about the sex. Just being with Mom, be it washing the dishes, reading quietly, taking a walk, or watching her sleep, fills me with a deep and abiding joy. I remember years later Mom and I watching that Tom Cruise movie at the theaters and when they first used the line 'You complete me,' Mom and I turned and smiled at each other. We've understood the concept of 'you complete me' for a long, long time.

Finally though, the day came. I picked up my suit and while Mom was getting ready, I got dressed. It's your basic black suit with black tie. I refer to it as my 'Blues Brothers' suit. Nothing fancy, but it works for all occasions. I even had a nifty black Fedora to complete the ensemble. Anxiously, I paced while Mom got herself together.

Mom suddenly hollered, "Baby, I'm coming out. I hope you're not disappointed." I could hear the apprehension in her voice. She stepped out of the bathroom, stopping me dead in my tracks. "Mom," I gasped, my throat feeling tight even as the butterflies began to dance in my stomach. "Mom, you're beautiful."

Mom was more than beautiful. She was an avatar of erotic beauty unlike anything I could have imagined. I think she was fulfilling her fantasies as well as mine. Mom's beautiful black hair, combed until it had an almost glowing luster cascaded down around her bare shoulders. Mom was wearing

a short evening dress, the hem scant inches below her crotch, showing off her luscious thighs and shapely calves to full effect in combination with her stiletto heels.

The dress was a sparkling electric blue, the material interwoven with metallic pieces. It was strapless with a wide, revealing scoop neck that both seemed to lift Mom's bountiful breasts and allow them to almost spill over the top and sides of the dress. Fully half of Mom's huge tits were exposed and her aureoles would be exposed if the dress slipped even another millimeter. And I realized again the erotic allure that bare shoulders offered. My mother posed for me exuding sex. I don't think I'd ever seen such a display of unashamed, sluttish beauty in all my life.

I truly understood Mom's desires to be an exhibitionist for the first time. Our society's normal mores and culture would look at Mom and disapprove of a middle aged, Rubenesque beauty flaunting her treasures so brazenly, but I understood. Mom's self esteem, her self image may be the healthiest I've ever encountered. Mom knew she was a woman and a sexual being and she reveled in it and so justly wanted to flaunt her sexuality and her sheer womanliness. And in my honest and absolutely biased opinion, my mother was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

It was a proud and beaming son that guided his mother into a taxi that New Year's Eve night. A warm front had moved in, allowing Mom to wear a simple wrap around her bare shoulders and not hide anything of her sexy outfit. My biggest worry as we headed downtown was that the cabbie would wreck the car ogling Mom's bountiful cleavage in the rear view mirror rather than keeping his eyes on the road.

Mom grinned knowingly at me, acknowledging his stares with a sexy wink even as she and I made small talk with him about the blizzard. When we arrived at the nightclub, I paid him off and began to hand him a tip and for the first time in my life, was turned down. He waved my money away and said, "I done got me my tip, pal. That's one good looking woman you're with!" His eyes crawled over my mother's voluptuous body and as he pulled away, he murmured. "Kid, you're one lucky motherfucker."

I laughed and called after him, "You got that right, buddy!"

Proud as a peacock, I led my mother inside, relishing the awestruck stares that greeted her almost as much as she did. A few prudish types frowned or pointed, but virtually all the men (and not a few of the women), seemed to look at Mom with envy and desire. Mom's sheer display of sexuality seemed

to overwhelm any conventional sense of beauty. In the elevator, folks stole constant glances at the mature beauty that I had on my arm.

Several floors up, we arrived at the nightclub. We were shown to our table and I proudly helped Mom sit and savored the glow as she basked in the attention she was receiving. The band was already playing a classic called, "Fly me to the Moon," and that is how I think we both felt. We had been swept up and out of our ordinary world and were now living a life known only to a privileged few who dare to escape conventionality. As the band's crooner sang the words, "Darling, kiss me," I leaned down and gave Mom a kiss to convey to her how proud I was to be with her.

I scooted close enough to put my arm around Mom's shoulder, my fingers brushing the top of her exposed breast flesh and leaning in, asked her, "Does this meet with your approval, Mom?"

Mom nodded and as her hand slipped under the table and onto my inner thigh, replied, "Oh yes! Thank you, John. I love this!"

Our waiter turned up and I couldn't help but grin. It was my old roomie, working tonight in his Uncle's business. Tony's eyes grew very wide and for several seconds, he couldn't get his mouth to work right. It moved, but nothing came out. I knew Tony would be shocked. We'd been roommates at the University our Freshman and Sophomore years and he'd met Mom more than once. Even more, he and I had kept no secrets from each other. Many were the late night bull sessions when I had confessed my desires for my mother and he had admitted he'd had an affair with both his cousin and an aunt. Now he stood practically drooling over my mother.

"Um, hi, Mrs. Hamill!" Tony stammered. "You look beautiful tonight!"

Mom preened under his gaze, doing a little wiggle with her shoulders and leaning forward to offer him a better view of her bountiful cleavage as she offered him her hand. "Thank you, Tony. I am just so thrilled to be here," she said, her voice becoming thick with lust as she added as she caressed my thigh, "With my son."

Tony's mouth got wider and he murmured, "Wow!" as I winked knowingly at him. He managed to take our orders and stagger away, his pants bulging in front.



Mom looked at me, her face a mixture of surprise and naughty delight. "Tony knows, doesn't he?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "He knows I'm here with my mother, the sexiest woman in Chicago tonight and that I'm the happiest son in Chicago tonight!" I stood up and offered Mom my hand. "Mom, may I have this dance?"

Mom's smile made her glow and she replied, "Yes, you may. You can have every dance with me the rest of my life." Mom stepped into me, her arms going around my neck and her body pressing into mine, her body's warmth spreading to me and she kissed me. My mother's tongue snaked between my lips and I tasted her and relished it. We kissed and kissed and kissed some more and somewhere in the middle of the kiss we began to dance.

I don't know the name of the song. It was an oldie, maybe from World War Two. I remember some words, passing into my consciousness – "Somewhere there's music," and "How high the moon," but they were like clouds we passed through. Our bodies were pressed firmly together as were our lips. Mom and I rode the music like eagles gliding on the air currents, oblivious to everything except ourselves. I was conscious of Mom's body against mine, of her big brown eyes staring into mine, of her hard thick nipples pressing into my chest, of her heart beating rapidly in rhythm with mine, of my penis, achingly erect pressing against my pants, pulsing against Mom's belly, and of her scent, her arousal mixing with that hint of jasmine to create a truly delicious aroma.

We danced and danced through the night. I vaguely recall a delicious steak dinner and like young lovers, Mom and I feeding each other bites of food. I recall sips of champagne, but with no intoxicating effects as I was already drunk on incestuous love. Mostly I remember old, beautiful songs, "Unforgettable," "As Time Goes By," and others, Mom always in my arms, soft and close and always warm. She declined other men's offers to dance and with minimal effort, the world went away, winnowing down to just us two, making love through dancing and intense gazing. I felt my soul being drawn into Mom's beautiful eyes to become forever hers. It was lust and desire and most of all, love.

I vaguely remember people watching us, smiling as people do when they see two people together who are so undeniably in love with each, the smile that recognizes that passion or yearns for it themselves. I'm sure some figured out our relationship. I called her Mom and Mom called me son as often as she said my name. I don't recall anyone criticizing or frowning disapprovingly. I think the absoluteness of our love overawed and convinced

everyone privileged enough to see us that here was the real thing and it made everyone around us happier for the knowledge that such love could and does exist.

Suddenly we found ourselves on a balcony overlooking a great water fountain several stories below, illuminated by brilliant lights of many colors. Mom and I and others were joyously counting down the last seconds of the year. Horns blew, people screamed or blew noisemakers. Mom and I embraced, crying out, "Happy New Year!" to each other. We kissed passionately as others sang 'Auld Lang Syne,' not coming up for air until the noise had faded somewhat.

Almost breathless, Mom and I held each other, watching each other. "Happy New Year, Mom. A new year and a new beginning for us," I said softly.

"A new life for us, darling," Mom replied. We leaned on the balcony's ramparts, and looked down at the brilliant lights below. A conga line of people were dancing around the fountain. I turned back to my mother and took a deep breath. I wanted to do something and was working up the courage.

"I love you, Mom," I said as I reached out and took her left hand. I stroked her hand and then slowly began to tug on her wedding ring, working it off.

Mom laughed nervously and said, "John, what in the world are you doing?"

I slipped the ring off Mom's finger and set it on the balcony's edge. "You're not Dad's wife anymore, Mom. He's not really your husband except on a stupid piece of paper. You're mine now and I'm yours. I don't want you to wear his ring anymore." With my free hand, I reached inside my coat jacket and pulled out a small black box.

Mom's eyes went wide and she looked down at the removed ring and then up into my eyes. "John? You can't – you shouldn't..." Her voice trailed off as I opened the box. Inside was a woman's wedding ring, a slender circlet of gold with subtle lines and designs etched into the metal. It had an antique charm to it and I knew the moment I found it that Mom would love it. When the pawnshop owner confirmed that the ring was Mom's size, I knew that it was meant to be.

I picked it out of the box and began to slip it onto Mom's ring finger. "Someday, somehow, we'll say the words in front of God and a minister," I

whispered solemnly. "And someday, I'll get a ring that is worthy of you, but for now, my mother, my lover, my wife, wear my ring." I slipped it all the way onto Mom's finger. I leaned down and kissed her ring finger and then rose up and kissed my mother the way she deserved to be kissed every day for the rest of her life.

When our kiss ended, I pulled back. Tears ran down Mom's face. She laughed nervously. Looking at the ring, Mom said, "Oh son, its lovely. I can't believe you... John, it must have cost a fortune!" Mom rushed into my arms and kissed me all over my face, finishing with a knee weakening soul kiss that I would remember to the end of my days.

As we again paused to catch our breath, Mom asked the obvious question. "What happens when your father notices my ring?"

I laughed and replied, "Do you really think, Mom, that in a million years, Dad's actually going to notice?" Mom grinned and shook her head silently.

We gazed into each other's eyes and then Mom glanced down at Dad's abandoned ring. "What should we do about this?" Mom asked.

I studied for a minute and then looked over the balcony and down at the water fountain. "Make a wish, Mom" I suggested.

Mom's eyes widened as she realized what I was suggesting, then that naughty grin of hers that I love so much spread across her face. "I wish that every year from now on will be a better one than the year before for my son and I!" Winking at me, Mom flicked her finger and the ring sailed off the balcony. We barely managed to follow its flight before it plopped unnoticed into the fountain.

"Let your son kiss you, Mom, for luck," I said, gathering the love of my life in my arms again. I pressed my lips against Mom's and offered her my tongue. Mom moaned a little as our tongues danced and caressed.

Mom's body leaned into mine. Her skin felt warm to the touch. A brilliantly red sexual flush spread across her exposed cleavage and upper chest. As our kiss ended, she thrilled me by nipping and sucking at my tongue one last instant. "Son, take me home. Take me to bed," Mom sighed.

The doorman miraculously found us a cab and we clambered inside. I barely managed to give the driver our address before Mom was climbing all over me, kissing me and running her hands under my coat and into my shirt. Mom was rubbing herself against my thigh, her short dress riding up, exposing her thong underwear. I'm sure the cabbie was getting a splendid view of Mom's lush ass cheeks. I hope he enjoyed the view. I intuitively understood that that would please Mom even more. The heat emanating from between her thighs was intense. Mom's musky scent filled the cab.

"I love you, John, my sweet lover son," Mom gasped between excited kisses. She rubbed herself against me, one heavy breast rolling free of her dress momentarily, her erect nipple dragging across my chest before I helped her back in, taking a moment to squeeze and maul her meaty tit and suck her swollen nipple before tucking it back inside the dress.

Mom was sucking on my fingers and rubbing my swollen crotch while I rubbed my fingers over the sopping wet material of her thong panties. Mom kissed me aggressively, possessively, insistently, pausing only to whisper loudly all sorts of naughty things. "I need my baby's cock! Mommy needs a good fucking right now. My baby is making Mommy's pussy so wet."

Mom guided my fingers under the silky material of her panties, allowing my digits to slip through her thick, pussy juice covered bush and between her thick labial lips and into the wettest, hottest pussy I'd ever known.

We got back to the apartment building none too soon. I helped Mom out of the car and while she leaned against me, kissing my neck and undoing shirt buttons so she could kiss my chest, I managed to fish out and throw some bills at the cabbie and told him to keep the change. I'm not sure what denominations the bills were, but it made the driver happy and he hollered, "Thanks! Happy New Year's! You guys have a good night!"

Mom, looking every bit a slut in heat, her dress all tangled, one breast exposed to the nipple, grinned at him through her slightly mussed hair and said in a drop dead sexy voice, "Oh we will, sweetie. Mommy and her baby are going to have a lot of fucking fun!"

I don't know which I was more of – shocked at Mom's words and behaviour or aroused by her words and behaviour. I know I was certainly sporting a monster erection that threatened to burst out of my slacks. The cabbie drove off as I led Mom inside and we attempted to climb the stairs and make out at the same time.

Somewhere along the way, Mom removed her panties, rubbing the juicy crotch against my lips while she said in a sing-song voice, "Somebody's made Mommy all wet!" Neither Mom nor I had drunk all that much, but Mom wasn't drunk on liquor or champagne, but was intoxicated on our incestuous love. By the time we began climbing the last flight of stairs Mom had my cock out and was stroking it.

We were a few steps from the top when we somehow stumbled and Mom was on top of me. Mom kissed me, giggled and said, "I need to taste you, John!" and she slithered down me and took me in her mouth. My head was spinning as if I was drunk. I don't know if I've ever been so aroused. I felt big! I felt as if I could stay hard for a month. Looking down to see Mom's full lips wrapped around my erect dick made me swell even more.

Suddenly Mom scrambled up my body, demanding, "Fuck me, son!" She raised her dress up, exposing her thick, black, hairy muff, glistening with her juices, her pussy lips blossomed like a lily nestled in her thick bush, and she sank down on my throbbing, aching cock, my hard meat slipping deep into Mom's steamy, slippery pussy.

"OH GOD YESSSS!" Mom screamed. "FUCK ME, JOHN! GIVE MOMMY THAT DICK!" Mom rode me hard for several seconds, her face focused on mine, her intense desire and need. Her pussy felt so damned good, hot and slick slipping up and down on my hard penis.

Finally, with every ounce of determination that I could muster, I reached for the stair rail and heaved us up, throwing my weight back against the wall to keep us from toppling. Mom came up with me, wrapping her arms and legs around me as we moved, her cunt tightening around my cock to keep us joined. Slowly, on unsteady legs, I climbed the last steps and eased us to my door.

While Mom hunched herself against me, driving my cock deeper into her twat, I fumbled with my keys. I'm not sure how I managed to get the door unlocked. My own needs and desires were overwhelming all other considerations, but then we were inside, the door was kicked shut and I was easing us onto the bed, still joined – son's cock and mother's pussy.

There was a violent flurry of flying shoes and clothes – how Mom's slinky dress didn't get torn or damaged, I'll never know and then we were mostly naked, Mom's bare legs wrapped around my back, both of us sweating, our skin feverish to the point of bursting into flame, her heaving breasts spreading out against my chest as I crushed myself down into her, kissing

her hard enough to draw blood while I thrust madly into her wet, burning cunt.

Incestuous lust and love combusted and we were on fire, a blaze of consummating passion, cock buried in pussy, sweat slick bodies slipping against each other, grinding against each other, seeking to find a deeper purchase on each other until we found a state where mother and son became one single incestuous being.

Mom cried and screamed as I drove my cock into her pussy, clawing my back as she urged me on, "FUCKFUCKMELOVERSONJOHN! OHHH GODDD FUCK ME FUCK MOMMMMMMY WITH THAT COCKKK MAKE MEE CUMMM JOHN!"

Mom's pussy muscles, like slick, silken cords of steel wrapped themselves around my cock, milking, massaging, worshipping my erect penis as I wormed my way in and out of my mother's womb. I ducked my head to nurse at my mother's breast, licking her sweet sweat off her pendulous tit before taking her thick, swollen and throbbing nipple between my lips, biting the rubbery thing and sucking it, making Mom squirm even more underneath me.

We were caught up in the sheer incestuous carnality of the moment. Mother and son unleashing all restraint, reveling in our desire and lust for each other, becoming absolutely intoxicated in the sensation of each other, delighting in the feel of a son's swollen cock slipping through his mother's incredibly wet and slick and oh so tight cunt!

Mom's juices were flooding from her, baptizing my cock in her incestuous creams, her tantalizing scent permeating everything, mixing with our sweat to make the room seem like a bordello steam bath. Mom's scent mixed with her natural jasmine smell to become a lust inducing vapor that invaded my senses and spurred me on to even greater passion. Without an iota of guilt or remorse, I fucked my mother as a man gone insane on love.

Mom rolled into orgasm, her body arching against mine as it struck. Mom screamed wordlessly as her body shook and convulsed, her pussy becoming a fiery furnace as I savored her steaming juices and continued to thrust in and out of her. Mom's orgasm waned and for a few minutes she could only sob and moan as I continued to pleasure her helpless body.

Gradually Mom began to respond again, tightening her grip on my cock, her hips rolling in time with mine, perfecting the moment of deepest penetration as I grunted with the effort. The sheets were now soaked with our sweat. It

flew off me in waves as I continued to hammer my cock into Mom's cream drenched pussy. Mom's wordless moans slowly evolved to words of encouragement, words of love and words of desire and need.

"Don't um stop, John. Fuck me, lover son! I-I love your ahhhh cock, baby. So good in me – feels sooo goood! Fuck me son. Don't ever stop fuckin'ggg meee, John!"

Faster and harder, I plunged deep into Mom's pussy. My own urges to orgasm were now racing to keep pace with Mom. I could feel her orgasm building inside her, becoming an unstoppable sexual beast. Mom's eyes were wide open and staring at me, filled with love and desire and with an intense, almost fearful expression as if she wasn't sure she could endure the intense sensations that were almost upon her.

I could hold on no longer and with the triumphant roar of a rutting bull, I thrust deep into Mom's pussy and began to cum. I exploded with intense jets of hot, thick cum, ejaculating so much and so hard, it almost hurt. As I bathed Mom's womb with my semen, she lost control too and screaming my name, crossed over into an orgasm so powerful that she almost bucked me off her.

The room filled with sounds of pleasure and delight and with the musky aroma of cunt cream and semen. I came and came and came. My orgasm was so intense I imagined it undoing any doctor's procedure, allowing my seed to impregnate my beloved mother. I consider it a tribute to his abilities that our glorious monster orgasm didn't make Mom pregnant right there and then.

Mom bucked and bounced against me, her heavy, meaty breasts rolling all about. She stiffened at the height of her orgasm and as I fed her womb my last large stream of jism, Mom gasped, "I love you and went limp." I collapsed on top of her and as her pussy muscles worked involuntarily, milking the last of my spunk from my aching cock, I was amazed to find that I was crying.

After several seconds, Mom's eyes fluttered open and her body shook as an orgasmic aftershock rippled through her. Mom began to cry as well. We held each other as tightly as our exhausted bodies would allow, sobbing words of love to each other. I finally eased off Mom and then drew her against me and we cuddled and fell asleep in the early morning hours of the new year of our new lives; mother and son, man and woman and as far as we were concerned, husband and wife.

My sleep was filled with dreams of the time when we would be able to fully share our lives, living completely as lovers, as spouses and still as mother and son. I woke in the early light of dawn and watch Mom sleep, looking so happy, the slightest hint of her evil smile on her lips. I pondered what the days ahead would be like. I knew that hard times were likely in our future, but that in the end, we would find ourselves together.

I knew that in a day or two, Mom and I would be separated for a time. Distance and obligations would delay our being together, but I also knew that we could never be truly apart. In the dizzying days of the last week, the love that had begun at Christmas and that we had begun to explore the depths of over the last few days, had joined our souls together for all eternity.

Mom loved me and I loved Mom. Our love would surpass all time and distance. No obstacle could withstand the intensity of our passion for each other. Mom and I were and are one, body and soul. I wondered where our path would travel. I had no real idea where it would lead, but I knew we would travel it forever together, Mom and me, and that was enough for now. The story books are true you know, love conquers all and there is no love stronger than that between a mother and son.

## **Mother Son: A Love Story**

### **Chapter 1: Spring Break with Mom**

Isn't it funny, the little things that can keep you sane? At Christmas, my world was turned upside down as my greatest fantasies and desires came true. In a snow locked Chicago, my mother and I finally succumbed to our unrequited love and become soul mates, joined in body and heart. By New Year's Eve, our bonds were cemented permanently and we both know that, although it will take some years, eventually we will be able to carve out a life that will never again be lived separately.

But for the time being, we both ached from the physical distance that separated us. Mom and I had hoped to get together for a few brief days at the end of January or by St. Valentine's Day at the latest, but alas, that was not to be. One of my younger twin brothers took a bad spill on a ski slope in mid January. He fractured his leg in three places. Oh, he would recover, but he needed a lot of care. Mom knew her place was there, and I understood that -- it was after all, her caring, loving soul that drew me to her. But I hated the separation anyway.



The thing that kept me sane was a picture taken of us on New Year's Eve. We were at the Dinner Club and an employee was taking pictures for sale. I popped for the photograph and it arrived in the mail a couple of days after Mom went home. It shows two people who are intimate and very much in love. We are sitting on a divan where we were sharing a drink and resting for a moment from having danced most the night away.

Mom is curled up next to me, her short dress showing off a lot of thigh. Mom is leaning into me, her right breast almost spilling out her strapless, low cut dress, my hand cupping her left breast as only a lover can. Mom's hand is high up on my thigh. I remember that moment perfectly. We are happy and I am aroused. Slow dancing with Mom has kept me hard most of the night and at the moment she knows that her hand is dangerously close to the bulge in my pants. She is grinning mischievously into the camera. I can close my eyes and still smell her. Sweat mixed with that ever present hint of jasmine, with the scent of her arousal delicately mixing in and wafting around us.

Whenever I started to feel too blue, I took the picture out. I studied it as I grew hard, remembering the feel of Mom's soft skin, the taste of her mouth as we kiss. I would remember the utter perfection of Mom's body against mine and the way we seem to fit perfectly body against body, mouth to mouth and cock to pussy. I usually masturbated then, calling out to Mom as I ejaculated. I missed her so bad. The winter and the cold went hand in hand with my misery and I knew it was even harder on her.

I at least could sit here and look at this picture and masturbate and call out to her. Mom was stuck in a house that held the ashes of a dead marriage. She loved and loves the twins, but they were much like the old man in their attitudes and behavior. I have no doubt they love Mom in their own way, but for too long, they have viewed her more as a convenience and live-in servant than a mother and woman. I cannot imagine how lonely she must have been.

Winter was long and passed slowly. I went to class and to work. I did what I must, but my mind and heart were not in it. My thoughts lingered on my mother and the question of when I would see her again. I called home once a week, but she was never really able to talk. I couldn't write for fear that the old man might open the letter by accident. Mom haunted my dreams, beautiful and often naked, but almost always just out of reach. Winter was long and it passed slowly, but Spring was coming and I knew with Spring, my one true love would be with me again.

My dearest love,

There aren't words to describe how much I love you and how much I miss you. I know you're lonely, son. I'm lonely too. Each morning, I wake up, the need to be in your arms so great, I almost cry when I roll over and you're not there. In the evenings, sleep comes hard because I am not curled up with you, feeling your body warm against mine, our sweat slowly drying after making love and your seed inside me, reminding me of my sweet son and lover.

Stay strong, John. I know that our day will come. We will steal our moments in the meantime and they will be all the sweeter for the rarity of their occurrence. I miss you so much, sweetheart. I roam through this house that is no longer my home, aching to turn and see your smiling face and rush into your arms and kiss you and let our love sweep us away.

When your brother's asleep, I steal into your bedroom, trying to absorb your presence there. I step into your closet and hold your clothes to my face, inhaling your scent and remembering us intertwined on your bed, joined together, you swollen inside me. When I can, I lie on your bed and imagine you here with me, making love to me, making me moan and squirm. I play with myself, pretending you are deep inside me until I find some release. It is never fully satisfying, but it will have to do until I am in your arms again.

Soon, darling, it will be soon. Your little brother mends quickly and arrangements are being made. Your spring break is coming and I have such plans for us. Be patient, my love, I will be with you soon.

Love,

Mom

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I read Mom's letter again, my body rocking a bit as the El rolls along.. It came two weeks ago and Spring Break was now upon us. I haven't heard from Mom since the letter. My last call home, my brother answered and told me Mom was out shopping. I chatted with the dork for a while, but hung up finally, frustrated that I didn't even get to hear her voice. I finished my last mid term and collected my check from the bottling company. My supervisor kidded me about taking a week off and "goin' down to Florida and sniffing out some young tail," as he passed me my paycheck.

I got off the train at my stop and walked down the street to my apartment building. The weather of early April was still cool enough to wear a heavy sweater, but you could smell Spring in the air -- like the world was coming back to life after a too long hibernation.

I walked upstairs and stopped at my door. It is open. It had been locked when I'd left. Either my heart's desire was about to be granted or my television would be missing! I let my bookbag slip from my shoulder so I could sling it at a dope addict and stepped warily in the room. It was dim, the shades drawn and utterly quiet. And then I heard her voice -- to my soul it was like a drink of cold water to a man dying of thirst.

"Hello, my love." I turned and saw my mother leaning against the kitchen counter, lovelier than I remembered. Another man passing her on the street might note a pretty, middle aged woman, but to me, my mother was the most beautiful woman in the world. Mom stands five foot, four inches tall and has black hair. It had been longer the last time I saw her. She'd cut it shorter, almost a pageboy and very becoming -- it framed her lovely face drawing attention to her big, brown eyes. Mom had on a tight, V-necked sweater that showed off her tremendous cleavage as the material molded itself to her heavy gourd-like breasts. Her bra did little to hide her erect nipples. She was wearing a knee high skirt that emphasized her shapely calves. My cock began to swell just at the sight of her.

"Mom!" I said softly and then I was moving and we were in each other's arms, our lips pressed to each other as our tongues became reacquainted. Her body felt so right pressed against mine. The flames of passion raced through us as we hugged each other tighter. My hand caressed her ass cheek over the material of her skirt and then I started to bunch the material up until I could feel the soft as butter skin of her ass. I squeezed and then ran my finger upwards until I touched her panties.

Mom broke the kiss, giggling and trying to wriggle out of my groping grasp. "Stop it, son! We don't have time."

I pulled her close and nuzzled her throat and whispered, "Then we need to make the time. We need to make up for all the time we've been apart."

Mom replied with a deep throaty moan and pressed herself against me as I again squeezed her ass cheeks. I ran my tongue along the curve of her upper breast and with my free hand, placed her hand on the jean covered bulge in

my crotch. Mom sighed again and after briefly squeezing my blue jean covered cock, again pushed me away.

Mom's face was flushed as was her upper chest. Again she laughed and shook her head. "I'm serious, John. We have to go. We've got a plane to catch!" She picked up an envelope from the kitchen counter and waved it at me. I could see the symbol of a major airline on the envelope.

"A plane, Mom? What plane?"

Mom giggled again and hurled herself back into my arms. "The plane that's taking us to Florida, you silly boy!" Mom was having fun teasing me and enjoying every minute of it. "It's Spring Break and Momma is taking her lover son to Florida." Mom kissed me, rubbing her breasts against me as she did so and then slipped one last time away from me.

Bending over, she lifted up my duffel bag and handed it to me. "I packed for you, son. Let's get moving before we miss our flight."

In the car, on our way to O'Hare, Mom laid it out for me. "Your brother is able to get around pretty well now and I told your father I was going to take a break and visit your Aunt Debbie." Mom grinned like the cat that ate the canary. "I think your father was suspicious until I told him I was taking you along to get some sun." Mom stuck her tongue out at me and gave me her best naughty look.

She went on. We had a 1:00 flight to Tampa and would pick up a rental car there and drive on to Aunt Debbie's home on up the coast. "I figure we'll be at Debbie's by six o'clock," Mom said. "We should have just enough time to walk on the beach before dark, son."

"Sounds great, Mom," I replied, trying to sound enthusiastic. I gave Mom a half-hearted smile.

Mom looked at me curiously. "John, is something wrong?"

I shrugged and tried not to sound disappointed. "If we're staying with Aunt Debbie, we won't have many chances to be -- uh, be together, will we?"

Mom responded with a loud, amused, "HA!" She eyed the traffic ahead and then reached over and trailed her fingernails over the bulge in my jeans. "John, your Aunt could care less if I fucked you right on the living room rug. I'm going to have more trouble keeping Debbie away from your big cock, son."

Mom had to work hard to keep from laughing. I guess my stunned look was pretty comical looking. Mom patted my thigh as she navigated traffic. "I thought you knew, son. Your Aunt Debbie is a slut." She winked at me and added, "I guess it runs in the family!"

I tried to get Mom to expand on her comments, but she stalled me just as she had about the comments at Christmas about incest running in the family. As we parked at O'Hare, Mom simply said, "It will be easier to explain once we're at your Aunt's in Florida, sweetheart. Be patient a little longer, son and Momma will make it all clear!"

We spent our time on the flight, cuddled up, drawing some raised eyebrows as we kissed and made out between bouts of catching up. Just to kiss Mom again was like finding religion. I knew that the world still turned and everything would be alright.

Off the plane in Tampa's humid weather, Mom ducked into a restroom and changed tops, trading her sexy sweater for an equally sexy cotton pullover with a deeply scooped neck. I instantly recognized that Mom has shed her bra as well and the light green cotton blouse molded itself tightly to her tits. As Mom noticed my appreciative stare, she blushed slightly and I watched as her nipples swelled and stood out prominently. The blouse was so tight I swear I could see the little bumps covering her areoles. My mouth watered and it was hard to drive our rented car up the coast as my eyes kept drifting over to Mom who was sprawled sexily in the passenger seat, flashing her panties at me whenever she got the chance. There was a very dark wet spot in the middle of her crotch and I realized Mom was just as horny as I was.

It was a two hour run up the coast to Aunt Debbie's. She had a two bedroom bungalow two blocks from the Gulf Coast shoreline. She lived in a little bitty town, populated by graying hippies and other refugees from the 1960s. In those days, the area was extremely liberal, not yet having succumbed to Reaganomics. It would eventually get the tourist treatment and all the residential neighborhoods are long gone, replaced by fern bar restaurants, T-shirt shops and ugly, multi story hotels. But back when, it was a helluva place for a private vacation.

Only getting lost once, we found Aunt Debbie's street and pulled into her driveway, stopping behind a vintage 1965 convertible Mustang. We had barely climbed out of our rental when the front door opened up and Mom's sister came bouncing down the drive, crying out, "You're here, you're here!"

Aunt Debbie is a piece of work unlike any other. She was then forty-five years old, almost three years older than Mom. She was a lanky five foot, nine inches tall and had a finely sculpted body -- not a spare ounce of fat on her aside from what Mom later confirmed were almost authentic tits. Like Mom, Aunt Debbie is big breasted, but where as Mom was satisfied with an all natural appearance, Debbie had work done to perk them up. She paid well for good work and they were light years beyond the bowling ball look that so many get with plastic surgery. Her hair was bleached blonde which suited her personality and appearance.

Aunt Debbie came running down the drive wearing a bandana halter top and the shortest shorts I have personally ever seen on a woman. Her long legs were perfectly sculpted and toned, accentuated by stiletto heels, her stomach was flat and she was almost every man's wet dream. If Mom wasn't around, I'd have found her incredibly hot. (Okay, I did find her hot, but to me, Mom was the ultimate woman, everyone else came in a far back second place).

Mom ran up to meet her sister and they jumped into each other's arms. They locked lips and it took me a minute to realize they were French kissing while hands roamed freely over both bodies.

When they finally stepped apart, Mom turned with her arm around Aunt Debbie's waist and gestured to me. "I know it's been six years, Sis, but you do remember your nephew John, don't you?"

Aunt Debbie looked at me with such frank lust that I felt my face begin to burn. She slipped from Mom's embrace and moved towards me. "Oh My God! This little boy with the glasses grew up to become a fucking hunk of man! Damn, Carrie, you hooked yourself a stud!" Aunt Debbie threw her arms around me and ground herself against me, throwing one leg up and wrapping it around my back, lifting herself up to kiss me.

Like she did with Mom, she wasted no time offering me her tongue and out of surprise more than anything, I accepted it and offered her my own. We kissed passionately for what seemed at least a minute, her rubbing her crotch against my jean covered cock which was swelled to the point of being uncomfortable being constricted by all that denim.

It was only when Mom growled, "Down, you slut, this man's mine!" that my aunt let me go. Suddenly, I was one horny and confused young man. Mom and Aunt Debbie moved off towards the house holding hands while I lugged in the bags.

Inside, I found both of them cuddled up on a leather couch, hands fluttering as they chattered excitedly. Mom looked up and said, "There's my motherfucker!" in a voice that conveyed her lusty delight at having her son being her lover.

Aunt Debbie grinned lewdly at me and I said in a ragged voice, "So, um -- Aunt Debbie knows everything about us?"

Mom nodded and replied, "I've never kept any secrets from my big sister, son. I called her up and told her about us the day after I got home."

Aunt Debbie chortled and said, "Of course, it runs in the family, so it doesn't come as any surprise."

Before I could follow up that remark, Mom gently elbowed her sister and said, "Well, John and I haven't discussed that yet -- maybe we can talk about some of it later tonight or tomorrow."

My aunt snickered. "You've at least told him what a slut you were when you were younger, haven't you?"

Mom began to blush herself and grinning like a little girl caught with her hand in the cookie jar, replied, "Well -- no real details." Mom looked up at me and said, "Maybe tonight, we can talk about it."

Laughing, Aunt Debbie climbed off the couch and said, "This is gonna be so much fun!" She pointed at a big sun shaped clock on the wall and said, "But if you're going to visit the beach today, you better start shaking those asses. You've got maybe two hours of sunlight left."

Mom began hurrying about. She dug into one of her bags and pulled out two bags. Handing me one, she said, "Here, baby! Run in the bathroom and change!" Then she turned around and headed to what I guess was the guest

bedroom. She paused at the door and gave me a mischievous grin that made my heart pound and said, "Hurry! Momma's got a big surprise for you!"

In the bathroom, I discovered to my horror, that Mom had bought me a Speedo bathing suit. I opened the door a crack and hollered, "I can't wear this in public. I'll get arrested!"

Aunt Debbie laughed and said, "Honey, around here, you can wrap your boner in a band-aid and it will be legal."

I pulled the Speedo suit on and looked at myself in the mirror. I'm glad I keep myself in good shape, but I had to blanch at seeing so little of myself covered up. I basically covered my balls and cock and for the first time, I had a vague idea of how a thong must feel! In my embarrassment, my cock had dropped to about half mast. I was worried that if I got hard in this thing, it was going to be very snug! I'd have to be careful or something might decide to peek out!

Feeling my face blushing, I stepped out of the room. Aunt Debbie was sitting on the couch and gave a long wolf whistle. "Hey, hey, little sister, you need to get out here and check out the package on this stud!" My aunt winked at me and palmed her crotch, rubbing it vigorously until we heard the door to Mom's bedroom open.

"Well, what do you think?" Mom asked in a voice that held both naughtiness and uncertainty. I turned and was almost floored. I had seen Mom scantily clad to the point of scandal before and I had seen Mom naked. Nothing had prepared me for the incredible carnality that Mom now put on display.

Mom had on a bikini or at least it would have been a bikini if there had been more cloth to it. As it was, it was a bikini top consisting of two triangular pieces of light green cloth and some string. The top barely covered Mom's nipples, leaving much of her areolas exposed. Tit flesh jiggled and overflowed the material. I would not have covered a dime bet that the strings would hold up for more than 10 minutes.

The bottom was a bikini thong that consisted of a slightly larger strip of light green cloth that barely covered Mom's sex and did not hide much of her unruly bush of dark hair. The cloth molded itself to Mom's cunt mound, her



labia lips evident. To complete the ensemble, Mom had on a pair of high heeled sandals that highlighted her shapely calves and her lovely, but meaty thighs.

Mom spun around, confirming that it was indeed a thong she was wearing as her lovely ass jiggled into sight. "So, John, do you like Momma's outfit?" Mom asked coyly!

All I could do was nod for the longest time. Mom giggled and walked up to me, pressing herself against me as she palmed the growing bulge in my Speedos. "Oh my!" she whispered in my ear. "I think my son approves of my outfit!" Mom looked up at me, pressing her massive tits against my bare chest. My stunned silence seemed to make her nervous. "You do like it, don't you, son. You don't think its too nasty, do you?"

I smiled, seeing my Mom vulnerable like this made me love her all the more. Remembering our conversations over Christmas about how Mom had yearned for years to express her powerful sexuality filled my heart with joy that she was finally living her dreams. "You're beautiful, Mom," I whispered back. "And nasty and sexy and glamorous and I will love whatever you wear." I kissed Mom, my hands cupping her bare ass cheeks and pulling her up and against me. My fully erect penis was threatening to burst loose from my swim trunks. When our kiss ended, I added, "I don't think you could ever be too nasty, Mom!"

Mom grinned and wiggled her lush body against mine, "I will consider that a dare, John."

Aunt Debbie pointed out that we would soon run out of sunlight and after kissing us both with that wicked tongue, pushed us out the door. With Mom on my arm, we began to stroll towards the beach two blocks away. My initial embarrassment quickly faded as Mom's confident sexuality erased any doubts and my pride for the incredibly sexy woman on my arm grew as we went down the sidewalk.

The area was not crowded, but there were many people out and about. Mom drew some hoots and car horn honks from passing cars, but more direct and thrilling were the stares and whistles and appreciative looks from our fellow pedestrians. Two young mothers, pushing baby carriages side by side stared openly at us. One was redheaded and seems to have a slight frown of disapproval on her face, but the other grinned broadly and gave me an appreciative stare and gave Mom an even longer look, hunger evident in her face.

Two old men, retirees I suspect, had a chess game set up on a folding table in a front yard. From their lawn chairs, they ceased playing to watch Mom and me strut by. Mom winked at them and moved merrily on, quite aware that with little constraint, her large tits and meaty ass cheeks were bouncing in rhythm with our steps.

One of the old guys let out a long sigh and nodding at me, said loudly, "Boy, you are one lucky motherfucker!"

I grinned back and said, "Man, you have no idea!"

A young teenaged boy, delivering afternoon newspapers stared stunned at Mom's bouncing breasts until he ran into a trashcan and crashed, spilling newspapers everywhere. Mom and I tried not to laugh as we helped him up and gathered up his papers. He never said a word, just kept his eyes locked on Mom's almost naked breasts, until we moved on, anxious to see the Gulf of Mexico.

And finally, there we were, standing on the white sands of the town's beach, staring out at the glittering blue-green waters, a warm wind blowing in from offshore. Mom and I held hands and walked down the mostly deserted beach. This place had not been 'discovered' yet and so it was almost only locals and of course, one deeply in love, incestuous couple. It was easy to imagine Mom and me alone, the only people in the entire universe.

"I missed you so much, John," Mom said. "I wasn't prepared for how much I would miss you."

I slipped my arm around her waist and pulled her close as we walked, enjoying the simple touch of her hip against my leg. Even that was enough to arouse me and my cock was at full mast. Mom was excited too -- her thick nipples were erect and stretched so tight against the cloth that I could make out the little crinkles in her large, rubbery nubs. "I missed you too, Mom," I replied. "I don't think I realized how badly in love I was with you, until I didn't know when I would see you again."

"I can't tell you how many times I wanted to just walk out the door, darling and come to you," Mom whispered. A sad little smile crossed her face, "But, as much as I love you and ache for you, I'm..." Mom's voice faded.

I pulled her a little closer to me. "You're a Mom with responsibilities," I finished for her. "It's okay, Mom. I wouldn't have fallen in love with you if you weren't the most loving Mom in the world." I stopped, turned and faced Mom. "We will have our time, Mom. We'll steal the moments we can until you don't have any obligations." I took her left hand and lifted it up. She was still wearing the wedding band I had given her. "Once we're both free, I'll put this wedding band on you for real and we'll never have to spend another day apart."

Mom smiled at my little speech and stood on tip toe in the sand to kiss me. Just as her lips met mine, she whispered, "Don't forget the nights, son. When we are free to be ourselves, we'll never spend another night apart."

Mom and I kissed. We kissed for a long time, tongues twirling and dancing, feasting on the taste of each other, unable to quench the hunger we had for each other.. People occasionally came by, but we were pretty much oblivious. We were close to the shore and we began to feel the water roll in washing over our feet. The tide was starting to come in. The sun was still above the horizon -- sunset was perhaps forty-five minutes away.

As our kiss ended, Mom looked at the sun above the western horizon and then nodded towards it and led me by the hand into the water. It was amazingly warm and felt good on our aroused bodies. Mom and I danced and jumped around splashing each other until we found ourselves waist high in the water -- or waist high on me - almost tit high for Mom.

We moved together and embraced and Mom literally let herself float upwards, wrapping her hands around my neck as we kissed. Mom's left breast rolled free of her bikini top as she rubbed against me and I felt her rubbery nipple drag up my chest. Mom hunched her bikini clad pussy against me and said in a quiet and eager voice, "I need you inside me, John. Fuck me right now!"

Hanging onto my neck with one arm and floating in the water, her legs spread on either side of me, Mom reached down and tugged my Speedos down far enough to free my aching, throbbing erection. "Oh, Mom!" I gasped. "I have missed you! I have missed this!" As Mom pulled the crotch of her swimsuit to one side, I cupped Mom's meaty cheeks and lifted her up, oblivious to everything around me. Mom spread her legs and I felt my cock brush her thick bush before touching wet, slick cunt flesh and with a moan that mingled with Mom's sighs, I eased her down on my cock.

I was trying to be gentle, but Mom pressed downwards and in as her legs wrapped around my back, her heels digging anxiously into my butt cheeks.

She leaned back a little, her fingers intertwined around my neck and cooed, "Yessss, son! Fuck me, baby, with that fine cock!" Mom hunched against me, worming my cock in and out of her fiery pussy, while I struggled to maintain my balance in the water and to hold onto her, the most important woman in my life.

Mom threw her head back, her lips curled in a snarl of incestuous pleasure. Mom moved on my cock back and forth, the movement making her meaty, heavy tits bounce around hypnotically, the nipple on her exposed breast swelling to the point of bursting.

Around us, life went on. A young woman jogged down the beach. An old man glanced at us once in a while as he ran a metal detector across the sand. A couple strolled by, throwing a Frisbee to a golden retriever and giggling as they ogled us. Maybe the very naïve would think we were simply embracing out in the water, but even with Mom's back to the beach and our joined cock and pussy slightly under the waves, it had to be unmistakable that we were fucking. Nobody seemed to care.

In and out, Mom pistoned her hips, never letting me go completely, her bushy muff tangling with my wiry pubes as she would grind herself against me, savoring the sensation of my hard penis inside her molten pussy, before slowly sliding upwards, her labia clinging to my cock shaft, stubbornly resisting the withdrawal of my cock.

I ducked my head and got my lips around Mom's rubbery nipple. I slathered my tongue back and forth across her blood engorged nub and then gently bit down on it, making my mother moan. I sucked on Mom's tit as if I was drawing milk from it and Mom groaned, "Don't stop, John! I love it when my baby sucks on Momma's tits -- I always have!"

Water swirled around us, pushing against us, but I kept my balance and used the motion of the waves to thrust into Mom's molten pussy flesh as she continued to fling her pelvis against me. I drove my cock deep inside Mom's womb, our pubic hairs tangling as we ground ourselves against each other before Mom slowly pulled away and then we did it all over again, both of us moaning and grunting with the sheer pleasure of cock sliding inside pussy, pleasure amplified by the knowledge that we were mother and son and in love!

Too soon, I felt the irresistible urge and pulled Mom close, sinking deep within her cunt and gasping, "I'm gonna cum, Mom. I'm going to cum inside you, Mommalove!"

Mom managed to moan, "Yes! Cum in me, son, make Momma -- OHHHHH!" before I began to ejaculate and flooded Mom's womb with my hot semen, triggering her orgasm in the waning minutes of the day. We kissed hungrily as our bodies melded into one being with a single purpose, to carry out the ancient desire to procreate with the one you love. Mom's cunt massaged and milked my cock, demanding my steaming seed that it had been denied for so long. I hugged Mom to me tight, trying to sink as much of myself as I could inside her warm, motherly womb, delighting in the pleasure and comfort that only a mother can provide.

As our orgasms receded, the world seemed to be suffused in a heavenly golden glow. I thought at first it was simply the effect of our long denied sexual delight, but realized the sun was about to set and had turned the ocean around us gold with its warm rays. It was a beautiful setting to be in as we savored our first orgasm after so many weeks apart. "It's good to be home, Mom," I whispered with a grin, rolling my hips to prod Mom's insides with my still mostly erect penis.

Mom smiled back, her eyes still glazed with the intensity of her orgasm. She slowly squeezed my cock with her muscles as she replies, "It's good to have my son home, right here between my legs where you belong, John."

As the sun began to sink below the horizon, I waded towards the shore, still inside Mom, her legs still wrapped around me. Finally as we reach the edge of the beach and with some regret, I lifted Mom up off me and sat her down on the ground. Her legs are shaky and she hung on to me keep her balance. A few people stroll by us, giving us amused glances as we tuck each other back into place.

We recovered our shoes and slowly strolled back towards Aunt Debbie's home. The light was getting dim -- dusk had arrived, but Mom still drew appreciative stares as we walked. Mom giggled as she tried to adjust her bikini bottoms. "It keeps rolling off my pussy," Mom whispered to me. "And I think your jism is running down my leg."

I glanced down and sure enough, her swimsuit had managed to roll to one side, exposing Mom's hairy bush and her still open labia. My semen was leaking out and a streamer was making its way down Mom's left inner thigh. Mom was embarrassed and excited with her audacious behavior. I was in awe at my mother's awesome sexuality unleashed to its full potential for the first time in my life. Further, it gave me great joy to see Mom revel in her unleashed carnality.

By the time that we reached Aunt Debbie's, we were both shaking with desire again. We stepped around to the back of the bungalow where Debbie kept an outdoor shower for showing the ocean water and sand off. Mom got it running and we both jumped under the showerhead, letting the slowly warming water sluice ocean, salt and cum off our bodies. Shivering under the initially cool water, Mom and I hugged to share body warmth which immediately led to hugging and then the touch of her skin made me mad with lust. I ripped the scant strands of fabric off Mom's body while she tugged down my Speedos, freeing my again proudly erect cock.

Mom lunged at me, kissing me fiercely, grinding herself against me in a sinfully delightful manner. I shivered at the touch of my mother's bare breasts flattening against my chest while her hairy bush humped against my erection. I pushed her back against the wall of the fence wall that separated Aunt Debbie's property from her neighbors, holding Mom's hands up above her while I kissed her and took little love bites on her sweet neck.

Mom bit my lip and moaned, "Fuck me, John. I need a good son fucking right now, dammit!" She twisted around in my grip and thrust out her ass. Mom leaned over, jerking free of my hands and leaned against the wall. She shook her meaty ass at me and hissed, "I need my son's cock, fuck Momma now!"

I reached out and spread Mom's ass cheeks, raising them up slightly and with a fierce growl, rammed my cock home. Mom cried out as I sank my cock in her to the hilt, sobbing, "YESYESYESYESYESYESYES!" at the top of her lungs. I leaned over Mom, kissing her neck as I plunged in and out of her steaming pussy. I brought my hands around and found Mom's heavy hanging tits, squeezing her full tits and pinching, milking her swollen nipples.

Mom's pussy gripped at my cock like slick, fiery velvet as I moved back and forth, her muscles clamping down hard as my cockhead neared the entrance of her cunt, refusing to let her son escape completely.

Mom's body shook delightfully to my incestuous assault, thrusting back to meet my cock and envelop it as I buried it deep inside her again and again. Mom's moans just inflamed my need and I was like a rutting bull, anxious to please my mother and to again find the primal release that only she seemed to be able to provide.

"Oh Godddd," Mom sobbed as an orgasm began to explode inside her. I felt her knees begin to go and I eased us down to the concrete. We were both caught up in our incestuous desires to mind the discomfort of kneeling on

concrete. Now on hands and knees, Mom and I fucked as the warm water rained down on us, mixing with our sweat in the humid air, creating a fine mist of our mixed scents.

At the height of her orgasm, Mom threw herself upwards and back, pressing herself against me as her hands flew around purposelessly. She turned her head and we kissed, our tongues courting and darting together. I wrapped my arms tight around her and held her against me as I suddenly exploded again deep in her womb, shooting jet after jet of semen even as she came again, bathing my cock in her fiery cream. My left hand was pressed against Mom's belly and I could feel her muscles there fluttering and jumping as orgasmic pleasure wracked her body.

Mom moved suddenly forward and off my still spurting cock, spinning around on her knees and catching the next shot of my semen across her face before she could get her mouth around my cock.

I groaned loudly as suddenly Mom had my oh-so sensitive cockhead between her lips, sucking on my cock and slurping up our mixed juices that coated my shaft. Mom's fierce hunger was incredible as she became an avatar of incestuous love, sucking my cock dry of my semen. I shook with delight as Mom's tongue reacquainted itself with my penis, lovingly caressing it and cleaning it of semen and pussy cream.

Finally we were in each others arms, kissing again and sharing the taste of each other. I reached up and fumbling, turned off the shower. Our chests were heaving for lack of oxygen and we embraced and kissed and whispered little words of endearment to each other.

As we came back to earth, we were suddenly aware of more moaning. Glancing out of the shower area, we saw on a chaise lounge, Aunt Debbie, naked and sweaty, three fingers plunging in and out of her pussy at tremendous speed, already in the throes of an orgasm. Her cunt was spread wide and I could see that Aunt Debbie kept her pussy shaved bald unlike Mom who is as natural as it gets. Debbie's nipples, longer and thinner than Mom's were standing up, one being pinched hard by her free hand as she finger fucked herself while staring at us.

We watched Mom's sister masturbate until she came, thrusting her pelvis up while burying most of her hand in her cunt, never saying a word, but moaning constantly until it became a long, drawn out cry of lusty fulfillment!

She collapsed back onto the lounge chair and watched us as we struggled to our feet and walked towards her, still dripping wet from our fuck in her shower. Aunt Debbie struggled to speak, but failed at first. She shook her head and then coughed. "That is -- was, the most beautiful sight I've seen in more years than I can remember, Carrie," Aunt Debbie gasped. "The last time I saw anything like that was Daddy and..." Aunt Debbie couldn't finish, but pointed at us and grinned.

I looked at Mom curiously. Daddy? Their Daddy? With who?"

Mom, her face flushed from lovemaking seemed to be turning redder. I started to speak, but Mom put a finger to my mouth. "Shush for now, son. Let's get inside and have dinner and then..." Mom paused and grinned down at her sister who was still idly twirling her fingers inside her slick, hairless cunt. "And then, the three of us can have a chat."

I went on inside while Mom and her sister talked. I glanced back as I went in the patio door. Both women were laughing and Debbie had her free hand idly sliding up Mom's inner thigh and I couldn't help but gasp as I watched Mom give a little jerk as her sister palmed her hairy pussy. I wanted to stay and see what happened next, but decided to give them a little privacy. I have to admit I was a little jealous and more than a little mind blown. Mom was my lover and I was envious of anyone touching her besides me and it was freaking me out a little that my Mom and my Aunt were acting like old lovers. I had never really considered Mom and another woman before -- although the thought made me stiffen up considerably!

Mom came in a little while later, a little smile on her face that turned into a broad grin as she saw me dressing for dinner. "Um, honey, you know Debbie tends to practice nudism. I figured we might as well go comfortable as well." Mom approached and kissed me, gently stroking my again erect cock. "Are you okay with that?"

I shrugged and replied, "I suppose so. I hope nobody minds if I walk around like this." I wiggled my hips and made my hard-on wave around.

Mom laughed and said, "Well, just be sure that you don't hurt anyone with it." She gave my penis another affectionate caress and added, "And make sure you don't stick it in anyone besides me." She paused and winking at me, said, "Unless you get permission from Momma first!"

Dinner went well. I was distracted by the presence of two very lovely and naked ladies. Aunt Debbie had prepared us a seafood dinner -- lots of



shrimp and scallops and to Mom's amusement, oysters. Aunt Debbie just shrugged her shoulders and said, "Well, you know John's a healthy, growing boy hanging out with two horny women. I figured he would need all the help he could get."

Finally, we finished and after cleaning up the dishes, we moved to Aunt Debbie's bedroom where we climbed up on the biggest bed I have ever seen. When Mom complimented her sister on its size, Aunt Debbie laughed and said, "When I fuck I like to have lots of playroom."

Mom and my aunt had me climb up between them and we relaxed against the headboard. I looked expectantly at both of them. Aunt Debbie had a naughty grin. Mom's smile was much more uncertain and she was blushing.

"Sooo, Carrie. Where should we start?"

Mom shrugged and then said, "Well, I'm not sure. I was going to start with you, but you let slip about Daddy..."

They both giggled and I rolled my eyes in exasperation. "Okay, ladies -- I'll tell you what -- why don't I ask some questions." Mom and her sister giggled again and nodded. I took a deep breath and said, "Mom and I are not the first to be in an incestuous relationship in our family, right?"

Mom bit her lower lip while Aunt Debbie nodded and replied, "That's correct."

I felt my heart beating faster as I asked, "Who was the first?"

Aunt Debbie looked at Mom and nodded. Mom licked her lips and in a quiet voice replied, "Daddy -- your grandpa and your great-grandmother, Polly."

My eyes opened wide in surprise. I never knew my grandfather, Tom. He'd died when Mom was nineteen. But Mama Polly! I was thunderstruck. Mama Polly had passed away when I was twelve. She had been one of my most favorite people in the world -- the uber grandmother type. Mama Polly fucked her son? I looked at my Mom and could only say, "Um, wow!"

Mom nodded. "Daddy and his mother became lovers before he married Mama. They were lovers up until he died."

Aunt Debbie chimed in, "Yep, we were teenagers when we found out. Almost walked into Polly's house one afternoon and saw them through the screen door. Mama Polly was bent over her kitchen table and Daddy was giving it to her good and hard!" She sighed and said, "One of the hottest things I ever saw -- just like today!" She laughed and reached down to stroke my fully erect penis. "Good god, Carrie. Your son's cock even looks like his, doesn't it?" I glanced over at Mom to see how she was reacting to her sister touching my dick, but my mother just winked at me.

Mom sighed, "Yes, but John's is a touch longer." There was motherly pride in her voice and I felt myself swell, but then her words sank in and I turned to her and said, "How do you know, Mom? Did you and Grandpa Tom -- were you lovers."

Mom blushed bright red and shook her head. "Not ready to talk about Daddy and me, not yet." Her voice sounded strange, a little strained.

Her sister jumped in and said, "You ever seen a picture of Daddy and Polly?" Aunt Debbie reached behind me for an inset shelf in the headboard. From it, she pulled out a thick photo-album. She flipped to the first page. It held a large picture of my grandfather and my great-grandmother. It was a normal photo. They were both wearing 1950s era clothes, Grandpa Tom in a suit and tie, his fedora hat set at a rakish angle.

Mama Polly was wearing a flowered dress, her immense bosom almost overflowing the modest outfit, showing off cleavage and clearly straining the buttons up the front. She was even then a chunky woman, full figured and short, all tits and ass. They were sitting on a small couch (a divan, maybe), and Polly was leaning into Tom. Even with the conservative setting and clothes, they didn't look like mother and son, they looked like passionate lovers. The way they held hands, the tension in their bodies and the gleam in their eyes -- you couldn't help but know these two were lovers.

I looked at Mom and grinned. It reminded me so much of the New Year's Eve photo of us. "Did they know that you two knew about them being lovers?"

Mom nodded. "Yes. Probably right from the first time we peeked at them. Daddy finally set us down and told us that loving family wasn't wrong. That between two people who love each other that way, there is no sin in God's

eyes." She sighed and continued. "Daddy taught us both that sex was natural and something to enjoy and that as long as you didn't force or hurt someone, who you love is alright."

"And Daddy certainly practiced what he preached, didn't he, Carrie?" giggled Aunt Debbie.

"Hush, you terrible slut," Mom shot back. "I told you, I'm not ready to talk about that yet." She pointed at the book and said, "Go on and tell him about you and me."

I turned my head quickly to stare at my aunt, feeling my cock swell as I imagined Mom and her together. "You and my Mom -- you've been lovers?"

"Well, it seems natural, doesn't it? Your Mom and me, we got our Daddy's blood in us. We both were fascinated with sex and we shared a room until I left home when I was twenty-two. Just seemed natural we'd become a couple of slit-lickers!" Aunt Debbie flicked her tongue out and wagged it at Mom who laughed, her voice full of amusement and embarrassment.

Aunt Debbie went on. "By the time your Momma graduated high school, we already had a reputation for being sluts. It drove our mother crazy knowing we were known for being cock suckers!"

Mom snorted. "Well, I was certainly a cocksucker in those days. I never met a dick I didn't like or sucked!"

Aunt Debbie turned some pages and stopped at a display of several black and white photos. "Check it out, John. Your mother was one hot slut in those days," teased my aunt.

I studied the photos and gasped. They were of my mother and she was young -- maybe eighteen! The first pictures showed her in a poodle skirt and a tight V-necked sweater, her large breasts high and pointing at the camera, her exposed cleavage daring for the times. The following pictures showed her in various forms of undress, top off, bra and panties and finally stark naked. I felt my cock throb in my aunt's hand as I stared at the teenaged version of my mother - tits setting high and proud, her hair long down her back and even then, a thick patch of pubic hair between her legs. Her figure was much trimmer then, with a flat stomach, hips not yet widened by pregnancy. "You were beautiful even then, Mom," I said in an awed voice.

Mom sighed and said, "Thank you, John. I'll never see that figure again!"

I tore my gaze away from the photo album and turned to my mother and kissed her. "You're even more beautiful now, Mom," I said. "I wouldn't have you any other way!"

Aunt Debbie crinkled her nose and said, "Awww, aint love grand, Little Sister?"

I turned to the next page. "Whoa!" I exclaimed. Aunt Debbie had joined Mom in the pictures, looking tremendous in the buff. They were in somebody's back yard and posing for naughty cheesecake pictures with each other.

"That was the summer after I graduated High School," Mom said, "I came up to visit Debbie and Luke."

I looked confused. Aunt Debbie cleared things up by adding, "Luke was my first husband. He died in Vietnam in 1966. He's the one taking the pictures." I turned the page and gasped again. The pictures became more graphic. Mom and my aunt were kissing and touching in these pictures. The setting changed to a bedroom and I felt like I was about to cum when I looked at a picture of Mom, her mouth gaping open in the throes of an orgasm as Aunt Debbie licked her cunt!

The next page held pictures of Mom returning the favor! Aunt Debbie's lips were curled in a ferocious sneer of pleasure and her long legs were spread wide as Mom had what looked like two fingers in her while she licked her sister's fat clit. In the pictures, her pubic hair was much like Mom's, but trimmed to a neat rectangle.

I turned again and looked at my mother. Her face was bright red and she looked a little nervous. Nodding, Mom said, "I want to be honest with you, John. I haven't been with a woman other than Debbie since I was married, but I wanted you to know that I like pussy as much as you."

Aunt Debbie turned the page and again I looked at pictures that absolutely stunned me. I was looking at my mother as a teenager -- on her knees alongside her sister and both were licking a long hard cock. The man in the picture well muscled and had a square jaw and a buzz cut head. I could see

part of a elaborate tattoo on one forearm. He was grinning at the camera while Mom and Aunt Debbie ran their tongues up his erect shaft.

"That's Luke, honey," whispered my aunt. "The great love of my life -- god, what a cock that boy had!" There was a bit of sadness in her voice and wistfulness. Later I would have to reconsider my aunt's legendary black sheep reputation, but at that moment, I was reeling from seeing my Mom in those pictures, looking unashamed and happy as I have only seen her when we've been together. In the subsequent pictures, I could see Mom and Aunt Debbie taking turns sucking on Luke's cock. Then there were pictures of him cumming on both their faces, long ropes of jism splattering their fair skin. Following that were shots of Mom and her sister licking his sperm off each other's faces. The last two shots were of Mom and Aunt Debbie kissing and then of their faces scant inches apart, a streamer of semen running from one set of lips to the other.

All this time, Debbie had been slowly stroking my cock. The sight of my mother and my aunt sharing another man's jism was too much. "I'm gonna cum," I said in warning.

Aunt Debbie looked at Mom and said, "With your permission, Carrie?"

Mom said, "Of course -- we're family!"

My Aunt Debbie lowered her head to my crotch while Mom moved to kiss me. My aunt's warm mouth covered my cock head and began to suck on me as Mom's tongue slipped between my lips. I exploded in Aunt Debbie's mouth as I moaned my pleasure against Mom's lips. I twitched and jerked as my aunt sucked my seed from my cock. As Mom and I kissed, Aunt Debbie murmured her pleasure around my spurting cock. I felt Mom's hand on my cock as well, gently massaging and stroking it while her sister's hand slipped down and gently massaged my testicles.

When I stopped cumming and Mom ended our kiss, I slumped back against the headboard and gasped for breath. Aunt Debbie lifted her head and gave us both a semen frosted smile. Mom didn't hesitate, she leaned across me and kiss her sister. I watched with amazed awe as my mother and my aunt swapped my sperm back and forth before ending their kiss much as they had in the picture. A long strand of semen hung between their lips, finally breaking to splatter against their chins and breasts. With what seemed like practiced ease, they quickly licked my remaining seed off each other's naked bodies.

"Well, that was nice for everybody, wasn't it," remarked Debbie as she slipped off the bed. She picked a wrist watch off the bedside table and said, "Damn, I'm late! If I don't hurry, my dates will give up on me and go home!"

Mom shook her head and said, "Your dates? You don't have to leave, Sis!"

My aunt laughed and said, "Oh, I want you two to spend your first night back together by yourselves! You've been separated too long! Besides, I met the cutest couple a couple of days ago. They're vacationing here from West Virginia and are just my type -- nasty as can be and I love their accents! It reminds me of Kentucky. I promised them we'd get together."

As she spoke, Aunt Debbie was dressing, throwing on a simple short, summer dress, not bothering with a bra or panties. She added a pair of high heels that really called attention to her long, shapely legs.

As she leaned over and kissed us, Mom said, "I feel like we're chasing you off, Debbie."

Aunt Debbie kissed Mom again and said, "Quit worrying, Carrie. Stay here and keep getting reacquainted with your son. Fuck his brains out. Let him fuck his mother's brains out. You never know when you'll get a chance to be together again." She paused and then my aunt's face became serious. "You two are head over heels in love with each other. I could see it from the moment you got here. Do you know how rare that is? Enjoy each other, sister and nephew -- that's an order!" Mom's sister kissed me again and stroked my half-erect cock and as she climbed off the bed, "Now that is one sweet cock, Carrie. You are so lucky!"

Then my aunt was out the door. We heard her fire up her Mustang and roar off down the street. Mom turned to me and pressed her full figured body against mine, her damp pubic hair tickling my cock and said, "I know this was a lot to take in, son. Are you okay?"

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "I got to admit, my head is spinning a little. I mean, you told me sort of how you feel about sex and your desires and joys and I could see that spirit in you New Year's Eve, but to know you were like that when you were my age or younger -- to see the proof of it..." I let my words trail off even as I took Mom's hand and held it. "It's just been so wild, seeing your Mom as June Cleaver and then to know you've had all this bottled up inside you -- wow!"

Mom tilted her head, a worried expression on her face. "Does it bother you, son?"

"No," I replied and I kissed Mom, tenderly and lovingly. "It's just who you are, who you've always been, it made you, you. It made you the woman I love." I pulled her close and kissed her again. "I love you, Mom."

"Are you okay about what you've learned about our family -- about Daddy and Mama Polly and Debbie and me?"

"Yeah, you know me, Mom. I'm a big believer in family traditions." Mom laughed at that and I thought about pressing the question about Grandpa Tom, but decided to ask about something else on my mind. "Mom, were you okay with Aunt Debbie sucking my cock? What if she wants to fuck me?"

Mom reached down and took my cock in her hand. Just her touch alone was enough to begin its recovery. "Well, she did ask my permission and she's family." Mom looked up at me, her expression sexy and mysterious. "We swore to be faithful to each other and I know you would never be unfaithful, but Debbie is special -- she's my sister and we've shared everything that we loved since we were young. If you're okay with it -- I'd love to see you pleasure your aunt. Now if some sweet young college thang comes after you that's not family, I'd rip her to pieces!" She squeezed my cock gently for emphasis. "This fine dick belongs to me!"

We kissed again and I pulled Mom on top of me, enjoying the sensation of her soft, fleshy body against mine. Mom asked, "Are you okay if Debbie and I make love? It's been a few years and she's the only woman I've been with since I married your Daddy. My sister and I have always been close even though we sometimes have spent years apart"

I squeezed her ass cheeks, urging her to run her hairy bush against my cock, seeking to find her wet pussy and slip my hard cock inside my mother. "Like you said, she's family. I know whose bed you'll be in at the end of the day!" I replied. Mom's words had actually excited me and I really had it bad to see Mom and Aunt Debbie make love and to maybe join in. I wasn't sure how Mom would feel about that though, but it was like she was reading my mind.

Mom lifted her ass just enough and I felt her pussy lips swallow the head of my cock. With a happy sigh, my mother slowly lowered herself down on my stiff pole. Her fingernails dug into my shoulders as she shivered and said in

a dreamy voice, "And you would always be welcome to join your aunt and me. We'd make -- mmmmmm -- a wicked threesome!"

Mom words thrilled me even as the sensation of her wet, velvety sugar walls squeezed and massaged my shaft as she eased down to the hilt until her thick bush became tangled in my pubic hair. Mom moaned softly as she wiggled her bottom against me, relishing the sensation of being stuffed full of her son's cock. "How did a mother get so lucky?" she sighed as she leaned in over me, her meaty tits hanging down, thick, erect nipples brushing my chest.

"It isn't luck, Mom," I gasped back as she began to roll her hips as she pressed her knees against my hips, tightening her cunt's grip on my cock. "It was destiny -- God's will. We've been given a gift and we both were brave enough to accept it. What you told me about Grandpa Tom -- he understood it, I think. That between two people who love each other the way we do, there's no way it's a sin in God's eyes."

Mom's eyes welled up with tears and as she leaned down to kiss me, she whispered, "My god, son, you remind me so much of your grandfather!" We kissed with as much passion as we had ever mustered. We embraced tightly as we kissed and as we made love. Mom worked her hips up and down, her pussy fiercely resisting any surrender of any amount of my cock. Her pussy was a molten furnace of incestuous desire, bathing my erect penis in liquid fire.

Our bodies quickly became slick with sweat in the warmth of the Florida evening, I licked Mom's sweat off her neck and inhaled her wonderful jasmine tinted scent as she moaned in response to my movements as I began to match her fuck motions, moans that turned to passionate sobs to not stop. "Mmmmmmmuhhh yesss, John, love me, baby! Love me, fuck me, never stop, fuck me, son forever fuck me!"

Our two bodies became one -- our motions became one, each bringing sweet delight to the other and to ourselves to the point of our pleasure becoming one unified entity. As we kiss and fucked, I rolled us over so that I was now on top. Mom brought her legs up, heels digging into my butt as her arms hugged me tight, wrapping me in her motherly love. I strove to drive my cock deeper into her womb seeking the ultimate depth, the holy place that would bring Mom to the pinnacle of an incestuous orgasm. Our tongues danced and probed as we kissed, our eyes open and staring into the loving gaze of the other, seeing the joy of our incestuous love reflected in each other face.



Speaking stopped, the only noises were our sweat slick bodies slapping together, our muffled moans and gasps and sobs and the sweet, wet sounds as we came together -- son's cock and mother's pussy!

Then together we reached climax, our bodies convulsing and arcing together, an explosion of incestuous delight that spread outward from our joined loins, expanding and increasing in intensity until we were enveloped completely. I bathed the insides of Mom's cunt with my semen even as I felt a flood of her steaming cream flood around my cock. We gave ourselves over completely to our incestuous love and reveled for long minutes in the knowledge that we forever linked to this moment by sharing our love for each other totally and without reservation.

In the aftermath of our lovemaking, I rolled us over again, bringing my mother back on top of me, her naked body radiating the sweet warmth that only fine sex can generate. Mom's pussy held my penis firmly, unwilling to let go, soaking me in the sticky, wet heat of her womb. We again whispered our love to each other and then grudgingly slipped into sleep, still tightly embraced, joined as our hearts were joined, never desiring to let the other go. It was the first good night's sleep either of us had had since I had watched her drive away at the beginning of the New Year.

Late the next morning, we were awakened by the noise of the phone. Mom stirred first, calling out, "Debbie, hon? Are you here, Sis?" Mom was cuddled up with me -- one shapely leg thrown across my thighs. When she got no response, Mom sighed and reluctantly moved away from me and picked up the phone.

"Hello? Debbie? Where are you? You're going where? Miami with Tom and Laura -- uh, huh. How long will you...?" You know we're only here for seven days, right? That's sweet, Sis, but I -- um, we were hoping to spend time with you too." Mom looked at me and rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, that's no problem, Debbie. Have fun. We love you, too."

Mom hung up the phone and rolled back over, scooting as close to me as she could. She nuzzled my chest with her face. "Is everything okay, Mom?" I asked.

Mom let out a sigh of exasperation. "I swear, my sister is a crazy slut!" She turned her lovely eyes upwards to look me in the face. "That couple from

West Virginia she went off to visit? They're off to Miami and then maybe to the Keys. She's not even coming home -- she keeps an emergency bag in her trunk for, as she puts it, 'Whenever she finds a couple of lovers as kinky as she is and wants to get away for a while.'

Mom moved closer and kissed me. "I really think she's trying to be sweet and give us some alone time. That's my fault -- I guess I've fussed a lot about being separated from you for so long. She said to stay here and consider ourselves on our honeymoon."

I kissed Mom back and said, "I'm liking Aunt Debbie more all the time. A week to ourselves at a sunny beautiful beach with the sexiest mother any son could ever hope to find -- sounds like paradise to me!"

Mom cooed at that and whispered back, "Every day with my precious son is a day in heaven!"

And so it went. Mom and I spent the next seven days gorging ourselves on each other as we enjoyed the beautiful weather and the beach. We made up for many cold and lonely nights and deepened the bond that grew between us, becoming more of a couple everyday.

We made love as often as our bodies would allow and worked on our vacation tans in between. Mom became the talk of Aunt Debbie's neighborhood as we strolled back and forth to the beach. I alternated between my new Speedos and my older standard swim trunks while each day we were there, Mom unveiled a new and scandalous swimsuit. My favorite was a technically one-piece suit that was simply a thong bikini with two straps attached that ran up and covered Mom's nipples and most of her areolas and tied around her neck. It was scarlet in color and contrasted well with Mom's light skin and black hair.

I felt honored to have Mom on my arm, parading down the streets to the beach each day, my mother practically naked for all that her swimsuits covered of her bountiful body. I love the simple pride that showed in her eyes as she declared to all that saw her that she was a woman, proud of her body -- unafraid to display it, virtues and flaws alike, to anyone and everyone. I also confess a certain amount of pride as people looked at me, wondering who this lucky guy was who so obviously had the heart of this voluptuous goddess that was on his arm.

The two old chess players quickly became members of Mom's fan club, eagerly awaiting our sojourns to the beach. Mom was charmed by them and

we would pause and chat with them most days. We never out and out said we were lovers, but I did introduce Mom as my mother and both dirty old men had grins a mile wide ever after. Mom free admits that she was responsible for the local paperboy wrecking his bike at least twice that week as well. We may have been a source of scandal in my aunt's neighborhood, but as we were to learn in subsequent years, this was one of the last refuges of pure, accepting hedonism left over from the free wheeling sixties and the indulgent seventies and we would come to cherish this place as a refuge to openly be who we were.

At night we would usually go out to one of the small local restaurants. Mom wasn't dressed as scantily as for the beach, but sexy enough to turn heads. Short denim skirts and scoop necked T-shirts or light cotton summer dresses were the usual apparel for Mom on these outings, bras and panties packed away in her suitcase for the duration of the vacation.

One restaurant, called the Brass Dragon, had a small dance floor and a jazz quartet and several nights, we danced till they closed, moving to the slow, sensuous music. It seemed at times that we were caught up in their slow, languid improvisations, as we moved as one, bodies pressed together in the sultry heat, all but fucking on the dance floor as the band played. It was as if our love was providing them with inspiration.

Our last visit ended as the house lights came up and we and a few other couples ended our dances/lovemaking. The sax player nodded, grinning at us and said, "Pleasure jammin' wit' y'all." He saluted us and added, "Ain't it good to be in love?" All we could do was say 'yes' and thank him for a wonderful time.

We made love at the beach several times (in the water of course -- sand and fucking don't mix all that well, no matter what the movies show you), and we watched several lovely sunsets in the throes of incestuous orgasms. When I look back now, more than twenty-five years later, I think of that trip as one of those perfect moments. It has remained a cherished memory for Mom and me through the years.

We spent our last morning of our trip making love. I woke up just before dawn, intensely aware of Mom's naked body curled up against mine. Just feeling my mother's bare flesh inflamed my senses. As Mom softly snored, I eased my way down, gently urging her to roll onto her back and then gently moving her legs apart.

I could smell the aroma of our last bout of lovemaking, intense as I brought my face close to Mom's hairy bush, our mixed love juices dried in her thick,

hairy muff. I ran my hand through the wild, unruly forest of hair of Mom's mound, finding her slit and slowly running a finger up and down, making Mom sigh happily in her sleep.

Out of instinct, Mom undulated her pelvis up and down against my teasing finger and quickly her thick labia lips began to flower, spreading apart to reveal glistening pink flesh. I continued to run my finger up and down, making Mom wetter with each stroke. "Johnnn," Mom sighed in her sleep. In a sing-song voice, she continued with, "I love you, son." Her hand rose up into the air and fluttered and then dropped again to the sheets. "Momma loves her John."

I eased forward and slowly ran my tongue up the length of Mom's folds of pussy flesh, drawing another sigh. I slowly licked my way around Mom's now very wet cunt, using my fingers to spread her flowered pussy wider, exposing more of my mother. She groaned in her sleep as I fluttered my tongue over her clitoris, urging it out of its hood. I slipped a finger inside her and gently probed for Mom's G-spot. Her lower body was writhing more now. Still asleep, Mom's legs rose up -- she moved her inner thighs in to hold my head in place. I was gobbling her pussy now, slurping up her creamy juices and fingering my mother with knowledge only her lover could have.

Mom began to croon in her sleep, urging her dream lover on -- knowing instinctively that it was me. "Love you, sonnnn! Love me, love your mother. Yessss, John, make love to me darling!"

As Mom neared an orgasm, I returned my full focus on her clitoris, swirling my tongue around her swollen penis-like nub. Mom cried out as the first jolt of her orgasm exploded inside her. Pressing against her G-spot, I felt her insides convulse and then a torrent of pussy juice flooded her cunt.

Mom woke up with a violent start, screaming, "OH GODDD YESSSS MAKE MEEE CUM JOHNNN MAKE MOMMMMMMY CUMMMM SONNN!"

Greedily I lapped up Mom's heavy flowing cream, savoring her sweet taste, returning again and again to tease her clit with my tongue, trapping it gently between my lips and fluttering my tongue over it. Mom's fingers slipped into my hair, alternating between pulling me tighter against her muff and trying to push me away as her sensory system almost overloaded on the intense pleasure I was giving her.

By the time I finished, Mom was helpless, legs splayed widely as she patted her chest and gasped for breath. I was out of breath too, my face absolutely

drenched in Mom's nectar like cunt cream. "That -- that was incredible, John. I thought, ohhh, I thought my heart was going to explode!"

I rested my face on Mom's furry mound, inhaling her fragrance and enjoying the look of utter contentment on her face as she struggled to recover. Finally, I saw that special glint in her eye and I heard my mother say words that will always thrill me. "John, your mother needs more of your good loving. I need my son's cock!"

I lifted myself up and kissed my way up Mom's voluptuous body, tongue running over her massive, jiggling breasts, stopping to tease and suck at her swollen nipples, feeling her rapid heartbeat as I eased myself down as she spread herself wide, rolling her hips upward to the perfect angle to receive my erect penis. "Ohhhh, Mom, you are just heaven on earth -- your pussy so warm and sweet," I sighed as I sank my cock into her welcoming cunt, all syrupy and hot.

Mom tried to raise her legs up and wrap them around my back as she usually did, but she had to drop them and sighed, "I can't do it, son. You've wiped your mother out!"

As I buried my cock in my mother to the root, I leaned down and kissed her, my lips still coated with her own juices. When the kiss ended, I whispered, "Just lie there and enjoy it, Mom. Let me do all the work."

Mom laughed and said, "My hero! Fuck me, son. Give Momma a good fucking this morning."

Like a man possessed, I proceeded to do just that. With my mother spread-eagled on the bed, I began to fuck her as fast and as hard as I could. Mom, already on the edge of orgasm from being eaten by her son, quickly began to sob as my powerful thrusts into her pussy triggered another powerful orgasm. Mom quivered underneath me, barely able to move as cataclysmic pleasure wreaked havoc with her nervous system, rendering her unable to do anything more than just enjoy a good fucking from her lover son.

For long minutes I rammed my cock in and out of Mom's fiery pussy, relishing her almost wordless grunts and groans almost as much as the look of divine pleasure etched on her face. This was my purpose in life -- this was what I was put on Earth for, to give my mother the incestuous and carnal joy that she so richly deserved. As good as Mom's pussy felt wrapped around my cock, the true pleasure was the honor of giving my mother orgasm after orgasm. Being my mother's lover was and is my life's work!

As Mom eased down from her second cock induced orgasm, I eased my pace, taking my sweet time and enjoying the sensation of slipping my meat into Mom's juicy and steaming pussy. Mom moaned appreciatively at the change of our rhythm. After a few minutes, she gathered her energies together and began to respond to my thrusts. Mom gave me a lewd grin as she raised her hips to meet my thrusts

Sweat rolled off my brow to splatter on Mom's bouncing tits and she gave a groan of approval as I ducked my head down and licked it off her massive breasts. Raising my head, Mom's mouth found mine and we kissed hungrily as I tried to make an effort to keep my thrusts slow and controlled. I felt Mom's legs once again trying to rise and wrap around my back, but she still was too enervated for that. I clasped an ankle and lifted her right leg up, draping it over my shoulder. It tilted Mom to an angle and I could feel my hard penis slide along her sugar wall, with more pressure on one side. Mom shivered and in a long drawn out moan, said, "Ohhhhhh, I like that, Johnnnn!"

I began twisting my hips as I plunged in and out of Mom's pussy and could not help but increase the speed and strength of my thrusts and Mom began to gasp -- short bursts in time with the end of each thrust as I buried my cock deep in her womb. Quickly, Mom's gasps turned to sobs.

I reached down and took Mom's left ankle and raised her leg up and draped it over my shoulder as well. Mom cried out, "Oh yessss, baby! Get deeper in me, son! Fuck me deep, John!" I felt my cock plunge deeper into Mom's sodden, furnace like cunt, her legs up and over my shoulders as I curled her up, making us more compact. My hips regained their former momentum and again I was fucking Mom furiously.

Mom began to wail, "CUMMMMINGGG JOHNNN! MAK-MAKING MOMMMA CUMMM! LOVE YOU JOHN SON LOVER FUCKER MAKINGGG MEEE CUMMM!"

I felt Mom's pussy walls tighten around my shaft and then without warning I went over the edge as well and I began to ejaculate my seed deep in Mom's womb. Mom began to spasm as her body convulsed with orgasmic energy. She flung her legs wide and then they fell as once again she was helpless -- a rag doll in the throes of an incestuous orgasm as I ground my pelvis against hers, seeking to deliver my semen as deep within her cunt as possible.

My lips found hers and we kissed wildly and sloppily as our bodies writhed and bucked with carnal delight. It seemed as if I would never stop cumming and I trembled as my cock shot jet after jet of hot jism into Mom's hungry, milking pussy. The intensity of the moment was almost overwhelming and we both had tears in our eyes. "I love you so much, Mom," I whispered. "I can't imagine life without you." I leaned down and kissed the tears off her cheeks.

Mom hugged me tight and whispered back. "I know, John. You've made me so happy. My darling son -- you've brought your mother back to life."

"My god, do you to know how beautiful you two are?" said a soft voice in the doorway.

"Debbie?" Mom asked as we both turned to look. I eased out and off of Mom -- a little spooked that we had been so wrapped up in ourselves that I hadn't heard anyone come into the bungalow.

Aunt Debbie walked into the room, a smile on her face and tears in her eyes. She wiped her eyes with one hand and with the other, reached behind her and released something that let her dress fall away from her, leaving her naked. "I couldn't help but watch," she sighed. "You two remind me so much of Daddy and Polly -- so passionate and in love. I almost felt like I was in church, there's such a divine aura around the two of you."

She climbed up on the bed, kneeling at our feet. "Couldn't let you leave without saying goodbye," Aunt Debbie said. "I had to make sure I stole a kiss or two from y'all before you go."

Mom grinned at her sister and replied, "Just a kiss, Debbie?"

A completely naughty and lusty expression filled my aunt's face. "Well, I hoped I might find mother and son engaged in such incestuous lovemaking as I just watched. I have always had a fantasy about Daddy and Mama Polly that I never got to fulfill and well..." her voice faded as she leaned forward and gently stroked our legs.

"And what fantasy was that, Big Sister?" Mom asked, excitement evident in her voice.

"You and I would be hiding in the shadows, watching Daddy and Mama Polly and when they were done, we'd see Daddy pull his long ol' dong out of Polly's puss, it covered with their juices and Mama Polly's pussy just full of Daddy's jism." Aunt Debbie moved forward, her hands on our thighs now and we scooted to make room for her between us. Mom's sister looked at her and then at me and she winked in such a naughty way that my cock began to throb.

"I always dreamed of finding out what a son's cum tasted like inside his mother's wet pussy." Aunt Debbie sighed and continued, "But Polly was an old-fashioned woman and never even hinted that she'd let a woman touch her, but right here is my sister..." Aunt Debbie moved closer and brushed her hand over Mom's wide open pussy and then she leaned towards me and lowered her head down to my crotch. "And here is her son, just having fucked and waiting for someone to clean them up!"

"Oh my god," I whispered as my aunt wrapped her lips around my semi-erect penis.

"First the appetizer," hissed Aunt Debbie and she sucked and licked my cock clean of my semen and Mom's creamy sauces. Her tongue swirled and probed and had me clean as a whistle and stiff as a board in no time!

"Delicious," she cooed as she lifted herself up and kissed me on the mouth, offering me her cum slickened tongue. She pressed her breasts against mine, her nipples poking me and I could hear her excited heart beating. Aunt Debbie then turned to her sister and said, "You are so lucky, Carrie, to have a son that loves you this much!" She scooted over to Mom and embraced her, their mouths clamped together and kissing hungrily.

End the kiss with a bold lick of Mom's lips, Aunt Debbie began to kiss her way down Mom's voluptuous figure, Mom sighing and saying, "It's been too long, Debbie!"

Mom's sister paused between Mom's wide spread legs. Aunt Debbie breathed in deeply, inhaling the strong and arousing scent of Mom's creamy cunt and my thick load of semen. My aunt flicked out her tongue and then fiercely thrust her face into Mom's pussy, her thick pubic hair scratching Aunt Debbie's cheeks while she hungrily tongued Mom's pink folds, lapping up thick streamers of my semen drenched in Mom's cream.

Mom's hold snapped back as her sister's ministrations on her sensitive cunt flesh immediately began to move her towards the realm of incestuous



orgasm while I stared in awe at seeing for the first time, a woman making love to my mother. My emotions were all over the road -- a mix of jealous, lust and flat out amazement! Mom's hands quickly tangled in Aunt Debbie's bleach blonde hair, keeping her sister in place as she eat my mother out with carnal abandonment. My aunt's ass wiggled back and forth, her bald pussy wet and open, almost winking at me as it peeked out from under her taut ass cheeks.

Mom wordlessly moaned and groaned, her face screwed up in orgasmic delight -- her squeals rising and falling in pitch as her sister induced orgasms ebbed and flowed. Aunt Debbie lapped Mom's pussy furiously for several minutes until she paused and said, "Carrie, if you don't tell your son to fuck me, I'm going to just scream!"

Mom's eyes came into focus just long enough to find me. She tried to speak, but could only huff a little as the tongue lashing her sister was giving her was simply too intense. Mom licked her lips and finally managed a quick, urgent nod before letting out a cry as Aunt Debbie fluttered her tongue against Mom's swollen clit.

I trembled as I struggled to my knees and waddled behind my aunt's upraised and exposed ass. Aunt Debbie murmured, "Yesss," against Mom's pussy as I put my hands on her butt cheeks to hold her steady and to lift her just a fraction as I lined my cock up with her wet and bloomed cunt. Aunt Debbie lifted her face up from Mom's pussy, her chin dripping with cunt sauce and my semen and looked over her shoulder and said, "Hard and fast, sugar! Fuck Auntie Deb until you put a nice juicy load of spunk in my pussy, John!"

As she bent again to lick Mom, she gave a surprised, "OHHH!" as I obliged her and rammed my cock home, burying my erection all the way inside her hot pussy!" My Mom's sister's twat was hot and wet, a little roomier than Mom's, which made me wander about her trip and the friends she went to Miami and the Keys with.

Then it was my turn to give out a cry as her muscles contracted around my cock, massaging my shaft with deft expertness. As I began to thrust in and out of Aunt Debbie's steamy, sopping wet pussy, her sugar walls did their best to impede my progress, clasp to my shaft like sweet, oiled satin. I reached under her and massaged her enhanced titties, marveling at their shape and heft. Eventually, I focused on her nipples, the thin long rubbery things actually exciting me more as I played with them -- they were so long!

Gradually, we all began to move into one rhythm, our moans and sighs in unison as my hard thrusts into Aunt Debbie's cunt, drove her mouth against Mom's pussy, making both women grunt in ecstatic pleasure while I groaned as my aunt's sweet pussy flesh tried to trap me deep within her womb. The room, already fragrant with a week's worth of mother-son lovemaking, became thick with a new scent, completely incestuous in nature as mother's pussy and son's sperm mixed with the arousal of aunt's pussy, all to create an aroma that could do nothing but arouse one's desires.

Mom, writhing in pleasure under her sister's talented tongue, opened her eyes and our gazes locked. My mother managed a grin as we both continued to derive pleasure from both ends of Aunt Debbie's body. Mom's knowing, amused expression, calmed me down a little and it was if we shared secret knowledge telepathically as the three of us continued to make love. Even as we were three, Mom and I seemed to share a special extension of that pleasure, a separate incestuous delight that was ours and ours alone.

Aunt Debbie began to moan more and her body began to shake. As her pussy muscles clamped down around my shaft and her sweet juices coated and bathed my cock in her liquid heat, I felt myself reach the point of no return. My face told my mother everything she needed to know and she nodded and in a lust filled voice, gasped, "Do it! Give Debbie your hot spunk, son!"

With a bellow of satisfaction, I thrust deep into my aunt's cunt and began to cum, flooding her creamy insides with my hot semen. Aunt Debbie gave a muffled squeal as Mom held her sister's head against her pussy as they both bucked and writhed in orgasm.

When I was spent and after I had slowly withdrawn from my Aunt's spasm-racked cunt, and she had collapsed beside me, showering me with kisses, she said between gasps for air, "Omigod, Carrie -- he's marvelous. You are so lucky!"

Licking my lips, tasting Mom's creamy sauces in Aunt Debbie's kisses, I replied, "No, I'm the one who's lucky. I have the perfect sexy mother as a lover, who has a hot aunt as a sister!"

Mom giggled as she caught her breath and rolling up onto her knees, said, "We're all lucky, my darlings. I'm lucky to have a son who knows how to make his mother happy with that fine cock and I'm sisters with a woman who knows the value and beauty of family love." Mom crawled on all fours

till she was able to part her sisters legs, leaving them wide spread as she added, "A sister who at the moment is full of my son's tasty spunk!"

Without a further word, Mom dove between Aunt Debbie's legs and began licking her cunt, using her tongue to draw out thick wads of my semen, mixed with her sister's pussy juices. I watched amazed as Mom showed off just how well she could eat pussy. I think I learned more about cunnilingus in those scant minutes than in a lifetime as I studied Mom's use of her tongue on Aunt Debbie's pussy.

Mom licked my aunt's pussy until Aunt Debbie screamed her delight, her fingers clawing and tearing at the sheets. In a lust induced frenzy, I watched in awe as my aunt scrabbled and scooted around until she was on top of my mother and they wrapped arms and legs around each other in an incestuous sixty-nine, sister licking sister, showing me the depth of their passion for each other. It was a thing of beauty and I confess to moving around, viewing both women from different angles as they ate each other out with incredible familiarity.

By the time my mother and my aunt were spent in their passions, I was again sporting a massive erection, throbbing and aching from previous effort and present hunger. I'm not complaining -- the ache in my cock was the kind that you only achieve through tremendous, wonderful sex of the best kind. It was the same sensation of aching muscles gained through a job or effort that was pleasing to do.

Mom and Aunt Debbie eyed me hungrily for several minutes and then both crawled across the bed like predatory felines stalking their prey. Both women pounced on me and gave me a joint blow job that I will remember the rest of my life. Both women licked and sucked and teased me -- their tongues rolling over and around the crown of my cock and up and down my hard, long shaft. At one point it was as if my cock was trapped between a passionate soul kiss between Aunt Debbie and Mom, their lips surrounded the head of my cock and their tongues sliding deliciously over my swollen head as they sought each other's tongues out.

I almost passed out as I ejaculated, my mother and her sister, dueling with their tongue to lap up my hot, thick semen. When my vision cleared, Mom and Aunt Debbie were sitting there, grinning like two cats that had swallowed the canary.

And then alas, our time was up. Mom and I had to leave shortly afterwards. It was an intense goodbye, full of meaningful caresses and kisses that almost led to us missing our plane. It ended with me backing the rental car

out of the driveway as Aunt Debbie stood naked in her doorway, hollering, "Next time, Little Sister, we don't let your son out of the bed! Make him take his vitamins and keep him healthy or we might just fuck him to death!"

That drew a couple of raised eyebrows as we pulled away. "I guess that might get the neighbors to gossiping," I said, trying not to laugh.

Mom sighed and replied, "I doubt it. Compared to some of Debbie's antics, they might think this is tame!"

As we drove towards the highway that ran parallel to the beach, we passed Mom's two elderly admirers. Mom leaned out the window and called out, "See y'all next time!" and for the hell of it, raised her T-shirt and flashed the two dirty old men.

As we moved on, I could hear one of them holler, his voice fading, "Kid, you're still a lucky motherfucker!"

Mom settled back into her seat and grinned at me, raising her shirt once more for my benefit, showing off her meaty, gourd shaped tits for me to admire, nipples still red from my bites earlier that morning. "He's right, you know. I am the luckiest motherfucker in the world, Mom. Thank you for this vacation."

Mom sighed and leaning over, kissed me on the cheek. "We're both lucky, son." She eased back into her seat and sighed again. "I won't be able to walk right for a couple of weeks, but I can definitely say that I got lucky -- over and over again."

The plane ride back to Chicago was uneventful -- in truth, we slept most of the way back, cuddled up to each other in our seats. It was early evening when we got back to my apartment. We walked down to the Korean grocery where Mom checked in with Dad and the twins, telling them that she decided it was too late to drive back and that she would crash at my apartment. The old man fussed, apparently he was running low on laundry, but Mom told him to deal with it and hung up on him. She sighed and looked at me. "I have less patience with him every day, especially now, knowing I have a better man in my life." I cannot fully describe the way that made me feel, except to say it made me love my mother all the more and ache for the day when we would be together forever.

We went out and had a bite to eat and then went back to my place and fell asleep, both of us worn out from the week's fun and games. Sometime in the middle of the night, we both woke to find ourselves locked together, cock and pussy. Who had initiated it, I'm not sure. It was one of those sweet, dreamy time fucks where Mom and I both only become fully conscious as we are deep in the throes of our lovemaking.

This has always been one of my favorite ways to make love. Emerging from dreams erotic and mysterious to find myself wrapped in Mom's arms and legs, a passionate and incestuous embrace, my hard cock buried deep in Mom's warm, wet and motherly cunt. In the dim light, I see Mom's face, desire and love and sweet ecstasy etched on her face, her calling my name as I slowly and steadily thrust myself deeper and deeper inside her. Orgasm sweeps us both, wrapping us up in our love and pleasure and then allowing sleep to reclaim us, taking us back into our dreams, still joined -- mother's pussy and son's cock, back into dreams of us and our life yet to be lived, our life together.

The next morning, Mom and I finally had to part at least for a while. We kissed for a long time, neither of us willing to let the other go. Finally, Mom kissed me one last time, whispered something in my ear, stroked my face and saying, "I love you, son," climbed in her car.

I watched Mom drive off, her whispered words still echoing in my ear, giving me hope for the future, something to get me through the next several weeks. I watched Mom's car turn the corner and disappear as I listened to her words again.

"John, when your semester ends, you and I are taking a trip. I'm taking you home, son -- home to Mama Polly's. No more secrets, my darling. When we're home, Momma's gonna tell you everything!"

## Chapter 2: Summer Vacation with Mom

Here you go -- another part of the storyline that began with Christmas with Mom & New Year's Eve with Mom. A bit confusing perhaps, but hunt those stories up before beginning the M&S: A Love Story storyline. I want to thank you all for so many wonderful observations and suggestions and questions. I take all your comments seriously and have hopefully addressed a few with this installment -- not all, but some. Stick with us, it will be a long and hopefully delicious ride.

I love that so many of you want this to be just about John and Carrie and the heart of the story is their story alone, but as we weave the razor's edge between fiction and reality, one knows that in life, our lives touch upon many others (unless one is marooned on a desert island and some of Literotica's other contributors have written about that). It will be impossible to not bring others' lives into this as John and Carrie touch their lives and are touched in return. Truth must prevail and to tell the tale truthfully (be it fiction or nonfiction), I must report it as John and Carrie live it.

Again, please keep your comments coming -- you are my inspiration and you give me valuable insight I would otherwise not have. I'll shut up and let the story begin. Enjoy!

"Yesssssss! I love it, John. Harder, son, fuck me harder!" Relishing every sweet second of thrusting my cock in and out of Mom's pussy, I marveled at the situation I found myself in. My mother was bent over our family kitchen table -- a place where I had eaten many a meal fixed by Mom, a place where I had done countless hours of homework. Mom's long, flowery dress was thrown up over her back, revealing her lush ass cheeks and no panties. Her thick pelt of pubic hair was split by thick, pink labia, embracing my cock as I moved it in and out of her wet, clapping pussy. Just the thought that this was my mother I was fucking added to the carnal pleasure I was wrapped up in.

Mom moaned and shivered as she gripped opposite sides of the table, knuckles white with effort as she braced herself as I worked my cock back and forth. My hands slipped underneath the fabric of her dress and found her breasts, unfettered by a bra. I cupped her massive tits, palms rubbing against her thick swollen nipples. "I love you, Mom," I whispered. "I love making love to you -- fucking my mother, making her cum!"

Mom pushed back against me, meeting my thrusts and moaned, "Yes, make me cum, son! Make Momma cum before your father gets home!" I glanced at the clock on the wall -- one of those silly cat clocks with the moving eyes and tail. I realized my father would be pulling up at any second and I did

want Mom to have an orgasm before the old man's presence clouded up the house. "Yesssss, like that. I love your cock, John!" Mom moaned as I started rapidly and violently thrusting into her slick pussy while my fingers pinched at her rubbery stiff nipples.

We heard the loud rumble of my father's pick-up truck pull in off the street and I slammed myself deep into Mom's womb, letting the sensation of her pussy muscles clamping down and milking my shaft take me to the brink and beyond. As I flooded my mother's pussy with my hot semen, Mom moaned and sobbed, "Cummming, son! You are making Momma cum, darling!"

For a few, long drawn out seconds, it seemed as if I wouldn't be able to stop shooting sperm into my mother's womb and even more unlikely that she would be able to release her tight, loving grip on my penis. We both sobbed aloud our incestuous pleasure as we heard the old man's truck door open with a creak and then slam shut.

Mom's body trembled with effort as she struggled to regain control of herself, still in the clutches of her orgasm. We heard the garage door roll upwards and then my father clattering with something at his work bench. As we heard his footsteps come up the short set of steps that led into the utility room next to the kitchen, Mom's cunt finally relaxed enough for me to slip out her wet, hot embrace. Mom spun around, letting her dress fall down to conceal that she wasn't wearing any panties, and bent over to give my still mostly erect cock a quick, hungry suck before yanking up my khaki shorts and kissing me.

When my father walked into the kitchen, I was sitting at the table, a bowl of half shelled beans in front of me. Mom was now bent over in front of the stove, peering in at a roast that she had in the oven. Even as the old man grunted a greeting, I couldn't help but admire Mom's voluptuous ass and smile at the thought that unseen, my sperm was starting to leak out of her wonderful pussy.

Dad glanced at me and shook his head. I guess the fact that a son was helping out in the kitchen was a sign of my lack of manliness. "Where's the twins?" he asked, reaching into the refrigerator for a beer.

Mom turned and replied, "Over at school. They had a briefing today on their trip. They'll be home by dinnertime." My brothers had for several years attended a church camp and now were senior counselors. They would be gone for four weeks, helping out with camping, sports and canoeing activities. They loved it and wouldn't have missed it for the world.

My father grunted and said, "Well, I won't be. Me and some of the fellows decided to get up a summer bowling league. We start tonight."

Mom looked dismayed. "But I've got a roast in the oven! Aren't you going to at least sit and eat dinner with us?"

My father snorted and said, "Nope. I'll get something at the bowling alley. Besides, we're gonna talk about our fishing trip to Montana -- got lots to plan." Dad was planning to take a week's vacation to go fly fishing in Montana with his friends. He hadn't consulted Mom, just told her when he would be going. My father walked out of the room without another word and Mom looked at him with disgust and then shook her head.

I know there was no love lost between them -- that there hadn't been anything but the ashes of a long dead marriage between them for many years. Dad had turned a cold shoulder to Mom long before I became her lover.

Still, one had to admire Mom as day in and day out, she tried to be a dutiful wife and a good mother. Perhaps it was because we were now lovers that I seemed so much more in tune with what was going on around the house and I marveled that my father and my brothers took this wonderful woman for granted. More than ever I could see that my brothers were their father's sons. They came and went, always respectful to Mom, but seeing and treating her like she was more or less the house servant than the most important woman in their lives.

I smiled at Mom and she smiled back, warming my heart and making my cock stir with desire. At forty-two, Mom was in the bloom of her beauty. Her straight black hair framed her face, drawing focus to her blue eyes that crackled with life. Mom had a sexy, Reubenesque body -- her sexy figure dominated by her heavy, pendulous breasts and her still curvaceous legs. It was hard to imagine what was wrong with my father that he pretty much ignored my mother.

He walked back through the kitchen, carrying his bowling ball bag. He finished off his beer while staring out at the back yard. "You finished trimming the hedges, John?" He asked.



"Yes sir." I'd spent the day getting our yard into good shape. I'd trimmed all the bushes and the hedge. I'd even repaired the back gate and fixed a few loose boards in the backyard fence.

"Make sure you clean them shears up before you put them away," my father muttered.

"You're welcome." I replied, sarcasm in my voice. In the light of my love affair with Mom, my contempt of my father was greater than ever.

He glanced at me, frowning and said, "Smart-ass." He turned and headed for the door. "Don't wait up. I'll be late," my father said and then he was gone. We heard his truck start up and move away. On the bright side, that was the most he had said to me at one time since I got home.

Mom moved to me and climbed into my lap. "Your father is such a jerk. I'm sorry he couldn't even pay you a decent compliment about your work."

"It's all right, Mom. What he thinks doesn't matter. The only thing that's important to me is the woman in my arms right now. I love you, Mom. I'm the luckiest man on the planet."

Mom grinned and ground herself against me, her massive breasts feeling wonderful against my chest, despite the fabric that separated us. "I love you too, John." We kissed then, our mouths opening and tongues dancing together in a passionate soul kiss. "And you're the luckiest motherfucker on the planet is what you are!" Mom added after the kiss.

And Mom was absolutely correct. Since Christmas my world had totally turned around. As I watched Mom finish up cooking dinner, I considered how lucky I was. I was in love with the most wonderful woman in the world and wonder of wonders, she was in love with me. I mean love -- not just lust (although we were blessed with that too).

My mother was my true soul mate. When we were apart, I was incomplete, a part of me missing, leaving a tangible ache within me that would not subside until I was with my mother again. When I was with Mom, everything seemed better, brighter, more intensely alive. We could be sleeping, taking a walk or a drive, reading quietly together -- everything seemed better when Mom was around. And I wanted so much for her -- her happiness and well being was now my primary concern. To see Mom smiling with joy made my heart soar. We fit together perfectly, our personalities meshing together to

become one being. At times, it was almost as if we could read each other's minds. I had no doubt then and do not now doubt at all that this was meant to be.

And then there was the lust. In all my days, I've never felt the burning passion for anyone else that I feel for my mother and all these years, I have basked in her carnal desire for me. Neither of us is ashamed to admit that the fact that we are mother and son has made our love and lust for each other all the more powerful. There is almost an indescribable wonder to know that this person you are joining with -- sinking your flesh into theirs -- is in fact your own mother.

There is tremendous carnal satisfaction knowing that as you put your cock inside your mother that you are returning home -- to the flesh of your flesh. I will never know as much sexual gratification with anyone like I have experienced as my mother's lover. Mom feels it as much as I do, insisting to this day that I call her Mom rather than her given name whenever possible. "We are mother and son, after all," Mom likes to say. "When you say, 'I love you, Mom,' while your cock is inside me, son -- it sends such delicious chills through my body!"

And in those early days, that first summer after Mom and I become lovers, there was the added excitement to our lusty desires that we were carrying out our love affair right under the old man's nose! I know that some would castigate us for violating the vows of my parents' marriage, but in truth, Dad had abandoned those vows long before Mom and I first kissed as lovers. I had merely claimed the love of a wonderful woman who had been emotionally abandoned by whom I consider the greatest fool to ever have lived. And I am not ashamed to admit that I to this day derive some Oedipal satisfaction that I had taken my father's place as Mom's husband and lover in every way.

It was early June and I had been home almost two weeks. Mom had driven to Chicago and after spending a night sating ourselves with incestuous sex, we had returned to the town where I had grown up. Mom and I quickly discovered that despite the near constant presence of Dad and my now seventeen year old little brothers, we could not keep our hands off each other. It seemed like every possible moment, we were in each others arms, kissing and making out like newlyweds. We took awful risks, that in retrospect should make us tremble with fright at what we gambled with not to be caught, but we could not resist our incestuous temptations and in those early weeks in the house where I grew up, we made mad, passionate love whenever we could seize the moment.

Several mornings, Mom had rushed into my room and sucked my cock while Dad was taking his morning shower. I had insisted that Mom lose her panties whenever possible and she had taken to wearing long, flowing summer dresses that were easy to lift up and give me access to her constantly wet pussy. Twice I had fucked Mom standing up at the sink while just a few yards away, my father and my brothers were watching the Cubs' game on television. I fucked Mom in my parents' bed while my father and his buddies grilled burgers in the back yard. Many nights, Mom crept into my bedroom and we made love while my father and brothers snored ignorantly in rooms on either side of mine. We knew that at any moment we could be caught and that made our incestuous lovemaking all the more powerful.

Time alone, safe from interruption came soon enough though. The following Sunday afternoon, Mom and I saw the twins off to their church camp, waving goodbye to them as they waved back from the passenger bus carrying them off to Wisconsin and the wilderness church camp that they enjoyed so much. Dad was due to leave three days later, but Mom told him that she was traveling to Kentucky to visit her grandmother's old place and that I was going along to help drive. Dad grunted in his disinterested fashion, too busy preparing for his fishing trip and barely managed to say goodbye when we left early Monday morning.

With each mile we traveled, we became more and more relaxed, enjoying the lovely summer day and each other, able to be openly a couple once again. We drove most of the day, stopping to spend the night in middle Kentucky in what folks call Bourbon country. We spent the night in a quaint, old Bed & Breakfast inn, making love into the wee hours of the morning in an old fashioned brass bed, much older and nicer than the one in my apartment. I relished the image of Mom underneath me, her legs wrapped around my hips as she gripped the brass rails of the headboard while I thrust my swollen cock into her hot pussy, our joined bodies deep in the old soft mattress. The old bed squeaked and rattled with our every movement.

The next morning as we ate breakfast with the other guests, we drew several curious and interested looks from our fellow visitors and I wondered if it was the banging and thumping of the brass bed or our impassioned cries of orgasmic pleasure that had likely kept others awake. Mom blushed like a new bride and I beamed with pride. As we packed our things to go, Mom ran her hand over the brass filigree of the headboard and said, "When we finally are living together, I want us to have a bed like this, son." Mom's words thrilled me. I loved it when we talked about our future -- that Mom and I living together as lovers and husband and wife as well as mother and son was not just a fantasy, but something that would soon be a reality.

By midday, we had moved on into eastern Kentucky, winding our way deep into the Appalachian Mountains. It had been several years since I had been to Mom's childhood home, but I remembered most of the route that took us to her hometown where we checked into a motel for the night. Mom was pensive and a bit distracted, I think anxious to go visit her old home, but it was getting on towards late afternoon and she decided to wait till morning. We spent the late afternoon and evening strolling around the town as Mom pointed out various places of her youth -- her old high school, the still open soda shop where she and Debbie and their friends would hang out, and the now closed Princess Movie Theater.

That night, Mom surprised me when we climbed into bed with a request to just cuddle with her. I was more than happy to oblige her, wrapping my arms around my mother and just holding her naked body close to mine. I could feel her breath on my chest as she nuzzled me and I could smell that sweet aroma of jasmine that seems to cling to Mom as I stroked her black hair. We lay there awake for a long time, not speaking, but just being, comfortable in the silence with the knowledge of the love that existed between us.

The next morning, we got off to an early start, Mom looking absolutely delicious in a strapless summer dress. Having left the old man and the boys behind, Mom had returned to her sexier outfits and was incredibly hot in her yellow dress that left much of her meaty breasts uncovered and although the material clung to her body tightly, it seemed to give the illusion that at any moment Mom might simply pop out of the dress.

We made a few stops along the way -- a flower shop for three bouquets and several miles out of town on an old and narrow road, we stopped at an old roadside grocery to pick up old fashioned bologna and crackers and drinks for a picnic lunch. Twenty miles or so from town, we got off the main road and on to a gravel road that wound up into the hills for a few more miles. From there, we took another gravel road that went steeply up and led us halfway up a hill where we pulled into the front yard of an old house.

I remembered this place well. As a child, we had often visited Mama Polly's home. An old tobacco barn stood up along one side of the hill, the old wood structure leaning dangerously to one side. Mama Polly's house was still in good shape, the walls and windows intact. Mom had inherited it from her grandmother and paid a local man to keep an eye on it and do any necessary repairs.

Mom handed me the keys and I unlocked the front door. It was old, maybe a hundred years or more, built when craftsmen did the work and even a simple place like this had fine detailed work that was evident everywhere

you looked. A two story house, mostly open space downstairs with the living room and dining room running together -- the kitchen and a storage pantry walled off to the western side. Upstairs were four bedrooms and a bathroom (added only in the 1950s -- an outhouse still stands outside).

We walked into the kitchen, Aunt Polly's old wood stove still sitting in one corner and an old, roughly hewed table, made smooth from constant use, in the middle of the room. I remembered what Mom and Aunt Debbie had said about my grandfather and Mama Polly. I pointed to the table and asked, "Um, is that the table where Mama Polly and Grandpa..."

Mom looked at the table for a long time, seemingly lost in thought -- maybe remembering things from long ago. Finally she nodded and gave me a wicked grin. Moving over there, she replied, "Yes, the same table where I first saw my Daddy fucking his mother." Mom leaned over the table on the side that faced a side door and gave me a sultry look. "Mama Polly was leaning over the table like this, her dress thrown up and her front buttons undone with her enormous titties hanging out. Daddy was fucking her hard from behind. Polly was throwing her butt back to meet Daddy's cock. Kind of like what we were doing the other day." Mom wiggled her own voluptuous ass for emphasis and winked at me. "Maybe later, we can recreate the moment!"

I felt my cock hardening in my jeans and in a husky voice, I replied, "God, I hope so!"

Upstairs, we walked through the empty rooms, Mom showing me where on a sleepover at their grandmother's, Debbie had first tasted Mom's pussy. "I imagine Mama Polly heard my moans and squeaks and she knew what was going on, but she left us be." Mom laughed out loud. "The next morning, Debbie's face and mine were so red from rug burn from our furry bushes cause we just kept eating each other out all night long, but Polly never let on that she knew."

Downstairs again and in the kitchen, both of us kept glancing over at the kitchen table. Mom finally turned to me and said, "John, when we're free and clear and able to live our lives as we want, I want us to move back here. We'll fix this place up and make it our home. I love this place -- its home to me and I want to live here with you."

Mom's words made me shiver, not from fear or worry, but with heartfelt delight. In a voice tight with emotion, I said, "Why not, Mom? This place has a feel about it. It understands our kind of love -- it will be a place we can share that love again."

Mom laughed and jumped into my arms, showering my face with kisses and rubbing herself against me. We kissed deeply and I had my hands under her dress, discovering she had abandoned her panties again as I cupped her bare cheeks. Mom had my cock half way out of my pants before she stopped and took a deep breath.

"Whoa, son. We need to wait a little while."

"I want you, Mom." I said with some urgency. Being this close to Mom and not having her for over a day was making me a little horny.

"I know, John. I want you too, honey." Mom moved back into my arms and said, "Can you wait just a little while longer? I need to show you something and talk a little more." Mom's voice was full of desire, but also something else -- need mixed with something I couldn't identify.

"Sure Mom, anything you want," I said, willing my cock to wilt, but not succeeding very well.

We locked up the house and Mom led me on up the old gravel road on foot, Mom carrying the flower bouquets and me carrying the picnic basket. We walked in silence, enjoying the warm weather -- birds singing and insects humming and the gentle rustling of the leaves in the trees. We held hands as we walked and I began to hear Mom humming an old gospel tune -- I wasn't sure of the title.

In a little while, we reached another clearing, one that held a neatly manicured and very old cemetery. The caretaker of Mama Polly's property also kept up our old family cemetery. We walked in and walked among the rows of old tombstones, some barely legible, some with names lost to time. As we approached a newer set of stones, I heard Mom sigh. We stopped in front of a pinkish marble stone that had Mama Polly's name and dates on it and a short sentence below it inscribed, "Nothing so precious as the love of one's mother."

"Hello, Polly, sorry it's been so long," Mom whispered and kneeling, she sat a bouquet of flowers in a marble vase on the side of the stone. I think Mom said a short prayer, but her attention kept shifting to the stone beside Mama Polly's. Mom reached for my hand as we stepped towards it and I saw tears run down her face.

"I'm home, Daddy." Mom said in an almost inaudible voice. We stood before my Grandpa Tom's gravestone. Again, Mom knelt and clearing off the old and dried flowers that were in a small vase, she set the second bouquet of flowers inside. Below his name and his dates, was a short inscription and I felt a shiver as Mom ran her fingers over the words, "Beloved Father." Mom was silent for a long time, studying her father's grave.

"I miss you, Daddy, but I'm doing fine. I brought your grandson with me. I wish you could have met him." Mom reached up and taking my hand, gently urged me to kneel beside her. "You'd like him, Daddy. He reminds me of you. John's a fine young man and you and Mama Polly would be so proud of him. He loves me and takes care of me and I love him too."

Mom wiped her tears and laughed, a little embarrassed.. "I guess you think I'm silly, don't you?"

I leaned over and kissed the last of my mother's tears away. "No, not at all, Mom. I think I love you even more -- this was a special moment." We stayed a few more minutes and then Mom urged me to climb to my feet.

"I love you, Daddy," Mom said. "We'll come back and visit with you more very soon, I promise."

"We promise, Grandpa," I added, my words making Mom's face glow with happiness.

Mom and I visited a few other graves -- we couldn't visit her mother's grave because Granny had insisted on being buried in her own family's cemetery several miles away. We spent a little time in front of a small gravestone, Mom informing me that this was her little brother's grave -- that he'd died of heart problems when he was just two years old. We placed the last bouquet of flowers here.

Mom pointed out various ancestors and told a few stories about our family and then said, "C'mon, son, there's a place on up the mountain I'd like to show you."

Hand in hand, we left the cemetery and instead of returning to the gravel road, Mom guided us onto an old and almost gone footpath leading upwards. It was dark and shady, cooler here as the old oaks and hickory trees loomed over us, providing us with lots of shade.

The trail grew steep at times and I was glad that I was in good shape. Mom, who I knew exercised to keep her legs looking good and to keep her voluptuousness from becoming too much, seemed to have no problem walking the trail either. Mom looked at me and laughed. "When I was a young girl, I could run right up the side of this mountain."

Suddenly we stepped into a small, sunlight glade, surrounded mostly by trees. It was grassy and filled with wildflowers. With songbirds twittering and a gentle breeze cooling it against the sun, it was almost as if God has dropped a little chunk of heaven right in our laps. Off from the trail was an opening in the trees that afforded us with a beautiful view of the valley below. We could even see the old tobacco barn near Mama Polly's old place.

"Wow, this is beautiful, Mom." I said. I turned to see her pulling an old quilt out of the picnic basket. I was surprised to see it -- it was one of Mom's most treasure items, a homemade quilt made and given to her by Mama Polly. She shook it out and laid it on the grass.

Mom knelt down on it and held out her hand to me. "Come sit with me, son." I sat down beside her and then was pleasantly surprised when Mom urged me to lay my head in her lap. I cannot tell you how enjoyable it was to rest my head on Mom's soft thighs, Mom's loving face looking down at me while she stroked my hair.

"This is kind of tough for me, John, so bear with me." Mom giggled nervously, like a child in trouble. "It's silly, I know, considering what has happened to you and me, but still, this isn't easy to talk about, so thank you for being so patient since Christmas."

Mom took a deep breath and began. "You already know about Debbie and myself. We've been lovers since we were teenagers. You know that I had a reputation as a bit of a slut when I was younger." Mom stopped and grinning added, "And it was a reputation that was absolutely true."

Mom reached out and stroked my face, "And, I imagine you've already figured out that Daddy and I were lovers." I nodded slowly. Mom went on, her face intense with a mix of arousal and wistfulness. "I wanted Daddy from the moment I first watched him make love to his mother. I wanted his cock inside me with every fiber of my being and he knew it too -- long before we ever spoke of it. It wasn't just lust -- it was love. I was in love with my father, just as I'm in love with you now. On a spring day just after I turned



eighteen, Daddy and I had a picnic up here, right where we are, son. On that wonderful day, I gave Daddy my virginity."

Mom looked at me carefully to see if I was shocked or upset. I wasn't -- as she had said, I'd put what had been said and unsaid together and it didn't bother me at all. If anyone could understand the joy and happiness that incestuous love can bring it was me. Knowing Mom had known that joy before we became lovers made me happy -- it made me feel better knowing that before Mom endured years with my cold father, that she had already experienced a passionate love.

Mom dropped her hand to the quilt and ran her fingertips over a slightly reddish-pinkish spot, faded with age. "The blood never quite came out," Mom murmured. She looked at me and said, "My daddy took my cherry right here in this spot and on this quilt." Mom's voice quavered as she said, "This place is very special to me. Daddy and I shared many wonderful moments here together that I cherish. I want to share this place with you, now and forever, son."

Silence hung in the air for several seconds, the sexual tension thick between us. "Please, John, help your mother make some new memories."

And then we were kissing, passionately, excitedly. We tugged and pulled at each others clothes as we kissed, our tongues urgently intertwining and caressing. I tugged Mom's dress down, revealing her meaty breasts, nipples swollen, thick and throbbing. My hands were drawn to them, kneading and squeezing her lush tit-flesh. We stood up, our lips never parting and Mom quickly unzipped me and pushed my jeans and shorts down. We finally broke the kiss as Mom shed her dress and I pulled off my shirt and stepped out of my jeans pooled at my feet. I kissed my way down Mom's lush body, nuzzling and nibbling her nipples and then licking my way down across her belly, teasing and making her squirm and giggle as I tongued her belly button.

Once more, I savored the feel of her heavy, thick bush against my face as I kissed my way into her pussy, using my fingers to spread her thick, long lips to reveal her aroused, steamy pink flesh. Mom's fingers tightened in my hair as she urged me to press my face firmly against her wet twat. The sweet, ravenous hunger that I had for my mother flared up and I pulled her down onto the quilt, spreading her out before me, an offering to the incestuous desires of our love.

I moved between Mom's wide spread legs, trailing my fingers up her inner thighs and then under to cup and lift her ass cheeks, rotating Mom's mound

up slightly to bring it into alignment with my body. My cock was so hard it slapped angrily against my belly and as I moved upwards, nearing her hairy mound, I had to reach down and position my cock to place it in Mom's sopping wet flesh.

Mom arched her back, throwing herself into me, impaling herself on my erect and swollen penis as I began to slowly plunge into her hungry cunt. "Yessss, soooo sweet, John! Give Momma that fine dick, son!" Mom pulled her knees back and wide, opening herself up to me as I sank forward, my body coming to rest lightly on her soft, pillow-like breasts, kissing my mother as I began to piston my cock in and out.

In the warmth of the June sun, we both began to quickly sweat from our passionate exertions, making our bodies, both slick and sticky at the same time. It felt so good to have Mom's breasts, slippery with sweat, slide up and down against my chest, her rubbery nipples, hard and swollen, dragging against my flesh. Sweat ran down Mom's face and I licked it off happily, enjoying the taste that was so uniquely my mother's. Mom's pussy was sopping wet with liquid fire, her silky, creamy pussy juice coating my cock, bathing it in sweet, incestuous oils as I plunged in and out of her pussy.

Mom had no inhibitions out here in a place that was so special and sacred to her, screaming out her pleasure as I fucked her. It was a passionate, carnal fuck and I understood now why Mom had made us wait to make love. A day's restraint added new urgency and power to our mother and son lovemaking. Our need was more vibrant, possessing more sexual energy than I would have expected. There was almost a divine aspect to it, we were worshippers in the Temple of Incest, caught up in a religious fervor.

Even though we were both absorbed in the moment, totally devoted to the pleasure of each other, there grew in both of us an awareness, a sense of others, as if we were being watched. Even as we would both frantically and quickly glance around to see who was observing us, before returning our focus to the ultimate joy of mother and son joined cock and pussy, we did not see anyone, but still we knew someone or something was there.

Mom intuited it first and acknowledged it first. "Are you watching, Daddy? Can you see it, Daddy -- Mama Polly? My son is fucking me, Daddy -- just as you fucked your Momma," Mom moaned and sobbed as I thrust my cock into her again and again. "He's wonderful, Daddy! I love my son fucking me! He makes me happy just like you made Mama Polly happy with your big cock!"

I was speechless, partly from hearing Mom talk like this, but also out of awe, because Mom was right. I never met my grandfather and knew Mama Polly only when I was a child, but I felt them -- they were with us, watching a son fucking his mother. They were there in more than spirit, observing, encouraging us, offering us their blessing.

I suddenly knew that if I rolled my hips just a little differently, like so... "Oh God!" Mom moaned, her eyes widening in surprise. I knew that Grandpa Tom had just guided me -- that that little movement was something he'd discovered about Mom many years ago and that to my dying day I would never forget when pleasuring my mother.

Time seemed to slow to nothing on that warm summer day and Mom and I seemed to make love for what seemed like an eternity of sweet, incestuous bliss. We carried on a sacred family tradition until finally Mom's creamy and hot pussy was too much for me and I gasped, "Oh god, Mom! I'm gonna cum -- gonna cum big inside you, Mom!"

Mom's pussy wrapped itself tightly around me, holding off my orgasm for the seconds it would take for Mom to catch up with me, then as the warmth of her slick cunt exploded into furnace heat and bathed me in her incestuous cream, I lost control and flooded Mom's womb with my seed. We embraced tightly as we hunched into each other, cumming and cumming. My cock sprayed wad after wad of semen in Mom's pussy as she screamed, her hands cupping my ass cheeks, pulling me tighter and tighter against her mound.

Tears of incestuous joy rolled down Mom's face as she pulled me close and kissed me over and over. "I love you, I love you, I love you, son," Mom panted over and over. I was rendered speechless, so powerful was our lovemaking and I could only kiss Mom back as we slowly came down from our incredible orgasm.

In the afterglow, we cuddled, talking quietly in that lovely little glade. Mom told me of her love affair with her father and how for a little over a year, they became drunk on each other. Mom confirmed my suspicion that Aunt Debbie also was Grandpa Tom's lover, but that it was with Mom and separately with Mama Polly, that my grandfather shared his heart. I held Mom tightly as she tearfully recounted her father's early passing.

Grandpa Tom had been a strong and healthy man -- a full time coal miner and part time farmer, but for all his strength and love, he had been taken quickly with an aggressive form of bone cancer that late 1950's medicine couldn't combat. It was only then, after Mom had helped Mama Polly care

for and bury Grandpa Tom that she had left this place that she loved so well.

Holding Mom in my arms, I let her cry her old grief out and then vowed to her that we would make this place of her grandmother's come alive again -- make it a celebration of life and love as she remembered it. We sealed our vow with another bout of lovemaking, this time slow and tender, the only sounds beyond the rustle of the breeze and the birds singing, being Mom's slow, breathy sighs as I brought her to orgasm twice before giving her another load of my semen.

At one point as we lay, basking in the glow of our love, I asked Mom, "Having grown up with these experiences, Mom, why were you so hesitant for us to become lovers? I know you knew how I felt about you, even before Christmas."

Mom shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know, baby. It's always hard taking that first big step. Risking your heart is very tough. I was lucky enough to have known real love once in my life. Even though I thought I knew how you felt about your old mother, I could barely believe that I was going to get lucky in love a second time."

"But I am lucky -- I have you, sweetheart and I'm so happy." Mom yawned and cuddled up closer in my arms. "I love you so much," Mom said in a sleepy voice.

Naked and in each other's arms, we fell asleep then, taking a restful nap, safe as we slept, watched over by the spirits of Grandpa Tom and Mama Polly. We woke, feeling well rested and had our picnic in our lover's glade and spent the rest of the day walking around the property, going over Mama Polly's house and talking excitedly about how we would someday set up housekeeping in this wonderful place like a couple of newlyweds.

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We spent the evening in our hotel room, again making love, missing that nice brass bed from the other night, but still making enough noise to draw complaints from the adjoining rooms. We woke up late in the morning, pleasantly tired from our lusty lovemaking. We spent the day touring quaint old antique stores in the area, Mom loving to find odd bits of this and that amongst the clutter, especially little jewelry pins and broaches.

As the day came to a close, I found a little angel broach that reminded me of Mom in Chicago making her snow angels in the park after the blizzard. I showed it to Mom and she cooed happily over it. As my reward, I got a cock-hardening kiss that seemed to go on and on, drawing all sorts of looks from other tourists passing through. Beaming proudly, with Mom on my arm, we took the pin up to the sales station to pay for it.

As the sales lady rang us up, she kept looking oddly at Mom, finally peering over her glasses and saying, "Carrie -- is that you, sugar?"

Mom cocked her head and stared back. Her eyes went wide with sudden recognition and in a shocked filled voice replied, "Emma? Emma Johnson, is that really you?"

I watched with some curiosity as the woman scurried around from behind the counter and embraced Mom. From their excited chatter over the next minute or so, I figured out that this lady and Mom were childhood friends. I assumed she was about the same age as Mom, a little woman, barely five feet tall with a pleasingly round, butterball figure and light brown and gray hair.

Mom finally turned to me and said, "John, this is Emma Johnson. She and I were friends all through school. We sat on the bus together everyday." Mom stepped over and put her arm through mine and said, "Emma, I'd like to introduce you to my son, John"

There was an awkward pause for a moment as both Emma Johnson and I stared in surprise at Mom. There could have been no way Mom's old friend hadn't seen us kissing like the lovers we were and I would never have thought Mom would be so brazen about our relationship with someone else we knew except for Aunt Debbie. Mom for her part stared back at both of us, her face a mixture of pride and defiance. Once more, I was in awe of the deep resolve and strength that dwelled with my mother.

Emma finally broke into a mischievous grin and she shook her head, "Same old Carrie, I see, nothing's changed."

Mom replied, "You'd be surprised, Emma, I sort of lost my way, but I'm finding myself again." She squeezed my arm. "John and I are very happy."

Her friend nodded and her grin turned into a big smile. "I can see that, sugar. Well, I'm happy for you. I know your daddy would have approved."

She stepped up and hugged Mom again. I could barely hear her whisper into Mom's ear, "Good for you, Carrie. I'm glad you're happy."

Mom and her friend chatted for a few more minutes, catching up on others from older times. I was under the impression that not many folks were still around from the old days. Emma told Mom that she was still with her Bill and that both their daughters were off in college and doing well. Mom told her friend that maybe soon, they could get together and visit more. "I'm hoping that within the next couple of years, we will be moving back. We're going to fix up Mama Polly's place and settle down here."

That seemed to delight Mom's old friend and as we left, she called out, "Hey Carrie, if you and your son are still around on Sunday, come out to the old church. We'd love to have you visit. Old Reverend Simmons still attends and I know he'd love to see you."

Mom grinned and to my surprise, she blushed. "Maybe we will, Emma. If we don't make it, give Bill and Reverend Simmons my best."

Outside as we climbed in our car, I looked at Mom and said, "I can't believe you did that. Aren't we taking a risk letting someone else know about us?"

Mom sighed and shrugged. She looked through the windshield as she replied, "Maybe, son. But things are different down here, especially for those of us back in the mountains. We all kept each other's secrets and respected our way of life. That Daddy and I were lovers wasn't exactly a secret in those parts. It happened a lot up there -- hell, it still does, I imagine." Mom winked at me. "Emma's Bill is her older brother."

I felt my jaw drop. "Really?" I said. I glanced back at the store. The thought of someone else actively involved in an incestuous relationship sent a tingle through me -- my cock beginning to swell as I imagined it.

"It's true, son. Its not like everyone here is screwing their relatives, but it did happen a lot back then and I suspect it's still going on today." Mom laughed and again shrugged. "You know all those hillbilly jokes about incest had to start somewhere."

I just shook my head and replied, "Oh yeah, Mom. We have to move back here." I have to admit, but it was a turn on knowing that others knew and accepted that I was my mother's lover. It made my cock hard to think that we could possibly live in a place where everyone would know Mom and I fucked and accepted it.

Later that night, I received another surprise from Mom. We were making love -- Mom slowly riding my cock as I lay under her enjoying the sight of my mother rising and falling on my stiff penis, her pendulous breasts bouncing majestically as she did, Mom's mouth slightly open and an expression of sweet carnal pleasure etched on her face. In the middle of our delicious incestuous fuck, Mom suddenly stopped, slowly sinking downwards until she had all of me inside her. Mom's skin glistened with sweat and the effort had her on the edge of breathlessness.

"Son, I've been thinking a lot about Emma and her husband and the fact that they have two daughters." Mom looked at me a little nervously.

I sighed as I felt Mom's pussy muscles slowly massage my shaft as I remained deep in her womb. "And?" I asked, trying to urge her on.

"We talked about kids before, remember. Everytime we make love, I have this desire that you will make me pregnant."

"Yeah, it's exciting to think about, Mom. But, you've got your tubes tied, right?"

Mom nodded and then bit her lip. Being completely impaled on my cock had her right on the edge of orgasm. "I've had a dream about us having a baby, John."

I smiled. "Tell me, Mom!"

"Actually, I've had the dream twice, darling," Mom replied. "We're together, playing in a grassy field. We have a beautiful daughter, blonde haired and maybe four years old. I can see it as plain as day. You helping her fly a kite. I don't know her name, but I know she is ours."

I felt my heart pounding. Just the thought that Mom and I had a baby together made me love her even more than ever before. "Sounds wonderful, Mom."

Mom looked at me, her face full of arousal and shyness both. "I've talked to my doctor about getting things undone and my chances of having another child. She said it was possible and that maybe I have four or five good years

left." Mom leaned forward, her heavy breasts scraping my chest as she brought her face to mine and her pussy's grip on my cock tightened. "When the twins graduate next spring, I'm leaving your father. The next day, I'm going to have my tubes untied if you say its okay, son. I want to have your baby, John."

I kissed Mom gently, then more passionately as our desire for each other grew. "Nothing would make me happier than to give you a baby, Mom," I whispered when our kiss ended.

Mom cried out as my answer and our mutual desire to bring a life made from both of us overwhelmed her. I felt her juices flooding over my cock, hot and slick as she began to orgasm and I began to cum right along with her, my pleasure increased by the knowledge that we would one day soon make love and create a new life from our incestuous love.

In the afterglow of our lovemaking, Mom resting on top of me, still joined cock and pussy, Mom said between gasps for air, "What will we name our darling daughter?"

I kissed Mom and replied, "There is only one name that will do. We name her Polly, Mom." That made Mom cry and I rocked her until she stopped and we made love once more before falling asleep. That night, I dreamed for the first time about our daughter. We were all on the banks of a stream, Mom and I and our little Polly. No kites this time, but we were teaching her to fish. Mom was right, our daughter would be beautiful.

#

The next day we set off for another place that Mom wanted to show me -- a place that had been special to her in her youth. A two hour drive from Mom's hometown is a natural wonder call Cumberland Falls. It lies within a state park and gets thousands of tourists per year. Mom had talked about it often over the years and I was looking forward to seeing it.

We had a pretty, scenic drive to get there, although the nicest scenery was in the car seat next to me. Mom was looking very sexy in another summer dress, this one that had straps that tied around her neck. It had a scooped neckline so I enjoyed the sight of Mom's lush tit flesh jiggling as we drove along, her clearly visible nipples telling the whole world she wasn't wearing a bra. The material was a red and white checkered pattern and had an old fashioned yet erotic appeal about it. It was short, the hemline well above her knees and showing off her shapely thighs and legs. Mom had her hair in a



set of pig-tails and I told her she looked like a really slutty version of Dorothy from the Wizard of Oz.

Mom giggled and slowly raising her dress, revealed that she wasn't wearing panties again. "Well, son, anytime you want to pet Toto, go right ahead," Mom said, as she ran a hand through her thick, hairy muff.

At the park, we bypassed the tourist shop and strolled hand in hand along the path that took us out to the top of the falls. "I've always loved to visit here," Mom told me as we walked along, climbing a set of concrete steps towards the falls. It was a humid, muggy day and the waterfall produced a mist that felt good on our skin. Halfway up the path to the falls, we came to a broad overlook platform that looked down on the river below the waterfall. Boulders and rocks were strewn along the shore, weedy trees and bushes growing amongst them.

As we admired the view, Mom said, "I always thought this was a romantic place. Like Niagara Falls, but without all the tourist claptrap." Mom put her arms around me and said, "Perfect place to have a honeymoon."

I had a disposable camera with me and I told Mom to pose while I took her picture against the picturesque scenery. I laughed and took a picture when Mom struck a cheesecake pose against the railing, raising one leg up and exposing a nice bit of thigh. I urged her to keep posing while I took several pictures. Mom had fun mugging for the camera. Another couple, maybe in their mid-fifties was on the overlook with us and looked amused as we horsed around.

Mom suddenly turned to the man and said, "Would you mind taking my son's and my picture?"

The gentleman raised an eyebrow when Mom called me son -- we'd been acting more like the lovers we were than the traditional mother and son. Still he said he'd be happy to and I moved to join my mother. Out of instinct, we moved together, Mom hand around my waist, my arm around her shoulders, my hand resting familiarly on the upper swell of her right breast. Mom's body was pressing into mine and our free hands found each other before we said, "cheese."

We chatted a little with the other couple -- they were a couple from Ohio on vacation, Roy and Patricia. They were both fascinated with us as we talked - - no doubt dying to ask us about our relationship, as we called each other mother and son and acted like honeymooners. I think we were turning them

on as they drew closer together as we chatted, eventually holding hands too and Roy's other hand falling possessively on his wife's butt.

We decided to move on to the falls and saying our goodbyes, left them there, watching us curiously as we climbed on, Mom and I holding hands. Near the top of the falls, we were held back from the falls by a safety railing. Even as far back as we were standing, we could feel the power of the waterfall. The vibration of all that falling water rumbled through the rocks and into us. The powerful vibrations were even sexually stimulating -- Mom's nipples went from semi-erect to massively swollen, jutting out from the gingham material of her dress like thick nobs in the fabric.

Mom looked at me strangely after a few minutes and then said, "C'mon, let's go down below the falls." Taking me by the hand, Mom led me down another pathway that wound downwards to the bottom. Here we were quickly dampened by the mist that hung here in the air. We worked our way over the rocks, through narrow passages created by large boulders and clambered over old trees swept over Cumberland Falls and caught up in the rocks below.

Finally in the middle of a tangle of large boulders, Mom stopped in front of a low, flat and wide slab of rock, maybe three feet high. Mom leaned against it and facing me, said, "Make love to me, John."

My eyes widened in surprise and I looked around. "Now, Mom? Right now?"

Mom nodded urgently and replied, "I found this place the first time I visited here when I was a teenager. I always dreamed of my man -- my husband making love to me here in this beautiful place. Mom raised her dress, revealing her furry bush, labia spreading to display her aroused, slick cunt. "I need my son's cock in me right now, John. Please fuck me, son!"

Any thoughts of propriety went right out of my mind and I began to undo my jeans, letting them fall to my ankles as I stepped between Mom's thighs. She spread her legs in welcome to my stiff penis. The head of my cock brushed into her thick, wet muff and I used my hands to take her thighs and lift them, scooting Mom back onto the rock a few inches. My hands guided Mom's legs to go wide and then upwards and I draped Mom's shapely legs over my shoulders as I shoved myself violently inside her slick, molten hot pussy.

"OHHHHH YESSSSS, FUCCCCCKKKK MEEEE, SONNN!" Mom screamed, flinging her head back as I sank deep into her womb. My hands, now free,

quickly undid the neck strap on her dress and I tugged down the front to reveal her bountiful tits, wobbling and rolling as I began to thrust into her hard and quick.

A sneer broke out on Mom's lips and she began to hiss in her excitement as she bucked her hips to meet my thrusts. "Goddd, fuck me, John. Fuck Mommmmmmyeeessss! Give meee that good soncock, baby, give Momma the fucking she needs!"

I ducked my head and found a swollen nipple of Mom's, securing it firmly with my teeth, making Mom moan and shiver as I plunged in and out of her creamy furnace of a pussy, Mom's sugar walls clasp at me, scraping her sauces off my shaft and then bathing it again with her oven-hot, creamy juices. Sweat mixed with mist to dampen our skin, our bodies so hot, the moisture almost sizzled off our skin. Mom's frantic, pleasure filled moans filled me with a terrible, lusty hunger and I rolled and shifted my hips to get more of me inside her roasting, juicy pussy. The humid air grew thick with the aroma of Mom's pussy juices, mixing with our fuck sweat and I inhaled its intoxicating fragrance, adding fuel to my incestuous lust.

Mom moaned and began to orgasm as I ground my cock deep into her womb while tugging on her nipple with my teeth, nearly drawing blood. Mom's body arched hard against mine, almost knocking me backwards, even as Mom's pussy spasmed around my cock. I beat back the urge to cum myself, trying to remember that year's Cub's lineup until I had mastery of myself again. Mom's orgasm had barely begun to fade away before I triggered it again with fast and furious pumping of my cock into her cunt.

I pressed forward, curling Mom up, letting go of her nipple and finding her mouth as I hammered my cock in and out of my mother's wonderful pussy. As we kissed, Mom's screams of pleasure became muffled and muted grunts of joy as our tongues danced and courted each other. Mom raised her hands and her fingers tangled and pulled at my hair. The heat and pleasure building in our joined loins made it difficult to distinguish what parts of us where who's. It was as if our flesh merged into one, our ascent towards pleasure melding together and Mom and I climaxed together, our kiss breaking and we both bellowing our delight together, our roars of passion blending in with the mammoth roar of the falls.

The intensity of each blast of semen into Mom's pussy made my knees so weak I thought I might collapse, but Mom lent me strength with each squeeze of her pussy muscles. We continued to kiss as we orgasmed together, interspersed with little whispers of "I love you!" to each other.

Finally, we gathered ourselves together and I eased Mom's legs down off my shoulders and helped her sit up. Mom's meaty tits heaved up and down as she tried to regain her breath. We embraced, kissing between gasps for air.

Suddenly, we were aware of the noise of applause. We looked around for the source of the noise, but saw nothing. Then Mom looked up and giggled, "Oh my god, John! Look up."

I did and replied, "Uh oh!" Above us was the large overlook platform and there were maybe seven or eight people staring down at us, clapping their hands and whistling. We stared stunned for a minute and then Mom gave them a wave and they cheered her all the louder as her large breasts swayed from her movement. I helped Mom pull up her dress amid boos from our spectators and then yanked up my pants to some boos, but not as many as Mom had received.

We looked at each other like kids caught with their hands in the cookie jar and then Mom said, "We should probably go before someone calls a park ranger."

I laughed and said, "You're probably right, Mom." We moved to go, but I took her in my arms first and said, "But thank you for sharing your fantasy with me. Even if I knew I was going to get arrested, I would have done it anyway." I gave Mom a smoldering kiss to cheers from our fans up above and then we began to make our way out of the rocks.

We didn't get far before we ran into Roy and Patricia, both obviously aroused and Mom and I both immediately sensed that we'd had observers closer than the overlook platform. They both looked as if they were ready to shed clothes and fuck as well. Roy's arm was around his wife, cupping her breast and her hand rested close to his crotch.

They stared at us in something akin to disbelief until Patricia muttered, "That was incredible!"

Mom grinned and replied, "Well, maybe you should try it yourself." Mom raised up the back of her skirt to show off a red spot on one ass cheek. "You might get a little scrapped up on these rocks, but I bet it will be worth it!" Patricia moaned and leaned her face into her husband's chest, even as her hand moved upwards to cup his bulge.

Mom and I grinned wickedly at each other and continued our retreat. Mom's face was beet red and I could feel my face burn as we passed folks on the walkways up above on the way back to our car. A few folks pointed fingers our way or just grinned and waved at us. Despite her embarrassment, I could see an expression of exultation on Mom's face as again she had been allowed to unleash her sexuality in public.

As we drove back to our hotel, Mom kept me hard most of the way, turning to lean against her door and exposing her hairy pussy, her bush flecked with shiny drops of my semen. It was hard to keep my eyes on the road as Mom pleased herself by slowing fingering and caressing her sperm soaked cunt, occasionally slipping a finger into her puss and scooping up a blob of my seed that she would slowly and naughtily suck off her finger, grinning at me evilly the whole time.

I listened as much watched as Mom took her time in bringing herself to orgasm, fingering her sticky pussy and playing with her swollen clitoris. Needless to say, by the time we arrived back at the motel, the car reeked of aroused pussy and my cock literally ached with need.

No sooner did we close the room door than Mom was on her knees, unbuckling my jeans and releasing my cock and taking me into her mouth. Mom knew that I was in need of relief and spared nothing in her efforts to bring me off. My fingers twisted in her hair as my mother rolled her tongue expertly over the crown of my cock before taking my shaft deep into her mouth, her eyes always turned upward to my face, conveying the depth of her desire and love for me. From deep throat to returning to just sucking on the head of my cock while her tongue fluttered like a crazed butterfly over my sensitive glans, Mom literally willed me to give her my sperm and I sobbed happily as Mom made me cum and swallowed my semen like it was the nectar of the gods.

We woke the next day to the sound of rain and we spent the day in our room, making love, ordering delivery food and talking. I was eager to hear more of Mom's past. Mom talked at length of growing up in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and how isolated and remote things were. "We rarely got to town when I was a kid. Folks back in those hollers tended to stay to themselves and despite being God-fearing, religious folk, there was so many currents of rebellious behavior that I suppose still exist to this day." Mom told me.

"Moonshining still goes on and I reckon now some grow 'pot.' And of course, there seemed to be a lot of family loving going on. I reckon back knowing maybe five or six families that had someone involved with someone else. Even our hellfire and brimstone Reverend Simmons was married to his

sister. He preached to us that all love was good in God's eyes -- that love is the perfect form of worship and most people followed that line of thinking, including Daddy. We weren't some cult, though -- a man that raped or forced a woman or girl in these parts could find himself dead awfully quick."

Mom trailed a finger across my chest. We were lying naked on the bed, heads propped up with pillows. "How about Granny? How did she feel about all this?"

Mom sighed and said, "Momma had a hard life growing up and she didn't trust love of any sort. I'm sure she knew about Daddy and Mama Polly before she married him. Daddy and Polly cooled things off once Daddy married Momma, but when our youngest brother died, Momma changed. She just withdrew from everyone like she was afraid she'd get hurt again. I think she became afraid to love anyone, especially us. Daddy turned back to his mother finally."

"She just pretended not to know about Daddy and his mother and about Daddy and me later on. We didn't flaunt it in her face, but she did know. All those years afterwards though, she never let on, never mentioned it once. If it really bothered her, she never said. I think in some ways, she just couldn't bring herself to risk her heart again." Mom shrugged her shoulders. After Frank started to withdraw from me, I think I understood Momma better and for many years I thought that hers was the life I was condemned to lead." Mom looked into my eyes and smiled brightly. "But I was wrong wasn't I? I was just waiting for you and now you've rescued me!"

Mom leaned into me for a kiss and we made love, slow and sweet, Mom moaning, "Thank you, son," over and over the whole time that I was thrusting my cock into her steamy cunt. As I sank my cock into Mom's welcoming flesh over and over again, I knew it should have been me thanking her, that I had so many things to be thanking her for. For bringing me into this world, for raising me to be the person I was, for being brave enough to again leap into this magical world of incestuous love and make all our dreams come true.

Later on in the evening as we lay in each other's arms, fuckswat slowly drying on her our bodies and slowly getting drowsy, I asked Mom, "So, what would you like to do tomorrow, Mom?"

Mom didn't say anything for a few seconds, but finally replied, "Well, baby, tomorrow is Sunday, isn't it?" She rose up and looking me in the face as she slowly stroked my cum-sticky cock said, "How would you feel about taking your mother to church?"

### Chapter 3

This place was something out of an old country-gospel song. A small clapboard church, painted white with a small, but tall steeple, situated in a holler between two low mountain ridges. Mom and I were sitting on hard wooden benches about mid way up the sanctuary, holding hands as the minister, a scrawny, middle aged fellow with a bobbing Adam's apple, held forth in a sermon about God's love for us and that love was what our world lacked most.

Mom squeezed my hand as the minister emphasized with a slapping hand on his podium that, "An' love just ain't overflowing in this sinful world and when you find love, you need to embrace it and hold it as tight as you can, for it is sure to be a sin in God's eyes for anyone to let love, which is his most precious gift to us all, to let love be lost and abandoned."

Several of the church's parishioners murmured a fervent amen and I glanced at Mom, the sight of her making my heart beat just that much faster and I said in a heartfelt whisper, "Amen." The look my mother gave me in response made me fall in love with her all over again and to be honest, gave me an erection right in the middle of the church service.

Mom had asked me to take her to church and I was happy to do so. We had gotten up early and we had drove deep into the mountains of Eastern Kentucky to take Mom's friend, Emma up on her invitation to attend church this sunny Sunday morning -- the same church Mom had been raised up in. It was a beautiful day -- yesterday's long rain scrubbing the humidity out of the air and making it a day to be thankful just be alive, not to mention sitting hand in hand with the woman you loved.

Mom looked lovely as always. She was wearing the most conservative of her sexy outfits that she had brought with her on our trip, but it did nothing to nullify her sheer sensuous beauty. Mom's longish black hair was pulled back in a French twist that draped over her right shoulder. She was wearing another yellow sundress that had a squared scoop neckline that put the upper portions of her voluptuous breasts on proud display. The hemline was just above her knees and showed off her shapely legs in a way that drew the eye of every male with a pulse and not a few of the females around as well. Mom was lovely and exuded sex, but in truth, I think Mom would have looked sexy in a polar suit.

We had been greeted warmly by the minister, a Reverend Golwell, who announced our presence early in his remarks to the church before beginning his sermon. "We are so gratified to have our sister Carrie back amongst us today, her and her son John and we hope they will visit us

again. Sister Emma tells me they are considering a move back to our beautiful state and Lord willing, maybe soon we'll see them every Sunday."

There were several murmurs and cranings of necks to check us out, the murmurs seeming to be positive in tone. Emma Johnson smiled happily at us from the choir loft and for not the last time, I marveled that someone else knew about Mom and I being lovers and they wholeheartedly approved. When the choir finished its last song and they returned to their seats while the last refrain played out, I looked with great interest as Emma sat down next to a tall, middle aged man a little older than her. They both smiled approvingly at Mom and me as Reverend Golwell began his sermon.

It sent a thrill through me to know that Emma and her Bill were brother and sister, that we weren't the only incestuous lovers around. I could see the family resemblance in them from the color of their hair and eyes to the shape of their noses. As Reverend Golwell preached, I would let my eyes wander over the worshippers and tried to imagine who else sitting here might know and understand the love that Mom and I shared.

After the service, many folks came by to greet us or to catch up with Mom. As Mom chatted with several folks, I stood by her side proudly, holding her hand as she introduced me to various old friends or neighbors. I had no idea how many might know or suspect that Mom and I were lovers and soulmates, but each seemed to greet us as a couple and I found that wonderful and arousing, although I was a little embarrassed as my slacks did nothing to hide the bulge of my erect cock.

As we walked down the steps of the church entrance, an old man tottered up to meet us at the bottom, his arm held and supported by a woman maybe fifteen or twenty years older than Mom. He was short and slightly built, his hair white and thin and he was wearing glasses with coke bottle lenses, magnifying his eyes into enormous orbs.

"Why, Carrie Hamilton! You've gone an' grown up!" the old man said in a voice that belied his years.

Mom squealed with happiness and said, "Why, Reverend Simmons! I didn't see you when we came in. It's so good to see you!" Mom hurried to the bottom of the steps and gave the old man a careful hug. He cackled and hugged her back hard.

"Yessireebob! Little Carrie Hamilton all grown up, pretty as ever and with a handsome young man!" He turned to the woman beside him and remarked,



"Why, I can remember baptizing this little girl when she was eleven years old. Her daddy was so proud."

Mom blushed with happiness and introduced me as her son. Reverend Simmons shook my head gravely and said, "Your Mom is just a wonderful woman, but --" and he paused and winked at me, "But I reckon you already know that." He turned again to the woman on his arm and said, "Carrie, you remember my youngest daughter, Melinda?"

"Pleased to meet you, Carrie -- John," Melinda said. "Papa, I doubt Carrie would remember me. I moved to Detroit about the time Carrie was a little girl." She smiled at us and said, "I came home to live with Papa when Mama died."

"Oh Reverend Simmons, I didn't know! I am so sorry to hear Miz Simmons passed on!" Mom reached out and hugged the old man again. "Marilyn was a wonderful woman!"

An expression of sadness passed over the old man's face. "Yes, I miss her everyday, Carrie." Then his expression brightened as he turned and smiled at his daughter. "But my Melinda has been by my side every day since these last nine years or so and we've been very happy." He reached over and kissed his daughter on the cheek and she beamed with happiness.

A thrill shot through me as I read a lot into his remarks. Mom had told me that Reverend Simmons had married his own sister and now I had to wonder if he had the same loving relationship with his daughter.

Melinda seemed to read my mind and almost confirmed my speculations as she grinned unashamedly and replied, "Yes, Papa has made me a happy woman these past years," she nudged him and added, "He's pretty spry for such an old coot."

Reverend Simmons guffawed and said, "Why, I'm just hittin' my prime. My old daddy lived to be one hundred and ought-three and I'm just eighty-four!"

At that moment, Emma Johnson walked up with her husband and invited all of us to eat with them at a local restaurant. We all agreed to meet up there in half an hour. Once Mom and I were in the car, I looked at her and repeated my remarks from a few days earlier. "Mom, we have got to move here!"

Mom laughed as we pulled out of the gravel and dirt parking lot and onto the highway. "Yes, we wouldn't be a scandal around here, would we?" She gave me directions for this restaurant we were heading for, apparently a local legend for fried catfish dinners.

"Son, I am as wet as you are hard from all this." Mom exclaimed as I drove us along, pulling up her dress to show me her yellow thong bikini, the small patch of material dark and wet and her inner thighs glistening faintly with her arousal. "As soon as we get finished with dinner, I'm going to take you somewhere and rape you." Mom said in a teasing voice. I could only groan and it took all my willpower to tear my gaze away from Mom's full luscious thighs and pay attention to the curvy road.

The restaurant was in a dilapidated old building with old, well used tables and chairs, but the food was exquisite. It was a remarkable dinner with Mom and Emma and Reverend Simmons dominating the conversation. Along with the talk of old times and remembered friends and family were a lot of knowing glances at each other and a few times I had to stifle a giddy impulse to just stand up and shout, "ISN'T INCEST JUST FUCKING GREAT!" But I knew there was no need to really say it. Our glances at each other -- the knowing smiles said it all for us. The topic never came up at the table and I came to realize that although we all were thinking about it, for the Johnsons and the Simmons, this was normal life. I both envied them and found myself eager for the time when Mom and I would be able to share their honest and wonderful lifestyle.

Mom's face was flushed and she kept glancing at me with a needful look in her eyes. There was almost a visible vibration to her -- one I had come to recognize as intense sexual desire. I knew that if I slipped my hand up her dress that between her legs I would find a molten mound of wet pussy flesh.

After the table was cleared of our dinner dishes and we were waiting on dessert -- "Apple Pie from Heaven!" drawled Bill Johnson, I excused myself to go to the restroom. I was just shaking off at a urinal and idly thinking that for an old rundown restaurant, they kept their restrooms clean, when I heard the Men's door open and Mom gasped, "Get into the stall now, son!"

Before I could say a word, Mom had pushed me into the single stall in the room and closed and latched the door behind us. Mom threw her arms around me and kissed me hard and passionately, her tongue demanding entrance into my mouth to dance with my tongue. I felt my cock quickly harden as Mom pressed her voluptuous body against mine.

I need you right now, John!" Mom moaned, pushing me back and dropping the lid down on the toilet seat. "I need to feel you hard inside me, son!" In a flurry of hands, Mom had my slacks unbuckled, undone and pooled down around my ankles. Then Mom reached under her sun dress and stepped out of her thong bikini. She hand it to me and I was amazed at how it was positively dripping with her cunt cream. My cock stood at full attention as Mom pushed me onto the toilet seat, hiked up her dress and straddled me.

"Fuck me, John. Give Momma that big dick right now," Mom moaned before kissing me again.

"Ohhhh, Mom -- yessss!" I managed to gasp as Mom's sweet, hot syrupy pussy engulfed my rigid dick and she slowly slid down my erection until her wet, hairy cunt ground against my pubic hairs. Any other words I might have spoken were lost as Mom's luscious tongue rolled over my own as we kissed passionately.

"Mmmmmgodd!" Mom moaned as she squirmed happily on my cock, her pussy flesh massaging my throbbing shaft. She kissed me firmly, finishing it with a deliciously lewd lick of her tongue across my lips. "Sorry, son. I couldn't hold out any longer. I was about to start screaming!" She began to slowly rise up and down on my cock. "God -- mmmmm, I may have to scream anyway. I love your cock so much, John!" Mom sighed.

I had my hands on Mom's waist, helping her piston up and down, trying to make each moment of my mother's pussy being wrapped around my dick last as long as possible. There is nothing that matches the sweet, sinful sensation of your mother's pussy sliding wetly and steamily around your swollen cockflesh. "I love you, Mom," I gasped as she rode me slow and sweet.

"I love you too, son!" Mom whispered back, her voice strained and halting as incestuous pleasure began to overwhelm her. "My sweet, precious John -- my lover -- my son, Momma loves you too!" The heat from her aroused pussy was incredible and Mom was so wet -- her cream flowing into my crotch -- drenching our entangled pubic hair. The wonderful aroma of Mom's wet cunt wafted upwards, making my nostrils flare.

Mom's slow movements began to pick up speed over several minutes until she was riding me hard, her calf muscles bulging as she worked herself back and forth atop my erection. Mom and I stared into each other's eyes as we kissed and said sweet nothings to each other. I saw my own love and lust reflected in my mother's beautiful eyes and then the need, the urge to

orgasm. Mom's pussy tightened around my cock and her fingernails dug into my shoulders.

"J-John, I'm going to -- ohhhh yessss, I'm goinggg to cummmm!" Mom wailed and then she spasmed on top of my, lifting her feet off the floor, allowing her own weight to drive me as deep inside her womb as possible, her knees rising to press against my hips. "Yessssss, makingggg me cummmm!"

Mom's pussy closed tight around my pussy, bathing it in a flood of her molten cunt juices and spurring me on to orgasm. I buried my face against Mom's mostly exposed breasts, my lips kissing her soft, fleshy globes as my cock began to jerk inside Mom and fill her with my hot semen.

Mom and I gripped each other tight, rocking in synch as only lovers can, basking in the sweet delights of our incestuous lovemaking. We gazed happily into each others eyes as we slowly got our breath back and fuck sweat cooled on our bodies making us shiver delightfully.

It was with regret that Mom finally climbed off of me, moaning softly as my cock slipped free of her clasping cunt with a juicy plop. I felt a hungry twinge of resurgence as Mom stood over me, an angelic smile on her face as she held her dress up with one hand while cupping her sex with the other. "My god, son -- that was quite the load!" Mom murmured as she gently rubbed her pussy and then brought her jism covered fingers up to her lips and quickly slurped my semen off them.

Mom reached over and took back her juicy panties and deftly stepped into them. "I can't believe I did that, John," Mom giggled. "What will those people out there think?"

I shrugged as I stood up and kissed Mom while buckling up my pants. I could taste myself on her lips, making my cock stir even more. "I'm sure they'll be thinking that we've been doing exactly what we have been doing. Does it really matter?"

Mom laughed again, glancing in the mirror and trying to fix her sweat dampened hair. "I guess not. In truth, its making me wet again just knowing that when I walk back out there, those people will know my pussy's full of my son's sperm."

I stepped up behind her, pressing my bulge against her soft rear end. "Yeah, it's making me hard again too." I paused as I wrapped my arms around Mom. "No, you're making me hard, Mom. I love you."

Mom wiggled in my grasp and kissed me quick, saying, "Down, tiger! We'll have time again in a little bit, maybe. Right now, our dessert is growing cold."

I slipped a hand under Mom's dress and palmed her panty covered mound, feeling the wetness, worsened now by my load of spunk. "I dunno, Mom. My dessert feels mighty hot!"

Somehow, Mom managed to escape my grasp and redfaced and giggling, we both returned to the table where the others were already eating their apple pie. Reverend Simmons beamed up at us and said, "Sorry, we started dessert without you." He looked at us over his thick lenses and waggled his thick eyebrows lasciviously and continued, "Or maybe you two already had something sweet?"

There was some general guffaws and his daughter, Melinda smacked him softly on the arm and said, "Now, Papa behave yourself." I felt my face burn and Mom grinned and said nothing, taking a bite of apple pie with her right hand while her left slipped down and caressed my inner thigh.

We enjoyed the rest of dinner and then slowly ambled our way out of the place -- Bill Johnson and Reverend Simmons having a good natured, but spirited argument over who was picking up the check. I found myself alone with Melinda on the front porch of the restaurant, her appraising me carefully. For a woman of maybe fifty five or sixty years, she was a lovely woman, with a small, trim figure, Sandy blonde hair going to gray, and brilliant green eyes that were filled with laughter.

"So, John -- how long have you and your mother...?" She let the question trail off and smiled at me knowingly.

"Um...since this past Christmas," I replied, feeling my blush begin anew.

Melinda smiled at me as she stepped up and took my hand and gave it a gentle squeeze that was somehow both comforting and exhilarating. "Ahhh. Why, you two are still honeymooners!" she said and then let out a sigh. "I remember how it was when I came home to take care of Papa. For a while, I

thought I'd moved in with a teenager." We both turned at the sound of her father's voice as he came through the doors arm in arm with my mother.

Melinda leaned into me a little, her small pert breasts brushing against my arms, nipples small and hard like stones. Her eyes were fixed on Reverend Simmons as she said softly, "And for a man his age, he still surprises me."

"Any regrets, Ma'am?" I asked in a quiet voice.

Melinda slowly shook her head and said, "Not at all. Well, maybe that I wish I had come home earlier than I did. Every day with Papa is heaven to me." She turned and looked me directly in the eye. "Is that the way it is for you and your mother?"

I was surprised to hear myself almost choke up as I replied. "Yes, I love her more than anything in the world."

Melinda smiled and nodded. "Then that's all that matters, doesn't it?" She stood up on tip-toe and gave me a peck on the cheek. "I'm glad we got to meet y'all. I hope you and Carrie do move down here someday. Someday soon."

"Now, boy, you're not trying to steal my daughter, are you?" Reverend Simmons said in mock anger, grinning as he spoke. "I can't have that -- I'd have to fight you!" The old man held up his fists and waved them about. "Melinda's mine!"

I held up my hands in surrender and laughed. "No, sir! I would never come between a man and the most important woman in his life!"

We looked at each other in complete understanding and he nodded. Taking Mom's hand from his arm, he placed her hand in mine and said gravely, "Neither would I, John. You and me, boy, we're been blessed." He held our joined hands between his own for long seconds and then said, "May the two of you know nothing but happiness all your days!" I shivered as he spoke, looking into Mom's eyes. The love I found there was almost overwhelming and I felt like we had taken vows -- that our love had just been blessed in a holy way.

Our goodbyes in the parking lot were long as no one really wanted the enjoyable afternoon to end, but finally we began to climb back into our cars.

I shook Reverend Simmons hand after helping him climb in his daughter's van. "John, you take good care of your mother, she's a good woman." Before I could respond, he tugged me by the arm, pulling me close and said in a stage whisper, "Besides, a woman that can suck cock like your mother deserves nothing but the best."

"Papa! I swear!" I heard Melinda gasp. "You're awful!" Reverend Simmons winked at me as she pulled away and I turned to see Mom turning red and trying not to laugh as we climbed into the car.

She giggled nervously as we pulled out onto the road, trying to look me in the face, but then looking away. "Something you'd care to share, Mom?" I said in a teasing voice.

Mom looked at me and rolled her eyes. With a tinge of pride, she replied, "I believe my sister and I already told you that I was a slut when I was young and back then that I never met a cock I didn't like -- or want to suck."

"Including Reverend Simmons?" I said sternly.

Mom licked her lips and winked at me. "Especially Reverend Simmons -- that man had a nice cock on him." Mom relaxed in her seat and idly ran her fingers over her lips. "He was kind of like a surrogate father after Daddy passed away. He was a handsome older man. I was helping him clean up the church one Saturday afternoon and -- well, I made a pass at him that he happily accepted. I sucked his cock for the first time right there on the church altar."

Mom smiled at the memory and then glanced over at my stunned expression. "Jealous, honey? Mad at your nasty Mom?"

I tried to focus on the road as I shook my head. "Jealous? I guess a little. Not angry though." I glanced over at my beautiful mother. "The truth is, just imagining you doing that back then, has me as hard as a rock." I rubbed my crotch for emphasis. "I can't wait to get you back to the motel."

Mom squirmed in her seat and said, "Mmmm, sounds like fun, honey, but -- can we swing by Mama Polly's house one more time? You think you can keep that big ol thang in your pants till we get back to our room?"

I gave a mock sigh of exasperation. "I suppose so," I replied in a long suffering tone.

Mom laughed and undoing her seat belt, leaned over and kissed my cheek, letting her tongue roll upwards to tease my ear before easing back into her seat. "You're a good son, John."

The house was as we had left it. Mom and I strolled around the place, making suggestions as to how to remodel it to be suit our needs. Mom had brought in a tape measure and had me write down dimensions of doors, windows and some of the rooms. As we worked, we seemed to get into each other's way a lot -- leading to lots of brushing and rubbing against each other, each of us grinning and as it went on, pausing to kiss with each kiss more passionate than the last.

We found ourselves in the kitchen where Mom was measuring a window and I hovered behind her, bumping up against her -- my cock hard in my pants, rubbing against her firm buttocks. Bumping became grinding and then the grinding became an embrace - my arms wrapping around Mom, cupping her meaty breasts through her dress, my thumbs rubbing against her exposed tit flesh in the deeply cut neckline.

"God, John, you know that makes me crazy," Mom murmured, pressing her ass back against my groin as I began to nuzzle the back of her neck, slowly working my way around.

"That's the idea, Mom. You're so sexy I just cannot keep my hands off you!" Mom eased her head back, resting it on my shoulder, allowing me to kiss and lick the hollow of her neck and then kiss my way up to her lips. Mom opened her mouth and our tongues met and began their familiar dance. As we kissed, my hands went into the neckline of her dress, easing her meaty tits out of their half bra and then out and over the material of the dress, giving my mother a sluttish appearance as her heavy, pendulous breasts sloped proudly against her chest. Mom groaned happily as I began to pull and twist her thick nipples.

As we embraced and made out, I gradually turned us around and walked us carefully over to the kitchen table. Mom knew exactly what I was up to and began to giggle as we reached the old wooden table. Mom playfully nipped at my tongue as our kiss ended and she looked at me with her loving eyes and said, "Does my son want to fuck Mommy on the kitchen table like Daddy used to do to Mama Polly?"

For an answer, I pushed on Mom's back gently, bending her over the table. I slipped her dress up over her back, revealing her shapely legs and meaty



ass, cheeks bare in her sexy little thong. I kissed Mom's bare skin as I squatted and slowly pulled Mom's panties off of her. I inhaled deeply as Mom's arousal was quite evident -- her aroma strong and enticing. Mom stepped nimbly out of her sopping wet thong and spread her legs, revealing her dripping wet pussy, labia flowered open -- a beautiful, exotic pink flower nestled in her thick bush.

"Ohhhhhh!" Mom gasped as I pressed my face into her mound, my forehead pressing into her soft ass cheeks as my tongue found Mom's dripping cunt and lapped her slit from bottom to top. Mom's juices quickly coated my face as I feverishly licked her sweet, sodden pussy. My hands ran up and down Mom's shapely legs, feeling them quiver with excitement and nervous energy.

"Please, son. Fuck me," Mom moaned, thrusting her hips back into my face, urging my tongue ever deeper. "Fuck Momma -- fuck me now!"

I took one last slow and long lick of my mother's soaked vagina and then rose to my feet, tugging my slacks down to my feet as I did so, baring my cock which was hard and throbbing and aimed right at Mom's fiery cunt.

"YEEESSSSSS!" Mom screamed as with one brutal thrust, I slid effortlessly home inside her, Mom so wet and aroused that it was like sinking into hot butter. Mom leaned forward as I pressed myself against her, grinding my groin against her backside, seeking to bury my cock deeper in her welcoming pussy. My hands encircled Mom, coming to cup her hanging tits, finding her nipples hard and rubbery against my palms. I squeezed and massaged Mom's huge breasts and savored the feel of her hard nubs against my hands.

Mom and I were both deeply aroused, not only because we were in the midst of another incestuous dance that had become the center of our lives, but because of where we were -- this kitchen, an almost holy shrine to the dedicated incest that had been born of this family, where so many times before a mother and son had reveled in each other -- become intoxicated in the pleasuring of each other.

I sensed almost immediately that thanks to our romp back at the restaurant, I was capable of an extended bout of lovemaking and I wanted to give my mother every moment of incestuous pleasure her heart desired. I settled into a steady rhythm of thrusting into Mom, enjoying the sweet, fiery and velvet sensation of her cunt flesh tightening and loosening around my shaft as I plunged into her motherly pussy again and again -- allowing Mom to call the tune.

Long minutes passed as the room filled with the noise of our now sweaty flesh slapping together, Mom occasionally calling out, "Harder -- faster," or "Slower, son, slower!" It didn't take long for the room to begin to echo with the sounds of Mom's gasps of pleasure building to an orgasmic scream. I held on, taking deep breaths and resisted the urge to cum myself as Mom's cunt contracted tight around my cock and bathed me in her steamy juices as Mom convulsed in orgasm.

Mom rested her arms on the table and I used my leverage to support her as she gasped for breath and tried to regain control of her quivering body. After a glorious minute in which I luxuriated in the sensation of her still pulsing pussy, I slowly began to thrust in and out again, pausing only to whisper in her ear, "Mom -- that was for Grandpa."

Mom jerked a little in surprise and then turned her head to gaze at me and whispering hoarsely, "I love you, John." I gave Mom a slow, steady fucking, increasing speed gradually as her moans began to build. I could feel her juices being forced out of her cunt by my thrusting cock and slowly trickling down our thighs. My fingers were now pulling and pinching Mom's swollen nipples, almost like I was trying to milk her large udders.

Mom's second orgasm came on quickly and erupted in full glory as again her motherly cunt clamped down around my throbbing penis and Mom thrust herself back into me, meekly crying out, "Deeper, John! Make me cum deep inside me!" I hugged her tight against me, my lips kissing her lovely neck, the sweat pouring down my face as it took a visible effort not to cum inside Mom's molten pussy. Mom's hands clawed the table and came to rest in dim depressions that seemed to fit her fingers perfectly. In a moment of giddy imagination, I wondered if those places had been formed over the years by Mom's grandmother gripping the kitchen table while her son had fucked her.

Mom was taking in big gulps of air as I again leaned over her and whispered in her ear, "Mom -- that was for Mama Polly."

"Oh son," Mom wheezed, her whole body quivering as I again began to fuck her. At first, Mom was sprawled helpless before me, her orgasm wracked body exhausted and I spurred her on towards her next orgasm as I fucked her hard, slamming my cock in her as she moaned approvingly, no longer capable of words. As orgasm approached, Mom's energy renewed and suddenly we were both flinging our bodies together, lost in our lust for each other, determined to become one great mating beast like two great jungle cats.

"Fuck me, baby!" Mom sobbed, flinging her head about, the sweat soaked strands of her dark hair lashing my head and chest as I plunged deep inside her womb. I felt her pussy again begin to tighten around my aching shaft as her pussy was flooded with her creamy juices and I knew that my own resistance was about gone.

Gritting my teeth, I spoke slowly -- a single word with each hard thrust. "And. Mom. This. One. Is. For. You. And. Me!" I plunged my cock deep into Mom one final time and as she reached the peak of her climax, with a great growl of incestuous satisfaction, I yielded to my own needs and began to cum, spraying great jets of hot semen inside my mother's orgasming cunt.

Once again our pleasure took us away from the world to that wonderful, heavenly place that our lovemaking took us -- a universe that was inhabited only by us in our incestuous ecstasy, save maybe a couple of loving spirits that had begun this family tradition of incest. Mom and I clung to each other through the highs and lows of our intermingled orgasmic pleasure, kissing and whispering renewed vows of love to each other.

When I came back to reality, I was leaning on the table and Mom was on her knees, tenderly licking my cock clean of our juices, her exposed breasts swaying hypnotically as her tongue rolled over my cock, licking up streamers and streaks of our mingling fluids

I helped Mom to her feet, kissed her as I wrapped my arms around her, tasting us both on her lips and comprehending in my heart how this was meant to be.

"That was lovely, son," Mom said softly, looking up into my eyes. "The first time we've made love in what is going to be our house."

"The first of many good times, Mom. We're going to be making love in this -- our home for many years to come." I kissed Mom tenderly. "We'll grow old in this house -- maybe even raise our daughter here."

Mom shivered a little with delight. "Anything's possible -- after all, despite all the odds and obstacles, we both found our way to each other -- taboos be damned." Mom kissed me passionately then and then with her eyes blazing with desire and need, "I am going to give you a child -- no maybes about it! We will raise our daughter here!"

We slowly pulled our clothes together, Mom giving up on her bra altogether and shoving it in the glove compartment when we left. My mother looked incredible, glowing with that "I've been well fucked" glow and with her hair slightly unkempt and the smell of sex around her, radiating an aura of motherly sexuality about her. I felt privileged just to be with her.

We were mostly silent on the drive back to the motel. I would glance over at Mom and she would be smiling back at me, giving me that look that told me just how much and passionately she loved me. I could live my whole life and be just happy to have Mom look at me like that. Central to it was that motherly smile that I had enjoyed my whole life, but now wrapped around it was a sexuality that completed it and made it something greater. I've said it before and I will say it now, "I am the luckiest motherfucker in the world!"

That evening, we talked about our travel plans. We were in no particular hurry to get home -- Mom had taken two weeks off from work and the twins would be a camp for another three weeks and even Dad wouldn't be home for at least a few more days. We decided to take a leisurely return route back.

When we went to bed that evening, Mom and I just cuddled. We had shared a long, hot bath and Mom confessed that she was more than a little sore. We snuggled under the covers and watched television and talked quiet lovers talk -- mostly about the incestuous attitudes of folks down here and about Mom's sluttish ways when she was younger and how she felt for years like she had sleepwalked through life before our coming together released the real her.

We were both drifting on the edge of sleep when Mom looked into my eyes and said, "You know, son. For months, you've been discovering all about my sexual adventures, but we've never really talked about your sex life."

Yawning, I stifled a laugh and said, "What do you want to know?"

Mom snuggled up to me and kissed me. "Everything, John. Tell Mommy everything." Then she yawned and said, "First thing tomorrow."

#

The morning began with me waking up to one of the sweetest sensations any son can ever know -- his mother giving him head with such loving affection

that it borders on sheer bliss. "Ummm, wow! Good morning, Mom, I gasped, reaching down to caress her head.

Mom was staring up at me with those beautiful eyes, lips wrapped tightly around the head of my cock while her tongue did a butterfly dance around my sensitive flesh. With a loud, sucking pop, she released my penis and replied, "Good morning, John. I hope you don't mind -- I'm hungry and I couldn't wait for breakfast." She took me in her mouth again, her eyes never leaving me as she sucked on my dick.

"Oh, I'm ummm, Mom, you can sure suck cock!" I moaned as Mom slowly deep-throated my shaft and then slowly rose up again.

Mom again released me and said, "So, time for you to fess up -- who was the first woman to suck your cock?"

It seems incredible that I would feel myself blushing about fessing up who was the first person to give me a blowjob while my mother was actually sucking my dick, but I felt my skin burn as I said, "Bonnie Jones -- my senior year of high school."

Mom released me again and said, her eyebrows raised, "That cute little girl with the long, black hair that was president of the Chess Club?" She shook her head and then continued, "So, how was she?"

I had to laugh and then moan as Mom tongued my shaft. "Well, Mom -- you know how guys look at it. Even a sloppy blowjob is a good blowjob."

Mom snorted (and weirdly, that felt really good), and released me again, a little sliver of precum strung between her lips and my cockhead. "Okay...tell me, who was the first person to give you a good blowjob?"

Again, I felt almost embarrassed as I replied, "Um, that was Darlene Thompson at the 24/7-Mart. Um, again, my senior year."

Mom raised her head and looked at me in disbelief. "Darleen Thompson? Dark haired, mid thirties, big tits, used to be married to that mechanic on the south side?" I nodded and Mom shook her head. "Son, I swear. You were barely eighteen -- what were you doing letting a woman almost as old as me suck you off?" Mom stopped, realized how silly her question was and then

said, "Never mind." Mom went back to sucking me, loving me with her tongue and mouth until I was clawing the sheets.

Mom stopped again, giving my cock a loving lick as it slipped from between her lips. "How many women have sucked your cock, John?" Mom asked before slowly rolling her tongue up the back of my shaft, my nerve endings exploding as her wet, velvety flesh lapped at my skin.

Have you ever tried to think clearly while your mother circles her tongue around the head of your penis again and again? Finally, I stammered, "Um, I -- I think twelve before you did, Mom!"

Mom laughed and said, "Only twelve? Lord, son, I bet I sucked twice that many my senior year of high school alone." She gently rolled her teeth over my cockhead. In a coy voice, she whispered, "So, who was the first woman who allowed you to cum on her face?" Mom nipped my cock and said, "Tell me about it."

Again, I felt myself blush as I said, "Professor Veronica Black, my political science professor -- sophomore year." I had to smile at the memory of my middle aged, recently divorced professor being so amused when I acted shocked at her request and then happily taking my semen in her face. I describe to Mom how Professor Veronica had been on her hands and knees - her roly-poly figure deliciously sexy in a black widow corset, her large, sagging breasts swaying back and forth and her long salt and pepper hair, usually kept up in a prim bun, now wild and unkempt from our torrid lovemaking. Professor Veronica had an angelic smile on her face as jet after jet of my semen had splashed across her face until it looked like she was wearing a sperm facial, her tongue snaking out to lick up as much of it as she could."

As I talked, Mom really began to work on me, her mouth doing unbelievable things to my erect penis. As I neared orgasm, Mom stopped and in a hoarse whisper, asked, "And out of everyone, who was the best cocksucker?"

I sighed and replied, "No question about it, Mom. You're the best."

Mom grinned and said, "You're damn right, I am. Nobody sucks cock like Momma!" She returned to loving on my cock and within seconds, my mother's tongue had me shouting her praises as I came in her loving mouth.

Afterwards, when I could finally speak and Mom was cuddled up with me, her heavy breasts pillowing against my chest, I said, "I have to say, Mom, I like your interrogation techniques. You want to know anything else?"

Mom smiled mysteriously and said, "Well -- we'll see what comes up as the day goes by, okay?"

#

We packed up and decided to just mosey our way back north, stopping whenever we felt the need, driving on old two-lane roads that meandered across Kentucky and simply enjoying each other's company. Mom had on mid thigh high denim skirt and a pullover cotton top with a very low and revealing neckline. Forsaking modesty, Mom had gone braless today, the cotton molding itself to her voluptuous breasts -- her nipples semi-erect and clearly visible against the soft cloth.

As we drove through the country side, I would glance at Mom, who forsaking her seat belt, was curled up on the front seat, leaning against the locked car door and watching me. We would chat for a while and then ride silently. I kept my speed down so I could look at Mom whenever it suited me. As the morning sun began to rise high, I happened to glance over at my mother only to see her fingers running lightly over the top of her right breast. With each successive glance, it seemed that more of her breast was exposed until finally I looked over and realized that she had tugged the neckline down and allowed her meaty tit to escape. Mom was playing with the nipple, now swollen and engorged with blood.

Whose breast was the first you ever touched, John?" Mom asked in a dreamy voice. She then laughed, "I mean after I suckled you as a baby."

"Oh that's easy, Mom. High School -- Judy Marrero one evening after a football game. We were necking under the stands. She let me get my whole hand up under her sweater and bra. She had nipples like little pencil erasers," I answered.

"I remember her," Mom replied. "She married the Winston boy, didn't she?" When I nodded, Mom nodded too, almost absently. "Tell me about the first time you sucked a woman's nipple."

I began to reply, but let my foot off the accelerator to watch as Mom hefted her breast upwards and licked and then sucked her own nipple. It took me a

minute to get my head back together. "Um, it was Gina Allison -- the secretary at the distributorship?" I replied. Summers and back in high school, I worked loading up soda drink trucks for a local bottling and distributing plant. I described to Mom how Miss Gina, a 40ish buxom bleach bottle blonde who was known around the plant as rather "friendly" had cornered me in the break room one day and teased me by baring her breasts and offering to let me suck on them. I had been scared out of my wits, but managed to suck on the hot blonde's long, thin nipples. Before it had gotten any further, I lost control and came in my pants. Apparently, this really disappointed Miss Gina and she never tried anything with me again.

Mom chuckled at my misfortune and then tucked her breast back into her blouse and was silent for awhile.

We stopped for lunch at a roadside park, just a wide spot off the road with a couple of picnic tables and a rusty charcoal grill leaning precariously to the north, all of which was nestled in a shady grove of trees. Mom and I had it all to ourselves except for some nosy squirrels and a few robins and a pair of mourning doves. The day was hot and sticky and we both quickly had a sheen of sweat glistening on our bodies.

Mom finished her soda and ham sandwich that we'd picked up in a little country store a few miles back and then climbed up onto the table, stretching out her shapely legs while I finished my bologna and cheese sandwich. I reached out and caressed Mom's leg, letting my hand drift upwards above Mom's knee.

I let my fingers disappear under Mom's denim skirt and as Mom said in a sing song voice, "Be careful," I discovered that Mom had no panties on. My fingers slid through her thick forest of pubic hair and Mom sighed and spread her legs slightly, allowing me to discover her wetness.

"John, tell me, whose pussy was the first you ever touched?" Mom wiggled a little to adjust my access to her moist lips.

"Um, that was Bonnie Jones again -- she of the sloppy blowjob. Bonnie had virtually no hair on her pussy. I was totally shocked. I'd already peeked at you and thought all women had a beautiful full bush." I paused and gave a chuckle. "Actually, I think I was more disappointed than shocked." I slipped a finger into Mom's pussy and slowly circled it inside her hot wetness.

"Mmm -- uh hummm. Was she the first girl you ever fingered, son?" Mom had closed her eyes and was smiling.



"Yes, I was so excited and we were both scared to death, but I wanted to touch it so badly and I wanted to make her happy after she'd sucked my cock."

Mom sighed and replied, "I raised you right, didn't I. You are so considerate, trying to make sure that you please your woman. Did you eat Bonnie's pussy?"

"No, she wouldn't let me. I fingered her -- she was a virgin, I could feel her hymen, but she did cum -- sorta and seemed very pleased by the whole experience.

Mom began to move, forcing my finger out of her pussy. She swung around so she was sitting right in front of me, her legs straddling me on either side. Mom lifted up her jean skirt and revealed her pussy to me. Perspiration mixed with her juices to make her thighs shine. Her thick muff glistened with wetness and her labia lips were spread wide, revealing Mom's tender cunt meat, dripping with her arousal.

"So tell me about the first time you ate pussy, son." Mom said in a whispery voice, full of desire and need.

Again, I felt that awkwardness of telling my mother about my earlier escapades, but I plunged right in, even as I palmed Mom's hairy pussy and resumed fingering her. "It was right after I graduated, Mom. Remember when you asked me to mow Janet Gibson's yard for her that summer because her husband was away for some accountant class for six weeks?"

Mom gasped and I knew that I had at the very least shocked her. For years, Mom and Janet were best friends -- we lived just four houses down from Janet and her family back then -- they moved to Colorado two years ago. At the time, Janet's husband was gone, both their daughters had already graduated from college and had moved on. "You went down on Janet Gibson! My friend, John -- you ate my friend's cunt?"

Mom was almost speechless and I thought she might get mad, but she sat there getting wetter around my fingers as I described how Janet, a handsome black-haired woman then in her late 40's had come on to me and how after giving me a nice blowjob, had let me lick her pussy until she began squirting pussy juice into my face. Mom began to moan as I gave her all the details -- of how Janet kept her bush trimmed into the classic 'V' shape and how she had long, thin labial lips that she loved to have sucked and how her clitoris was almost two inches long when aroused. "I don't

think she was very experienced at having her pussy eaten, though -- she didn't give me much direction, just kept begging me to lick her," I told Mom. "Janet really just liked getting her pussy eaten."

Mom groaned and leaning forward, entangled her fingers in my hair and pulled my face downward to her crotch. Mom's cunt was soaked and her juices were warm and delicious as I happily yielded to Mom's fervent gasps to "Eat me, John. Eat my pussy -- make Momma cum!"

I ravaged Mom's pussy with my tongue, hungrily slurping up her juices as I kissed and nibbled and licked at her steamy cunt flesh. Mom's bare legs came up and over my shoulders, her ankles crossed as she tightened her thighs around my head. I could hear the doves cooing in the trees, accompanying Mom's moans and cries of delight as I ate her pussy. Her cream was sweet and tangy -- her pungent aroma inflaming my desire, my need to both please Mom and to savor her succulent pussy.

Mom was so aroused that it didn't take long for the air to fill with her screams of incestuous delight as I licked her to orgasm, her mound bucking up into my face, trying to get my maddening tongue deeper inside her excited flesh. I evilly kept licking her long after Mom began to beg for me to stop, sobbing, "It's too good, baby -- Mommy can't take it anymore, I'll explode."

I finally stopped and as the squirrels scolded us for our naughty commotion, I savored the sight of my Mom, hairy pussy exposed to the world, spread-legged on that picnic table, trying to catch her breath. Just when I thought Mom couldn't get any sexier, she would (and still does), prove me wrong.

I put away the rest of our picnic trash while Mom lay stretched out on the table, essentially naked from the waist down, smiling and humming as she enjoyed her after-orgasm glow. She was still humming when we returned to the car, pausing when I opened the car door for her to say, "I cannot believe my son went down on my best friend!" before kissing me, tasting her own wetness that was still drying on my face.

Our little picnic had us both smiling and content for many miles. Mom watched me drive with an expression of love and happiness that would make the crankiest person smile. As for me, I loved watching my mother, sitting casually in the passenger seat, sometimes intentionally flashing me and other times unaware that I was able to see her beautiful hairy cunt.

Our quiet loving moment endured for many miles until we pulled into a small town and Mom's eyes got wide as she realized we were heading back to the bourbon country bed and breakfast we had stayed at a week before.

"John? Are we -- oh, son, I love this place!" Mom exclaimed.

I smiled, pleased with my surprise. "I called while you were in the shower this morning, Mom. I even got us the same room -- with that brass bed we fell in love with."

"Awww, baby," Mom cooed, leaning over to kiss me as we stopped in the parking lot. "I love you, son!" she sighed as we kissed and kissed and kissed some more. Mom finally broke the kiss and grinning at me said, "Mom is going to fuck her baby good tonight!"

We got ourselves checked in and unpacked for the evening and then went out strolling hand in hand through the small town's business village which seemed mostly to be made up of antique shops. Mom and I drew our fair share of curious looks as we carried on like the lovers we were, but we paid them no mind. In a sense, for the moment we were in our own little romantic world.

We ate in an old restaurant that specialized in southern fried foods, but we were both too occupied with each other to do more than nibble at our food. I kept waiting for Mom to continue her line of questioning, but she said little and we just let the real world fade away while we spent most of the meal holding hands and gazing into each other's eyes. Everything we really needed to say was in the looks we gave each other. "I love you, Mom, more than anything." "I love you, son. You are my life." Unspoken, yet we heard each other's words crystal clear.

Back in our room, we began to kiss and slowly dance as the music from a bluegrass waltz played somewhere outside and drifted through the bay windows of our second floor room. As we danced and our tongues played, clothes began to slowly fall away until finally Mom and I were naked in our swaying embrace -- her full, luscious body growing increasingly warm against mine.

We continued to move as the kiss ended and Mom said softly, "Tell me about the first time you made love -- who was it with?"

"Um, that would have been Darleen Thompson, Mom." My cock throbbed against her belly as I found myself both embarrassed and aroused at telling my mother about losing my virginity.

Mom laughed. "Again with an older woman! She was what, twenty years older than you?"

"More like eighteen years, Mom. She was thirty-six or thirty-seven." Mom had danced us over onto the bed and pushed me down on the bed, climbing on top of me and straddling me. I could feel her wet muff brushing wonderfully against my hard-on.

"Tell me everything, John," Mom commanded as she rubbed her sex against my stiff cock and then deftly rose up and took me inside her. It took more than a minute for me to compose myself as my entire being was occupied with the sweet sensation of Mom slowly burying my cock inside her wet, steaming pussy.

In halting tones, I told Mom how we'd been talking one summer evening when I had stopped to pick up a drink and a sandwich after work. We chatted and flirted and she just happened to be going off shift in a few minutes and she suggested we go for a drive.

"Mmmm and so my eighteen year old son just decided to go traipsing off with a woman twice his age, huh?" Mom sank down on my cock till she could grind herself against my crotch and then smiled down at me, slowly trailing fingernails across my chest. "I wonder what prompted that?"

In between growing gasps, I told Mom how we wound up at the park and in the backseat of her old Cadillac and how after giving me a wonderful blowjob and then sucking me until I was stiff again, Darleen Thompson had fucked me until we had both were sweaty and out of breath and gasping from an incredible orgasm.

Mom was riding me steadily by now and was leaning over me, letting her swaying tits brush my face as she held onto the brass railing of the headboard. "I hate that I wasn't your first, John, but I'm realizing something."

I was thrusting upwards now, anxious and needing to have my aching erection buried in the warm comfort of her silky, hot pussy. "What's ummmm -- that, Mom?"

"Everyone you've told me about -- almost all of them, are similar, young or old. Dark hair, full bodied or big titted...sound familiar?"

I could see where Mom was heading. "Yeah," I replied, gasping for breath.

Mom flexed her cunt muscles making me almost cry from the sweetness that was wrapped around my cock. "Who -- mmmm -- who was the last woman you fucked before me, son?" Mom had me at the edge of orgasm and held me there, quivering with delight, aching for release of our incestuous desires.

"Molly -- Molly Cash, Mom. She's in some of my classes."

Mom looked down at me intently, flames of love and maybe jealousy in her eyes. "Describe her, John. Describe this Molly you've been fucking."

"Oh god, Mom," I moaned. "Mo-Molly is black haired, short -- maybe, five foot, three. Big heavy boobs like -- oh, Mom, like..."

Mom sighed and with sweat dripping off her face and splattering on my chest, finished my sentence, "Like me -- like your mother." Mom kissed me and whispered, "My baby wanted to fuck Mommy so bad, you went out and fucked women who look like me, didn't you?"

Mom's pussy flesh squeezed me again and I couldn't hold back, exploding with a massive gush of hot cum as I cried out, "YESSSSSSS!" I thrust upwards, burying my cock deep in Mom's fiery womb and released my seed, relishing every sweet second of incest inspired pleasure my mother was giving me.

Mom begin to sob and moan as my semen splashed her cunt's inner walls. "Oh yesss, John! You were always fucking Mommy, weren't you? I love you, John! OHHH, I love you so much -- and now you can fuck me forever, baby!" Mom began to convulse with her orgasm and the old brass bed banged and squeaked as she held onto the headboard as she came and came again.

"Momma is all yours, son, we're lovers for the rest of our lives," Mom gasped as she squeezed the last of my semen out of my cock, holding my softening member inside her even as she let go of the bed and collapsed on top of me.

We kissed between gasps of air and luxuriated in the mutual heat of our sweaty bodies.

Mom's thighs pressed tightly against my legs and her arms went around my neck as I pulled her tight against me. I always treasure these moments as our lovemaking winds down when we cuddle and savor our post-orgasmic moments. Hugging each other so tight, we almost become one is such a spiritual moment -- one of peace and safety and so incestuous -- what son doesn't feel loved and safe in his mother's arms? "I love you, Mom -- always and forever." We fell asleep still in our embrace, both of us dreaming wonderful things about our future.

I awoke several hours later to find Mom curled up by my side, one soft thigh draped across my legs and one finger idly and gently tracing lines on my chest. Mom sensed that I was awake and said, "I love you, son."

"I love you, Mom," I replied.

"I've been thinking about what you said today -- tonight. I've been thinking about your other lovers," Mom said, her voice a little odd.

"Um, are you okay with everything?" I asked.

"Yes. No." Mom sighed. "I'm so jealous that that woman Darleen took your virginity, but when I think about you being with her and those other women, I get so turned on -- so wet between my legs. I wish I could have been there - - to have seen your first times with a woman." Mom rose up on one elbow and looked at my face in the dim, early morning light. "Does that make sense?"

I raised my head and gave Mom a soft kiss. "Yeah, it does. I feel jealous whenever you've told me about your younger days like with Reverend Simmons, but it always makes my cock hard -- you make my cock hard, Mom."

Mom nodded and said, "So, I'm curious. Who is this Molly?"

I laughed and said, "We met about two years ago -- we had the same biology class and she came up to me one day in the library and asked if she could copy some notes." I stroked Mom's face. "I hadn't noticed her in that big auditorium class, but right away I was turned on by her. She looks a lot like

you, Mom and has this sexy Tennessee hillbilly accent that reminded me of your Kentucky twang. I reckon the feeling was mutual because we fucked that same evening."

"Is she somebody special? Did I -- did we screw something up between you two by becoming lovers?" There was more than a trace of concern in Mom's voice.

"Oh no, Mom. We are really good friends, we care about each other, but mostly, we're just fuck buddies -- good in the sack together and we enjoy each other's company. We were never going to become more than that -- truth is, Molly prefers gals more than guys."

Mom grinned and made a cooing sound. "Oh my. She sounds fascinating. When -- when did you last see her? I mean, when did you two fuck last?"

"Um, it was Thanksgiving weekend. I worked that week, remember and didn't come home for the holiday." I laughed. "She was a little put out with me when we started back to school after New Years. I told her I was seriously involved with someone from home and we couldn't fool around anymore"

"Really?" Mom sounded a little shocked.

"Really, Mom. I made you a promise. You're the woman I love -- I don't want or need another woman."

"My sweetheart," Mom sighed and kissed me, this time long and hard, even as her hand slipped down my chest and found my semi-erect cock. "Do you miss her? Do you miss fucking Miss Molly?"

Laughing, I replied, "Not really -- she was great in the sack, I can't deny it, Mom, but what I miss is fucking you when I'm off at school and you're back home."

"You smooth talking motherfucker," Mom giggled as she stroked me to a full erection. "Is Molly still mad at you? Has she forgiven you yet for leaving her high and dry?"

"No -- she's over that. She didn't speak to me for about two months, but we sat down and talked it over. We care for each other too much to let something like sex get in the way."

I paused for a moment remembering Molly's bright, smiling face as we sat in the Student Center over cups of coffee back in early May. Molly had too much of a good spirited nature to stay angry although she was still mildly irritated over, well, as she put it, "C'mon, sugar, the least you can do is introduce me to your lady love that stole your heart and that fine dick away!"

"Molly's still a little miffed that I won't tell her who it is I'm seeing or introduce her." Mom rolled over onto her back, holding onto my cock to direct me to climb on top of her.

"Awww, sounds as if I royally screwed up a couple of people's love lives." Mom sighed as she spread her legs wide and rolled her hips a little so that the head of my cock was now nestled between her slick, claspings labial lips.

"Well, maybe our becoming lovers messed up Molly's sex life, but I'm happier than I've ever been and I'm right where I want to be." I grinned as I said it and as I slowly sank my cock into Mom's wonderful pussy.

"Mmmmmm, yessss. "You're right where I want you to be too, John." Mom brought her legs up and crossed them behind my back. "I love you, son." We began to move together, slowly, savouring each motion of my cock in and out of Mom's cunt. "Still, I feel bad for your friend." Mom closed her eyes for several seconds, biting her lower lip as I slowly buried myself all the way inside her, our gentle motion making her meaty tits roll back and forth.

Mom suddenly opened her eyes and in them I could see incestuous desire and something else, something naughty and adventurous. "John, this fall, I want to meet her. When I come up to visit, I want to meet your friend, Molly."



## Chapter 4: Mom Comes for Homecoming

I think that I now understand a little better the hell that addicts go through while in withdrawal. After a summer of daily sating my desires for my mother, I was in tears as I watched her drive away from in front of my Chicago apartment building, knowing that tonight, tomorrow and for an unknown number of long, lonely days, I would be deprived of the company of the great love of my life.

Mom had driven me back to Chicago on the last Friday of August, planning to do some shopping, but we both found ourselves literally unable to leave my bed -- our impending separation looming over us like a prison sentence. We didn't wander far from bed from the time we arrived until Sunday afternoon, both hungering for each other in ways that transcended mere sex; knowing that the near future would bring only brief, guarded phone calls and letters.

Sunday morning found us waking together, bodies sticky with perspiration from the summer heat despite the best efforts of my rickety air conditioner, and sticky from our lovemaking throughout the night. I think we both had begun to make love once more even before we woke up. I realized with great happiness that Mom and I were wrapped in each other's arms, kissing, our tongues intertwining as our bodies began to intertwine.

Silently, we kissed and caressed each other until finally I was above Mom, gazing down at her beautiful, lush body -- her magnificent breasts heaving and rolling as she breathed heavily in anticipation, spreading her shapely legs wide, her thick hairy muff glistening with her juices as she arched her pelvis upwards, her labia flowered and inviting, making my cock ache with the need to become buried in her satiny warmth and wetness. Mom's bed-tousled hair, long and dark spread out like a halo around her head, making her an angel of incest, blessing my bed with her presence.

I thrust into my mother with delight, savoring the wonderfulness of her pussy flesh surrounding; swallowing my penis within her womb, Mom's arms coming around my neck as I came to rest on top of her. Mom's thick nipples, swollen and hard dragged across my chest as we moved together as one -- now completely knowing of each other's bodies, glorying in the secret incestuous knowledge of our love. "Oh, I love you, John," Mom sighed in a hoarse voice as I filled her with my cock."

"I love you so much, Mom," I whispered back as I ground my groin against hers, feeling her thighs sliding along mine and then wrapping her legs behind my back, pressing herself against me until we were almost one body -- certainly one soul. We made love gently, both of us aware that our

weekend's hungry, almost desperate lovemaking had left us both worn and sore. Still whatever pain that we both felt was nothing to our overwhelming desire to have each other one more time.

From experience, we both knew that this would be a long bout of incestuous lovemaking. My need to cum was tempered by several bouts of sweet fucking over the long night and I knew I could go for as long as my loving mother could take it. Mom's sore and tender flesh was soothed by the balm of her creamy juices, flowing heavily from her motherly cunt, enveloping my cock in their rejuvenating heat as I slowly moved back and forth.

We barely spoke as we fucked, communicating with our eyes, with our touch, with our lips and our tongues. The world outside my bed simply became lost and we were alone, wrapped up in the glory of our love. My cock slipping in and out of Mom's creamy pussy, Mom's breasts spreading out underneath my weight, her legs tightening around my back, our tongues tasting and teasing each other; all this became our world. Mom's skinned glistened with sweat, making her body slick against mine, seemed to be on fire -- an inferno that began between her legs and enveloped us both.

I would bring Mom to the brink of climax and then stop, buried inside her pussy, both of us struggling to maintain our control and then we would resume our carnal, loving dance, expressing our unquenchable need for each other -- the undeniable love that one mother and son share.

Time seemed to stop, the universe seemed to stop and all of reality winnowed down to my mother and me, joined together, cock and pussy, bodies becoming one as our souls were. We were insatiable, knowing that we could never have enough of each other; knowing that an eternity of incestuous love would not be enough for what we were, what we shared and what we needed.

Gradually, our needs became more demanding. Mom cried out as I brought her to orgasm, her legs scissoring as she worked herself against me, urging me to get deeper inside her as her pussy muscles tightened around my throbbing cock, coating my shaft with a new flood of her juices. Mom writhed beneath me, her fingernails leaving tracks down my back as she orgasmed.

Somehow I found the strength to not cum, sinking deep within her massaging pussy and waiting until her orgasm faded before resuming. Mom smiled at me through tear blurred eyes, trying to catch her breath while each slow thrust sent orgasmic aftershocks through her beautiful body. Her orgasm had left her legs spread akimbo and I slipped my hands down to

Mom's full thighs and then further downward to her knees and I lifted Mom's legs up, making her sob as I rocked her forward until her legs were draped over my shoulders, curling her up like a ball and finding myself that sweet fraction of an inch deeper inside her cunt.

Mom bit her lower lip as she tried to meet my thrusts with her own. My hands rested on her breasts, palms teasing and rubbing her swollen nipples, engorged with blood and throbbing so powerfully, I could feel the pulse of her heart as pleasure coursed through her body, corresponding with the pulse in her cunt as she tightened her grip on my cock.

Mom began to gasp, her moans coming in rhythm with my thrusts and now I knew I was beginning to lose my control as well. Our bodies slapped together wetly, sweat flying and splashing as we moved together, approaching a crescendo of incestuous delight.

"Please," Mom whispered as tears rolled down her pleasure wracked face. "Please, son, cum with me! Cum with Momma!" I increased my thrusts and then as Mom cried out as her orgasm swelled up like a balloon only to explode, I felt my cock swell and then I was exploding, unleashing a torrent of my semen inside my mother's cunt. It was that incredible type of ejaculation where each spurt of sperm sent tendrils of pleasure throughout my body and seemed to jump to Mom's writhing body, making her shake with incestuous joy as well.

We collapsed together, a pile of joined arms and legs and melded flesh, both of us laughing and crying and kissing and seemingly unable to let each other go. Exhausted, we barely talked, letting our wildly beating hearts do our speaking for us. We slept and kissed and cuddled and slept some more. Summer was over and our season of unrelenting passion was at least temporarily at an end.

"Only another year," Mom repeated as I kissed her one last time as she stood outside her car. Mom stroked my cheek lovingly. "The twins will graduate and then I leave your father and we are together forever, son."

We hugged each other tight. "Seems like it will take forever, doesn't it, Mom?" I sighed into her ear.

Mom nodded and said, "I know. I want to cry every time I realize that tomorrow I won't be able to make love to my sweet John." Mom kissed me and then pressed her face into my chest. I felt her choke down a sob. In a quavering voice, she said, "But, I'll be back when I can. I promise I'll be up

for Homecoming and there's Thanksgiving and..." Mom raised her head and grinned. "And, we will definitely be celebrating our anniversary at Christmas -- maybe we'll get stuck in another blizzard."

We continued to kiss and make small talk for a long time, both of us on the verge of tears, until we knew we had to part. We were both crying as we kissed one last time and then, somehow we managed to let each other go and through my tears, I watched until I lost Mom's car in the traffic.

So...I was alone again, at the least in the now. My heart traveled home with Mom and I tried to do the best I could in her absence. Like last winter, I threw myself into my school work and tried to burn energy working as many hours as I could at the distributorship, loading trucks. It helped some, but not enough. My thoughts were constantly of Mom and I felt like I was almost in a constant state of blue balls as memories of our romantic and wicked summer constantly haunted me.

Heightening my desires for Mom were my encounters with Molly Cash -- my old fuck buddy who was also in her senior year at the university. Mom's observations of me being involved with women who resembled my mother were driven home every time I hung out with Molly. Mom had nailed it on the head and I was almost embarrassed by how much this young vibrant woman was like my mother.

Even worse, Molly had started to wear her hair longer -- before it had been cut short, almost a pixie cut, but she had started to let it grow out in the spring and now after summer, with it approaching her shoulders, Molly reminded me of Mom more than ever. Many times I was so tempted to succumb to Molly's overt sexuality, but I somehow found the strength to resist breaking my vow to my mother.

There was an added sense of desire I now associated with Mom and Molly as well. After my revelations of my past relationships and mentioning Molly was as fond as women as she was men (perhaps even more), Mom had questioned me a lot about Molly and I found myself have fantasies of the two of them together. It might have just been my wicked imagination, but I almost thought that Mom was fantasizing about it as well. That Mom had a bisexual side to her was obvious, but her experience with women had been limited to her loving relationship with my Aunt Deb. And Mom had repeated several times that she really wanted to meet my friend Molly. More than once, I had taken the edge off my horniness with fantasizing Mom and Molly (and yes, me as well), making love.

Molly was still miffed at me for not telling her more about my "secret" lover, but was mollified when I finally told her that I would introduce her to my lover when she visited at Homecoming. "That, sugar, is something I look forward to," Molly said as we shared a beer one night after classes. "I want to meet the woman that stole the best male fuck I've ever known."

Molly seemed pleased and I knew she was intrigued. I had told her very little, but what little I disclosed only whetted her appetite. "Carrie is an older woman," I told Molly. "A good bit older than me."

Molly had grinned and said, "Big surprise. You've always had a thing for older women." She shook a finger at me as I tried to look baffled. "Remember, you told me all about you and Professor Black and about that woman at the campus library." Molly stuck her tongue out at me and added, "I'm surprised you even bothered with me -- young, sweet thang that I am." Molly kicked me under the table, none too softly and in an only slightly miffed tone said, "Not that you bother with me anymore, John Hamilton."

I sighed and replied as I always did, "I miss you too, Molly, but," I paused as I struggled to control the emotion in my voice. "I'm crazy in love with my -- my Carrie. I just feel I have to be faithful to her, I love her so much." It felt so odd to refer to Mom by her given name -- for me then as now, she is my Mom. Being family and lovers is too interrelated to be considered separate for us.

Molly nodded. "I know -- I can see it in your eyes how you feel about this woman. She has to be something wonderful." That intrigued look returned to her face -- mixed with some mischief. "Who knows, sugar? I might just have to steal her away from you -- find out what makes her so special. Maybe your Carrie will spill all your secrets."

As for myself, I wondered how much Mom and I could reveal to Molly. This little bisexual hillbilly divinity student was about the most open minded person I knew, but I wondered how she would react if she discovered my lover just happened to be my own mother.

Still, Homecoming seemed so long away, almost eight weeks and each day without experiencing Mom's touch was an eternity. My need for Mom seemed sometimes to verge on madness and I would be convinced that I would last another day without her.

Still, time did pass. The warm September days passed into the cooler days of October and as the month progressed the weather turned colder as my desires for Mom burned hotter with each day I checked off the calendar.

Homecoming finally arrived. Now, in all my years at school, I was usually too focused on studies, work and sex to pay much attention to sports, but now I was eager to see our university's annual celebration centered around the big football game finally arrive, because it would be in the company of the woman I loved.

I got out of classes that Friday afternoon around two o'clock and hurried home as fast as the 'El' could get me there. I raced the flights of stairs, expecting to find Mom waiting for me, but the door was locked and my heart sank. I went inside my apartment crestfallen, but stopped dead in the middle of the large room. I took a look around and I knew she had been there. I inhaled deeply and I could smell her -- that hint of jasmine mixed with her womanly fragrances that I had come to know so well.

I trooped downstairs and out the back and my heart leapt at the sight of her station wagon tucked into a parking slot. I wandered out in front and gazed up and down the street. On impulse, I started towards the old Korean grocery and hadn't gone a hundred steps before my choice was rewarded.

Mom walked towards me, her beauty shining brightly, making everyone around her seem drab by comparison. My heart began to beat loudly as I beheld the loveliest sight in all of God's creation. Mom was wearing a thick red sweater and a plaid skirt, befitting the cool day. The sweater clung tightly to Mom's zaftig figure, proudly proclaiming the heft and magnificent shape of her heavy breasts unfettered by a bra, while her not quite knee length skirt called attention to Mom's curvaceous legs, accentuated by a pair of sexy high heels.

Mom's long black hair framed her beautiful smile and those mesmerizing brown-green eyes which suddenly widened and seemed almost to glow as she saw me standing there admiring her. "John!" she cried out and she ran into my arms, dropping at our feet a canvas bag full of groceries.

I swept her up and spun her around, savoring the sheer sweetness of feeling my mother in my arms again, before I sat her down and kissed her. Mom's arms wrapped around my neck and I lifted her off her feet, her right leg curling around my legs as I cupped her ass cheeks and kissed her for everything I was worth; my tongue seeking out hers. We stood in the middle of the street and kissed passionately, while people walked around us, frowning or smiling at the reunited lovers in their midst.

My hands felt the material of her skirt slipping upwards and Mom let out a little, "Eep!" and wiggled out of my grasp. "Be careful, son," Mom said softly as she reached out and tugged her skirt down. She looked up into my eyes with that naughty look of hers that made me so achingly erect and continued in a low voice, "Momma's not wearing any panties at the moment!"

I had to work my mouth a moment to get it working, but eventually managed to comment, "Really?"

Mom giggled and nodding her head, replied, "Really. I figured why bother when I know darn well my son would just rip them apart anyway."

I gave Mom another juicy kiss and then leaned over and picked up her bag. "God, I missed you, Mom. Now let's go before I rape you right here in the street." Mom giggled as she took my arm and we strolled back to my apartment -- me strutting like the proudest man in the world, which I was.

Somehow we managed not to walk into a telephone pole or into other pedestrians, which was a miracle since we couldn't take our eyes off each other. Like a schoolboy with his first crush, my heart was pounding madly and I was literally exploding with joy to reunited with my mother again. Just to feel her body next to mine, the weight of her breast brushing against my arm, to have Mom's scent filling my nostrils, to feel her eyes on me, made me feel as if I was in heaven.

Heaven became something else once we had made it inside my apartment as groceries fell at our feet and we began to passionately kiss as we frantically pawed at each other's clothes. I unbuttoned Mom's plaid skirt and it fell at her feet. My hand caressed her lower belly and then plunged into her thick bush, proving that indeed my mother had been walking around downtown Chicago sans panties!

My fingers slipped between her labia and I felt Mom's heat and wetness. Mom broke the kiss with a quick gasp and she left off fumbling at my belt to whip her sweater over her head and just like that Mom stood naked before me. My hands went to her breasts without hesitation and I hefted and squeezed her meaty tits, feeling her nipples harden and lengthen between my fingers.

"Mmmmm, sweet John, I have missed your touch," Mom purred as she resumed her efforts to get my pants off. I felt a sudden rush of cool air as Mom gave a triumphant cry and my trousers pooled at my ankles. Then Mom had my sweatshirt off me and was nuzzling my neck.

"Oh, Mom! I love you," I groaned happily as Mom's lips kissed downward, pausing at my own erect nipples to lick and teasingly bite. Her hands were busy tugging off my shorts and then I felt my cock slap against my belly and then Mom moving against me, trapping my erect penis between our warm bodies. I was hard -- so hard it almost hurt. Still, Mom continued to kiss me, going downward, going into a squat as her tongue teased my belly button and then I felt her hot breath on the glans of my cock.

"And I missed you too, big fella," Mom murmured below me, gazing up to look into my eyes as she wrapped her lips around the head of my cock and rolled her sweet tongue over it. Slowly Mom took me in her mouth, taking me inch by inch, my legs quivering as Mom deep throated me until her lips were brushing my pubic hairs. I bit my lip and focused on not cumming as Mom expertly sucked my cock.

I didn't want it to end, but I also needed more of my mother and I urged her back up, kissing her and then picking her up and carrying her to our bed. I sat her down and then straddled her face looking down at her pussy. Mom cooed with delight as I dropped myself on top of her, burying my face in her hairy cunt. As I nosed my way into her pink, sopping wet flesh, I moaned as I felt Mom's lips again slip around my cock. I ran my tongue down the length of her pussy and back again while Mom sucked me with gusto. It was like drinking nectar, savoring the sweet and powerful juices of Mom's pussy.

Using my fingers, I spread Mom's lips wide so that I could lick and suck at as much of Mom's cunt as possible. I felt her tremble beneath me as I plunged my tongue deep into her pussy as my cheeks brushed her tender flesh and my chin rubbed against her swollen clitoris. Mom returned the favor as her tongue fluttered up and down my shaft and danced around the head of my cock, her teeth delicately scraping across my sensitive member.

I proceeded to love on Mom's clitoris, sucking and nibbling ever so gently while my tongue probed her secret nooks and crannies around her little penis like nub. Mom began to burble around my cock and I felt her flinging her pelvis upwards, urging me to continue with my incestuous pussy eating. She began to more earnestly suck my aching dick, making delicious gobbling and smacking noises as she gave as good as she was getting.

I heard her begin to moan with my cock in her mouth and I felt the tell-tale fluttering of her stomach muscles and then I was rewarded by a virtual explosion of pussy juices as Mom began to orgasm -- her thighs tightening



against the sides of my head to keep my loving mouth in place. I lapped and sucked and drank from Mom's heavenly cunt as she flooded my face with her cream.

That was all it took for me and I sobbed into Mom's pussy as I felt my dick swell and then explode in a torrent of semen, jet after jet of my white, steaming sperm ejaculating in my mother's mouth. I had abstained from masturbating for almost a week, anticipating Mom's visit and now it seemed as if I couldn't stop. Even Mom seemed to choke on the flood of semen I was producing, a fact confirmed when I rolled off Mom's naked body and saw her panting for breath, several globs of spunk splattering her chin.

When she could speak, Mom wheezed, "Oh my god, son! Somebody really needed that! Don't you ever masturbate?" She reached up and scooped the cum off her face and then licked her fingers clean. "Not that I'm complaining!"

We both went into the giggles until I was turned around and with her juices dripping from my face, I kissed her, tasting myself and letting her have a sample of her own sweet pussy cream. It felt so damn good to finally have Mom back in my arms again. We lay there naked in bed, wrapped up in each others arms and legs until well after sundown. Mom gave me all the latest news from home.

Dad was, well, Dad -- consumed with everything related to hunting or fishing. "Oh, and now, bowling. Two nights a week," Mom reported with a bit of ill will in her voice. "And your brothers have both signed papers to go into the military -- one joining the Marines, the other enlisting into the Navy." Mom leaned into me and kissed me. "And by this time next year, it will be you and me, forever, John."

"It can't come soon enough, Mom," I replied after I kissed her back. So much seemed to be happening so fast, but not fast enough for me. Mom and me together for the rest of our lives -- yeah, I could hardly stand to wait for it.

We snuggled quietly for a few minutes and then Mom, her voice full of mischief said, "Oh, I think I embarrassed your first woman, son." She looked up into my eyes, her own full of amusement.

"Oh yeah, how's that, Mom?"

"I was in the 24/7 convenience store a few weeks ago and guess who was working the register?"

I laughed and said. "Darleen? Oh hell, Mom, what did you do?"

Mom replied, "Well, I was standing there in line and I just stared at her like the jealous woman I am and she finally noticed. By the time she was waiting on me, she was bright red. She knew that I knew about her and my son."

"What did you say, Mom?"

Mom looked smug as she answered me. "Nothing, just 'hi Darleen, how are you,' and..." Mom's voice dropped to a deadly tone, "My son, John said to tell you, 'Hello.'"

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as Mom said in that same icy voice, "I wanted to claw her eyes out -- be the first to fuck my son...bitch."

Mom's words made me shiver and surprisingly, they made me hard again -- who knew jealousy could be such a turn on. Mom felt my hardness and moved to squat over me. As Mom lowered herself on me, I said as I felt her flowered cunt lips engulf my erection, "I promise you again, Mom. I am a one woman man."

Mom gave me that same icy look for a long moment as she slowly slipped down my cock and then couldn't hold it anymore, laughing and moaning as she ground her hairy bush against my groin. "I don't mind my son fucking another woman -- I love watching you fuck Deb, but I think, as your mother, I should have first approval of your selections!" Mom sneered at me then, partly teasing me and partly from being impaled on my cock. I could feel myself throbbing against her tightly claspung cunt muscles.

Slowly, Mom began to move up and down on my cock, pistoning up and down, her silky wet flesh massaging my erect penis. Mom's massive breasts bobbed in time to her movements, the large sloping gourd shaped tits swaying almost hypnotically as my mother had her way with me. Mom's calf muscles began to bulge at the strain, but Mom seemed perfectly content to fuck me this way. I savored the moment, enjoying the opportunity to just stare happily at my mother.

The more I looked, the more I realized some little changes. As Mom rode me, I reached out and caressed her breasts, letting my hand slide down to her round stomach. It suddenly hit me. "Mom -- you've lost weight!" And she had. Mom's figure was still a full one, but with a little more definition. Her stomach pooch wasn't as big as it had been and as I reached out with my free hand, I realized that Mom's thigh was more tone than before.

Mom beamed at me proudly and I felt her flex her cunt muscles in reward, doing things to my cock that words are simply too inadequate for. "Thanks for noticing, sweetheart," Mom said. "Mommy's been working off her tension and stress from missing her darling son! And, Mommy wants to look sexy for her son." Mom's voice had gotten husky with her last words. She looked down at me with such a look of love and desire.

"Oh Mom, I will always love you and want you! You will always be sexy to me, Mom," I moaned with happiness.

Mom twisted and rolled her hips as she bounced on my cock. "I love you too, John," Mom replied, her voice quavering now. She had leaned forward and was getting some serious clitoral attention as she rasped up and down on my cock and in a squat she was getting maximum penetration, my cock going as deep as possible into her womb.

It didn't take too much longer before Mom was struggling to keep moving, not from exhaustion, but from her body beginning to be racked with orgasmic convulsions. Mom rose up one final time and then with agonizing slowness, squatted down, down until our pubic hairs were entangled in the wetness of her flooding cunt. Mom arched her back and ground herself against me, my cock pressing into her cervix as her pussy tightened its grip on my erection, coating it with her slick, searing hot juices. "I -- Love -- You -- Johnnn!" Mom cried out as she came.

The sight of Mom creaming on my cock was enough and I didn't try to hold back, but surrendered to the sweet delight of flooding Mom's womb with my sperm, both of our bodies spasming as we were engulfed with incestuous pleasure.

Finally, Mom's strength faded and she collapsed on top of me, her breasts pillowing out against my chest as her lips found mine and we kissed and gasped for air and kissed some more. My cock was still trapped inside Mom's pussy, her muscles hanging onto me possessively.

When we could speak again, Mom lifted her head off my chest and said, "Speaking of your former lovers, have you seen your friend, Molly, lately?"

"Um, yeah, we hang out some," I replied. "We went out for beers last Saturday night."

"Have you fucked Molly lately?" Mom said in a teasing voice. "Tell Momma the truth. Momma knows if her son is telling the truth or not."

I grinned and raised my head and gave Mom a quick peck on the lips. "Nope, I told you, I am a one woman, or rather I'm a one Mom man."

Mom smiled down at me, her face betraying how pleased she was. "That's my good son. Now, have you told your Molly that I want to meet her?"

I nodded. "Yes, she says she's looking forward to it. You and I will try and hook up with her tomorrow night after the game." I paused, unsure how to put into words my feelings on this. "Mom, why are you so intent on meeting Molly? I love you, I'm your man."

Mom grinned and waggled her eyebrows. "I know, son, and I love you. I don't doubt that I'm your woman either, but..." Mom paused and stroked my face. "There's more to it than that. Something in your voice when you talk about her -- she's more than just a -- what did you call it -- a fuck buddy. I want to find out what that is."

"Okay, but how do we go about this? Should I just say, Molly, I want you to meet the love of my life who just happens to be my mother. Mom, meet Molly."

Mom shrugged and replied, "I'm not worried about that -- from everything you've said about her, she sounds very open minded." A very mischievous smile crossed Mom's face and she added, "I'm sure Molly and I are going to get along wonderfully."

That gave me lots to think about over the next several hours as Mom and I finally retrieved the groceries from the floor and made dinner. Having eaten and rested, Mom and I went to bed for the night, somehow finding time to sleep after a long bout of lovemaking. The last thing I recalled as I faded into dreamland, was how wonderful it was to have Mom's head nestled against

my chest and her shapely leg draped across my thighs; and how I felt more content and happy than at any time in the previous two months.

The next day was a flurry of activity as I accompanied Mom on a shopping spree in downtown Chicago. I passed many men who sat with looks of resignation on their faces as they waited resolutely for their wives outside dressing rooms, but I was more than delighted to just spend time with Mom, be it shopping for shoes, dresses or lingerie. We finished the afternoon strolling through the Chicago Museum of Art. Mom made me blush as we walked through a gallery of sculptures, pausing at one male nude after another and shaking her head and announcing, "Nope, doesn't compare to my John!" Those comments drew more than a few stern, scolding stares as well as some astonished looks and a few appraising glances from other women. Mom paid them all no mind at all, laughing and moving onto the next.

Late afternoon found us on campus, making our way towards the football stadium. It was brisk, the wind off the lake sending a chill through everyone. Mom looked stunning, wearing another tight sweater -- green this time, with a long black wool dress slit down the side and black boots. Over this, Mom had put on a wool serape. Mom had her hair pulled back into a pony tail and was as beautiful a woman that ever walked the planet.

We found our seats in the stadium -- about half way up the stands, but near the fifty yard line. We sat in the bleachers amongst a mixed group of alumni, professors and spouses and students. The air grew colder with each moment as the first half of the game progressed. Mom was a delight to be with -- she threw herself into the game with complete enthusiasm. We feasted on hot dogs and pretzels from the concession stands and hot chocolate that we'd brought along in a thermos, Mom winking at me naughtily as she ate her hot dog with enthusiasm. "I'm gonna eat a bigger hot dog later tonight," she whispered into my ear, flicking her tongue out and sending a shiver through me that had nothing to do with the cold weather.

As the homecoming festivities began during half-time, Mom pulled my backpack out from under the seat and from it, revealed a blanket -- no, a quilt that she had packed away before we'd left my place. "I'm getting cold, John, how about you?" Mom asked as she unfolded it and proceeded to drape it across our laps and pulling it up until it was tucked under our chins.

Mom scooted a little closer to me and I felt her hand fall on my thigh and she smiled at me in a way that would make the most impotent of men erect. Then I realized what quilt was covering us. "This is Granny Polly's quilt," I stated.

Mom nodded, an amused and naughty look on her face, confirming what I already knew. This was Mom's treasured quilt, made by her grandmother -- the same quilt that Mom had lain on when Grandpa Tom took her virginity and which we had made love on this past summer at the old family home.

"I thought it might come in useful tonight," Mom said. "We have good memories with this quilt and maybe we'll make some more this evening." I felt her squeeze my leg as she turned her attention back to the presentation of the homecoming court on the football field.

Within a few minutes, I felt Mom's hand spider-walk along my thigh. "Sit up, straight, son," Mom admonished me. I did so and realized it allowed Mom better access to my fly and zipper. Slowly, Mom unzipped my pants and then her knowledgeable fingers began to explore. Mom slipped through the front of my shorts and fished out my already hard cock. "That's a lovely one," Mom commented, nodding towards the field where the Homecoming Queen was being delivered in a convertible Corvette. Mom smiled at me and began to stroke my cock.

"I love you, Mom," I said softly as Mom masturbated me. I marveled at her deft touch, her soft fingers stroking and caressing, making me squirm as Mom milked the head of my cock, her thumb brushing ever so maddeningly over my slit. Her arm moved so imperceptibly that one could barely tell she was doing anything at all.

"I know, John. Momma loves you too." Mom replied, leaning in to kiss me. Mom stroked me with skill and finesse and teased me -- drawing it out and not letting me cum too soon. When my breath would quicken and I began to tense up, Mom would squeeze me and expertly calm my aching cock down. All this while we watched some girl be crowned as Homecoming Queen. It didn't take long for me, despite the cold air to be sweating profusely, making me shiver not from cold, but from pleasure.

It wasn't until the second half resumed that Mom let me come, speeding up her strokes and doing magical things with her fingers that had me roaring in delight while the crowd roared at the kickoff of the third quarter.

Mom cupped her free hand over my cock to catch my stream of semen, leaning a little awkwardly in to do so. As the kick receiver took the catch and scooted downfield, Mom yelled loudly, "Go, boy, go! Show us what you got!" grinning at me as she shouted.

I shook and shivered as Mom pumped me empty. I gave Mom my most loving smile and said, "Wow!" Mom just smiled back and stroked me a couple of more times before she tucked me lovingly back inside my shorts and zipped me up.

"Honey, would you pour your Mom another cup of hot chocolate?" Mom asked me.

"After that, Mom, I'd do anything you asked," I responded enthusiastically.

I poured Mom a fresh cup of hot chocolate and handed it to her. Mom slipped out the hand that she had jacked me off with and I felt my eyes widen as I saw streamers of sperm hanging off her fingers. "Oops!" Mom giggled and she brought her hand to her mouth and licked her fingers clean. She then took the cup from me and took a sip. "Mmmm, not a bad combination, son; I think this could be turn into an addiction."

Mom then pulled her other hand carefully out from under the quilt, still cupped -- her palm holding a pool of my semen. Mom watched me stare awestruck at her as she tipped her hand over the cup of hot chocolate and let my jism ooze down into the hot liquid. Then Mom carefully scraped her palm along the rim of the Styrofoam cup, scrapping more semen off into her hot chocolate.

An older woman , perhaps sixty years old and I assumed the wife of an old English professor from my Freshman year, turned around in front of us and did a double take as Mom finished dumping my seed into her drink and then nonchalantly licked her hand clean of any remaining spunk. The woman eyed Mom's cup and the globs of semen floating on top. Her eyes widened and she gasped as she realized what she was seeing.

The woman stared up at Mom who was grinning like a Cheshire cat. Mom raised the cup up as if she was about to make a toast and said, "Nothing like fresh cream, straight from the tap, is there?"

The woman turned bright red and then a smile fluttered across her face and she gave Mom a quick nod and turned back around. Mom looked pleased as she swirled her cup around, mixing my semen with the chocolate before she took a sip. "You are so bad, Mom," I said, trying not to laugh. "Thank you." I leaned in and kissed her, tasting chocolate and myself on her lips.

We turned our attention back to the game -- our university was behind by five points. We sat quietly for a while, then Mom reached out and took my hand. "Oh baby, your hand is so cold," Mom said. "Would you like to warm your hand up?"

I shrugged and said, "Forgot to wear gloves tonight, Mom. I'll be alright."

Mom squeezed my hand again and said in that low, husky, "I want to fuck you right now," voice, said, "I said, would you like to warm your hand up, son?"

Okay, so sometimes, I'm a bit slow. I grinned at Mom and slipped my hand underneath the quilt. I wasn't very surprised to find that Mom had tugged her dress around to position the split to expose the top of her right thigh. I slipped my hand between Mom's thighs, feeling the heat emanating from between her legs long before my fingertips brushed the curly mass of hair that made up Mom's thick bush.

I whispered into Mom's ear, "Didn't you teach us to always wear underwear, Mom?"

Mom wiggled a bit on the bleacher, spreading her thighs a bit wider as I angled my arm to give me better access and replied, "You want me to put them on right now?"

I grinned and shook my head. My middle finger touched wet, juicy and steaming flesh and Mom let out a little sigh as I sank my finger up to the second knuckle into her soaking pussy.

I stirred up Mom's wet juices for a few minutes, pausing every now and then to probe one of Mom's pleasure points. Mom continued to sigh and to occasionally bite her lower lip. I added a second finger and then a third and Mom tried to flex her pelvis against my probing digits without seeming obvious. I began to tease various sensitive spots and accidentally found a new one, catching Mom off guard and causing her to squeal with pleasure.

"Oops," I said in my best innocent voice.

"Oops my ass, son," Mom panted. "Whatever you do, don't forget that place - that felt wonderful, John."



I turned my wrist slightly and used my thumb to search for Mom's clitoris which I knew from long experience had emerged from its hood, seeking to join the party. I began to gently caress and rub the swollen nub, making Mom's sighs intensify. For long minutes I fingered Mom's pussy, taking her to that place that was just short of orgasm.

I divided my time watching the game and watching Mom. You know I think she's the most beautiful woman in the world and at that moment, she had that extra special quality that all women on the verge of orgasm possess. Mom's eyes were closed and she was rocking ever so slightly and shivering, not from the cold but from the intensity of her pleasure. I let my fingers flutter inside her, showing off my knowledge of my mother's most secret erogenous points while I waited for the right moment to push her over the edge.

Mom was growing desperate, whispering, "Please, son, please now," when the opportune moment arrived. The crowd's cheering began to swell as our team's quarterback lobbed a lateral pass to our best running back on our own twenty yard line. As he broke through the defensive line and the crowd began to roar, I stepped up my efforts on Mom's clitoris while my middle finger curled upwards and sought out Mom's G-spot.

While the crowd leapt to its feat and cheered the running back down the line, Mom began to orgasm, her cries of delight all but lost amongst the bedlam of the crowd. Mom's hand clamped down on mine, her nails digging into my flesh, intent on keeping my hand in place as I fingered and teased her through her orgasm. The crowd's screams hit a higher crescendo and Mom screamed right along with them, even as she slumped against me as her body shook and convulsed. My fingers were bathed in a torrent of fresh pussy juice, slick and hot as her cunt tried to tighten around my busy fingers.

I felt eyes upon us and tore my gaze away from Mom and looked up. The professor's wife in front of us was staring down at Mom and me, a slightly dazed look on her face as she struggled to frown or smile. Finally, the smile seemed to win out. As Mom struggled to regain control of herself, the crowd settled down and began to sit again.

The professor's wife continued to stare at us and I said, "So, what happened?"

She started to speak and then paused, licked her lips and replied, "Our team scored. We're ahead."

Mom tried to sit up straight and between gasps for air, squeaked, "That's nice."

The older woman replied, "Uh huh. I don't think they were the only ones to score a touchdown, though."

I laughed and shrugged my shoulders. "No argument there."

Mom finally released her grip on my hand and I slipped it out, my move making a distinctly wet sound. My hand emerged from under the quilt glistening with Mom's juices. The professor's wife's eyes widened and she turned bright red. "Everybody's a winner," I said, taking and sucking Mom's cunt cream off my forefinger.

"Oh my," gasped the professor's wife, watching as if pole axed as I sucked my ring finger clean.

Mom was recovering and her eyes gleamed as we acted out her fantasies of exhibition. She took my hand and said, "Isn't love wonderful, ma'am?" and then Mom sucked her own pussy juice off my middle finger and then kissed me.

The older woman touched her chest, her fingers plucking at the lapel of her jacket as if she wanted to rip it off and bare her breasts. A sexual flush was creeping up her neck. She nodded as I licked the rest of Mom's nectar off my hand and then smiled at us again before turning around and trying to watch the rest of the game.

The rest of the game passed in sort of a glow; Mom and I huddled up underneath our quilt, my arm around her waist, keeping her tight against me. The professor's wife continued to give us the occasional glance and Mom nodded to me at one point directing my gaze to the older woman's hand, gradually edging its way up her husband's thigh.

Finally the game was over, our team won and everyone stood and cheered. The older woman turned and said, "I hope you two have a wonderful evening." and then almost dragged her husband into the throng heading for the exits.

"Hmmm, somebody's gonna get lucky tonight," I said to Mom, chuckling.

Mom leaned in and with her lips touching my ear, whispered, "He's not the only one, son," again flicking her tongue into my ear in such a way that I was fully erect before we reached the aisle.

Arm in arm, Mom and I exited the stadium and walked through the tree shrouded campus. "So, when are we meeting your Molly, sweetheart?" Mom asked.

"We're supposed to meet her at Minelli's at Nine O'clock," I replied. I glanced at my watch. "We've got an hour to kill." I bumped Mom's hip with mine gently and said, "Any ideas?"

Mom grinned and glanced around. The Campus was mostly deserted -- old brick buildings, brightly colored trees in all their fall glory and grass -- and mostly in shadow. "C'mere, son," Mom said as she dragged me towards a narrow walkway between two buildings.

Halfway down the walk, deep into the shadows, Mom pulled me to her and kissed me. Our tongues began to dance and Mom leaned back against the wall, pulling me onto her, taking my weight. As we kissed, Mom began working my belt while her left leg rose and curled behind my thighs.

"Fuck me, John," Mom hissed. "I need your cock and I want it right here, right now." I was way ahead of her, my hands filled with the fabric of her skirt, lifting it up even as I felt cold air as my pants and shorts fell down around my ankles.

Mom thrust her furry cunt against me, her flowered cunt lips, trapping my cock against them, slathering my shaft with her fiery juices. "Get nasty, son. Fuck Momma with that fine cock," Mom hissed.

In the cold night, my nostrils were suddenly filled with the powerful aroma of Mom's aroused pussy and that combined with the sweet heat of Mom's half naked body pressing against mine suddenly enflamed my desires and with a feral growl, I pushed Mom hard against the brick wall and hunched down and drove my cock upwards and into Mom's open cunt while I pressed my mouth hard against hers.

Mom cried out in surprise and pleasure at my aggressiveness and kissed me back passionately -- her tongue a relentless serpent sparring with my own tongue. My hands slipped down and cupped her naked butt cheeks and lifted her up and down on my erect and throbbing dick. The wind blew wicked cold down that passageway, but Mom and I were impervious to it; our incestuous lust keeping us warm and toasty.

Like two animals in heat, Mom and I fucked furiously, frantically slamming our bodies into each other, savoring every moment my stiff penis was buried inside her soaking wet pussy. When we broke off the kiss, I pressed my face into Mom's throat, nibbling, licking and biting her sweet flesh as I plunged again and again into her molten cunt.

Words were unnecessary -- our eyes and lips and body movements conveyed our every desire as we again joined in that holy union of incestuous passion that made us complete. We slipped into a steady rhythm -- my cock driving in and out of Mom's claspings pussy, each stroke a taste of heaven as her sugar walls clung hungrily to my shaft.

Mom's fists beat against my back as our ravenous passion overwhelmed us. "Oh sweet God, baby; you-you're making Momma cummmmm!" Mom cried out, her voice halting -- interrupted with every sharp thrust of my cock. I felt her legs rise up and wrap around my back, ankles crossing as she tried to lock her cunt into place, grinding against my crotch, seeking to bury my throbbing cock deep in her womb. Her pussy muscles clamped down tight around my shaft and began to milk my dick for its seed.

"Oh god, Mom -- I love your pussssyyy!" I groaned as I thrust upwards, seeking to get ever deeper inside my mother. The floodgates opened and Mom cried out as I began to spray my semen inside her womb, spurring Mom's orgasm on to greater heights. I felt Mom shake and writhe in my grasp and I pressed myself more firmly into her, pinning her against the wall as we both savored our orgasms.

We remained in place for a long time, almost paralyzed by the intensity of lovemaking; compounded by our great delight in each other's body and what was to us the most natural of conditions -- my cock buried in my mother's loving cunt.

Eventually and regrettably, I slipped from Mom's loving embrace and I eased Mom back to her feet and began to reach for my pants. "Not so fast there, buster," Mom said in a mock scolding voice. "Never deprive your mother of her little pleasures."

Although her knees were a little wobbly, Mom squatted down and found my semi-erect cock with her mouth, making me reach out and lean against the brick wall as she sucked my cock clean of our mingled cum. I groaned happily as Mom's tongue rolled and roiled around my sensitive flesh, scouring it clean of all traces of semen and pussy cream.

Finally, Mom slowly stood up, pulling my trousers up with her as she did so and then doing up my belt and fly. Mom stood on tip-toe and kissed me. "I am the luckiest mother in the world to have a son like you, John." Mom whispered, putting her arms around my neck.

"And I'm the happiest son in the world, Mom to have a mother like you," I replied in between kisses. We continued to kiss until the cold night air finally convinced us to move on. I put my arm around Mom's shoulder and we walked on through the campus to the El station and went on towards our rendezvous with Molly, oblivious to almost everything, our world really narrowing down to just us -- two people, man and woman, mother and son, madly in love.

Minelli's was an old Italian restaurant with a bar -- great atmosphere, great food and great accommodations -- old, high backed booths for privacy. We checked our coats and after securing a table, we both peeked into the bar, looking for Molly.

"Ah, there she is, Mom," I said in a low voice and nodding in Molly's direction where she sat on a high bar stool, "In the red dress." Molly had gone all out -- looking as sexy as I had ever seen her -- clothed anyway. Molly had on a short, sweater dress -- fire-truck red and molding tightly to her voluptuous body and leaving little to the imagination as to the shape and heft of her youthful and meaty tits. She had one leg crossed over the other, pulling the dress hem higher to reveal her luscious thighs while a stiletto heel dangled from one dainty foot.

I walked up and said, "Hi Molly," interrupting some guy in a leather jacket and a tie who was hitting on her.

Molly grinned with relief and said, "Well, hey, sugar. It's about time." She patted the guy's hand sympathetically and said, "Been fun, but my date's here." I helped her off her bar stool, getting a peck on the cheek for rescuing her.

Hand in hand, we walked back up to the end of the bar where Mom was waiting, studying Molly with great interest. "Um, Carrie -- I'd like you to meet Molly Cash. Molly, this is -- um, this is my Carrie."

I expected both to shake hands or just nod to each other, but Mom and Molly stood still for a moment and stared at each other, looking much like mother and daughter or younger and older versions of one person. I shivered as Mom's words from this past summer passed through my thoughts. "My baby wanted to fuck Mommy so bad, you went out and fucked women who look like me, didn't you?" I felt a thrilling tingle shoot through my cock as I watched Mom and Molly study each other. A few people sitting nearby even seemed to pick up on the tension building between them.

Mom began to smile and moved towards Molly, arms spread wide and hugged her, kissing her on the cheek. "I have been looking forward to meeting you so much, Molly! Good lord, we must be related somewhere back down the line. Looking at you is like looking into a mirror from my youth."

Molly seemed a little stunned, but she hugged Mom right back and returned the kiss, landing it close to the corner of Mom's mouth, triggering a wild thought in my head as I realized that not long before Mom had been licking her juices and my cum off my cock and wondering if Molly could taste it. "It's nice to meet you too, Carrie." She cast a glance over at me -- guess we both know what John's taste in women run to."

Mom took Molly by the arm and led us to our table -- a booth with seats on three sides. I sat in the middle -- my back against the wall and flanked by Mom on my left and Molly on my right. The two women chatted animatedly as we ordered drinks and dinner; Mom quizzing Molly about her background and her plans for the future and Molly volleying with questions about Mom and how we came together.

Mom laughed and said, "Well, I've known John his entire life and I guess it was just fate that we became lovers." Mom was enjoying the game -- being just vague enough to not reveal our familial relationship. Me -- I answered questions and watched the interplay between Mom and Molly and trying not to say anything stupid. Several times, I almost called Mom, "Mom" instead of Carrie. It was a little disconcerting for me as Mom would hold my hand while playing footsie underneath the table, running her boot along my leg while grinning mischievously at me.

Dinner was spectacular and we were winding things down when Mom looked at Molly and said, "I've been worried, you know, that John and me becoming lovers, that it screwed up something between you two."

Molly shrugged and said. "Well, we have shared something special and I think John will always be one of my most important friends." She turned and looked at me with a frost expression. "I do wish he would be more honest about things though. He's been keeping his great love a mystery from me and I think he's still bullshitting me now." She sat back and took a sip of wine and watched our reaction.

Mom smiled and tilting her head said, "What do you mean, honey? Bullshitting you how?"

"He promised me I could meet the woman that stole his heart away and now he's playing games with me...and you're helping him." There was a little heat now in Molly's voice.

Mom opened her mouth, not sure what to say. I blurted out. "I don't know what you mean, Molly. I told you I'd introduce you to um, Carrie and here she is."

Molly laughed and shook a finger at me. "Listen to yourself, sugar. This is your Mom across the table. You never say it, but you might as well say 'Mom' every time you open your mouth and say her name. This isn't your secret older woman -- this is your Mother. You've been bullshitting me all night. I just can't figure out why."

"Molly -- I...no, I haven't -- this is my mo -- dammit, I mean this is my lover, Carrie."

Molly shook her head and said. "Don't you dare lie to me, John Hamilton. Just tell me the truth -- your lover couldn't make it or you didn't want us to meet and you talked your mom into helping you con me."

I started to deny it, but she pressed on. "C'mon, sugar -- this is your mother...a blind man could see it. You have the same eyes, the same chin, the same sweet, sexy smile."

"Molly?" Mom spoke up for the first time in the exchange. Her voice was full of passion and energy and something fierce and loving. Molly swung her gaze around to meet Mom's and her eyes widened as she felt Mom's presence more than ever before. Mom was almost glowing -- excited as she took a deep breath and continued. "Molly, can't I be both?" She reached out

and squeezed my hand, nervous, excited and proud as she announced, "John is my son and my lover."

Molly's mouth fell open and for the first time in the two years I'd known her, she was at a loss for words. Both women gazed at the other, both excited and scared. I swung my eyes from one to the other, seeing them both breathing heavily, heavy, meaty breasts rising and falling. I felt sweet desire rise up in me for both my mother and my former lover as I observed their nipples harden and swell up -- straining against the fabric of their sweaters -- Mom's prominent, thick nubs and Molly's smaller, but longer nipples.

"That's not possible," whispered Molly, her tongue snaking out to lick her lips nervously. "You can't be your son's..." She turned her gaze towards me and said hoarsely, "You can't be fucking your mom, sugar...that's..." She didn't finish her sentence.

"Molly?" Mom said again, her voice now full of that husky desire I knew all too well. Mom reached out and took Molly's hands, holding them in her own hands. "Molly, I will never lie to you. My son, John and I are lovers -- we have been lovers since Christmas and we intend to live the rest of our lives as mother and son -- husband and wife."

Molly slowly shook her head as she squeezed Mom's hands. "You and John? I can't believe this -- it's too incredible, Carrie. John fucking you -- his mother, that's sooo unbelievable." She was practically shivering -- her neck turning red and spreading to her face.

Mom grinned and nodded and said, "Molly, come with me, honey." Without letting go of Molly's hands, Mom slid out and around the table, urging Molly to her feet. "Son, Molly and I need to go the ladies' room. We'll be back in a bit."

I watched as my mother walked away hand in hand with my former lover, pulling her along like a mother taking her little girl to the restroom. Not being sure what to do in the light of Molly's intuition and Mom's revelation, I opted to sit quietly and order another beer.

Fifteen minutes or so passed before Mom and Molly returned, Molly's arm circling Mom's arm. Molly had an almost dazed and goofy grin and Mom's face was flushed and she was smiling as well, although walking a bit awkwardly -- as if her knees wanted to buckle. Mom winked at me and said, "John, get the check -- it's time for us to go. We'll be waiting for you outside."



I signaled our waiter and settled up as fast as I could. Out on the street, I glanced around for Mom and Molly. There wasn't a lot of foot traffic, but several people's glances were drawn back towards the end of the brick side of Minelli's where Mom and Molly were in an ardent embrace, kissing passionately.

Slowly I walked towards them, hanging back a few feet and watching with something akin to awe as I watched Mom and Molly soul kiss. They slowly became aware of me and as Mom slowly drew away from Molly, I watched my former lover sucking on Mom's tongue before letting it slip from between her lips. I felt my cock stiffening inside my pants and I felt my own knees grow weak.

"It's time we all went home, son," Mom said huskily.

Molly nodded and smiled at me. I found myself arm in arm with both women as we hurried to the 'El. On the train, we found ourselves in a mostly deserted car and sat at one end by ourselves; Mom sitting between Molly and me. Mom reached out a hand to both of us and pulled us close. Molly looked at me in the harsh light of the commuter car and blushed, grinned and looked at Mom with a silly, love struck expression.

"Son, I have to beg your pardon -- I've gone off and done something without consulting you," Mom said softly, squeezing my hand.

My heart was about to leap through my throat and I shook my head and said, "You never have to ask me anything, Mom," realizing as I said it that it was the first time I had acknowledged her as Mom since she had revealed it to Molly.

Mom gave Molly an evil grin. "Well, John -- I knew I had to prove to Molly here that you and I were lovers and so we went to the ladies room and into a stall and..." She paused and took a deep breath. "I lifted my skirt and offered Molly the chance to eat your spunk out of my pussy." I almost came in my pants hearing Mom talk so lewdly.

I didn't know what to say and Molly jumped in and said, "So, I did, sugar. I'd know the taste of your jism anywhere, John." Her voice was awed and full of wonder. "You weren't lying to me -- you really are your Mom's lover."

I felt my face turning red. "Yes," I whispered.

Molly shivered and replied, "Oh my god -- this is so hot and sexy. Just imagining the two of you fucking makes me so fucking wet." Her long black coat was open and she spread her legs, causing her very short skirt to draw up, revealing her soft thighs and a pair of red lacy bikini panties with a great wet spot molded against her labia lips.

Mom dropped her left hand down on Molly's bare thigh and then her right hand down into my lap, cupping the huge bulge in my pants. "Son, I know we are lovers, sworn to each other forever, but tonight, would you mind if Molly were to join us?"

I sure my grin gave my answer before I even spoke. "Hell no, Mom -- I've dreamed of seeing the two of you together."

Mom smiled and leaned in to kiss me -- her tongue dancing with mine before replying, "I confess, I've had fantasies even before meeting your Molly -- of me and her together and of seeing my son fuck another woman like his mother."

Mom turned to Molly and said, "Molly, would you do my son and me the honor of sharing our bed tonight?"

Molly grinned like a child on Christmas morning and leaned over and pulled me close and kissed me. My cock throbbed as I could taste hints of my semen and Mom's cream as I sucked her tongue and I could smell my Mom's cunt on her face. I struggled not to cum as I envisioned Molly squatting in that restroom stall, her face buried in Mom's hairy pussy.

I felt Mom's lips nuzzle my cheek and Molly and I both turned and let Mom kiss us in turn, first Molly and then me. I sure the few other occupants of the commuter car were gaping at us in shock, but I was too caught up in our lovemaking to look or care. Hands were caressing bodies, cupping tits through sweaters, stroking bare thighs and squeezing bulges that throbbed and felt like flesh made into iron.

I scarcely remember getting off the 'El' and climbing the flights of stairs to my apartment. Suddenly we were in the warm studio apartment and touching and kissing were now joined by a frantic effort to disrobe each other.

Mom and I sandwiched Molly between us -- Mom in front and me in back and together, we stripped the young woman. I worked Molly's red panties off while Mom slowly pulled Molly's sweater dress up, revealing first her luscious thighs ending in her black-haired bush, neatly trimmed in a 'V' and her full ass cheeks. Molly sighed as both Mom and I showered her with kisses.. On and up over her flat stomach we tugged her dress; unleashing her firm, bountiful breasts, erect nipples standing up over an inch long and round like dimes. Mom leaned over and sucked each one while I cupped and lifted Molly's meaty tits. Finally, pulling the dress over her head, getting it stuck and blinding Molly momentarily while I nuzzled her neck and Mom kissed her lips and we both pinched and pulled at her hard, rubbery nipples, making her moan and sag in our arms.

Then it was Mom's turn as Molly and I flanked her. Molly undid Mom's skirt and pulled it off her -- giving life to my vision of her and Mom earlier by squatting and running her right hand through Mom's thick mat of hair before pressing her face into Mom's hairy bush and rolling her tongue up along her swollen and bloomed labia lips. I pulled Mom's sweater over her head, freeing her massive breasts, slightly sagging and looking so erotic sloped on her chest -- her thick, aroused nipples standing up and looking like they might burst. Molly trailed kisses up her body and joined me at sucking Mom's tits.

Finally, it was my turn -- Mom pulling my shirt off me while Molly helped me remove shoes, socks and then pants, flinging them across the room as she squatted and took me in her hand. Mom licked and bit my hard, pebbled nipples and then gave me butterfly kisses as she slowly lowered herself downwards to squat next to Molly. I felt like I was about to pass out as I gazed happily down at two women who kept their eyes on me as they took turns sucking my cock. Both had their techniques and both were familiar with my likes -- Mom and Molly both have talented tongues, but had different styles of cocksucking. I groaned in sheer delight as they watched me watch them suck my aching penis.

Molly sucked the head of my cock vigorously while her tongue fluttered madly over my slit and then she let me slip from her mouth and looked at Mom and said, "Carrie, I want to see your son fuck you...right now!"

Mom giggled and said, "My pleasure, honey," as they both slowly rose up and kissed me. We stumbled towards the bed and Mom fell into it, rolling over and over until her head was on the pillows and she was spread-eagled - legs wide open and inviting, her thick bush split wide by her pink, wet flesh, gleaming in the light of the room. Mom's huge breasts heaved and rolled as she breathed heavily, anticipating my climbing on top of her.

Molly climbed up beside her, lying not quite on one side -- her legs opening and closing as she revealed her wetness as well. I felt my breath go away as I was able to see Mom and Molly naked and aroused together for the first time. My unconscious incestuous desires were clear to see as I gazed at their aroused naked flesh. Mom and Molly -- black hair spilled on the pillows, both with large breasts (Molly's tits on a slightly smaller frame seemed larger by just a little bit), both with voluptuous figures, shapely legs, but with different pussies. Mom's in a forest of hair with long, full labial lips while Molly's cunt was of shorter length, her pussy lips thicker and plumper. Two southern beauties laying in my bed and both staring eagerly up at me. I felt my cock throb and slap up against my stomach.

"Come to Momma, son," Mom sighed, holding out her arms to me. "Come fuck your mother, John,"

I did as only a good son could do -- I obeyed my mother. I climbed up into the bed and knelt between Mom's widespread legs. As Molly watched in awe, I eased onto Mom, rolling my hips to meet her own pelvic lift and felt the head of my cock ease into Mom's spongy, silky wet opening. "I love you, Mom," I breathed as I thrust steadily into her.

Mom cried out as I buried myself in her hot pussy with one motion, my shaft swollen and scraping her sweet cunt walls as she tightened her cunt muscles around me, massaging me as I felt my cock head press into her cervix. Mom's legs lifted and pulled back, coming to cross over each other against my back and pull me even deeper into her.

The sweet pleasure of our incestuous joining was increased with the knowledge that we were fucking for an audience; allowing us to make love openly and proudly as mother and son while someone watched admiringly.

We kissed as we began to move together -- perfect, knowing lovers touching and fucking as only two people in love can do. Mom's tits pressed into my chest -- her breasts jiggling as we slapped bellies again and again. Between kisses, Mom and I would glance over at Molly who watched us in disbelief and joy.

"It -- you two are so beautiful," she whispered. "You two look so happy together, like love itself come to life." Molly reached out and caressed my face and then stroked Mom's face, gasping as Mom reached out and sucked her forefinger.

Mom slowly let Molly's finger slip from her lips and said, "I want to taste you, Molly dear."

Molly shivered and we watched as she slipped her hand down between her legs and dipped her finger into her own pussy, stirring it around and then emerging with her finger glistening with her juices. She brought her wet finger to my mother's lips and Mom obligingly sucked it off. "Sweet as honey, Molly, but I mean, I want to taste you...now."

Molly giggled as she suddenly realized what Mom was requesting. To be honest, I was tickled that I wasn't the only one slow on the uptake today. Molly quickly was on her knees and then easing herself in front of me, facing the wall as she straddled Mom's face. I had a bird's eye view as she lowered her cunt to Mom's waiting mouth -- her labia spread and quivering, dripping pussy cream as she sat on Mom's face. Mom let out a cooing sound that was muffled and cut off as her lips and tongue welcomed Molly's wet meat and she began to eat my friend out.

I felt Mom's body beneath me react to licking her first pussy besides her big sisters while being simultaneously fucked by her loving son. Mom's pussy squeezed me a little tighter, pulsating incredibly as I slipped my meat in and out of her. I began to alternate between nuzzling Mom's meaty tits and showering little licks and kisses on Molly's fleshy ass cheeks -- making her squeal as I ran my tongue down her lower back and along the crack of her ass.

I could hear and see Mom's mouth hungrily gobbling Molly's young pussy -- her tongue flickering this way and that as Molly rocked on my mother's face. Mom's lips and chin were coated thickly with Molly's cunt cream and I could smell Molly's aroused pussy as well as hear her happy groans and cries. Bracing myself on one arm, I reached around and found Molly's right breast and squeezed her soft flesh, playing and teasing her erect and elongated nipple.

I found a steady pace and fucked Mom until she began to lose control -- her legs tightening around my back and then falling helplessly akimbo as her pussy began to throb in orgasm, bathing my erection in her wet juices. I began to increase my motion, slamming harder and harder into Mom's molten, syrupy cunt. I released Molly's tit and brought my hand around, tracing a line down her back, over her ass cheeks and underneath, slipping a finger against her quivering cunt until I could feel Mom's lower lip as she nibbled on Molly's pussy. I sensed that Mom was working her tongue on Molly's clitoris and slipped a finger inside the young woman's wet pussy, curling it to rub her inner wall.

She yelped as I fingered her while Mom tongued her, her own ass now bucking against Mom's face more frantically. "Oh my Christ!" Molly panted. "I'm gonna cum, sugar -- your Mommm's got a -- OOHFFF -- awesome tongue!" It had been almost a year, but I recognized Molly's higher pitched voice, now filled with little yelps as a sign she was cumming as well as Mom's frantic writhing underneath me as I slammed my cock deep in her again and again.

Mom's whole body suddenly convulsed, almost throwing Molly off her face and I heard her scream -- the sound muffled by Molly's sweet pussy. Mom's cunt clamped down hard on my shaft and I roared triumphantly as I let loose with another load of hot semen, bathing Mom's womb with my seed. Molly's little yelps escalated into a high pitched scream so loud, I thought Mom must have bitten her by accident, but the scream evolved into sobs of "YES! YES! YES!" as Molly ground her pussy against Mom's face.

Molly's triumphant cries of orgasm peaked and slowly faded and she suddenly slumped over and fell onto her back, revealing Mom's gasping face, drenched in Molly's pussy juices. Mom's own orgasm was fading as we both slowed down and I sank gratefully on her body, my cock still hard and throbbing as I took in the carnal scene before me.

Without hesitation, I moved to kiss Mom, enjoying the remembered taste of Molly's juices as I kissed and licked Mom's lips and face. Mom was grinning triumphantly as she kissed me back, licking some of Molly's cream smeared on my face. "That was fun, son!" Mom wheezed as she squeezed my cock with her cunt, making me shiver. "You're still hard, baby!" she gasped.

Glancing over at Molly who was grinning as she gasped for breath, Mom gave my cock another loving motherly squeeze and said, "Fuck her now, John. Show Mommy what a good cocksman you are!"

I sighed and smiled at Mom as I slowly withdrew my erect dick from her pussy with a wet plop. I eased off her and reached out to caress Molly's leg. She scooted around crossways on the bed and raised her legs, reminding me that she preferred for me to lift her legs up and let them rest against my chest as we fucked -- literally tucking her up into a sexy ball of flesh.

I took her by her ankles and lifted them up, spreading them slightly to get better access to her neatly trimmed cunt, now flowered and glistening wet from Mom's loving ministrations. "God and Jesus, sugar, it's been too long," hissed Molly as her cunt lips kissed the head of my cock. Then she flung back her head and moaned as I pressed my already cum covered penis into

her tight pussy. Her legs stiffened and quivered as I sank my shaft into her wise like cunt, her toes curling with pleasure.

Molly had a sweet pussy, but it felt odd to be fucking anyone but Mom, but a thrill went through me as I felt Mom kneel next to me and whisper, "Remember baby, when you fuck her, you're fucking me -- you're fucking Mommy!" Molly began to sob as Mom's words spurred me to begin fucking my friend fast and furious. Molly clawed the sheets as I hammered my cock into her.

Mom's hands quickly found their way to Molly's breasts, taking hold of her bouncing tits, teasing and stretching Molly's already long and swollen nipples. "Ohhhh yessss -- ohhhh myyy lorddd!" Molly cried as I fucked her and Mom leaned over and began to suck on her nipples, biting and pulling on them with her teeth, rolling her tongue over them and flicking the long, rubbery tips of her breasts.

Mom moved on, letting her hands maul Molly's breasts as she rose up and began kissing her, tongues dueling and dancing, their faces growing wet from saliva, sweat and the remnants of Molly's cunt cream smeared on Mom's face. The warm room grew hot -- we were all sweating like we were in a steam bath -- the room filling with the smell of both Mom's and Molly's aroused pussies and the smell of freshly ejaculated spunk. The aroma seemed to permeate our slick, sweaty bodies and increase our ardor even more.

Molly's cunt tightened around my cock as her sensitive flesh yielded to another orgasm, her fiery flesh squeezing my cock demanding my seed. "Oh God!" I moaned as I felt my own need to cum growing. Normally I should have been able to hold out for a long time, but just the sight of Mom and Molly in a carnal embrace was enough to make any man cum. "I'm gonna cum!"

"Yessss, cum in me, sugar!" sobbed Molly, trying to fuck back; to take me deeper, but barely able to control her spasming body.

Mom rose up and kissed me, snaking her tongue into my mouth and sucking on my tongue, urging me to "Fuck her son. Show her how good you make your mother feel with that big dick. Fuck her like you fuck Mommy!" I groaned into Mom's mouth as I drove deep one last time and with my cock buried in Molly's womb, I began to cum -- one white hot spurt after another of my semen, bathing her young pussy walls with baby-making seed.

Molly went spastic, her body convulsing -- my semen spurring her orgasm on to new heights before going limp -- tears rolling down her face and her only visible movement her heaving breasts as she tried to breathe. Her pussy continued to squeeze and milk me for every drop of my jism and her sugar walls massaged me long past the moment I stopped ejaculating.

Finally, I slipped from the grasp of Molly's pussy and collapsed at her side, gathering just enough strength to lean over and give her a loving kiss. Mom knelt over us, gazing at us with such love and desire that it made my heart want to swell and burst. Despite the wonderful fuck I had just enjoyed, one look at Mom and I knew who my heart and cock truly belonged to.

"That was beautiful," Mom said softly as if she were in church. "It was like seeing myself as a teenager, getting fucked by the man who will be my son in the future." She slipped down onto her belly and spread my legs. "I need a little taste of my son and you, Molly." I bet you taste divine." Mom took my rapidly shrinking cock in her mouth, making me groan as she rolled her tongue over the still sensitive flesh, licking up the creamy mixture of mine and Molly's juices.

Molly groaned as she watched my mother clean my cock with her mouth. Shaking her head, she said, "You fuck your mother. You're in love with your mother and the two of you are lovers. Oh -- My -- God!" Molly grasped my hand and brought it to her lips. "John Hamilton, this is the lewdest, sexiest, wildest moment of my life. Thank you, sugar."

Molly struggled to sit up and then spun slightly and leaned in to kiss my mother. "Thank you, Carrie -- thank you for letting me be witness to the most erotic lovemaking of my life."

Mom returned her kiss enthusiastically, her tongue dancing with Molly's as her hands caressed Molly's body. "Sweetie, you ain't seen nothing yet," Mom said huskily when she finished their kiss. Mom glanced over at me and we smiled knowingly at each other. "I think John needs a little recuperation time and I know the perfect thing to inspire him."

Mom pushed Molly onto her back and swung herself around and lifted her leg and straddled Molly's face. "I think I have something you enjoy and I know I'm going to love what you have between your legs, Molly," Mom murmured as she lowered her mouth to Molly's open and semen filled pussy. Mom lowered her own cunt to Molly's waiting mouth and tongue as she ran her tongue the length of Molly's slit, lapping up oozing sperm and pussy cream.



Molly let out a muffled cry as Mom tongue teased her sensitive flesh -- her cries fading into noisy licking as she began to eat my mother's pussy. I could only watch in awe as my beautiful sexy mother and best friend pleased each other in a passionate sixty-nine, each hungrily lapping up my jism mixed with their juices. My eyes roamed their sweat-slick bodies, their meaty tits pillowing against each other's stomachs, luscious thighs tightening around dark haired heads which bobbed and nodded as they ate each other out and fingers cupped ass cheeks, pulling their tasty treasures closers to busy lips and probing tongues.

The lewd and wonderful sounds of pussy eating began to mix with sighs and moans of pleasure as both Mom and Molly licked, nibbled and sucked. Their bodies began to move in an erotic rhythm of unspoken joy and I watched with lust and delight, wondering which would orgasm first. I moved around my old bed, looking at my mother and my friend from different angles, seeing the pleasure on their faces as tongues dug deep inside cunts, mining my seed from each other's wombs.

Molly surrendered first, unable to continue and sobbing out her orgasmic joy as her power of speech failed her. I watched as tears dripped from her cum smeared face and her mouth made an 'O' as she crooned her delight as Mom continued to flutter her tongue over Molly's swollen clit.

Then Molly rallied and attacked Mom's pussy with a ferocious effort, clamping her lips around Mom's swollen nub and then it was my mother who yielded to her orgasm. Mom's back arched and she lifted her head from between Molly's thighs and cried out, "Yesssssss!" her face contorted by a lust filled sneer that combined with the frosting of semen and cunt cream on her face turned my mother into an icon of carnal delight.

Mom finally fell over and struggled shakily to turn herself around and kiss Molly again. "Everything I dreamed it would be!" Mom sighed as she stroked Molly's face, kissing Molly's tears away. I let them cuddle and bask in the glow of their lesbian lovemaking until they remembered that I was there and beckoned me to join them.

Mom steered me between them and we spent a wonderful time simply kissing and caressing. Erotic thrills shot through me as I kissed my mother and Molly, tasting myself and them with each wet, sticky kiss. Sometimes I was kissing Mom, other times I was kissing Molly and other times it seemed as if all three of us were kissing, the unusual and exciting sensation of three tongues dancing together, making me shiver. I took delight in caressing their orgasm charged bodies, making them shiver with orgasmic aftershocks as I pinched still swollen nipples and caressed their quivering pussies.

Gradually, Mom and Molly regained their composure and their breathing slowed and we lay there in a jumble of arms and legs. We rested silently for a few minutes until Molly giggled and ran her fingers across my chest. "Carrie, I think we got somebody turned on."

Mom laughed and rubbed my chest until her fingers met Molly's and they intertwined. Looking downward, Mom said, "I do love a young man's recuperative powers." Mom lifted her head and kissed me and then resumed staring down between my legs where my cock stood proudly at attention, restored to life by Mom and Molly's erotic lovemaking.

"Molly's fingers strolled southward, tickling my belly. "I love a young man's hard cock," she declared. "Which of us gets him this time?"

Mom purred back, "I think we should share him this time." She glanced at Molly and an unspoken decision passed between them. I sighed happily as both the beautiful naked women began to kiss their way down my body. Mom wrapped her fingers around my throbbing shaft and started to lean in to kiss the tip of my cock, but she paused and looked over at Molly. "Pardon my manners. Guests go first," Mom said, chuckling.

"Mmmm, don't mind if I do," Molly said in her sweet southern accent. She took me in her mouth, her tongue rolling over the soft, swollen head of my penis, curling around it before slithering away, creating a delicious sensation as tongue rubbed against cockflesh. It was my time to claw the sheets as she and Mom began sucking and licking me.

Mom and Molly almost seemed to view sucking my dick as a competition, both demonstrating their ability to deep throat (Mom clearly won as she was much more adept and familiar at taking my length), and showing off their different techniques. Both worked hard to not let me cum too soon -- backing off and letting me calm down when it was obvious that I was close to blowing my load.

Calming down was hard, especially when I could look down and see (as well as feel) two sets of lips kissing my penis -- two tongues dancing over and around my cock, often working in tandem to share a kiss, their mouths joined around my aching erection, as they both stared at me with loving eyes.

Finally, Molly was sucking the head of my cock while Mom was licking my shaft when Molly raised a finger to Mom's lips. Mom obligingly sucked her finger, Molly leaving it there until it was slick and dripping with Mom's

saliva. Then as Mom joined her in licking my cockhead, Molly slipped a finger down below my balls and into my asscrack, probing until she found my asshole. Slowly, Molly wormed her saliva lubricated finger into my ass, probing into me until she found my prostate.

"OHMYGOD!" I shouted as without any warning, I began to cum, ejaculating great spurts of semen into Mom's and Molly's mouths, splattering ribbons of sperm against their lips and cheeks and noses. Molly giggled as she caught a splash of white hot jism on her tongue while she continued to finger my ass. I was shocked that I even had that much sperm left in my balls, but Molly's little trick seemed to have tapped unknown reservoirs of semen in my balls and I just kept cumming until both Mom and Molly had faces dripping with my spunk. My cock jerked and offered one last spurt that splashed off Mom's upper lip as Molly suddenly withdrew her probing finger. I went limp, almost overwhelmed by the intensity of my orgasm. Even Mom was a little wide-eyed at my response.

"Sugar, I think you liked that," Molly murmured in a pleased voice.

Mom nodded and said in a voice that promised future delights, "Yeah, I'm gonna have to remember that little trick!"

I managed to reply, "Fine...by...me," before lying back and watching as Mom and Molly kissed and licked each other clean. Words cannot truly describe the carnality of the vision that was my mother, a thick streamer of my semen strung out between her extended tongue and Molly's lips. Each licked and kissed my jism from each other's face only to share their treasure in a passionate kiss.

Finally we were all cuddling again, Molly wide-eyed as Mom and I recounted how our love affair began and confessed our hopeful plans for the future. We talked into the wee hours of the night and then fell asleep, our bodies embracing in a tumble of arms and legs, warming ourselves in the cool autumn night.

In the dim light of early morning, I woke to find Mom and Molly again locked passionately in a Sapphic embrace, each sighing happily as they licked each other towards orgasm. I watched sleepily at the two lovely women in the dim light. Mom seemed to sense my awakening and slowly she reached out a hand to me.

I did not join them, somehow understanding that this was a special moment for Mom and Molly, but also feeling privileged for being able to witness it

and to have a small role as I held Mom's hand as she and Molly made love. Afterwards, both kissed me before falling back into a satisfied slumber, offering me the sweet taste of each other before sleep claimed us all.

When I woke again, it was to the murmur of whispers and the late morning sun was streaming through the window. I rolled over to see Molly, now dressed again in her tight fitting sweater dress, half kneeling on the bed and kissing Mom, who looked incredibly erotic, with her bed tousled hair and the blankets covering her up to her waist, and her heavy, slightly sagging breasts exposed. Their kiss ended and Mom eased back down.

Molly came around and leaning over, kissed me. "It's late, sugar. I need to get going."

"Are you sure, Molly?" I replied. "We'd love for you to stay." I added, glancing over at Mom who nodded in agreement.

Molly gave me her loving grin and kissed me once more. "'That's sweet, John, and I want to thank you and your Mom for the greatest night of my young naughty life. But, I need to get going, besides, this is your's and your Mom's time together -- treasure each moment before she has to go back home." She kissed me again and then stood up and looked at me and Mom as Mom scooted over and cuddled with me.

"Thank you both for sharing your love with me. God creates love in so many different ways -- I'm proud to have experienced the wonderful love you two share as mother and son and as lovers."

Mom touched my shoulder and replied, "You're welcome in John's bed -- in our bed anytime, Molly." Mom gave a little sexy laugh and continued, "From this day on, I'm going to think of you like a daughter, Molly."

Molly shivered a little and gave us both a look that held the promise of love and lust. "Thank you...Mom." Molly giggled and stuck her tongue out at us. "Lord Jesus, just calling you Mom makes me wet." She wagged her fingers at us and said, "I love you two -- take care." And then she was gone, leaving me alone with the woman I loved more than the world itself.

Mom and I cuddled quietly for quite a while -- savoring that sweet weariness that accompanies a lusty bout of lovemaking. Finally, Mom broke the silence by asking, "Son, are you okay with Molly and me -- what we did?"

I pulled Mom tight to me and looking into her eyes, replied, "Seeing you two together is one of the loveliest things I've ever witnessed, Mom."

"And, if we want to do it again?"

I kissed my mother and said, "Whatever makes you happy, Mom. That's all I'll ever want for you. I love you, Mom."

Mom replied with one of her cock rising loving looks and kissed me, her tongue searching out mine for the beginning of a long, loving, and incestuous kiss. I felt Mom's hand travel downwards underneath the blanket, searching and discovering that several hours of sleep had indeed restored my vigor. Mom stroked me until I was fully erect and then she climbed onto me, slowly lowering herself onto my throbbing cockstand. "Mmm, I love you too, son," Mom sighed as her pussy enveloped my erect penis, wrapping me in her soft, wet and oh so warm folds of motherly flesh. Her knees pressed against my waist as she rested on top of me -- her large, meaty tits dragging across my chest as she leaned in and kissed me again.

Taking our time, we made love, slowly rocking together, drawing out each movement of her pussy lifting and falling on my cock, her tender sugar walls clinging to my shaft. We were mother and son joined, becoming that one erotic and carnal being that made our union so unique and special.

"You're fucking your mother," Mom whispered to me, her lips less than an inch from mine -- beads of sweat forming on her face, eventually falling onto mine. "Your mother loves to be fucked by her son." Mom kissed me again, her hands clasping my face as she expressed her love and passion for me in the touch of her lips and tongue, even as her pussy squeezed around my cock.

"I want you to be able to fuck me anytime, son," Mom panted. "Even when I'm not here." Mom squirmed against me, flexing her pelvis to grant another bit of room inside her for my cock.

"Mom?"

Mom's heart was pounding -- I could feel her excitement in spite of the leisurely pace of our lovemaking. "When you want to, make love to Molly,

sweetheart. Fuck your lovely little friend and remember, when you're fucking her, you're really fucking me -- you're fucking your mother, John."

Mom's juices were flooding, bathing my cock in her hot, slick cream as she neared orgasm. Mom's kisses became more urgent, yet she refused to increase her pace -- making the movements of our lovemaking sweet, delicious and incestuous agony. Mom moaned and looking down at me, said, "Make love to Molly whenever you want -- *Mmmaaagghhh*." Mom licked her lips and grinned and managed to gasp, "Just don't go overboard, son. Save some of that sweet loving for Mommy. Christmas will be here soon and Mommy will need plenty of loving from her lover-son."

Mom's cunt clamped down and began to milk my cock involuntarily as Mom began to orgasm. I groaned with delight and began cumming too -- my semen flooding Mom's womb. In between our mutual sighs and moans, we cried out our love for each other and lost ourselves in the moment of incestuous pleasure and at the thought of our future lovemaking.

Christmas was coming. Great changes were coming -- some changes that we had planned and some changes we had no idea were approaching. None of that mattered at the moment -- we were mother and son, locked together in the carnal embrace that was the ultimate moment of unity for a man and a woman. It was the perfect moment, suspended in time -- so simple yet so complex -- a son and his mother making love and in love.

## **Chapter 6**

Christmas time is a time that is replete with memories. Childhood memories of toys and Santa and Christmas trees and singing carols and eating all sorts of Christmas goodies, the images sometimes almost overwhelm you. For me all of those memories involve my Mom, the most loving and caring woman I have ever known. Truly, Mom is the wellspring of happiness that has blessed my life.

Just as powerful are my memories of Mom and I and our first Christmas together as lovers. Memories of Mom standing naked before me, backlit by the gentle glow of snow falling beyond the window behind her will stay with me forever. Mom naked on a quilt underneath my Christmas tree, legs spread wide as we make love. Those are memories I'll always treasure and their existence gives me hope that many more memories of the same will follow.

Mom drove up to Chicago three days before Christmas to bring me back home. As was tradition, she stayed the night so we could go shopping. We never made it to the big department stores or to the malls. We spent that

night and most of the next day in bed, making love and listening to the weather reports.

It had been a little less than a month since we'd made love. Mom had drove me home for Thanksgiving and we gave thanks for being able to make love most of the long holiday weekend while the old Man and my brothers went deer hunting in Michigan. They were out the door before Thanksgiving dinner was digested Thursday afternoon, leaving Mom and me alone in the house for the next three glorious days. We made love in every room in the house I think, excepting for the messy pit that was my brothers' bedroom. We were both a little sore when Mom drove me back to Chicago Monday morning, but even so, we couldn't get enough of each other.

And despite just a month's absence, feeling Mom's body, soft and warm against mine, was like a man dying of thirst suddenly finding himself in a beautiful oasis. I let myself become besotted with Mom's luscious body. Now forty-three years old, Mom was more beautiful than ever. Mom's figure wasn't quite as zaftig as it had been a year ago, but Mom still possessed a voluptuous beauty with her heavy, gourd shaped breasts with thick, wide nipples that begged to be sucked on. Her legs were toned and shapely and between them was her thickly haired muff that hid her wet, fiery treasure box of a pussy.

All it took to get me hard was to see her lusty gaze, her brown-green eyes staring at me with such love and passion or to simply inhale her natural fragrance when I buried my face in her long, black hair; the hint of jasmine arousing me as no one else can. Mom is a powder keg of incestuous desire packaged in a sexy five foot, five inch frame. I don't see how any healthy male wouldn't fall in love with her instantly.

I was delighted to spend the evening of December 22 making love to Mom, her pussy wrapped tight around my cock and her legs wrapped tight around my back, the apartment filled with our mingled cries of passion as we tried to make up for a month's absence from each other. Other than whispered words of love, we rarely spoke as we fucked -- we didn't need to speak, we were linked heart and soul and we knew each other's thoughts as we gazed into each other's eyes and fucked as only a mother and son in love can fuck.

When we paused to catch our breath, we would listen anxiously to the weather reports, but alas, a second miracle Christmas blizzard was not in the offing. It was with more than a little wistfulness that we left for home the following afternoon. Still, every moment I spend with Mom alone is a good moment and we had an enjoyable drive back to my hometown in western Illinois. We listened to Christmas songs on the radio and Mom, wearing a long denim skirt with a slit up one side kept me entertained as she slowly

worked it up her legs, revealing her creamy thighs and finally her wild, thick bush.

"Mommy's got a tasty Christmas treat for her son if he's hungry," Mom cooed as she used two fingers to spread wide her thick lips and reveal the lovely, glistening pink flesh of her cunt.

I glanced over at Mom's pussy and licked my lips. "I'm always hungry for you, Mom, but not sure I can eat pussy and drive at the same time." I was having a real hard time keeping my eyes on the road. Can you blame me? "Maybe I should pull off somewhere?"

Mom giggled and scooted across the bench seat, her skirt still up around her waist, revealing her furry twat. "No, John. Keep driving and I'll feed you myself." I felt myself hardening as Mom slipped her hand back between her legs and began rubbing herself, slipping one and then two fingers into her wet snatch. Her other hand found its way into my crotch, rubbing my growing erection under my jeans.

Mom purred appreciatively, partly from liking what she was feeling in my pants, and partly from fingering her already wet pussy. After playing with herself for maybe a minute, Mom lifted her fingers to my mouth.

I inhaled her scent, my nostrils flaring as I breathed the sweet, heady aroma of my mother's cunt. Mom pressed her wet, slick, pussy cream covered fingers against my lips and I sucked them into my mouth and licked them clean. I groaned happily as Mom took her fingers away. I've never tasted a woman as delicious as my mother. Mixed in with her creamy goodness was a hint of my own semen, not surprising as I had emptied my balls into her at least five times between one o'clock yesterday afternoon and two o'clock today.

We drove for the next hour that way, Mom fingering herself for a minute or two and then letting me suck her juices off her fingers. Gradually, Mom began to moan and sigh, working her fingers more vigorously in and out of her sopping wet pussy, filling the inside of the station wagon with her sexy scent. It was exciting to watch Mom pleasure herself and to taste her excitement with each sample of her juices literally dripping from her fingers.

The sun was setting and the light was dim inside our car as Mom finally cried out with orgasmic pleasure, hunching against her own fingers as she frantically and finally made herself cum. Traffic was light and the two lane road was straight, so as Mom squirmed on the seat next to me, I slipped one



hand off the wheel and down along her soft thigh, my fingers sliding through her thick, curly hair and then into her wetness, finding and mingling with her fingers inside her hot, soaked pussy.

Mom cried out as she now had two additional fingers now teasing her insides. I counted three of her wriggling digits and between her gasps, I said in a teasing voice. "Between the two of us, you're getting a fist fuck, Mom!"

Mom could only sob in reply as her other hand clamped down on my wrist and began to pull it back and forth in a fucking motion until her orgasm went to a higher plain and she convulsed there on the seat next to me, lost for the moment in her orgasmic delight.

Then Mom's fingers were in my mouth and I was sucking off globs of her cream while she rose up and kissed my cheek and nuzzled my neck. When I was finished sucking her fingers clean, Mom's hand dropped to my crotch and she rubbed my aching hard-on anxiously while she continued to hunch herself on my fingers.

"Get off the road, son. Now! I need to taste you too," Mom sighed.

Luck was with me and I saw a small country church up ahead. I pulled off into its parking lot, stopping well away from the road. Mom was caught up in her arousal and before I had even put the car in park, she was furiously working my belt undone while squirming on my probing fingers. I scooted up and away from the wheel as Mom unzipped me, her hand freeing my aching cock. I groaned with long awaited anticipation as I felt Mom's soft breath on the head of my cock and then her wet tongue and then I was being swallowed as Mom began to suck me.

Mom's moans were stifled and soft, muffled by the meat between her lips, spurred on by my fingers as I plunged them in and out of her steamy, clapping cunt, curling them upwards as I sought out her G-spot. "Oh God, Mom! I love your mouth!" I groaned as Mom sucked and swirled her tongue over and around the head of my cock again and again. I had to laugh. I was certainly in the right place to send up a prayer of thanks for allowing me the privilege of being my Mom's lover.

Just knowing I was fingering my mother's cunt outside this little church was exciting and suddenly I had to taste Mom from the source. I eased her upwards as I stretched out on the bench seat and dropped her dripping cunt right on my face, my tongue spearing her drenched, pink flesh, slurping up

the juices flooding her pussy. As I ate my mother out, I returned two fingers to her tender folds and again began to search for her sensitive places.

I pressed down on the right place and Mom squealed happily as her pussy suddenly flooded my face with her juices as I made her orgasm again. Mom sucked me furiously and after such an extended period of arousal, I was ready to explode and did so. "Cumming, Mom!" I cried as I sloppily lapped up her tasty cream.

Long minutes passed as we both rode out our respective orgasms, Mom refusing to relinquish my penis until she had sucked and licked it clean of every bit of my semen. When I knew Mom couldn't take my probing fingers anymore, I slipped them from her quivering pussy and sucked her delectable creamy juices until my fingers were clean.

Mom and I kissed then, embracing each other tightly as we tasted ourselves on each other. We held each other for a long time, reveling in our love and both sending up to God our silent thanks for each other. "It's a pretty little church, isn't it, John?" Mom said.

"Yeah, it kinda reminds me of your old church back in Kentucky," I replied.

"Someday, son," Mom whispered. "Someday I'm going to marry you in front of God and everyone in a church like this." Even in the dark of early evening, I could see the fire in Mom's eyes -- the passion that made my heart swell with love and desire for her whenever I saw it.

I kissed Mom again, a tender lovers kiss. "Yes, you will marry me, Mom. It's meant to be, but just hearing you say it aloud is like the world's best Christmas present."

Mom made a cooing sound and melted into my arms and we kissed again until the cold air began to penetrate the car and then we reluctantly began to make our way home again.

Once we arrived at the house, Mom leaned over and kissed me again, her tongue dancing with mine and then playfully licking the tip of my nose before saying, "I have a surprise for you in your room."

When I asked her what it was, Mom just smiled and said, "Wait and see."

Inside, we were greeted by our family. My younger twin brothers doing the obligatory punching and roughhousing of their big brother and our father looking up from his Lazy boy chair and after taking a sip of beer saying grumpily, "I thought you'd be home in time to cook supper, Carrie." He gestured towards the kitchen. We ordered pizza. There's some left in the kitchen."

Mom and I exchanged a naughty grin and Mom replied, "No, thanks, John and I had something to eat on the road."

We sat and chatted awhile, catching up on my brothers' goings on as they went into the home stretch of senior year. I went over my own progress in school as I prepared to graduate in May. Not for the last time my father snorted in derision and said, "Yeah, there goes four years wasted and a lot of money down the drain. Good luck getting a job as a -- what the hell is it -- technical writer?" Dad rolled his eyes.

Normally, I would have done a slow burn and probably left the room and in truth I had planned to share this news with Mom alone first as a Christmas surprise, but the moment was too sweet. "Actually, Dad, I been interviewed by several companies and I already have two job offers." I looked over at Mom and added as her eyes grew wider with surprise. "One of the companies is near Lexington, Kentucky, Mom -- not too far from where you grew up."

Mom's hands flew to her mouth and for a moment I thought she might cry. Then she came across the room and hugged me. "Oh, John! That's wonderful, just wonderful!" It felt good and it felt strange to have Mom hugging me like that in front of Dad. I liked it.

Mom turned and looked at the old Man. "Well, Frank. Tell your son congratulations for heaven's sake."

Dad looked mildly irritated, but he stood up and shook my hand. "Good, um, work. Be glad to have you paying your own way." He turned and headed for the stairs, mumbling something about the world going to hell these days.

Mom hugged me again, kissing me on my cheek. The twins whacked me on the back and headed down to their bedroom in the basement. When they had turned thirteen, they had begged Mom to let them move down there so they could have more room for their combined junk. Between the weight

equipment, ping-pong table, their beds and assorted sports clutter, it looked more like a testosterone tinged thrift shop than a bedroom. Hey, it made them happy.

Mom and I headed upstairs. Alone for the moment, our hands found each other as we walked up the steps. "Are you ready for your surprise?" Mom asked as we approached my old room.

I raised an eyebrow and looked around. I could hear the old Man messing around in the hall bathroom. "Right now, here, with everyone around?" I replied.

Mom smiled and said, "Well, at least the first part of your surprise." She pointed towards my door. "Go ahead, John."

I opened the door and stopped -- a little amazed. "Wow!" I said. There in my room was a full sized Christmas tree, next to the window that looked out into the street. It was decorated and lit up. "Mom, it's beautiful." I said. For some reason, my heart was pounding as so many memories from last Christmas flooded my thoughts.

"Isn't that the silliest shit you ever saw?" Dad came up from behind us. He looked over our shoulders at the tree in my room and then shook his head in disgust. "One tree is bad enough, but your mother thought it would look cute up here." He let his voice rise to a falsetto and said, "It looks Christmassy!"

Mom ignored him, her eyes on me, full of passion and love. "I like it. No, I love it," I said in reply. "Thanks, Mom!" I leaned over and kissed her on the corner of her mouth.

Mom's face flushed, partly I think from my near brazen expression of my love for her and partly out of her own love for me. Neither of us paid Dad much attention as he headed for the stairs, muttering, "Figures, you two are just alike -- got your damn heads in the clouds. John's definitely your son, Carrie."

Mom's hand linked up with mine again as Dad disappeared downstairs and she pulled herself into my embrace. "Yes, you are definitely my son, John...and so much more, thank God. I love you, son."

"I love you, Mom," I replied and we kissed as only passionate lovers can, pulling each other tighter until we could feel our hearts pounding in unison. When we finally parted, we were both breathing heavily. After trying to sate our appetite for each other the last couple of days, we were both as anxious as honeymooners to have each other again.

"I really do love the tree, Mom. It is Christmassy!" I said. "Um, you said something about this just being the first part of my surprise?"

Mom grinned and ran her hands over the throbbing bulge in my jeans. "Patience, son -- Christmas is almost here and you never know what Santa might leave under your Christmas tree on Christmas morning."

I started to say something in reply, but we heard the phone ring and a few moments later, the old man bawling, "Carrie, the phone! I think it's your sister."

Mom rolled her eyes and then kissed me again and whispered, "Later, son."

The next day was extremely busy as Mom hurried around, getting things ready for Christmas dinner. She rarely was able to leave the kitchen, despite my help. Of course, I probably slowed her down as we would pause to kiss and make out whenever a chance arose.

We'd hoped for a little quiet time, but it being Christmas Eve, all of Dad's cronies were also doing the family thing and even his favorite bar/bowling alley closed early. Additionally, a few of Dad's relatives lived in town and were in and out all day as well and it's really hard trying to feel your mother up when there are youngsters screaming around the house at any given moment.

The evening ended quietly enough. The twins went out with friends to go sledding and Dad sullenly worked his way through a 12-pack of beer while watching Christmas themed television shows. Mom and I sat on the couch, as near to each other as decorum would allow. Around ten o'clock, snow began to fall and the weatherman soon confirmed that we would get a Christmas snow. "Not as much as last year's blizzard, but a good five or six inches of snow by morning. So, go to bed, kids. Santa is already on his way!" the weatherman told us cheerfully.

Despite Dad's protestations, Mom turned out all the lights except for the family Christmas tree and she and I watched the snow fall through the big

bay window in the living room while Dad drank beer and alternately watched and dozed through Aliaster Sim's version of 'A Christmas Carol.' In the dimness as we watched the lovely snowfall, Mom's hand somehow found its way into mine. Amazing how much love can be communicated just through the gentle squeeze of a hand.

Shortly before Midnight, Mom announced she was going to bed. She stood up, leaned over and kissed me softly on the corner of my mouth, mouthing the words, "I love you, John," and told the Old Man goodnight. He was somewhere around his tenth or eleventh beer and what he said back wasn't real intelligible.

I watched old Scrooge wake up Christmas morning to a fresh start on life and wishing my father, Merry Christmas, I went to my room as well. I wasn't sleepy and was edgy and horny as hell, knowing Mom was just down the hall. I got out and wrapped gifts, placing one of them under the Christmas tree. I read for a little while, but finally just turned out all the lights, but for my Christmas tree and stretched out on my bed in a t-shirt and shorts and watched the lights twinkle and the snow fall through the window beyond.

Near one A.M. I heard the twins come in. They were laughing and giggling and more than a bit noisy as they stumbled around the kitchen. I heard Mom's door open and her footsteps in the hall and then down the stairs. I guess she read the boys the riot act because the last noise I heard from them was them retreating to their basement bedroom.

In a bit I heard Mom's footsteps again on the stairs and in the hall, stopping in front of my door. I felt my heart beat faster as I heard her lightly knock on the door and then step inside, closing the door quietly behind her. Mom looked lovely as always even though she was wearing her old flannel robe that she'd had for as long as I could remember. She had a heavy comforter in her arms that she tossed into a chair.

"Merry Christmas, son," Mom said in a breathless voice. "Happy anniversary, sweetheart." Mom undid the sash of her robe and then shrugged it off her shoulders. I sat up quick as Mom's body, dressed in a diaphanous white negligee. Remember this, John?" Mom asked me, a lusty gleam in her eyes.

I was off the bed in a second, rushing to my barely clad mother, admiring the way her lush body filled out the almost transparent nightgown. Low cut and offering an almost completely unfettered view of her breasts, nipples swollen and prominent. The gauzy material did little to hide her curvy legs or the unruly thatch of hair between her porcelain thighs.

I took Mom in my arms. "Our first night as lovers, Mom," I said in a voice thick with emotion. "You're as beautiful now as you were that first night." I kissed Mom -- my lips opening to the touch of her tongue, sucking her tongue into my mouth and caressing it with my own tongue. I tightened my embrace, pulling Mom against me -- feeling the heat of her body melding with mine.

Our kiss seemed to go on and on, as if we were afraid that it might be our last and we had to make it last as long as we could. Our tongues swirled madly against each other, our breathing growing heavy as our passion grew. Already, I could smell Mom's arousal, wafting upwards from her wet cunt, mingling with that ever present hint of jasmine, a sweet scent I will treasure until the end of my days. My cock swelled within my shorts, seeking escape, seeing to press against and into my mother's loving flesh.

When our kiss finally ended, Mom gasped in a whisper, "I love you, son. Make love to me. It's Christmas -- it's our night. Make love to me right now." For emphasis, Mom again pressed her lips against mine, her ardent kiss making me lightheaded even as her hands probed and began to work my shorts down.

My cock sprung free and was in Mom's hand and she began to rub it against her belly, pressing her silk covered body against mine. "What if we get caught?" I said softly as Mom ended the kiss and yanked my shirt over my head, her lips kissing me on the chest, tongue rolling over my own pebbled nipples.

Mom kissed me again, a hungry kiss that nipped at my lips. "I don't care, John. All I know is this is our anniversary -- our first anniversary and I want my son to fuck me, right here, right now under our Christmas tree."

One hand still wrapped around my erect dick, Mom turned and reached for the comforter she'd brought in. With a flick of her wrist, she unfolded it and flung it in the general direction of the tree. My mother kissed me again and as we again were locked in a lover's kiss, she walked us over towards our blinking tree. Mom's hand gently stroked up and down on my throbbing penis while she used her feet to kick open and spread out the comforter. She walked us a few steps to the bed where she seized the pillows and tossed them onto the spread out blanket.

"I love you, John. Make love to me. Fuck me, son. Fuck me right now. Fuck me, John. Fuck me." Mom whispered her incestuous words with an almost religious intensity. Mom began to sink onto the blanket, pulling me down with her, squatting and then lying back as her legs spread out, taking me to

rest between them, even as she somehow managed to pull her negligee over her head. "Fuck me, son. Promise me that on Christmas you will always make love to me, John."

I eased myself down on top of Mom, feeling her thighs pull back alongside my hips, rolling her hips upward, her thick hairy muff tickling my aching erection and then pressing upwards to reveal Mom's heat, Mom's wetness and Mom's need. "I love you so much, Mom," I said as I felt my chest press into her meaty tits. "Merry Christmas, Mom. I love youuu." My last word came out in a moan as the head of my cock found Mom's pussy, slick and open with desire and then I was thrusting and I was inside my mother once again, home where I belonged.

Mom moaned, lifting her head to muffle her own cries by kissing me. I felt her fingernails dig into my back as with one long, slow movement, I buried my cock deep in her motherly cunt. Mom thrust her pelvis up to meet my cock's movement and to help me go deeper all that more quickly. Mom's ankles brushed my asscheeks and then her heels dug in, using that leverage to open herself to me even more, to help my cock get deeper into her womb.

It was that perfect erotic and incestuous moment where need and desire become pleasure, indescribably delicious as man and woman join to become one. My cock sank through Mom's hot, creamy flesh which tightened around my shaft, embracing it lovingly as she took all of me. For an indeterminate amount of time, we were suspended in that perfect incestuous embrace, unable and unwilling to move, our kiss growing more passionate as we savored the intense pleasure that grows in intensity every time we make love.

Mom's nipples, already thick and swollen, seemed to grow even more erect against my chest. Through her heavy breasts, flattened out by my weight, I could feel her heart beat wildly, it's frantic pace matched by my own.

As our kiss ended and I frantically gasped for air, Mom's head rolled back on the pillow, her eyes almost closed as she grinned with a near obscene leer, a soft and almost animal like groan of sexual satisfaction escaping her lips.

My arms went under hers and then I curled them around to grip her shoulders, using the position for leverage as I slowly withdrew my cock halfway and then thrust back into Mom's steaming pussy.

As only lovers can, we began to move as one -- my cock slipping in and out of Mom's loving cunt as she worked her vaginal muscles, her silky slick



sugar walls clinging greedily to my shaft, creating that unique, incredibly pleasurable friction that grew with each movement of our bodies. Our eyes were locked on each other, we shared short, quick, tender kisses intermixed with longer, passionate soul kisses that seemed to go on forever. Mom's arms and legs tightened around me, pressing our suddenly sweat slick bodies tighter.

In between kisses, Mom would bite her lower lip (such a sexy overbite!), and sigh or moan. If my thrusts made her cry out louder, she would rush to kiss me, let her own moan fade on my lips. Mom, with her black hair spread out on the pillow, looked like an angel, the lights of the tree playing off her fair skin, enhancing the sparkle in her eyes. I felt my heart and soul become lost in her eyes, taking me in and enveloping me in her love, never to let me go.

Our pleasure built as we fucked, our movements picking up speed and intensity. The liquid fire of Mom's pussy, enveloping my cock seemed to spread -- the flames of our incestuous desire for each other raced through our veins, consuming us as we drove each other closer to the immolation of pure, incestuous love and pleasure.

Mom's tongue thrust into my mouth, frantically dueling my own as she began to cry out her overwhelming joy at once again being brought to orgasm by her oldest son. Mom's cunt walls clamped down around my cock. I was buried inside Mom's womb to the root, feeling my own orgasm breaking through as her steamy flesh massaged my cock shaft. There was a flood of wetness, like a scalding stream of sweet and deliciously fragrant oil bathing my cock and then I answered with my own -- my cock head swelling and then spraying Mom's pussy with jet after jet of my hot semen.

Our bodies clinched even tighter and seemed to freeze in the sweet moment of our incestuous orgasm. As we kissed, our tongues intertwined, we both had our eyes opened, staring into each other's souls and seeing the deep love that we had for each other. We clung to each other out of desire and out of need for each other and most of all out of love for each other. Mom and I both knew that in each other's arms was where we were meant to be, now and forever.

As we calmed down, I moved to take my weight off Mom, but she tightened her legs around me to maintain her grip. "Son, are you really going to take a job with the E\_\_\_\_\_ company? In Lexington? You'll be moving to Lexington?"

I smiled, nodded and said, "No, we'll be moving to the old home place. Together. Forever."

Tears rolled down Mom's face as she tried to laugh and cry at the same time. All she could manage to say was "Yes, together."

The last thing I remember was Mom in my arms after I slipped out of her, both of us cuddling on the quilt and I had yanked my blankets off the bed to cover us. I whispered, "I love you so much, Mom."

Mom's head was resting on my chest, her hand on my stomach, just above my pubic hair. She turned to kiss my cheek and replied, "I love you, son. Merry Christmas." We fell asleep, finding everything we needed to be happy in each other's embrace.

When I woke, it was early morning. A grayish light shone through the window, but even the dim and gloomy morning light did nothing to detract from Mom's beauty. Mom was lying next to me, her head propped up on her elbow watching me.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Mom said quietly. She leaned over me, her breasts mashing against my chest and side, and kissed me, a gentle lover's kiss.

"Merry Christmas, Mom," I answered, reaching out to pull her close again to kiss her again. "What time is it?"

"Early still. Nobody will be up for a while."

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Watching my son sleep." Mom replied. "I used to love watching you sleep when you were little." Mom reached out and brushed my hair off my forehead. "I missed it when you got to be older. I'm glad to be able to do it again."

We kissed again, Mom halfway rolling on top of me, her naked body warm and soft against mine. We necked under the blankets for a bit, but we both knew that she needed to leave soon. In any case, it was a fine way to wake up Christmas morning, kissing and caressing the woman I love.

Finally the moment came that we both knew Mom should get up or we would be discovered. I hated that feeling. I wished we could simply go public with our love for each other, but I knew deep down that for now, we had to be satisfied with what we had.

Mom sat up, the blankets falling away as she raised her arms and stretched, pulling her breasts up in a fine display. She looked so sexy, I couldn't resist reaching up and cupping one hefty and meaty globe, slowly rubbing Mom's thick nipple with a finger.

Mom giggled and swatted my hand away. "God, you know that makes me nuts. I better get going before the twins get moving around and looking for breakfast."

I reached out and took Mom's hand. "Can you wait a second, Mom. I think Santa left you something under the tree."

Mom laughed and said, "Oh really?" She reached under the blankets and found my hard cock. She stroked it slowly. "Maybe he left me a tree from the size of this."

I sighed happily but turned and reached out further under the tree and pulled out the present I had left there the night before. "Merry Christmas, Mom." I said, giving her a kiss as I handed it to her. "I wanted to give you this while we're alone."

Mom cooed and turned it over in her hands. "Baby, you shouldn't have." Mom tore the wrapping off to reveal a small, oblong box. "John, what have you done?" Mom said in an anxious voice. She opened it and gasped. She held up the double string of pearls. "Oh my goodness. They're beautiful! Son, you spent too much!"

"Lots of overtime and weekends this fall, Mom," I said. "And you know what a bargain hunter I am." Truthfully, it was a bargain. I had found the necklace in a pawn shop and had haggled with the dealer for half an hour before we settled on a price. Myself, I didn't feel it was too much money to spend, besides, working all those extra hours had helped me get through all those long, lonely weeks without Mom.

"Here, let me help you with them." Mom turned around and I slipped the pearls around her neck and did up the clasp.

Mom turned back and I helped her get the strands arranged. I realized that there is little one can do to improve the beauty of a naked woman, but pearls...well as they rested against her chest, drawing attention to her flawless skin and to her magnificent mature breasts, the pearls seemed to compliment Mom's natural loveliness.

"Well?" Mom said eagerly. "How do they look.?"

I climbed to my feet, Mom snickered as my now erect penis swayed in front of her. "Come and see, Mom," I said, holding out my hand to her.

I led Mom over to the mirror hanging on the wall. Mom stared at her own naked body, running a finger over the strands. I stood behind my mother, my cock, pressing into the cleft between her soft cheeks. I slipped my arms around her waist and we both stared at ourselves. Yes, there is something a little extra erotic about a woman wearing nothing but a pearl necklace. I kissed Mom on the shoulder. "See, Mom? You look beautiful."

Mom shivered and leaned back against me. "Well, I can tell you like how they look." Mom admired them for a moment again and then said, "Thank you, darling." She raised an eyebrow and tried for a chagrined look. "And I didn't bring you a present." Mom turned around in my arms, her breasts sweeping deliciously across my skin, her nipples hard as diamonds.

I kissed Mom and replied, "I think I had my present last night. And I really, enjoyed it!"

Mom's hand trailed down my chest and found its way to my hard cock. "Well, maybe I can give you a little something extra right now. Besides, I haven't had breakfast, John."

Mom slipped out of my embrace, lowering herself into a squatting position. Let me tell you, Mom never looked hotter. She looked up at me with her beautiful eyes and said, "If I wasn't so hungry for your cum, I might just get me another pearl necklace, John."

Mom took me entire her mouth and I groaned as my hands cupped her head, fingers intertwining with the strands of her dark hair. In the growing light of Christmas morning, I looked down to the cock swelling sight of my mother staring intently up at me as her lips engulfed my shaft and slid back

and forth wetly while her tongue did things to my cock that made my knees weak. As Mom sucked me, she fondled my balls gently, a fingernail gently scratching that sensitive, ticklish place just behind my testicles.

Mom truly is a cocksucking artist, varying her pace as she made her loving blowjob last and last. Mom was aware of the visual aspect of sucking cock as well, making sure to come up for air once in a while, letting me slip from her warm, wet mouth so she could lewdly lick and kiss the head of my cock, slick with her saliva and my precum and not once did Mom take her eyes off my face, a naughty grin flashing and showing me that she was enjoying this as much as I was.

With a loud slurp, Mom took me back in her mouth, demonstrating once again her ability to deep throat me, taking me until my pubic hair was ticking her nose. With my cock wedged in her throat, Mom would make a happy, gurgling sound that made me reach out and touch the wall in order to keep my balance.

It was at that moment that we both heard the old Man thumping up the stairs, hacking and coughing. I started to pull back, but Mom's hands were quickly cupping my ass cheeks and she subtly shook her head and continued to suck my cock, unhurried by any outside concerns. In fact, as Mom continued to stare up at me lovingly, she seemed to be smiling, her eyes full of delight at our carnal behavior with Dad stomping down the hall.

We heard the bathroom door open and close. Mom never slowed down. Her tongue continued to dance around the crown of my cock, swirling here and teasing there, sanding over my piss slit in such a way that I felt the pressure begin to build. "Mom," I said softly. "I'm going to cum."

"Mmmmmmm!" Mom hummed as her tongue continued to flutter over the head of my cock. She began sucking me furiously and then it felt like my cock head was swelling to bursting and then I was cumming -- powerful gouts of hot semen flooding Mom's mouth. I felt her lips tighten around my shaft, locking me in place as she gulped down my seed. Mom's fingernails dug slightly into my ass cheeks as she continued to suck and swallow while I whimpered in sheer delight at the expression of incestuous love on my mother's face.

Long after I was drained, Mom continued to suck me, making sure she had taken every precious drop of my sperm that she could and then lovingly she licked me clean and smiled up at me. ""This is so unfair. I just realized that that's the second Christmas present I've gotten from you this morning." Mom said, licking her lips with her semen smeared tongue.

I pulled Mom to her feet and gave her a kiss, tasting myself on her lovely lips. "No complaints here, Mom. I love the way you celebrate Christmas."

We both knew that our lovely Christmas morning was over, but neither of us wanted it to end. We continued to kiss as I helped Mom with her sleek and sheer negligee and then with true regret, I helped her slip on her old flannel robe.

"I love you so much, Mom. Thank you for the last wonderful year," I said as I slipped my arms around her one more time.

As I pulled her in for another kiss, Mom replied, "This is just the beginning, son. We're going to have a lifetime of wonderful years together. I love you, John." We kissed, a long slow kiss that neither of us wanted to end, but alas, it did. My heart filled with a sort of melancholy as Mom slipped quietly out the door. Any place that didn't have Mom to brighten it with her presence always seems a little sad to me.

Much to my surprise, when I went downstairs to get a bit of breakfast, Mom was wearing her pearls. Mom had on navy jeans that emphasized her lovely ass and a Christmas sweater, very red with a scoop neck that drew attention to her voluptuous cleavage and her new pearl necklace.

We were alone and I gave Mom a kiss on the back of her neck that made her sigh and then a kiss on the lips that made me hard again. As Mom handed me a glass of orange juice, I said, "You look lovely, Mom. But..."

"But what?" Mom replied.

"How are you going to explain these?"

Mom snorted and rolled her eyes. "Please, baby -- like your father or your brothers are even going to notice. Mom leaned in and kissed me again. "And if they do, I'll tell them I got them from my wonderful oldest son." Mom looked into my eyes with a fierce determination that might make most men quake. "I'm not embarrassed or ashamed in the slightest. None of them treat me with any more respect than they would a hired maid -- maybe even worse. I lived with that for years, but you brought me back to life, my dear son and lover. They don't like it, fuck them."

I have to confess. Mom's words thrilled me. I wanted to make love to her right then and there. Alas, that we heard Dad come coughing and snorting back down the stairs, dressed, but looking bleary eyed.

Mom handed him a cup of coffee and said, "Merry Christmas, Frank."

The old Man mumbled something that sounded like "Sure," and took his cup and went back into the living room. A moment later, we heard the television come on. Mom rolled her eyes again, then smiled and kissed me, slipping her tongue into my mouth. We kissed, arms around each other until we heard footsteps coming up from the basement.

Mom, with my help, fixed a big breakfast and the good smells of it even drew the Old Man into the kitchen. After eating our breakfast feast, our family retired to the living room (it had been a long time since Christmas began early morning with the whole family opening presents under the Christmas tree. Of course, nowadays, Mom and I have our own traditions, began so many years ago.

Mom (and officially, Dad, although I am positive, he never lifted a hand to do any shopping), had music albums for the twins, as well as the obligatory clothes and bottles of aftershave. The twins gave Mom a box of chocolates and the same perfume they'd been giving her for the last six years -- not the one she favored.

I got the twins new albums as well and tickets to see the Cubs in May. Dad I gave an antique casting spinner I had found in a second hand store on the Chicago's South Side one that actually worked. I think it was the first honest and happy smile I had been the cause on the Old Man's face in several years. He actually said, "Thank you, son."

For me, there was cologne as well, a brand Mom had long told me that she found sexy when I wore it and a beautiful sweater and to a brand new watch. Inside the watch case was a little note and I felt my face flush a bit and looked up to see Mom smiling at me evilly. The note read, "Just a little something to help you count down the hours, minutes and seconds until we're free to fuck each other's brains out forever! Love, Mom!" I know I had a big grin on my face as I exclaimed, "Thanks!"

Dad feeling gregarious and as he had so often done in the past, took credit for my present and spoke up for both him and Mom and said, "My pleasure." Mom grinned with amusement and gave me a sly wink that made my cock throb with pleasure.

Mom was a little surprised when I handed her an envelope and said, "Merry Christmas, Mom."

She opened it and pulled out the contents, giving a little gasp as she said, "Tickets to see Chicago (the rock group)! New Year's Eve! John, how did you get these? They must have cost a fortune!"

I shrugged and said in my best Chicago accent, "Hey, I know somebody who knows somebody." Truthfully, my boss at the distributorship got the tickets from the club, but his wife had made plans for dinner at some county club for New Year's Eve and had sold them to me. "You and Dad can paint the town and party in Chicago this New Year's." Mom's face went wide with surprise when I said that, but I gave her a reassuring wink and begin to count to ten.

I made it to three before the Old Man blustered. "To hell with that. I got plans already. I already told you, Carrie. I'm taking the boys ice fishing up in Minnesota. Blair's got a cabin up there we're going to stay in, just like last year."

Mom struggled to keep a grin on her face and said with a plaintive tone. "Well, what am I supposed to do, Frank? I can't go alone?"

The Old Man shrugged (and I suddenly realized we do that the same way), and said, "Well, you were going to run John back up on the second of January anyway. Go up early and let him go with you. Hell, he got the tickets for you, anyway."

Mom frowned and then nodded her head. "I guess I could do that. John, you okay with that? You mind spending New Year's Eve with your mother?"

I grinned and shrugged. "I guess so, Mom. Sounds all right with me." And I winked again. Merry Christmas at the Hamilton House!

Later on in the day, I was in the kitchen again with Mom. The twins had gone off to see how their friends had made out for Christmas and Dad was watching the Football game in between naps. Mom had put on a wonderful Christmas dinner and I was helping her clean up the kitchen. We washed and dried and snuck in kisses and the occasional goose.



We'd put the last of the dishes up and Mom was leaning against the sink while I kissed her. As much as I love having Mom's pussy wrapped around my cock, there is something to be said for the sweet and simple pleasure of having your mother's lips pressed against yours, with or without tongue. I had one denim covered leg between Mom's slightly spread legs and as we kissed, she slowly rubbed her jean covered mound against my thigh. Even through her jeans, I could feel Mom's heat.

"Somebody think's they're clever," Mom said, her hand on my chest. "What would you have done if your father had said he'd take me to the show?"

I laughed and shaking my head, said, "I don't know. Pistols at dawn. Winner keeps the most beautiful woman in the world?" I stroked a finger down Mom's cheek and across her luscious lips. "It sucks to say it, but, we both know how the Old Man is. I never had a doubt that on New Year's Eve you and I would be together. And now we can be ourselves, lost in the crowd, being the lovers we are."

Mom kissed my finger, rolling her lips around it and then nipping it playfully. "You're right of course. We live a bit dangerously, don't we?" Mom sucked on my finger, slowly as if it were my cock, her eyes always looking into my eyes. She let me slip from her mouth and pushed off the sink, her arms going up and around my neck. "We have to, don't we? We have to because we're meant to be together."

Mom kissed me then, pressing her mouth fiercely to mine, her tongue hungrily searching out mine. I pulled her tighter against me, relishing the softness and warmth of her body. We were meant to be together. Nothing ever felt so right then or now. Our hearts seemed to beat as one, driving the blood through our bodies, driving the lusty thoughts that quickly inflamed our need for each other.

Not for the first time was I amazed at how the wildfire of incestuous passion came over us both. Without thinking, without saying a word, Mom and I were caught up in our immediate carnal desires.

Mom's hands dropped to my waist and began fumbling at my jeans. She broke the kiss suddenly, a string of saliva stretching between our mouths as she looked into my eyes and gasped, "Fuck me, lover. Fuck me now, John!"

I reached out for Mom's hand and rolled my eyes up towards the ceiling, ready to lead her upstairs. Mom shook her head as she undid my jeans and unzipped me. "I want my son to fuck me right here, right now!" she hissed.

Mom undid her jeans and pushed them down over her hips, her panties, right along with them. I caught a pungent whiff of her aroused cunt and any doubts or concerns went right out the window.

Mom stepped out of her jeans and kicked them away, looking incredibly erotic naked from the waist down except for a cute pair of white ankle socks. Her thick bush glistened with her juices and she again hissed quietly, "C'mon, John. Give your mother what she needs -- a good Christmas day fucking!"

My jeans were down around my ankles now and I kicked them off to join Mom's pants in a crumpled heap. My cock was throbbing and erect, anxious to be buried in Mom's warmth. Mom's arms came up around my neck again and she hunched herself against me, her moist and blossoming wide labia rubbing wetly against my thigh and cock. My hands came up and squeezed Mom's heavy breasts through her sweater and I kissed her hard, forcing my tongue into her mouth

I felt Mom's left leg lift, her thigh rubbing against mine. I dropped my hand to her meaty ass cheeks and lifted her slightly while bending my knees. Mom's other leg came up, leaving her suspended in my hands. I felt my cock trapped between our bodies and rubbing against her soft belly, then through thick, crinkly hair and then wetness, sweet, hot wetness and my hard erection knew its way home and then Mom moaned into my mouth as my cockhead found the opening to her steamy cunt and drove upwards into her welcoming flesh.

Using the sink behind her as a support, Mom wrapped her luscious legs around my waist and impaled herself on my long cock, breaking the kiss and arching her back as she ground herself into me, her teeth clenched as she struggled not to moan as I plunged ever deeper into her cunt until our pubic hair tangled together and I felt her wetness against my groin.

It was a sweet moment, our mother-son lust mingling with the thrill of being discovered. The Old Man, Mom's husband and my father sat not fifteen feet away, oblivious to our love making just as he had become oblivious to the beautiful, sexual woman that was about to escape his life.

Planting my feet firmly, I whispered, "I love you so much, Mom!" as I began to slowly thrust into her, my hands on her waist, helping brace her as I fucked her creamy pussy. Mom's breasts bounced above and underneath her red sweater, her new pearls looking so enticing on the exposed portion of her neck and chest. I leaned in, pulling Mom close and began kissing her

neck and upper chest, my tongue rolling across the exposed swells of her breasts.

Mom's hands became entangled in my hair and she held me close, shuddering from the quick, hard strokes of my stiff penis and shivering from my loving kisses and licks and nibbles on her chest and throat. I felt her lips kissing my ear and her lovely voice gasping softly, "I love you, John, sweet lover son. I love you too!" Mom tightened her legs around me, trying to get me deeper inside her as she flexed and worked her cunt muscles, massaging my cock in her liquid, velvety heat.

On and on we fucked, our lust and love consuming us, making us ignorant to the world around us. It simply didn't exist. Mom urged my face upwards and I was looking into her lovely eyes, pools of love that became the center of my existence as our bodies slapped into each other again and again. We kissed and within that kiss as our tongues made love on their own, I felt the moan growing in Mom's throat. Mom's thighs tightened against me as her cunt began to spasm, clenching my cock in it's velvet grip and bathing it anew with her fiery creams.

As Mom began to orgasm, I tried to hold out, but her body urged me to cum and I did, going rigid, trying to thrust as deeply into her womb as possible as my cock began to gush streamer after streamer of hot, thick semen. It was that exquisite mutual orgasm -- the one where we merge into one being, one consciousness, almost able to read each other's thoughts, sharing our individual pleasures and creating something greater, something eternal. It seemed to go on and on -- our hearts racing, our bodies covered in fuck sweat, tears running down our face from the sheer power of our incestuous lovemaking.

Long minutes passed before I was willing to let Mom out of my grip. Finally, with both of us trembling with effort and gasping for air, I sat Mom down. We stood there in the kitchen, Mom's arms around my neck for support, her head against my chest, holding each other up as we found ourselves mortals again.

Finally, Mom looked up at me. "Son, I will never get tired of that! You do know how to fuck a woman!"

I kissed her on the forehead and replied, "I know how to fuck my mother. She's taught me well."

Giggling like naughty children, we gathered up our jeans and naked from the bottom down, walked quietly passed the living room where the Old Man sat oblivious and ignorant of the passion and love and lust that had been burning just a few feet away. Up the stairs we crept, my hand cupping Mom's ass as we went.

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So went our Christmas holidays. Days spent secretly or blatantly seeking opportunities to make love. Dad and the twins did their thing, ignoring Mom as they had done for years, while I strove to make every second with her count. It was none too soon that we drove back to Chicago where at last we could be the real us -- a happy, loving couple.

New Year's Eve found us together. My most enduring memory of that night is of us dancing at the club, listening to the words of one of our favorite band's favorite songs. Mom really outdid herself, dressing up to please me and to let the exhibitionist sexuality of her nature shine.

Mom's party dress was sinfully hot -- a sexy red dress -- short and strapless like last year. This one had a plunging V-neckline that put all but perhaps a third of her magnificent breasts on view for all the world to see and short enough to show off her sexy legs, especially with the four inch heels. Mom had also decided to perm her dark hair, so that it fell past her shoulders in a cascade of curls. She looked like some perfect incarnation of a goddess -- and to me, that was what Mom was and is -- the goddess of my heart.

There were other couples out on the dance floor, but we might as well have been alone, lost in our own world, caught up in the music and each other. "As time goes on, I realize, just what you mean to me." Never were truer words spoken or sung. Mom and I danced the night away, sure in each other's love, knowing that we would always have each other, bodies close together, aroused by the simple presence of each other, confident in the knowledge that as light dawned on the first day of the New Year, Mom and I would be making love, Mom's legs spread wide, my cock in her motherly pussy, knowing that this was just the beginning -- the first wonderful day of the rest of our lives, lives that would be spent together as mother and son, lovers and eventually husband and wife.

We had no clue that fate was about to take a hand in our lives.

## Chapter 6

One of the darkest places I think anyone can find themselves is inside an intensive care ward in the early morning hours watching someone die. So it was in late February, at three o'clock on a bitter cold morning that I found myself with my family. The room was silent except for the "fshhhing" sounds of machines hooked to my father. Mom was wide awake and watching from a chair across the room, my twin brothers dozing on each side of her while I sat next to my father watching as the numbers on his monitor crept slowly downward. Hooked up the ventilator and God knows how many tubes and wires, Dad looked small and frail, nothing like the large, fierce man I spent most of my life despising.

Somewhere over the Midwest, Aunt Debbie was flying in, but I knew she would never make it before her hated brother in law passed on. Molly, darling Molly was probably asleep in the ICU waiting room, exhausted from sharing our vigil and from the long, late night drive to bring me home to witness the passing of my father.

Dad had been out ice fishing with his buddies, sitting in their little shack, listening to the Bulls on the radio, occasionally pulling a trout out of the icy water and drinking and smoking with little restraint. His best buddy told me that my old man had requested a beer and that by the time he had retrieved one from the cooler that my father had slumped over, face distorted as he fell victim to a massive stroke.

That was almost two days ago. Another stroke had come rushing in on the coattails of the first and Dad had slipped into a coma. The doctors made sympathetic noises and didn't pull any punches when they said it was only a short matter of time.

I wasn't sure what to make of all the emotions churning inside me – perhaps most of all, the realization that for all the hard words over the years, for all the hatred I had inside me for the way he treated Mom and despite the pride I took in claiming his wife and my mother as my own woman, I was amazed to still realize that I loved the old bastard. I was still his son – something I think I had forgotten as the years passed by.

One look at Mom told me that she was struggling with the same feelings. On one hand, she looked at me with such devotion and love it almost burst my heart. On the other hand, I could see the pain in her eyes as she watched him fading away...pain and regret and yes, love.

The monitor began to beep and a nurse came into the room and checked it over, shaking her head as she watched his numbers sink lower by the minute. "It won't be long now," She said to Mom and me. She tried to smile sympathetically and failed miserably. "Probably just a few minutes." The nurse left us to watch the numbers drop and drop.

Dad began to gasp – the nurses had warned us this would be the final sign. Mom roused the twins from their fitful sleep and we gathered around the bed. The twins each had hold of one of our father's hands and tears began to flow. Mom and I stood at the end of the hospital bed, Mom easing against me as I put an arm around her waist. I was surprised to find myself wiping tears out of my eyes.

In a strong voice, Mom called out. "It's time, Frank – let go. Be at rest." My father's monitor numbers flatlined a few seconds later, he let out one last long breath and was silent. Mom sighed and whispered, "Oh, Frank." The twins turned towards Mom and rushed for her. She took them in her arms and let them cry out their pain while I stood behind her, hands on her shoulders, just wanting her to know I was there.

The nurse came back in and quietly shut off the monitors, made note of the time and whispered softly, "Take all the time you need to say your goodbyes." When the twins had cried themselves out, they each went to our father and kissed him on the forehead. Mom leaned over his body and gave him a kiss, lips barely brushing his. I went last, a shuddering sigh washing over me as I reached down and took his cooling hand and kissed it. I felt like I should say something, but in death, so much like life, my father and I had nothing to say to each other.

We were shown to a small room where Mom met with a funeral home worker and arranged for the Old Man to be transported. I took on the responsibility of calling my father's siblings and letting them know he'd passed away.

We then joined Molly outside the ICU. She looked at me, the question in her eyes and I nodded. "Oh, Sugar. I'm sorry." she whispered, embracing me and then Mom and then because they looked like they needed it, the twins. "Anything I can do, please just tell me," Molly whispered, taking my hand as we headed for the elevator.

I squeezed her hand and as we followed Mom, her arms around the boys, replied, "You already are, Molly."

And that was true. When Mom had called me at work to tell me Dad was dying, I'd asked Molly if she'd give me a lift to the Bus Station, knowing Mom would have been too busy with this crisis to come for me. Molly insisted on driving me home and we spent most of last night driving across Illinois in her old, beat up Chevy van. Since then, she'd stood by us, trying to help in any way she could.

When we arrived home, the twins trudged wearily down to their basement bedroom while Molly and I walked with Mom upstairs. We stopped in front of Mom's bedroom door and I asked her, "Mom, are you okay?"

Mom nodded and sighed. "I just feel tired. I can't seem to sleep since this all happened – it all seems surreal, like I sleep walking through some terrible dream." She looked into the bedroom and shook her head. "I can't stay in there tonight." She looked at Molly and me and continued, "I know your bed would be crowded, but can I just lie down with you two, for a while?"

Mom looked up at with such an odd and sad expression on her face and then she just buried her face against my chest and began to cry. Molly came up behind Mom and began rubbing her shoulders and whispered, "No bed is ever too crowded to have you in it, Carrie."

With Mom still crying softly, I led her to my room. When the door was closed, I eased her out of the clothes she was wearing, a sweat suit she'd had on for most of the last two days. I told Molly where to find a clean sweat shirt while I undid Mom's bra and then slid off her panties, leaving her naked and semi-awake and looking more beautiful than ever. Her long black hair was a bit tangled and awry, but just made her look all the more attractive, like a beautiful woman who'd tumbled out of bed after making love. Only the dark circles under her eyes betrayed the weariness I know she was feeling.

I felt a little guilty as my body responded to Mom's naked body. Just looking at her made me fall in love and lust with my mother all over again. Her luscious frame highlighted by her heavy, gourd shaped breasts, capped with thick, meaty nipples, her belly, looking even flatter than it had at Christmas and her long, shapely legs that ended in a jungle of dark hair which hid the gates of heaven. I felt myself harden despite the circumstances.

Mom smiled at me through sleepy eyes – her gaze traveling downwards towards my thickening penis. "I have missed you so much and I wish..."

"Me too, Mom," I replied. "There will be time enough later."

Mom nodded and I knew that like me, she was thinking about how things were about to dramatically change, and although she had planned to leave the Old Man, this way...well, neither of us felt good about it.

I tried to ignore the feelings of lust as Molly and I pulled the sweat shirt over her head to use as a nightshirt. I stripped down till I was naked as did Molly and we led Mom to my bed and cuddled her between us, Mom facing me, my hard-on nestled in her thick thatch of pubic hair and Molly spooning her from behind, her full breasts pressing against Mom's back.

Mom kept sighing, "I'm so tired, but I can't fall asleep." She stirred restlessly while I stroked her arms and gently kissed her. Behind Mom, Molly had an arm up under the oversized sweat shirt, rubbing her back. Despite our best efforts, Mom was too wound up to fall asleep.

Molly finally took matters in her own hands – literally. "Kiss your mother, John," she whispered. While I did so, pressing my lips against Mom's, our tongues gently caressing each other, Molly continued to rub Mom's back, slowly descending until she was gingerly massaging the small of her back. Mom gave a start as she suddenly felt Molly's fingers tracing down along the crack of her ass and then press between her thighs to massage the fleshy folds of her pussy.

Mom gave a little shiver and moved her thighs slightly apart, allowing Molly more access between her legs, sighing into my mouth as her tongue fluttered against mine. Molly rubbed fingers up and down Mom's labia until they began to part, revealing glistening and wet flesh underneath. Mom's arms wrapped around my shoulders and she pulled me tight against her as Molly slipped a finger inside her.

"Yesssss," Mom moaned against my lips as Molly began to touch her secret spots, adding another finger as she probed Mom's slick, wet flesh. Mom shivered and began to kiss me with more passion, her nipples plumping up and pressing against the cotton of the sweatshirt to poke against my chest.

Molly's touch was sure and precise. Resting her chin on Mom's shoulder, Molly smiled at me, giving me that knowing and sexy wink of hers as she fingered Mom. Mom's left leg was drawn up and I could see Molly's fingers working in and out of Mom's pussy, shiny in the dim light of the single lamp on the bedside table. I kept kissing Mom gently and lovingly as Mom's breathing quickened as Molly's fingers found her sweet spots. Molly added a



third finger – two thrusting deeper inside Mom while her middle finger probed upward seeking out her G-spot.

Mom's hips began to move in time with Molly's fingers, little gasps escaping her lips as we kissed. I slid my hand downwards as well, the sweatshirt having worked its way upwards, exposing Mom's smooth belly. I could feel her muscles fluttering underneath my fingers, her skin growing warmer as Molly's loving touch brought her closer. I slipped fingers through her thick bush until I met wetness and heat and spread my fingers so as to surround her swollen clitoris and I began to softly tease it, feeling her pulse through the fleshy little nub.

Mom jerked and moaned, her body stiffening as an orgasm rippled through her weary body. "Oh God, I love you both!" she sobbed before her pleasure took her words away. She hunched against our hands until she couldn't handle anymore stimulation and then with a happy whimper, simply faded into unconsciousness and began to softly snore.

Molly sat up then and stared down at us both. "She really needed that, sugar." She whispered, conspicuously licking Mom's juices off her drenched fingers.

"I expect we could all use that right now. Thank you for everything, Molly." I replied, licking Mom's creamy cunt sauce off my own fingers. My cock throbbed for release – Mom's sweet taste, as always, sending me into a higher state of arousal.

"We'll get caught up, sugar – you, your Mom and me...later. Right now, you need your sleep as well – it's going to be a couple of hard days for y'all." Molly paused and gave me a loving smile, reaching over Mom's shoulder and stroking my face. "I'm sorry you lost your dad, John and I know you must be making your insides a messy tangle right now, but, sugar, whatever else – remember that what you and your mother share isn't part of that, so just let that crazy shit go. You love each other – you're in love with each other and you're going to spend the rest of your lives together."

I reached out and took Molly's hand and kissed it. "Thank you," I replied. I kissed her hand again and whispered, "Good night," Molly." She blew me a good night kiss and I reached over and turned out the light. Mom, in her sleep, snuggled up closer to me, making a contented sigh. She felt good in my arms. I was asleep before my head hit the pillow.

I woke up several hours later. Mom was still asleep in my arms and she felt wonderful. Even though I couldn't see behind her, I was instantly certain that we were alone. As I came more awake, my opinion was confirmed by the sound of laughter and chatter from downstairs, soon followed by the smell of bacon cooking on the stove. No doubt, Molly was running interference with my brothers, who despite the circumstances of the last few days had been more than dazzled by my sexy fuck buddy. I'm sure I came up several notches in their estimation by returning home with a beautiful woman in hand.

I was hungry, but having Mom in my embrace more than compensated and I was content to just watch her sleep. I tried to study more on what my father's passing entailed, especially concerning Mom and me, but Molly's words kept interrupting and I did try and just let it go. More important was the happiness of the woman I was holding and I knew we were on the verge of making those last steps to sharing our lives totally and completely. I slipped back into sleep, dreaming of our future together.

I woke up to the sweet sensation of lips and tongue loving up my throbbing cock. Under the blankets a head bobbed repeatedly unseen, although I didn't need to look, knowing Mom's sweet mouth anywhere. I thrust upwards into her mouth, Mom deftly deep-throating me as I pulled the blankets aside. Mom had lost her sweatshirt and was naked between my legs. She looked up at me, saying, "Good morning" and "I love you" silently with her beautiful greenish brown eyes. The weariness and stress of the last few days was apparent, but I think for the moment, she had pushed all of that aside to get lost in pleasuring her son.

I was more than primed and it didn't take too much of her loving and naughty touch to bring my balls to a boil and even though I wished it could have lasted for hours, I didn't even attempt to resist, instead I softly moaned, "Oh, Mom, I'm cumming!" Mom grunted in reply as I began to pump a heavy load of semen into her warm, wet mouth, her tongue probing and licking, urging my cock to feed her more and more of my seed.

When finally I was empty, Mom licked me clean, not having spilt a drop. She crawled up my naked body, her breasts dragging heavily along my suddenly sweaty skin and gave me a kiss, sharing my own taste with me.

"That, sweetheart, was for last night. You wouldn't believe how good that felt!" Mom murmured in my ear before kissing me again."

When our kiss ended, I replied, "Well, I love you for it, but really it was Molly you should thank." I waggled my eyebrows at her. "Perhaps I can provide

you some more personal attention right now?" My hand wandered down Mom's back, stopping to squeeze her voluptuous ass cheek.

Mom sighed and shook her head. "I wish, lover, I really do wish we had time." Mom kissed me again, her tongue dancing one more time with mine before she scooted off me and stood beside the bed naked, beautiful and motherly at the same time. "We both need to grab a shower and get cleaned up. The boys will be back shortly."

I frowned and said, "The twins? Where are they?"

"Molly gave them a shopping list and sent them off to the grocery. I think that little minx had taken over my kitchen and is planning to cook up a storm, what with your father's..." Mom choked over the word, swallowed and continued, "With your father's relatives coming in. You and I need to get cleaned up so we and the boys can go to the funeral home and make all the arrangements."

Mom pulled my sweatshirt back on and headed for the door, stopping when I called to her. "Mom? About the Old Man, I, we..."

Mom waved her hand in the air. "Not now, John. This changes nothing between us. I love you with all my heart, but I can't talk about this right now, okay?"

I nodded and said, "I understand, Mom. Sorry. I love you too."

Mom gave me that smile that makes me feel so complete and said, "I know, son. It's what keeps me going." She blew me a kiss and continued, "Now, get a move on. It's going to be a crazy, bad day."

And she was right. From the moment I came down the stairs, freshly showered and dressed in clean clothes, things were insane. The phone rang off the hook with family, friends and Dad's coworkers and drinking/fishing/hunting/bowling buddies offering condolences.

Molly was the calm at the center of the storm. She had indeed taken over the kitchen and was busily pulling together food for all the people she knew were coming and while frying chicken, baking pies and doing a half a dozen other essential things, manned the phone, being sweet and polite and concise all at the same time.

Mom and I took the twins over to the funeral home and chose a coffin and made the other arrangements, letting the twins take the lead in picking out particular details as we sensed that this meant more to them than to us. There were more tears, but the funeral director was a pro and we left feeling a little better about Dad's final disposition.

We got back home to find Molly chatting animatedly at the table with Aunt Debbie. Mom immediately flew into her sister's arms and there were more tears, but I knew that Debbie being here would help bring Mom a lot more comfort. Debbie, like the force of nature she was, swept around the room, hugging me and then the twins, oohing and aahing over them extravagantly, squeezing muscles and showering them with hugs and kisses. I watched with amusement as the boys gaped at their Aunt Debbie, enjoying their ogling the gorgeous woman. Not that I could blame them.

Aunt Debbie was quite an eyeful. At almost forty-six years old, not quite three years older than Mom, she was a lean five foot, nine inches tall woman with a finely sculpted body – her large breasts still firm and perky thanks to her plastic surgeon. Her bleached blonde hair suited her – giving her an air of elegance and the look of a trailer park whore all rolled into one. Her brilliant blue eyes seem to pierce your soul and make promises to make your every fantasy come true. The twins didn't quite know what to make of her, but they did like what they saw.

As they helped her carry her bags upstairs to Mom's room with Mom and Debbie leading the way, Molly came over and gave me a kiss on the cheek and whispered, "Omigod, John! Your aunt is something else." She smiled at me with that knowing look of hers and said, "Tell me the truth – is she as hot as she looks."

I grinned at her and shrugged my shoulders in reply. "Now, how would I know?"

"John Hamilton, you incestuous motherfucker," Molly hissed in a low voice, poking me in the ribs with her finger, "Now you can't tell me that a horndog like yourself who fucks his own mother is going to pass up a hot, sexy, thang like that!"

"Well, like mother, like son," I said in reply, enjoying the look of shock on Molly's face as my words sank in.

Her face flushed with excitement as she leaned into me and kissed me again. "Oh God, sugar! I do love your family!" A timer went off on the oven and she left me to go check on a casserole. "I want to hear about this!"

I began to tell her about last year's spring break, but was interrupted by a knock at the front door. It was the first of Dad's relatives and once they began to arrive, a steady trickle of them came in all afternoon. Much to Mom's dismay, several announced their need to stay with us and by nightfall, every available space was filled with relatives.

You could tell they were related to the Old Man – their attitudes and expectations of treating everyone else like servants, expecting to be fed and waited upon. Several times, rude comments, mostly aimed at Mom or Molly sent me into a rage and I began to descend upon one, prepared to kick their asses out, but Molly, interceded, whispering time and again, "Not right now, sugar," and steering me away.

Only Aunt Debbie seemed to intimidate anyone, a few seconds of a withering stare of hers sent one scurrying for cover. The twins were oblivious to the tension that settled in over the house, being happy for the support that that side of the family seemed to offer them. I guess it couldn't be helped. My brothers did, after all, definitely take after the Old Man's side of the family.

With no outlet for my frustrations, I occupied myself with trying to be by Mom's side as much as possible and between Debbie's glare, Molly's southern hospitality and my restrained anger, the Old Man's family got in very little picking at Mom as to the funeral arrangements and the disposition of certain belongings of the Old Man's.

The only really ugly moment of the stay was when one of the Old Man's sisters, Aunt Willa threatened to remove a so called family heirloom from the house whether Mom gave permission or not. The moment was quickly resolved when Debbie stepped between Mom and the Aunt Willa and informed her that should she attempt it without – "Carrie's say so, Frank's funeral won't be the only one we'd have in two days."

Molly stepped in with a plate of cookies and smiling sweetly said, "Cookie?" Mom who was biting her lip in frustration and trying not to smack her sister in law, smiled as the offensive woman beat a hasty retreat while I sat back and laughed my ass off. Debbie spent much of the rest of the evening in Molly's company and in my eyes appeared to be appraising her like a fine piece of jewelry she was considering buying.

After that, there was a lot of tension, but very little conversation between Mom and the Old Man's family. Any remaining criticism was left unspoken...although they did seem happy to keep eating the food Molly kept setting on the table.

Mom and I had virtually no time to ourselves over the next couple of days, the best we could manage was a few quiet minutes at bedtime when she came in my room to say goodnight to Molly and me. Molly discreetly gave us alone time, going back downstairs to finish up some cooking project in the kitchen – often in the company of Aunt Debbie who seemed to be fascinated by the younger version of her sister.

The next day was what we call a 'visitation" day. My father's body was prepared and put on display at the funeral home and we stood along side him from noon till nine that night, receiving condolences from friends and family. If you've ever done it, it is a very surreal experience – hearing stories and remembrances of your lost ones, crying and shaking hands and meeting complete strangers until your head spins.

The day after, we had Dad's funeral service and buried him in a quiet cemetery just outside town. We picked it for its rural scenery, there was a large stand of woods nearby where he had hunted squirrel and rabbit and from his gravesite you could see a pond where he had often drowned worms for hours on end. Mom and I had picked it out and I felt a little strange knowing this was probably one of the few things I had ever done that the Old Man would have probably liked.

Call me a strange, sick fuck if you will, but Mom looked beautiful in widow's weeds – wearing a simple black dress that was in no way sexually suggestive, but somehow seemed to emphasize her sexuality. Aunt Debbie on the other hand, true to her nature, wore a sexy red dress that had everyone's eyes drawn to her. The service was quick and simple – in truth, the Old Man had little tolerance for religion and probably would have hated listening to our minister's comments.

That was followed by a long reception back at the house for friends and family. Molly, who had skipped the funeral to prepare, had mountains of fried chicken and mashed potatoes and rolls and sandwich meats and desserts prepared as well as lots of beer and soda and people came and went all afternoon and evening. By the end of the day, Mom and I and my brothers were dead on our feet. I barely remember kissing Mom goodnight inside my bedroom before Aunt Debbie led her away and Molly tucked me in.

Mom again looked exhausted – Aunt Debbie had already told me she still wasn't sleeping well, despite Debbie's personal ministrations – the sheer crush of meeting and talking with so many folks had her worn out. The next morning, the house still seemed packed with people as friends and neighbors brought by food and stayed to chat and the Old Man's family almost seemed to ready to put down permanent roots. Mom seemed to be swaying on her feet, ready to collapse.

Around midmorning, Aunt Debbie took me aside and said, "Honey, your mother needs a break. You're going to take her on a long drive and get her away from all this."

"I am?" I said, maybe a little more eagerly than I should have.

"Yes, John. You two hop in the car and drive awhile, maybe over to the next town. Take a long walk, go see a movie or maybe find a motel and take a nap or something."

"Or something?" I repeated, grinning.

Aunt Debbie playfully slapped me on the side of the head. "Or something. Get going...your Mom needs some quality time with her son. And don't worry about things here. Molly and I can hold the fort." She glanced at the kitchen table where some of the Old Man's relative's were devouring food. "Maybe we can get rid of some of the riff-raff too."

I went and found Mom and I saw a ghost of her smile flit across her face when I told her of Debbie's marching orders. "Give me twenty minutes," she whispered to me. Twenty minutes later, Mom, looking fine in a red turtleneck sweater that clung to her heavy breasts like a second skin and blue jeans was ready to go. We worked the mom mobile out of the maze of cars around the house and I headed for the outskirts of town.

As we left our town and everything else behind us, Mom let out a long, drawn out sigh and quickly scooted over next to me, laying her head on my shoulder and softly saying, "I love you, son." Her hand came down and rested on my thigh.

I took one hand off the steering wheel and placed it on top of Mom's hand and said, "I love you, Mom." We drove in silence for a long while, just content to be by ourselves and enjoying the wintry landscape of Western

Illinois – the fields covered with snow, everything looking like an old fashioned Currier & Ives print.

We drove close to thirty miles and were reaching the city limits of a neighboring town when we saw a sign for a motel ahead – one that mostly catered to visitors to a nearby lake during summer. "There, John – lets stop there," Mom said with a hint of urgency in her voice.

I pulled in and got us registered as Mister and Mrs. John Hamilton and drove us around to our room, the place nearly empty. Inside, Mom paused and looked around. It was your standard motel room – I'd asked for a room with a king sized bed and that's what we got. It was clean and Mom nodded her approval as we shed our coats.

Mom and I stared at each other silently for a moment and then we rushed into each other's arms, kissing passionately as we embraced. It was a different kind of kiss than I was used to – passion and love and need like normal, but more – I sensed impatience and anger in it as our tongues danced and dueled.

When it ended, I looked at Mom and with the concern evident in my voice I asked, "Mom, are you okay!"

To my surprise, Mom exploded. "No, I am not fucking okay! I'm pissed off – I'm angry as hell. That stupid son of a bitch – pissing his life away – wasting the love that was always his for the taking! I loved your father for so long and it meant nothing to him. NOTHING!"

My expression must have been one of shock or horror because Mom pulled me tight and as tears ran down her face, said, "I don't regret what has happened. I know this is how its meant to be – I love you, I've always loved you – it just pisses me off to know your father was such an idiot, that if not with me, with someone else he could have felt the way I feel about you, John, that he could have loved and been loved in return."

Mom kissed me again and there was need and hunger in the way she pressed her soft lips to mine and in the way her tongue hungrily danced with my tongue. She paused and whispered, "I'm tired of all this anger and the ugly thoughts, all this death and mourning. I want to live and breath and make love to my son and forget that people don't know how to love. I want to feel love! Make love to me, John. I want you inside me, making me cum, loving me like only you can, fucking me like only you can. Love me, John, please!"



I think I was crying now as I hugged Mom to me and sobbed, "I love you, Mom!" We began to tear at each other's clothes, quickly finding ourselves naked – hands roaming hungrily over each other's bodies, kissing and licking and sucking – my cock as hard as it had ever been, Mom's pussy wet and meaty nipples swollen. Mom somehow climbed up me like I was a tree and with her legs encircling my waist, I carried her over to the big bed and sat us down, both of us scooting upwards, me between Mom's now widespread legs and then I was inside Mom's hot, wet sex, thrusting deep into the womb of my birth.

"OHHHH, YESSSSS, JOHNNNN!" Mom screamed as I sank my hard cock inside her. She bucked upwards to meet my thrust, her large, heavy breasts bouncing on her chest. I buried myself in her, feeling my crotch grind into hers as I settled my weight on top of her, nipples scratching across my chest before we again kissed as lovers only can. For a long, sweet moment, we both reveled in the deliciousness of being joined together, my cock wrapped in the silky wet heat of Mom's motherly cunt, as we kissed and stared into each other's eyes.

I'm sure it was only minutes at best, although in some ways it was a wonderful eternity of remaining motionless, savoring the completeness of becoming one incestuous entity and then almost imperceptibly I began to move, slowly shifting back and forth and with each moment withdrawing further only to plunge back into Mom's snug pussy, her cunt muscles welcoming, clinging to my cock as I moved. Each moment brought a little sigh, each one louder than the previous one. Mom began to roll her hips in rhythm, meeting my thrusts as we began to fuck in earnest.

As I have thought every time since we first made love, there is nothing to compare to the sweet pleasure of making incestuous love to my mother. Mom's long black hair spread out around her like a dark halo, framing her beautiful face which with each thrust began to contort with naughty delight. "I love you so much, Mom!" I whispered in her ear before kissing and nuzzling my way down her lovely neck, kissing and then sucking on her motherly nipples.

Mom drew her knees back and then straightened her legs and wrapped them around my butt, trying to open herself to get one more sweet fraction of an inch of my cock inside her. I could feel her heart begin to race, her skin becoming more flushed and heated as we made love. The heady aroma of her mature cunt began to fill the room, announcing her arousal, her pleasure, her delight in having her son fuck her. My cock throbbed in response to the thick and hot wetness of her cunt cream as it coated my erect penis as I thrust into Mom again and again.

Mom's entire body seemed to burn with desire and need. We both began to sweat, the steamy, humid sweat that only lovers in the throes of passion can produce. Our bodies slapped noisily together, the sweat lubricating our skin, allowing a delicious friction to build as our bodies slid back and forth. "Oh God, yes, John! I love you, sweetheart!" Mom crooned as she arched her back, her heels digging into my ass cheeks as her first orgasm began to swell inside her. "Fuck me, son. Fuck me lover, Fuck all the bad stuff away, make me feel loved!"

And I did, we slammed into each other with feverish delight, making hot, passionate love and our pleasure was somehow increased with the knowledge that the world was forever changing, about to close one door and open another that would end with us being openly and forever more than mother and son, but husband and wife in every way that mattered!

"You are loved, Mom – I will love you forever! You are my life, my soul, my mother and my wife," I gasped as I thrust deeply into my mother's womb.

Mom writhed underneath me, her eyes wild and hot with the understanding and love that came with my words. "I – oh God, I love you, John! Fuck me, son! Fuck Mommy hard – show me how much you love me! Don't – oh YESSSSSS! Don't STOP LOVING ME, JOHNNNN!"

Mom's luscious thighs squeezed me tight, trying to lock my cock deep in her womb while her arms wrapped around my back. Mom lifted her head and kissed me hard, her tongue seeking out mine while her cunt muscles milked my aching cock, demanding my seed. Her body strained against mine as we kissed, her moans of orgasm building against my mouth until she flung her head back and screamed, "I LOVE YOU, MAKING ME CCU-CUMMMMM! LOVE YOU, SONNNNN!"

I could hold out no longer and pressed myself hard, trying to get a little deeper into Mom's holy womb and then I bellowed, "I LOVE YOU, MOMMMM!" as I began to cum, flooding Mom's womb with thick jets of hot semen. We were one at that moment and I could barely stand the intense pleasure of emptying my seed in the sweet, warmth of Mom's pussy.

It ended with loud gasps for air and heaving sobs as Mom and I held each other and kissed away each others tears. "I do love you so much, John," Mom sighed, her breath catching in hitches. She hugged me tighter, not shying away from my weight on her body. Her heart pounded wildly against my chest, matching my own racing heart beat for beat.

"I love you, Mom...always." I gasped back, shivers running through my body as Mom's cunt contracted and massaged my still swollen cock. Mom sniffled again and hugged me tighter against her and for the moment at least, the rest of the world just vanished and nothing mattered except that we were in each others arms.

With Mom feeling warm and soft in my embrace, I said, "It all changes now, doesn't it, Mom? All the things we've talked about, we're there, aren't we?"

Mom sighed and said, "Yes. Once the twins have left, there is nothing left for me here. I'm going home – we're going home to Kentucky. There's some fixing up to do, but we should be able to move in before the end of summer."

I smiled and kissed my lovely mother and replied, "Sounds good, Mom. Then we can make some other plans." I could feel my cock began to recover as I realized what I wanted to do now.

Mom mewled happily as she felt my penis harden and begin to lengthen inside her. "Mmmmm, what other plans, lover?" She opened her mouth as I pressed my lips to hers and our tongues met and danced, we began to slowly rock together again.

As our kiss ended, I looked into Mom's beautiful eyes and said, "Something we promised each other. Mom, once we get settled in, I was thinking that we should give Reverend Simmons a call and see about arranging a wedding in that pretty little church you grew up in."

Mom's eyes widened at my words and maybe from the long, hard thrust of my now very hard cock. "Wedding, John – you mean..."

"I mean what we've talked about for so long. Mom, I already consider you my wife, but I want to make it all perfect. Mom, I'm saying...Mom, will you marry me?"

Mom tried to giggle and sob all at the same time. She nodded quickly and replied, "Oh, yes, John. Yes, son, I will marry you!" Mom's arms wrapped around my neck and pulled me against her and she whispered, "I love you so much, John."

I kissed her again and said, "I'm thinking an October wedding – it should be beautiful in Kentucky that time of year." I thrust slowly into Mom's steamy and slick pussy as I saw her eyes light up with the possibilities of my idea.

"Oh, son, it is so beautiful in the fall – it's the loveliest time of the year. I love you, John!" Mom flung her pelvis upwards to meet my thrusts and drew her knees up high to welcome me deeper. "I love you so much, son!"

"I love you to, Mom," I said, my state of arousal heightened by the echo of Mom's words and the thrill of knowing I was before God, going to completely claim my mother as my wife. My hands ran along her soft, smooth thighs, urging her shapely legs higher until they were draped over my shoulders, allowing me to drive my aching cock into her motherly womb.

Mom threw her head back, biting her lip as I slammed myself into her body, touching her as deep as possible. She began to claw at the sheets as I thrust deep, her scalding sugar walls lovingly caresses and squeezing my thick, long cock as I fucked my mother. My head seemed to spin just a bit as I gazed down at my mother, writhing with pleasure under me – soon this would become our everyday life – no more sneaking around – just living our lives as mother and son and husband and wife. I felt myself begin to lose control and I leaned down and nuzzled Mom's ear as the semen boiled up out of my balls.

As I came, I moaned into Mom's ear, "I'm going to marry you, Mom and then we're going to make a baby – our baby, Mom!"

Mom's cunt slammed down around my cock, milking me for all my cum as my words and my hot semen triggered her own orgasm and we clung together, moaning and crying with the incestuous pleasure of the moment and all the promises of pleasure and love that the future beckoned to us.

We spent the rest of the afternoon and early evening talking and making love, Mom seeming more like her happy and wonderful self with each stroke of my cock inside her and with every loving lick of her pussy. By the time we drove home, she looked and acted like she'd had a week's vacation.

It was late when we got back home and to our wonderment we walked into what appeared to be an empty house. "Where in the world did everyone go?" Mom said, holding my hand as we came into the kitchen.

On the kitchen table, we found most of a pizza in a box with a note on top. I picked it up and read it. I let out a laugh and said, "Here, this will explain everything." The note read:

"My darlings,

Well, Molly and I decided it was time for Frank's family to move on and leave their grief behind. It wasn't easy and I'm afraid they probably won't be talking to us for several years...I know you'll be broken-hearted. Anyway's they're gone. I hope you and your son had a nice day. The twins have gone to the district tournament game and won't be back till early morning. They didn't want to go 'cause they thought it wouldn't be right, but I convinced them it was perfectly fine, that their daddy would have wanted them to.

Now don't be worrying about me and Molly. I'm sure we can keep ourselves occupied!

Love,

Deb

Mom laughed and said, "Wow! I can only imagine what Debbie said to those people!" She turned and put her arms around my neck and gave me a long, wet kiss, our tongues lashing out at each other, a sexy, nasty kiss. "I guess we're all alone, sweetie." Mom flipped up the pizza box – most of a supreme was inside. "Want to have something to eat?"

I grinned and ran a palm over Mom's sweet jean covered ass and slipped it around to palm Mom's crotch. Even through all that thick denim, I could feel her ever present heat. "I'm hungry, Mom, but for something a lot sweeter than pizza!" I wagged my eyebrows at her like the pervert I am.

Mom laughed and taking my hand pulled me towards the stairs. "I was hoping you would say that!" We went up the stairs playing grab ass with each other, pausing in the hallway to kiss again, Mom pushing me against the wall and as our tongues flirted and danced, ground herself against me. Despite an afternoon of making love, I found myself as hard as I have ever been. Somehow, we managed to work our way down the hallway, reaching Mom's bedroom first. We were still kissing when I worked the door open and swung it open just in time to hear Debbie let loose with a loud moan.

We broke our kiss and Mom spun around and we both stood wide-eyed at the erotic scene before us.

Mom's statuesque sister, all five feet, nine inches of her was spread out on the bed, naked as the day she was born, her enhanced breasts quivering, nipples swollen to bursting as she clawed the sheets with one hand and yanked anxiously at the head of black hair between her legs. Aunt Debbie's toned and tanned body was drenched in sweat and the aroma of cunt was thick in the air.

Molly was giving Debbie the pussy licking of her life, her tongue working with expertise through Debbie's drenched folds of cunt flesh, nibbling at Debbie's aroused and erect clitoris while she wormed her middle finger into Debbie's puckered asshole, already two knuckles deep. Molly's face was absolutely drenched with pussy cream and I had no doubt she'd had as much of her face into Debbie's cunt as she could have possibly managed.

"Ohhhh, Goddddd yesss, little girl, my little Molly girl, don't stop, don't oHHHH EVERRR STOPPP! OHHHH EAT ME FUCK ME NEVER NEVER STOP, MOLLYYY!" Aunt Debbie moaned, her tongue rolling over her lips. She flung her head back and forth as waves of pleasure washed over her, taking her higher and higher until we could see her leg muscles swell, even her toes clench as orgasm took her. In the midst of her ecstasy, Debbie's eyes opened to see us standing there amazed and awestruck. My aunt gave us the most incredible smile filled with love and lust and pure carnal joy and opened her mouth, but all she could manage was a wordless wail of utter pleasure.

Mom smiled back and blew her sister a kiss. She put her finger to her lips and smiled again and we slowly backed out the door and left the lovers alone. "Oh my God, John, that was beautiful." Mom looked up at me with her love shining in her eyes and continued, "It must be – that must be what you and I look like when we're making love! They were absolutely glowing!"

"Well, I suppose we should have seen it coming," I chuckled, aware that Mom was once again rubbing herself up against me like a cat in heat. "Maybe it's love!"

Mom moaned softly and I felt her hand caress my denim covered crotch. "They should be so lucky!" She pressed her hand firmly against my jeans and looked up at me and with a voice that would give a ninety year old man an erection said, "Son, if this big dick isn't inside of me immediately I am going to scream."

Mom's hot, full lips were on mine then, her tongue slipping past my lips and the next couple of minutes were kind of a blur but when my head cleared, Mom was naked and on her knees on my bed, her meaty tits swinging as she looked over her shoulder at me as I spread her cheeks and rubbed my throbbing erection up and down her semen flecked labia, her thick lips almost quivering with need and desire.

"God, I love you, Mom!" I sighed as I shoved my cock deep into her pussy, making Mom cry out with pain and pleasure – her cunt sensitive and sore from our afternoon love tryst.

My hands roamed over Mom's flawless skin, savoring the heat and smoothness of her body, squeezing the cheeks of her voluptuous ass and then up her back, kneading her shoulders as I drove in and out of her furnace hot pussy, Mom using her cunt muscles to squeeze and grasp at my cock as I moved.

"I love you, John," Mom moaned as she thrust back to meet me, splaying her knees wider, her feet drawing up over my ankles. "I love your cock, baby – your fine, hard cock!" She shivered with delight as I kissed her neck, brushing her hair back and up, savoring the delicious mix of her jasmine scent and aroused pussy juices that filled my nostrils.

I slipped my hands down her waist, over her stomach and then up to cup her bountiful breasts, pulling her against me, Mom slipping down to rest on her elbows and me following her, still thrusting relentlessly. I can feel her thighs drawing up and tightening on my thighs as she lifted her feet, her heels almost rubbing my ass. We are one body one soul as we fuck. Mom twists her head and her lips find mine, barely able to kiss at this angle, but still lips press and our tongue extend to dance and curl around each other.

My bed is rocking hard with my thrusts and the wonderful, incestuous dance seems to go on almost forever, our world winnowed down to our bodies joined in this dance of love, the almost unbearable sweetness of my flesh inside hers, creating friction that serves to simply inflame our need for each other. Then too soon, I feel the flutter of Mom's muscles rippling along my throbbing penis just before they clamp down on me and Mom arches her body against mine and begins to cry out as her orgasm takes her – then her cries become screams as I again flood her motherly womb with white hot semen, cumming hard and fast and furious!

Mom's knees give way and I follow her all the way down, the impact driving me delicious fraction deeper into her cunt as we ride out our mutual orgasm together, both of us occasionally moving a bit to keep the orgasm going. Finally, both of us covered in fuck sweat and gasping for air, roll over onto our sides, spooning still, my cock still inside Mom as we try and recover from another wonderful mother and son fuck!

Long minutes after, Mom gives a small sigh as my cock slips from her well fucked pussy and still spooning, we fall asleep, the only noise besides our own breathing being the occasional moans and cries coming from down the hall...sounds that will drift in and out of our dreams all night.

Mom and I woke up after the best night's sleep that either of us has had in quite a while, Mom absolutely glowing with the look that only a well loved and well fucked woman can manage. We kissed and necked for a while before realizing we could hear several voices downstairs and knew we needed to drag ourselves out of bed.

Mom slipped out my door and into her own bedroom while I found some sweats to put on. Mom came back wearing that flannel robe that despite being ratty and old is something I to this day find sexy.

"Well, I think everyone's downstairs." Mom licked her lips and added, "My bedroom smells like someone soaked it in pussy juice. I don't know whether to be happy or jealous."

I took Mom into my arms and kissed her. "Well, maybe later, I can do a little pussy licking of my own and try and make up for what you might be missing."

Mom purred at my words and kissed me back. I swear, I will never get tired of kissing my mother – everything about her, her lips, her tongue, her skin and the fiery treasure between her legs tastes so sweet!

Finally, we made our way downstairs to find the twins and Aunt Debbie sitting around the kitchen table finishing up breakfast. Molly stood at the stove and smiled at us, winking to us in lieu of asking if we had a good night.

"Well, about time you sleepyheads got up," Molly said, her voice full of good cheer. "Sit down and I'll have you some eggs and bacon fixed up in no time."



"Where in the world did everyone else go?" asked Mom, the relief of not finding her in-laws still here, evident in her voice.

One of the twins, spoke up with a snort. "Aunt Deb tossed them out. They were giving Molly here shit for not cooking enough for supper and Aunt Debbie just lit into them."

The other twin added. "Yeah, I don't know what she said to Aunt Willa, but she got pale as a ghost and her and her family was gone in about 15 minutes. Uncle Phil and his bunch headed out about an hour later." Both boys looked admiringly at their aunt and for the first time in a long time, I thought maybe there was hope for the little peckerheads, despite taking after Dad.

Aunt Debbie preened in their praise and I noticed even Molly looking more than a little love struck. She walked over out and put her hand over Debbie's. "Your aunt is really something," she said, an awed tinge to her voice.

Mom came around and hugged Debbie from behind, her hands under her breasts making them bulge upwards more prominently from the low cut sweater Debbie was wearing. "Yes, she's always been my wonderful big sister!" and she bussed her affectionately on the cheek.

Maybe it was seeing a bit more of Aunt Debbie than they were used to or maybe it was the almost blatant sexual tension between the two sisters, but my brothers blushed slightly and quickly excused themselves from the table. They told us they were off to play basketball with some buddies and had to be going and beat a hasty retreat down to the basement and as the rest of us chatted, we heard them take off in the Old Man's old pickup.

"So," began Aunt Debbie. "How are things with you two?"

Mom came around and sat in my lap and kissed my cheek. "Never better." She looked at me and with her eyes asked a question. I nodded in agreement. "You both need to clear your schedule for this coming October, though. John and I are getting married!"

Aunt Debbie laughed and clapped her hands and Molly smiled happily at me. Mom blushed like a happy bride-to-be should and continued. "We

already consider ourselves husband and wife and by fall we should be settled in nicely back at the home place in Kentucky. I'm sure we can talk Reverend Simmons into performing the ceremony. Deb, I'll need a maid of honor."

Debbie got up, her eyes misting and came around and kissed first Mom and then me on the mouth, her tongue tasting sweet and hot as she always did. "I don't know about being a maiden, but I'll be proud to be your slut of honor," she said, trying not to giggle or cry.

"And Molly, I want you to stand with me – be my best...er, woman," I said.

Molly did cry. As she stood up, she wiped tears out of her eyes and said, "My lord, I really love this family! I've never seen more love than I've seen here." She came around and gave me a tongue lashing kiss and then turned to Mom and did the same. "I will be proud to stand with you, sugar!"

She hugged us both to her and then Aunt Debbie joined us and all four of us embraced. Mom and I were showered with another round of warm, passionate kisses from both women and then Molly and Aunt Debbie came face to face with each other, each smiling happily at each other and then they came together and embraced.

Debbie leaned in and taking Molly's face between her hands, pressed her lips against Molly's. Molly sighed as her arms came up around Aunt Debbie's waist and pulled her tighter against herself. The two women kissed wetly while Mom and I looked at each other and grinned.

"I reckon tossing all the in-laws out isn't all that's been going on," Mom said teasingly.

Molly and Debbie ended their kiss and turned their heads to look at us, cheeks pressed together. "I swear, Sis, I ain't never met anyone – man or woman that makes me feel like Molly here does, although you come the closest," giggled Debbie.

Mom snorted and said, "Well, she surely had you feeling good last night!"

Molly gasped and for one of the few times I've known her, blushed. "Y'all saw us last night? Oh my lord!"

"You were beautiful, sweetheart," Mom said. "I don't know when I've ever seen my sister looking happier."

"Or hornier!" I added, giving Molly a wink.

Molly looked for all the world like a schoolgirl caught admitting her first serious crush. "I know this was supposed to be a sad time and all and this sounds terrible, but I am so glad I was here – Deb is..." She looked up at Debbie and sighed. "Your aunt is wonderful!"

Then it was like Mom and I weren't even there as Debbie and Molly resumed kissing. Instead of feeling ignored, Mom and I did likewise, me drawing Mom into my lap and kissing her, feeling her squirm around on the hard-on in my lap.

Eventually, we all found our way back upstairs, an unspoken agreement between us to retire to separate bedrooms where we could each make love with our lover. Molly and I both gave each other one last glance before closing our respective bedroom doors and our smiles communicated a promise that soon we would all join together and have wicked fun, but for now – we would explore our worlds separately, Mom and me and Aunt Debbie and Molly.

That day, as well as the next, was spent gorging ourselves with love making, stopping only when the twins were around or when the last sympathy callers visited. I'm sure Molly and Debbie heard our cries and moans of passion and love as often as we heard theirs, both spurring the other couple on. Even when the twins were around, by unspoken agreement, one couple would keep the boys occupied while the others snuck upstairs for a little alone time. Those last few days, there were a lot of secret smiles being shared back and forth.

It was obvious to Mom and me that this thing between Molly and Debbie was more than a simple fling – I saw the same thunder stuck look on Molly's face that I have whenever I see Mom. They made a good match in any case – young woman and mature woman, short, compact Molly and the long and lithe Debbie – they complemented each other. It was obvious to us that this was a good thing.

Alas, that these last wonderful days had to come to an end. Molly and I needed to get back to school before we fell too far behind and so grudgingly

we finally packed our bags to leave. There were lots of tears between Mom and me – I barely able to let her go. My only consolation was that I knew for another week or two, Mom wouldn't be alone – that Debbie planned to stay for awhile. There were tears between Molly and Debbie too, tempered by Molly's solemn vow to visit Debbie during our Spring Break.

There was one last long and sweet kiss with Mom and with the taste of her on my lips, I climbed into Molly's van and we left, watching Mom and Aunt Debbie, arm in arm, waving at us in the side view mirrors. Molly was red-eyed and sniffing, but she had a happy smile on her face and we were barely out of sight when she said to me, "I might be crazy, sugar, but I think I'm in love with your aunt!"

I just smiled at her and said softly, "I know – I knew it the moment Mom and I saw you two making love."

At my request, we took a slight detour as we left town. Molly drove me out to the little cemetery where we had buried the Old Man. Alone, I walked to his grave site and looked down on his resting place. I wasn't sure why I needed to come back. Maybe I felt I owed it to him. After all, I had stolen his wife away from him. Finally, I spoke aloud. "Don't worry. I'll make Mom happy – happier than she ever was with you. We'll have a good life, Dad. I just wanted you to know. Goodbye and for what it's worth, I love you." I turned around and walked away. To this day, I have never gone back.

Climbing back into the van, I looked at Molly and said, "Thanks, we're done here. It's over."

Molly put the van in gear and as we moved out, looked over at me and gave me that sexy wink of hers. "No sugar, it's just beginning."

## Chapter 7

It was a perfect Florida summer day -- the powerful heat blunted by the fresh breeze coming off the Gulf of Mexico. I glanced at my mother standing across from me, looking even lovelier than ever -- her almost flawless skin just a bit red over her tan and her dark hair being gently blown around by the wind from the sea. Mom was wearing a strapless off the shoulder, red dress, her bountiful breasts almost spilling out from the low cut front, the material clinging on by virtue of prayer and Mom's erect nipples. The hem was at mid thigh, showing off Mom's shapely legs and the dress clung tightly to her, accentuating every luscious curve of her beautiful body. If I hadn't already been head over heels in love with Mom, I would have fallen for her right then.

The sound of the surf mixed wonderfully with the music of two guitars playing softly near us with the murmurs of those gathered together for the ceremony underlying everything. I could hear the laughter and shouts of children playing with a dog further on down the beach. I smiled at Mom and she smiled back, filling my heart with something so wonderful and powerful that it needs a better name than love.

In front of us, I heard the minister clear his throat and say in a happy voice, "Would everyone please stand." Mom winked at me and blew me a kiss. It was a beautiful day for a wedding. The guitars shifted from the classical piece they were playing into the Wedding March and Mom and I turned along with the twenty-five or so people gathered and watched as my Aunt Debbie and my best friend Molly came walking hand in hand down between the rows of folding chairs set up in the sand.

Molly looked incredibly beautiful as only a bride can -- wearing a white dress -- complete with veil, but ignoring the tradition of long dress and train. I can honestly say, I've never seen a shorter hemline on a wedding dress, ending just south of her crotch and showing off her well toned and curvaceous legs. She went barefoot in deference to the sand and the whole ensemble worked for her.

Debbie, throwing all conventions to the wind, had chosen a scandalous dark blue halter dress that was little more than straps across her enhanced breasts attached to a short skirt. I had to smile at the glow on my aunt's face -- she was truly smitten by my sometimes lover and college classmate, Molly. The two women were on first look a seeming mismatch -- Deb blonde, tall and athletic and Molly dark haired, short and voluptuous, but once you saw them look at each other, you realized that they were soul mates.

They came to a halt between Mom and me, each passing us loving glances before they took each other's hands. The minister -- a burly, bearded, fellow who introduced himself only as Steinbeck and was some kind of non-denominational cleric, gave everyone a big smile and began. "Dearly beloved -- we are gathered here today in the sight of God as witnesses to the marriage of Molly and Debbie as they pledge their love to each other and join in the holy bonds of matrimony."

Steinbeck smiled out at all those present -- mostly Deb's friends and Molly's aged grandmother, a wizened old woman who had loudly declared earlier, "That girl should be with whoever she wants. I got pushed into marrying her granddaddy and I had to put up with that miserable son-of-a-bitch for fifty-three years!" Molly had known that her family would be outraged when she announced she was "marrying" another woman and her father was quick to disown her, but you could tell when you saw her looking at Debbie, that all that crap didn't matter. The fact that her grandmother had accepted her invitation to attend their wedding meant the world to her.

"Whatever the laws and conventions of society may say, today we rejoice as these two wonderful ladies take the love that is within them and by joining as a couple, combine their love to make something that cannot be anything but holy in the sight of God," intoned Steinbeck. "If there be any who would deny them this sacred act, let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

I don't know who had the more forbidding look as folks scanned the crowd -- the minister, myself or Molly's grandmother. There was nothing but a sea of smiles among those gathered. Steinbeck's scowl fell away and his beatific smile reemerged and he continued. "Debbie, here in front of these witnesses and God Almighty, do you vow to love, honor and cherish Molly for all time?"

Aunt Debbie's eyes were brimming with happy tears as she nodded and then almost giggled as she remembered she had to speak, "With all my heart, I do!"

The minister turned to Molly and said, "Molly, here in front of these witnesses and God Almighty, do you vow to love, honor and cherish Debbie for all time?"

Molly face was streaked with tears of joy as she said in voice quavering with excitement, "With all my heart, I do!"

Steinbeck nodded in satisfaction and said, "Molly and Debbie would like to share their own vows with you all."

He nodded and Molly spoke up first, turning to Debbie and slipping her own hands into the grasp of the older woman. "Debbie, my darling. I knew what love was before I met you, but you have shown me just how truly wonderful love can be. I am yours heart and soul, now and forever. I love you, sugar."

Debbie sighed and replied, "My wonderful Molly. You've made an old gal's heart young again and reminded me how wonderful it is not only to love, but to be in love. I am yours, heart and soul, now and forever. I love you, Molly."

I think we all did sort of a communal, "Awww." I looked at Mom and saw tears in her eyes and she looked at me with the same burning emotions that her sister and Molly were showing.

The minister said, "The rings, please." Molly and Debbie turned and took the simple gold bands that Mom and I held in our hands.

As Molly and Debbie repeated the words, "With this ring, I thee wed," Mom and I stared at each other and Mom mouthed the word, "Soon," to me and even silent, it held so much promise that I could feel my cock stirring in my slacks.

"I now pronounce you married in the eyes of God," intoned Steinbeck. "You may both kiss the bride!" Everyone laughed and Molly and Debbie came together, their bodies seeming to fit perfectly as they kissed, tongues hungrily dancing in unison. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you, Debbie and Molly Hamilton-Cash!" We all began to applaud and then there was simply a press of folks coming forward and for a few minutes a lot of hugs and kisses -- a surprising number of which were very passionate.

Then Mom was in my arms and we were kissing and I felt that delicious and naughty charge that I always got when French kissing my own mother in front of other people -- some who knew we were mother and son and others who were totally oblivious. Either way, it was exciting and it felt good to have Mom's lush body pressing against mine, feeling her heartbeat, her pulse racing as our tongues twirled and dueled.

Those sweet sensations were suddenly tripled as Debbie and Molly closed in on us and suddenly I had Debbie sucking on my tongue while Mom and Molly kissed passionately. When my aunt sets her mind to it, she can make your head spin with just her lips and tongue and she certainly had me dizzy with desire before she passed me along to Molly who was rubbing up against

me as she seemed to climb up my body and press her lips to mind, whispering, "I've never been so happy, sugar and I have you and your family to thank for it!" before she and I locked lips and kissed.

I was vaguely aware of muffled and contented sighs from beside us and managed to spare a glance over to see Mom and Debbie kissing, hands roaming knowingly over each other's bodies. My bulge in my pants was beginning to feel insistent and a remote part of my mind was calculating where and when I get my mother alone and do something about it.

Molly's hand palmed the tent in my pants and she giggled as she slowly rubbed it. Breaking our kiss, saliva in stringers between our barely parted lips, she said teasingly, "Sweet Lord, John! If our wedding turns you on this much, you'll be fucking your mother right in front of the preacher when it's your turn!"

Everyone laughed around us and again a thrill rippled through me as this reference to our incestuous behavior seemed not to create even a stir with Debbie's friends. No wonder she loved this bohemian little town so much!

"All right everyone, the reception is in our back yard!" called out my aunt. Why don't y'all get moseying that way and let's get this party rolling!" There was a lot of hurraing and cheers and at the prospect of booze and free food, the entire wedding party began to move off the beach.

Molly gave me another cock swelling kiss and then after Debbie rubbed my obvious erection and collected her bride, they moved off into the crowd. I saw Molly's grandmother take the Minister Steinbeck's arm and stroll off towards Debbie's and Molly's home and suddenly I found myself alone with my mother.

Mom slipped into my arms again, her arms wrapping around my neck as she let her meaty breasts pillow against my chest. Somehow, even without seeming to move, I could feel her voluptuous body rub against mine. Mom kissed me and the world just went away. All that remained was my mother and me, tongues dancing while we felt our hearts beat together as one. I had one hand running down her back and under her skirt and was thrilled to discover Mom wasn't wearing panties, cupping her meaty cheek in my hand, trailing one finger along the crack of her ass.

We kissed for a long time, long enough for me to start leaking precum. I wanted, no needed to fuck Mom in the worse way. Mom sensed it and she rubbed her stomach against my bulging pants until I was ready to cum and



then eased off. Mom's eyes were full of naughty secrets as she whispered, "I love you, son!"

She put her head against my chest, her breath warm and delicious against my shirt. "I love you, Mom!" I replied.

I took her right hand and put it against the tent in my crotch and she giggled and rubbed it just for a moment, saying, "We need to be careful. We don't want to let this big thing go to waste."

I let my free hand slip over her belly and then up to cup Mom's large breast. A thick, swollen nipple slipped out from the low cut front and Mom shivered as I rubbed it with my thumb. "What do you say we find a hiding spot in the sand and make love, Mom?" I asked.

Mom almost purred and replied, "Right now, I'd just like to fuck like wild animals, son, but..." Mom let out a long suffering sigh, "Right now, we're supposed to be helping out at the reception." She kissed me again, slowly and deeply and then winking at me, took me by the hand and we began the walk back to her sister's bungalow. On the way, I reached over and tucked her nipple away, letting out a long suffering sigh myself.

We walked slowly, my arm around Mom's naked shoulders, fingers idly brushing the half top of her soft tit, not saying a word, just savoring the presence of each other. I loved it. I loved just being with my mother all the time now. I had only graduated about seven weeks ago, but already the world had changed so much.

Graduation had been a blur. Mom and the twins and Aunt Debbie had descended upon Chicago -- the presence of the twins making it awkward and achingly difficult for Mom and me to be our true selves. My brothers were filled with excitement for their own impending high school graduation which would immediately be followed by their joining their respective military branches.

It had been a tough few months for them as they came to terms with our father's death and then dealing with the twin shocks of learning Dad had left them a lake cabin in Wisconsin and that Mom was selling the house and moving back to Kentucky. Mom had been shocked to learn about the cabin too, but her anger at the Old Man's secret hideout was muted by realizing it gave her younger sons a 'home' to come back too.

It wasn't said aloud, but we all knew -- the twins were their father's sons and once they left, Mom and to even a greater extent, me, were out of their lives. I know that they loved Mom in their own way, but to them, she was someone who would soon no longer truly matter in their immediate lives. Mom and I have always made sure they knew they were welcome, but in all the years since, contact has been sporadic at best and almost always initiated by Mom and me.

Mom decided that the boys would be allowed to stay at a local hotel alone during their visit for my graduation and to "save money" Mom would stay at my apartment on the couch and to help me pack up. It worked out rather well. The boys stayed out of trouble, content with hotel cable and beer and pizza provided by me and I spent most of the weekend making love with our mother.

It was bittersweet in a way. It was time to move on, but Mom and I had such wonderful memories of my apartment. It was there, just two Christmases past that we had first made love, sweet, incestuous memories that we devoted ourselves to reliving as much as possible that last weekend.

We saw little of Debbie and Molly as well, their love affair exploding with as much passion as Mom and I shared. They seemed made for each other, both with a seemingly inexhaustible capacity for making love. During spring break, Molly had flown down to Florida to be with Debbie and she had returned with a weary, but heavenly smile on her face and an engagement ring on her finger. It was during our post graduation dinner that they asked Mom and me to stand up with them at their wedding in July and while my brothers just sat there looking poleaxed, we both said yes, amid passionate kisses and hugs.

Two weeks later, we all applauded as the boys walked across their high school football field and collected their diplomas and a week later as Mom wept and I was rather misty eyed myself, we dropped the boys off at their enlistment depots and suddenly and finally, it was just Mom and me.

I'd like to tell you we went home and immediately went to bed and fucked our brains out until we passed out. That didn't happen. Truth is, we barely made it past the front door, before we were ripping our clothes off and touching, caressing, biting and sucking on each other. Our first time alone was on the living room carpet, clothes strewn every which way, Mom naked and on her back, legs spread wide as I slipped my erection into her wet pussy, kissing my mother hungrily, biting and sucking her lips as I began to thrust in and out of her sweet cunt.

It was now us, just us, no one to worry about catching us or surprising us. We were free to be a couple -- never again alone, but together, united in our incestuous love forever. We planned to be married in October when the leaves are so incredibly beautiful, but that was truly the moment that we made our vows, unspoken and unformed but complete and permanent. We fucked as mother and son. We fucked as husband and wife. We fucked as soulmates. We fucked and became one.

When I began to shoot my hot semen into Mom's milking cunt, Mom let out a great wail of pleasure that I had never heard from her before, the orgasmic cries of a woman truly free to express herself and I joined her, roaring out my delight and joy and pleasure at our incestuous lovemaking.

For a week, we barely stopped making love, limited only by the demands of the human body for sleep and food and we tried our damndest to incorporate our fucking into those activities as well. The entire house reeked of pussy and semen as we fucked and sucked and tried to sate ourselves of our hunger for each other and never succeeding. In all these years, I've never satisfied my desire to have my mother and I never will.

We stopped only when the moving people called to set a date for collecting and shipping those belongings of Mom's and myself to Kentucky and to close down our house. Even then, as we worked feverishly to get the house packed up and ready to go, we could barely keep our hands off each other. It was the beginning of our honeymoon, one we have never truly stopped taking -- even today.

But, somehow we did get it finished and good thing too. Mom already had a buyer for the house and our new home -- Mama Polly's old house was ready to move into. Mom had been very busy. During Spring Break, I had driven her to Kentucky and in a whirlwind of activity, Mom had engaged the services of Bill, her friend, Emma's husband, to serve as the building contractor to do work on our new home.

Mom hired Bill to have the house remodeled completely, redoing the wiring and plumbing and adding central air and heat. What Mom had planned was to expand the back end of the house, adding a downstairs guestroom, a bathroom and increasing the size of the kitchen, while upstairs expanding Polly's old room into what would be our master bedroom complete with a bath as well as expand the old bathroom.

Mom fortunately had the money to burn from the Old Man's life insurance and Bill brought in really talented and competent people who had worked fast all spring so that by mid June, we could move in. Mom walked around

with a huge smile as we toured it with Bill and Emma. Emma expressed amazement that Mom had kept the old kitchen table and despite having a modern range installed, had kept the old wood burning stove in one corner.

"I swear, Carrie -- you know you can get a beautiful table for this room -- hell, Bill here could make you one to order!" Emma said.

Mom just shook her head and replied while running her hand over the old rough surface and looking at me, "Oh no, I have too many good memories of this old table to get rid of it." She winked at me and added, "And I hope to make some new memories with it as well."

Later on, Mom and I were standing outside, admiring the way Bill and his folks had made the new addition seem almost part of the original house, when it hit me. "Mom, there's just the two of us and we have a five bedroom house. What're we gonna do with all that space?"

Mom just smiled at me and turned around to kiss me, her arms around my neck. "It's just us now, but you know how life is -- you never know when things might change!" Mom kissed me then, long and deep and when we were finished, Mom whispered, "John, I want a baby. I want to have my son's baby and raise him or her right here."

I felt my heart begin to beat and as my cock began to stir, I saw that hungry gleam in my mother's eyes. We moved as one, me lifting Mom up as she wrapped her legs around my waist and I carried her back up onto the porch and into the living room. It was a warm spring day and my skin was slick with sweat from the effort of carrying Mom and my muscles were throbbing and swelling, but somehow, I managed to carry Mom to the kitchen and set her down on the old kitchen table. "Let's make some memories, Mom," I gasped as I began to tug her blouse over her head while she fumbled with my belt and kicked off her sneakers.

Mom groaned as I leaned over and sucked her unfettered breasts and replied, "Fuck memories, let's make a baby, son!" I felt my jeans slide down my legs to pool at my feet and Mom lifted her sweet ass up so I could tug her jeans off her, revealing her thick pelt of black pubic hair, already split by her swollen labia, revealing glistening pink flesh. I groaned happily as Mom's hand stroked my hard cock, thick and long and always hungering for her hot and steamy womb.

Mom scooted to the edge of the kitchen table, spreading her legs wide, allowing her cunt flesh to spread open to welcome my cock. "Fuck me, John. Fuck me and make Momma a baby!"

I responded by thrusting forward, sinking my cock deep into her slick, fiery flesh, her pussy walls wrapping my shaft in their wet and loving embrace, and sighing, "I love you, Mom!"

Our bodies slapped wetly together as I sank into Mom's cunt to the hilt, her thick pubic hair entangling with mine. I pulled Mom to me as her feet hooked around my legs and her thighs tightened against mine. We kissed as our bodies began lunging and bucking at each other, our breath whistling noisily as our tongues curled round each other, our hands busy caressing and cupping.

I could smell that sweet jasmine scent of Mom's mingling with our sweat and the aroma of sex. I could see the excitement in Mom's eyes as we made love. It was never less than intense between us, but whenever the thought of us making a child of our love was brought up, our lovemaking changed into something greater, hungrier and more erotic. We lost ourselves as the basic human urge to procreate merged with the delicious incestuous nature of our love to take us to a new plane of existence.

The entire world winnowed down to just us and we became so much more aware of each other, becoming cognizant of every molecule of each other's body. My erect penis thrust through Mom's lubricated flesh, bathed in her hot juices as I pressed into her womb again and again. I could feel Mom's nipples, hard and swollen, scraping against my chest, not quite sure when she had unbuttoned my shirt. Mom's heels dug into my ass cheeks as she tried to work my cock deeper into her tightening cunt. Mom hunched herself into me, her ass coming closer and closer to slipping off the edge of the table.

Mom's tongue rolled insistently around mine, doing things that made me almost dizzy with lust and urging closer and closer to the brink. Mom groaned into my mouth as my cock head swelled and I could feel my sperm surging upwards from my balls. Mom slipped forward and then seemed to jump free of the table, her legs tightening around my waist.

"OH GOD YESSSS, JOHN! GIVE ME YOUR CUM! FUCK ME HARD AND DEEP AND GIVE ME A BABYYYYY!" Mom cried out as her weight drove her down deeper on my cock and I began filling her womb with hot semen. For what seemed both too short a time and all of eternity, Mom and I stood

there, two beings joined as one, stiffly quivering, awash in the storm of our mutual orgasm -- my seed filling up Mom's clapping cunt.

Finally, we came back to Earth and exhausted from our baby making efforts, we both laid down on the sturdy, weathered table and tried to catch our breath. We looked at each other and then up at the ceiling, at the joists and beams and wood, hammered together by Mama Polly's father before the beginning of the twentieth century.

"We're home, aren't we?" I breathed, taking Mom's hand and squeezing it gently.

Mom sighed and she looked at me with such love in her eyes and said, "Yes, son, we're home -- finally and forever."

The movers arrived two days later with the few fragments of our old lives we had chosen to keep which hadn't been much at all, especially for Mom. I kidded her when we drove away from the house in for the first time that I had more clothes than she did. Mom had given most of what she called her dowdy housewife clothes to the Goodwill and was in the process of rebuilding her wardrobe to better meet her own exhibitionist desires.

When we had been apart from family, as I have often mentioned, Mom's wardrobe reflected her long suppressed urges to flaunt her voluptuous and sexy body. Short dresses with scoop necklines -- tight fitting clothes that showed off her curves, shorts and halter tops and tube tops that left more of her luscious ass and tits exposed than it covered up, along with sexy heels and shoes that accentuated her lovely legs. Mom was having a ball clothes shopping and I loved helping her, watching her pick out more daring outfits than I had had the courage to suggest. Everyday was a wonderful day in which Mom showed off to me and the rest of the world jiggling tit flesh and her sexy legs and bare shoulders!

When the movers arrived, I had another surprise for her -- one that I'd saved months for and had had to be a little sneaky in arranging. As Mom supervised the movers (who were ogling her in her red tube top and short denim shorts), directing various boxes and furniture to various rooms, she just stopped and stared as they unloaded from the truck the frame of a brass rail bed. The older of the two movers worked a cigar around in his mouth, his eyes roaming enviously over Mom's lush body and said, "So, where you want the bed, lady?"

I came up behind Mom and ran my arms around her waist. "She'll want it in the master bedroom." I gave them directions to the room while Mom whirled around in my arms and gasped, "John, where did you get that? It looks exactly like the one in that inn we stayed at!"

I was grinning like the proverbial Cheshire cat and I said, "It is the same bed. I bought it and arranged for the movers to pick it up on their way down. It's a wedding gift to you a few months early."

Mom's lip trembled and tears began to trickle down her face and then she was showering my faces with kisses and sobbing, "I love you! I never imagined...no-one ever did something like that for me before!" I got more hugs and the kisses became more passionate, drawing chuckles from the movers as they passed by several more times before Mom calmed down. Of course, by then, I was pretty worked up, but Mom just grinned when I suggested we take a walk up the hill, saying, "Oh no. I want you saving it up till tonight when we get our bed set up and break it in right!"

As frustrated as I was at that moment, it was all worth it as I discovered when that evening after we had bid the movers goodbye and had set the bed up, getting the new mattresses situated on it and I was sitting naked on clean sheets and Mom emerged from the bathroom. I could feel my heart begin to pound and my cock, already erect, stiffened and slapped against my belly.

Mom's long black hair with just a few sexy streaks of gray had been brushed out and hung over her bare shoulders. She had on a filmy green negligee of sorts that seemed to wrap around her in wispy layers, but was almost completely transparent, her meaty, slightly sagging breasts hanging proudly on her chest and her thick dark bush stood out between her pale, flawless thighs. She was wearing a pair of four inch high heels that drew attention to her shapely calves. Mom had added the perfect finishing touch -- a black ribbon tied around her neck, holding a cameo I had given her when I was younger.

"Oh, Mom, you're beautiful!" I murmured as she approached, smiling that naughty smile of hers that promised so much -- a smile full of wicked carnality and sexual hunger.

I started to rise up, but Mom pushed me back and leaned over and kissed me, her tongue snaking into my mouth while her hand wrapped around my cock and slowly stroked me. "I love you, son!" Mom sighed against my lips. Silently, using her hands she urged me back on the bed until I was on my back, head on the pillows. Mom straddled me, resting her hairy bush

against my throbbing cock and rocking slowly back and forth, her wet, slick lips sliding along the shaft of my cock. "Tonight, Momma shows her son how much she loves him," Mom said softly, her voice husky with desire.

My hands went to her waist, slipping in between the folds of the silky negligee, but to my surprise Mom shook her head and with a smile full of secrets, pulled my hands free and then drew my right hand up to the brass rails of the bed. "Tonight, John, Momma's in total control," she murmured.

I looked on in totally amazement as she pulled at the negligee and a long strand of the transparent green cloth came free. Mom leaned into me, her breasts dragging across my chest as she proceeded to tie my hand to the railing. "Um, Mom? What are you doing?" I asked.

Mom just replied, "Shhhh," and took my other arm and pulling loose another strand of green, silky cloth, tied my other hand to the brass bed as well. Sitting up, Mom wiggled atop my cock and smiled at her handiwork. "Now then, I have you just where I want you, John," she said.

I have to say, I was excited. My cock was throbbing madly and it was all I could do not to blow my wad right then and there. "Sooo, what are you doing, Mom?" I asked again.

Mom started pulling more of the wraparound negligee away from her body as she answered. "Just a little fantasy I've had for a while and now that we're home, sweetheart..." Mom leaned in and brushed my lips with hers, her tongue trailing over my mouth. "Now that we're in our home, I thought I would live out my fantasy."

Mom's hips undulated atop me, her pussy dripping with hot juices that were bathing my cock. "Son, I'm going to fuck you all night long and you're just going to have to lie back and love it." Mom lifted herself off me, my cock rising along with her, seeking her heat and wetness, until the head of my cock slipped between her lips and found her warm and succulent opening. "Ahhhhhhmmmmmm, yessssss," Mom hissed as she began to move back down, my cock spearing inside her as she enveloped it within her sticky-slick hot cunt.

Mom was the perfect image of a carnal whore as she sat on my cock, her eyes closing as she bit her lower lip with her sexy overbite, savoring the wonderful and incestuous sensation of her son's cock filling her motherly pussy. "My god, I love you so much, John," Mom whispered as she began to ride me.



I wanted to tell her I loved her too, but I was biting my lip as I struggled not to lose control in the midst of the sweetest sensation a son can know, the feeling of his mother's pussy wrapped around his hard cock. I groaned with pleasure as Mom's hot flesh caressed by cock as it worked its way up and down my shaft. My eyes shifted back and forth between my mother's lovely face, now twisted with carnal pleasure, and her bouncing, rolling breasts -- nipples swollen like ripe strawberries ready to explode.

Mom's knees pressed into my sides as she fucked me and the room seemed to grow hot, the heat building outward from our joined crotches, causing our bodies to become slick with fuckswat. "I love your cock, son!" Mom called out again and again in a sing-song voice as she rode me, her back arching and causing her tits to be thrust out, her hands caressing the heavy bags of flesh, pinching and pulling her nipples as she squirmed astride me, somehow seeming to take me deeper with each movement.

We were both aware of a third participant in our love making as the bed began to squeak and groan as Mom bounced up and down on my cock. Its protesting creaks ran counterpoint to our cries and moans as we fucked and Mom stroked my chest with her hand and grinned happily at me, letting me know how much she loved how her new brass bed amplified the noises of our incestuous fucking. With each new noise from our bed, Mom's excitement seemed to escalate and I could sense her approaching climax.

Mom's hot juices turned to scalding cream as her orgasm swept over her and I could not hold out any longer and Mom's sudden cries of pleasure were joined by me bellowing, "FUCK, I LOVE YOU, MOMMMM!" as I began ejaculating thick streamers of semen inside her pussy. My body convulsed with pleasure and I flung my pelvis upwards, seeking to pierce Mom's womb deeper as I flooded her with hot sperm. Mom stiffened with sexual elation, her body becoming almost perfectly still until her pleasure began to make her body first quiver and then shudder as her orgasm ripped through her.

Mom collapsed, pressing her face against mine as her body heaved with aftershocks, kissing me between gasps for breath while her cunt continued to massage my cock, refusing to let it go flaccid. My flood of hot seed became a trickle and I dueled tongues with Mom until we both had to stop or pass out from lack of air.

Finally, Mom's breathing relaxed and she began to purr, her breath warm against my neck. "That...that, Mom was fantastic," I wheezed.

Mom nuzzled my neck and whispered, "John, my darling, you aint seen nothing yet!" She giggled and said, "I love my bed, son. I love hearing it -- hearing the noise of fucking!" To illustrate, Mom began to slowly roll her hips, my still mostly erect cock responding to the caress of her cunt walls. In turn, we heard a soft creak of metal as the bedsprings began to respond to Mom's loving movements.

Mom was still shaky from her earlier exertions and as she mewled as pleasure began to work its way through her again, she leaned forward, using the brass rail headboards for support as she began to rock back and forth on my now massively stiff cock again. Mom's huge, pendulous breasts swung back and forth over my face and I watched them hungrily until she leaned forward a little more and I raised my head and snapped my teeth onto one of her nipples.

"OHHHHHYESSSS!" Mom squealed, her whole body shaking as I nipped and sucked at her tit, holding her hard, rubbery nipple in place with my teeth and rolling my tongue over the very tip of the thick and swollen nub. Again, Mom bathed my cock with her steaming juices, but now that I had cummed, I knew I would last and I began to buck, thrusting my crotch upwards to meet her descending pelvis.

The bed shook and screeched as Mom hung on as she rode into orgasm again, her pussy clamping tightly around my penis while her body shivered and quaked. When she began to calm down, I let go of her nipple and caught the other tit with my mouth before she could move and her body, reacting to the pain and pleasure my mouth and cock provided sent her over the edge again.

Long minutes passed as we fucked slowly, my mouth chewing on Mom's nipples until my jaws ached while Mom rose and fell and rose again on my cock, her orgasm waxing and waning again and again. The intense gratification seemed to go on and on, taking us to almost unbearable heights until Mom was wailing, tears falling from her face to splatter against my cheeks, begging me to, "Cummmmm, Johnnnnn -- please, son, cummmm in Momma's pussy!"

I held out as long as I could, but eventually as Mom collapsed on top of me, her cunt spasming around my aching cock, I cried out, "I love you, Mom -- cumming for you, MOM!" and I again emptied my load in Mom's wet and steaming womb.

We were both exhausted and by the time we had regained our breath, Mom was softly snoring on top of me, my semi-erect cock still buried inside her

semen drenched cunt. Tied up, I could do little more than enjoy the sweet sensations that Mom's body offered and went to sleep myself savoring her touch.

The rest of the night was a bit hazy -- full of sleepy time fucking and at one point sucking as Mom cleaned my cock of our mixed juices. I awoke at one point to find Mom's hairy pussy rubbing against my face while she swirled her tongue around my sensitive penis and I happily tongued her to another orgasm, lapping up her juices and my own semen in the process.

I also discovered a strange and exciting experience. Now, Mom and I are not big fans of wet play, but that first real night in our home, Mom introduced me to something I never even dreamed of. I had been awaked by an intense need to urinate and realized Mom wasn't on the bed. Then I heard the toilet flush and Mom reappeared, beautiful in the dim light of the room, naked with bed tousled hair. She smiled at me as I said, "Thank God, you're awake. Mom, I need to pee something awful!"

Mom stopped and laughed and replied, "Okay, so go ahead."

I laughed in response and tried to move my arms, still tied to the bed. "Hello -- some kinky woman tied your son up!"

Mom found this funny and said, "Oh yeah? Well, I told you, you're mine all night and I'm not untying you."

I bet I looked desperate because Mom shook her head and turned around and headed back to the bathroom. "Hang on, son. I'll see if I can find something to help you out." She returned a minute later with an old long necked plastic flower vase. "Here you go, son. Piss in this."

Mom climbed up in the bed and taking my cock in hand, aimed it at the vase's opening. "Um, Mom. I don't know about this." I said.

My mother giggled and said, "Go ahead and pee. I'll make sure you don't make a mess." Mom thought this was hilarious and kept giggling while I struggled with the moment. You all went through toilet training as toddlers and know the dilemma I was facing. It's damned near impossible to urinate when someone else is guiding your penis and you're lying down. All those old instincts kick in and your body tries to resist.

The pressure was intense and strangely erotic, I could feel and see my cock begin to erect. "Mom, you're going to have to let me up. I can't..."

Mom leaned in and whispered in my ear, "You have to trust me, John. Momma knows best." Mom's tongue flickered out and danced around the outer shell of my ear. "Let it go, son," she said softly. And I did. I began to piss -- you know the feeling -- that sweet pleasure when you can finally achieve release? I was experiencing that and more -- the pleasure of emptying my bladder and just letting everything relax was intense -- perhaps not on the scale of an orgasm, but close, very, very close!

Afterwards, as Mom took care of the vase, I lay there, again catching my breath and not for the first or last time, considered how so very much my world was changing! And of course, I was thinking that same thing again as Mom and I walked back from Molly and Deb's wedding ceremony.

Mom giggled as she gazed down at the even more prominent bulge in my slacks and said, "Yum, I wonder what you're thinking about, sweetheart?"

I laughed and said, "Well, truth is, if I'm around you, Mom -- I'm usually hard, but I was thinking back to our first night at Mama Polly's -- breaking in your brass bed."

Mom coozied up closer to me, her mostly exposed breast rubbing against my arm and said, "Mmmmmm -- that was a fun night. I already miss our new bed!" She reached down and rubbed her palm against my bulge. "And I miss this big thing too! We've been so busy today, we've not had a chance to make love!"

I made a face and growled, "Not for lack of trying! Maybe we can find a closet or something at Deb's while everyone is partying."

Mom stuck her tongue out at me. "Patience, baby. Momma promises you'll get some relief before the night is over." She laughed when I rolled my eyes and then we were back at Deb's and the party. Despite my blue balls, it was a wonderful party, full of laughter and food and drink. Debbie's friends were a very accepting and hedonistic bunch and it was nice not having to hide my feelings about Mom and knowing that we could just be ourselves -- affectionate and loving with each other and receiving only approving or at worse, envious stares when we kissed or embraced or cuddled during the evening.

My only bad moment of the evening was when wedding presents were opened and I realized I didn't have a clue what Mom and I had gotten Debbie and Molly. I cornered Mom and questioned her, but she just shook her head and said, "We'll give them their present in private, later." She then smiled lovingly at me and said not another word, even though I pressed her several times about the matter.

Finally, the evening began to wind down and the guests started to drift out in couples or small groups. Molly asked me to drive her grandmother back to her hotel as her original ride, Steinbeck was passed out drunk and being carried out by several other guests.

The old woman didn't say much during the ride, but seemed to be studying me as I drove along the coast road. Finally, as I pulled up in front of her hotel, she turned and said, "Thank you, John." I walked her up to her room and she shook my hand and as I turned to leave, she reached out and squeezed my arm. "You love your mother, boy?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," I replied, feeling my face get warm under her scrutinizing stare.

She nodded. "Well, you make a good couple and Molly thinks the world of you both. I reckon it will all work out for you two." She tightened her grip on my arm. "I expect you to keep an eye on my little girl too. You're the man of that family now. Be a good one!"

The old lady let go of me and stepped inside the doorway. She turned and grinned at me -- I knew where Molly got her charming smile now. "Family loving aint so bad, I reckon. Doubt Molly's ever heard the stories about my great grandparents. Come over from Ireland, they did. Lots of stories about how Great-granddaddy married a woman half his age." Molly's grandmother winked at me. "Some of those stories say my Great-granny was really his daughter. Not that it matters -- they shore loved each other and aint that all that matters?" She nodded her head and closed the door as I stared in mouth wide open shock.

I don't remember much of the drive back, but agreed with Molly's grandmother about family loving and I was anxious to pick up Mom and take her back to our hotel room and work on some family loving of our own. We'd taken a room nearby to give Molly and Debbie privacy on their wedding night before they took a flight out to Aruba for their honeymoon.

When I got back to Debbie's and Molly's house, it appeared deserted. All the guests' cars were gone. I walked in to find Mom sitting on the couch, her sexy red dress hiked up above her thighs, revealing her thick bush and a very wet pussy. Mom had two fingers slowly rubbing her wet, aroused cunt, her face flushed red with desire. She beckoned me to sit next to her and then she kissed me hungrily, her thick tongue thrusting into my mouth, seeking a playmate. When she was finished, I was red-faced and hard as steel. My hand slipped to her thigh and moved upwards, feeling the heat coming off of her cunt.

Mom moved to stop me, taking my hand in hers and in a quiet voice, said, "John, we need to talk."

Mom's quiet but serious tone pulled me up short. "Is something wrong, Mom?"

My mother shook her head and gave me a gentle smile. "No, baby -- everything's fine. We need to discuss Molly's and your Aunt Deb's wedding present."

"Um...okay. What is it anyway? Why's it been such a big secret?"

Mom took my hand and kissed it. She reached out and stroked my face and replied, "John, your aunt and Molly have asked me to ask you for something." Mom paused and took a deep breath. "Son, Molly and Debbie want to have a baby and they want you to be the father."

Okay, I admit, I didn't see that one coming. I stared at Mom in complete and utter shock and when I could finally reply, said, "Um...what?"

Mom nodded and said, "Molly and Deb want to have a family and want you to be the baby's father."

My head began to spin and I felt this incredible well of emotions erupting. "A baby? For Molly and Aunt Deb -- um, me be the father." I shook my head, trying unsuccessfully to clear it. "Mom, um...I always thought I would have a family with you. Having a baby with someone else...I don't know. I can't see having a child and not being a part of its life and I want to have a child with you..."

Mom nodded and replied, "Oh son, I want that too, but I've been off the pill for a while and God knows we've tried and I'm forty-three now and it might not happen." Mom cast her eyes down and I could see her lower lip tremble as she struggled to keep control. Finally, she looked back up at me, her hazel eyes misty with tears. "John, I want to spend my life with you, but I want you to have a chance to know how wonderful it is to have a child -- to be a parent.

"You're not just a sperm donor here. Molly and Deb want you to be a father in every way for this baby. You will be...we both will be as much a part of his or her life as we want." Mom smiled and added, "And if I might just be a bit of a conceited future grandmother, I think you and Molly would have beautiful babies."

My mind was still reeling, but I will confess I already found the possibility exciting. I loved Molly and Debbie -- in truth, if Mom and I had never found our true way, I think I would have proposed to Molly. To imagine that she and I might create a child -- well, it made my cock hard!

"Mom, are you sure about this?" I asked, reaching out and taking her hand.

She nodded and said, "Yes, son. I know you're in shock. I was when Molly and Debbie first asked me, but I think that giving them a baby -- making a child with two wonderful, loving people...well, how can it be wrong?"

I nodded in agreement and replied, "Okay, then...so what, um, do I do?"

Mom looked at me with a silly smirk and then her lip trembled as she struggled for control and then Mom was almost on the floor as she began to laugh, almost choking as she answered me, "Ohhh, John. I know you know how to make babies!" And then Mom was laughing again until she had to wipe the tears from her eyes. I felt stupid for asking the question the way I had, but had to laugh at myself too.

Finally, when Mom had recovered, I asked, "Okay, so what is the plan here anyway?"

Mom giggled and replied, "Well, Debbie and Molly are in their bedroom -- Debbie's been getting Molly ready for your big cock and Molly is ovulating right now, so...I know you've been dying to get some relief all day. Let's go tell the newlyweds that you said yes and then let's give them our wedding present!"

Mom stood up and leading me by the hand, walked me to the master bedroom. As she opened the door, she called out. "Who's ready to get knocked up?"

We stepped into the bedroom to behold a lovely sight. Molly was lying on the bed, propped up on pillows, naked as the day she was born. Her face and chest were flushed and her hair was wet with sweat as Debbie lay between her legs and was tonguing her shaved pussy. Molly opened her eyes and gasped, "So, sugar, you're gonna do it? You'll make a baby with us?"

She gave a little squeal as Debbie rolled her tongue over her partner's swollen clitoris before sitting up and grinning as she replied, "Of course John will do it -- we're family after all and a loving family at that!" My Aunt Deb slithered off the bed and stalked towards me, giving me that lusty look of hers that had me almost creaming in my slacks. I felt almost hypnotized by her carnal stare, scarcely aware that Mom was unbuttoning my shirt and pulling it off me.

My statuesque and naked aunt came up and placed her hands on my bare chest as she rose up and kissed me, her tongue coated with Molly's pussy cream. As she shared Molly's sweet juices with me, her hands joined with Mom's to undo my slacks and free my aching cock. When I was naked, my sexy aunt squatted down in front of me, taking my cock in hand and stroking me gently. "Are you ready to give us a baby," she cooed, her tongue flicking out to tease my erect penis.

"Are you ready to fuck my Molly pregnant?" Debbie added as she rose up and kissed me again, joining with Mom to envelope me in mature, womanly flesh and guide me towards the bed.

As I climbed up on the bed, Mom reached out and touched my cheek and then leaned in and she kissed me, whispering, "Make me proud, John," and then slipping down to kiss the head of my erect cock. She looked up at me with so much love in her eyes and said, "For good luck."

Debbie then kissed me again, her tongue dancing with mine before she leaned down and kissed my throbbing cock head. "It's time, nephew. Make us a beautiful love child!" she breathed as I moved between Molly's widespread legs.



"Hi there, sugar," Molly said, her voice a little nervous. Mom and Deb eased down along either side of her and Molly let her attention wander away from me and my aching dick long enough to give each woman her tongue in an erotic kiss. I eased down until my cock was resting just above her flowered, sopping wet pussy, her heavy tits heaving with excitement.

"Are you ready for me, Molly?" I asked, surprised by the nervousness in my voice.

She nodded and replied, "Um, I think so." Then she grinned and said, "Sugar, I know we've fucked a couple of hundred times, but John, I swear I think I just forgot how to do it!" We both laughed, recognizing the line from the movie, *The Big Chill*."

"Yeah -- knowing we're trying to make a baby makes it all different, doesn't it?" I said.

Molly lifted her head up, bringing her lips to mine and we kissed, tongues making love as our bodies began to move against each other -- Molly rolling her pelvis with old familiarity and capturing the head of my cock between her labia, her arousal clearly evident in the wet heat her cunt was generating. "It does, John," Molly said in a quiet, almost breathless voice. "It makes it better! Fuck me, John. Let's make a baby!"

As one we moved together, Molly thrusting her hips upward as I drove my cock down into her and with one swift motion, I buried my cock inside her hot pussy to the root, grinding my hairy crotch against her smooth mound.

Debbie had taken Molly to the edge of orgasm before we entered the room and now she found release as I filled her pussy with my long, hard cock and she gave a scream of intense pleasure as I brought her over the edge into climax. "Oh, god, yessss!" Molly cried out as she arched her back and wrapped her arms and legs around my body, trying to will me as deep as possible into her womb. "Ohhhh, Debbbielove, his cock feels sooo good," she crooned as waves of orgasmic pleasure wracked her body.

Molly opened her mouth, her tongue appearing, seeking company and before I could react, Debbie ducked in and was kissing her newlywed partner. Molly gurgled and moaned into Aunt Deb's mouth as I plunged in and out of her tight pussy, her sugar walls clinging to my shaft as I thrust deep inside her and slowly withdrew.

My body trembled with effort as I struggled to maintain control and hold off my own orgasm. Mom leaned over and kissed me and whispered words of support as I fucked Molly, trying to bury my aching cock as deep as I could go. "Momma's so proud of you, baby!" Mom sighed between wet kisses. "Make it good for her, John. Show Molly how good fucking is when you're trying for a baby!"

Then I was kissing Molly again, our eyes locked on each other as we increased the pace and intensity of our lovemaking. Sweat covered us and the room felt and smelled like a sauna room in a whorehouse -- the air full of pussy and more than a hint of semen as we fucked. Molly's orgasm had waned, but was now rising up in her again, her hard nipples scraping against my chest as her cunt began to spasm and tighten around my penis again and then I passed the point of no return.

"Here it comes, Molly," I moaned as I drove deep in her, feeling her hips roll upwards to take me just a fraction deeper. "Cumming, Molly -- giving you a baby, lover!" I went deep and felt my balls jerk painfully as I exploded inside her, thick heavy jets of sperm bursting forth from my cock and flooding her womb with hot semen.

Molly cried out, the intense pleasure of my ejaculations sending her into orgasm again and she mashed her lips against mine and my head reverberated with her squelched sobs as she held on tightly to me and welcomed my seed in her pulsating pussy. Pleasure locked us tight together as we came together. A quick glance to both sides revealed Mom and her sister close to us, both working fingers furiously in and out of their own cunts, eyes shining with excitement as they watched us fuck and cum.

Finally, we both collapsed, me keeping my weight off Molly with my elbows, my cock still throbbing and hard, buried in her cum soaked pussy. Molly grinned up at me and wheezed, "Oh sugar, your hot cum feels so good. I can feel your hot baby makers inside me, trying to make me pregnant!" She lay back helpless, pinned to the mattress by my cock. Aunt Deb moved in and began kissing her face, her tongue licking at her lover's lips, tasting her sweat and our mingled saliva.

Mom began to moan as she reached climax, four of her own fingers thrust deep inside her hairy cunt. I reached out with one hand and wrapped it around Mom's wrist and worked her hand in and out of her pussy -- glops of pussy cream smeared over her fingers. Mom sobbed and shivered as she came and then I took her juice soaked hand and began licking it off, Molly and Deb joining in. It was such a nasty scene, I felt my cock throb with need and slowly I began to pump into Molly's cunt again.

Molly stretched her limbs like a lazy cat and purred, "Mmmmm, yes -- I just know you've knocked me up, John, but sugar, nothing wrong with giving me some more of your big dick's hot jizzum!"

We began to fuck, sweet and slow and then fast and furious and then slow and sweet again. The edge now off my own need to cum, I knew I was good for a long fuck and I tried to make it good for Molly, finding her sweet spots and rolling and twisting my hips to allow my cock to touch them all. Soon, the sexy thing was writhing underneath me, her meaty, pert tits bouncing merrily as she moaned and scissored her legs, trying to take me as deep as possible.

Molly's eyes were glazed and her tongue peaked out, licking her lips as she began moaning, "Pussy! PUSSSSSYYYY NEED ITTTT! GIVE MEEE PUSSSYYYY!"

Deb, who had resumed fingering herself quickly moved to straddle her lover's face with her own pussy, squatting over Molly's mouth and letting her begin to lick and nibble at her long labia, cunt cream dripping down to cover Molly's face. Mom clambered behind her sister and knelt there and wrapped her arms around Deb, cupping her sister's big tits with her hands in an effort to keep her steady and to help spur Aunt Debbie's impending orgasm on by pinching her long, swollen nipples.

My aunt's bald pussy right in front of my face served as a distraction to help me keep from cumming from the excitement of this carnal exhibit as I pressed my face into her pussy, my tongue joining with Molly's to lick Debbie's sodden cunt. Soon, Molly's cries of pleasure were mingling with Deb's sobs of orgasmic joy culminating in my aunt screaming her love for her family as she literally sprayed pussy cream all over her newly wedded lover's face.

Aunt Deb pitched over into a quivering heap of pleased flesh and Mom and I quickly began licking Molly's face clean of Deb's juices. "My turn," Mom sang out happily as she hurried to straddle Molly's face, rubbing her thick furred mound over Molly's open mouth, squealing with delight as Molly's long tongue plowed the furrow between Mom's thick lips.

What followed was so nasty and erotic -- the sounds of Molly slurping and licking and gasping for air as my mother rode her face, rocking back and forth as Molly's tongue pierced her pussy, delving deep inside Mom's hot twat while I pounded Molly's clasp cunt with my stiff, swollen penis. I leaned forward and was content to feel Mom's hairy muff caress my face as she sat on Molly's talented mouth. Soon, Molly had Mom moaning and

groaning, her hands coming up and catching Mom's swinging breasts, pinching Mom's nipples hard as she tongued her until Mom began to sob from the sweet mix of pain and pleasure.

Mom's body stiffened and she closed her eyes and began biting her lower lip as orgasm turned her into a quivering mountain of lusty pleasure and the beauty of seeing Mom cum sent me over the edge again and Molly began to scream, her voice muffled by Mom's creaming pussy as I pumped Molly's womb full of hot semen again.

Mom finally keeled over, sliding off Molly's face, leaving the young woman with a cunt cream facial. I drove my ejaculating cock deep one last time and began kissing Molly's face, cleaning her of my Mom's copious pussy juices while Molly's cunt milked the last of my seed from my now aching and weary cock.

"I love -- love -- love this family, John!" Molly whimpered as I showered her with kisses. "You've made me pregnant -- I just know you have and now our family can grow and be even more wonderful than ever!"

As her orgasm subsided, her eyes were fluttering and I knew she was on the edge of sleep. I kissed her and whispered, "Yes and you're going to be such a wonderful mother, Molly darling. Thank you for allowing me the privilege of being your baby's father." Molly smiled at me and started to reply, but then her eyes closed and she began to snore, stopping only to groan as I slowly wormed my semi-erect cock out of her grasping cunt.

I rolled over onto my back, trying to catch my breath when Mom and Debbie descended upon me and I groaned with pleasure as my overly sensitive cock responded to the two mature women eagerly cleaning my cock with their tongues, licking up my sperm and Molly's juices and then sharing them with each other.

After watching them kiss in such a way as to begin to revive my cock for another go, Deb curled up next to Molly who in her sleep snuggled up to her newly wed partner and sighed happily while Mom curled up with me. "I'm so proud of you, son," Mom whispered to me. "I can't begin to tell you how exciting it was to watch you just now -- more than ever before!" Mom kissed me long and passionately, her tongue a hungry animal seeking to be satiated. "When we get home, we'll work on making babies some more. Watching you with Molly makes me want to give you a child more than ever!"

Mom and I stayed with her sister and Molly all night and through most of the next day until they left on their honeymoon and Mom with a mixture of envy and satisfaction made sure that every load of my hot semen was delivered to Molly, filling her womb to overflowing with hot, baby-making seed.

When we kissed Molly and Deb goodbye at the airport, watching them fly off on their honeymoon, Molly thanked us for making her pregnant. When I asked her how she could be sure, Molly just smiled, her face lit with an almost holy glow and replied, "Sugar...I just know -- I reckon if a mother looks in her heart, she always knows."

Turns out, Molly knew what she was talking about. Five weeks later, as Mom was keeping busy with putting finishing touches on the house and I was settling into my new job near Lexington, we got a call from Molly and Deb announcing that our family was about to get bigger and that I was going to be a father!

Mom and I were almost as thrilled as if it was Mom that was pregnant. Lord knows we were trying, making love whenever we felt like it and we felt like it a lot! I knew there was a little sadness behind Mom's smile, but in a sense, she felt like this child was going to belong to all of us and in that I believe that was and is true. As Mom and I explored our new world together, eagerly looking towards our own wedding, the impending arrival of a child I had fathered was an equally exciting adventure that Mom and I were taking part in. We could only hope that more blessings would follow. Only time would tell.

## **Chapter 8**

"Hey, Hamilton! Tony and me are catching a beer -- why don't you come along?"

I was unlocking my truck in the company parking lot, heading home after a day's work. I turned at the invitation and shook my head as I replied to one of my co-workers, Willis, "Naw, man -- heading home. My lady's waiting for me." Willis and Tony worked in cubicles near my own -- like me, they were fresh out of college, but unlike me, they were still looking for Miss Right or even better as far as they were concerned, Miss Right Now.

Tony rolled his eyes and said, "C'mon, John! Man, you're not even married yet and you're pussy whipped!"

I just grinned and shook my head again. "With what's waiting for me at home, if that's pussy whipped, then Lord, beat me all you can!"

Both guys guffawed and while Willis climbed into his beater of a car, Tony got a far away look on his face and I knew he was calling up the picture of my Mom that sat on my work desk. It wasn't anything scandalous -- just a picture of Mom sitting on a rock, the hills above our home in the background -- she was wearing a short summer dress that showed off the heft and beauty of Mom's heavy breasts and her shapely legs. "Yeah, man -- I can dig that, I reckon." He grinned at me and waved goodbye. "John, you and your lady have a great weekend!"

Of that there was no doubt. As I drove home, I thought that truthfully, life couldn't get much better. It was now October and we'd been living on Mama Polly's old property for the better part of five months now. My first real job was going well -- my supervisor was pleased with the quality of my technical writing and although it was a little more than an hour's commute each way, I generally left the house each morning with a smile and the memory of Mom on her knees sucking my cock before I was allowed out the door and I drove home each night keenly anticipating taking my mother in my arms again.

Each day seemed to bring new discoveries as I realized how incredibly deep a relationship can become when you are sharing your life so intimately with another. It wasn't just the sex, although that became more intense as time passed, but also the simple things that make up everyday life. Holding hands as we strolled along the street, catching our reflections in a storefront window, marveling at seeing ourselves, hand in hand or arms around each other's waists -- just another couple in love out window shopping.

Reveling in the knowledge that this was my mother and soon to be my wife and that now, here in this time and place, I could kiss her like a man kisses his woman in public and that others saw us as only a couple -- as "John and Carrie" whether or not they knew our incestuous secret. Simple things like sitting at Mama Polly's kitchen table having supper and looking at my beautiful mother and knowing that we would be sharing thousands of suppers like this in the decades to come, filled me with wonder.

And of course, there was the sex. Everyone can debate whether the ever increasing pleasure of our lovemaking is because of us being mother and son -- or simply the end result of the joining of true soul mates. It is both and neither and it is something more, this thing that Mom and I share, and although I have tried so many times to put what we are on paper -- I, at best, can only create a pale echo of the love my mother and I have. Nevertheless, as Mom and I lie gasping in bed, naked and sweaty as we bask

in the afterglow of our incestuous orgasms, we both agree that it just gets better and better each time we are joined -- cock and pussy.

Now we were preparing to marry -- to be joined as husband and wife under the eyes and blessing of God -- a joyous event that we had both been anticipating for a long time. A long time ago, atop a tall building in Chicago on New Year's Eve, I had promised Mom I would stand with her in front of a minister and before God and claim her as my wife and now that time was upon us.

As to who would perform the ceremony -- well, Mom and I agreed that there was only one possibility...Reverend Simmons, the now retired preacher from Mom's childhood church -- the church we were now attending. As I tooled down Interstate 75, I felt my cock stirring as I recalled the day we had finally asked Reverend Simmons to officiate at our nuptials.

It had been back in August, a few weeks after returning from Molly and Deb's wedding that we had invited Reverend Simmons and his daughter Melinda over for Sunday supper. Mom fixed a sumptuous pot roast and mountains of mashed potatoes and peach cobbler for dessert and I was amused to see that wiry little old man put away two heaping helpings of everything.

We all had a good time -- the reverend was a great story teller, never really crossing bawdy, but titillating us with his recollections and making us laugh till we were almost crying. The whole time he was talking, his eyes behind his thick lenses were roving over Mom's delicious body while his hands always seemed to wandering about Melinda's petite frame.

I didn't blame him, Mom was wearing a halter top that left little to the imagination, tit flesh overflowing the top and sides and which the seams appeared to be on the verge of unleashing Mom's massive breasts. She also had on blue jean cutoffs, her ass cheeks jiggling enticingly as she moved around the kitchen and dining area bringing food to the table or bending over to check the cobbler in the oven.

And I confess to roaming an appreciative eye over his Melinda who, despite being at least fifteen years older than Mom, was a very attractive and sexy woman in her own right -- wearing a light blue spaghetti strap summer dress that drew attention to her bare shoulders and slim figure.

We had finished dinner and were in the living room enjoying Reverend Simmons's stories -- him finishing up one about Mom's daddy, Tom and

how as a teenaged boy, he had dropped a skink (a salamander-like critter) down the front of the Reverend's mother's dress at a church picnic. "And Momma let out a yell to curl your hair and she was out of her dress in a flash and running across the field, her big ol boobs flopping this way and that and turns out she wasn't wearing knickers that day."

The old man smiled a bit sadly and said, "Now, Momma -- she didn't cotton to family loving like Daddy's side of the family did and it wasn't till that moment and I was in my late twenties, mind you, that I ever had my prayers answered and saw my mother naked as the day she was born, but I swear, I think about her fine body that God blessed her with every day of my life since...praise God. And I got your daddy, Carrie, to thank for that!"

Reverend Simmons was sitting in a big leather chair and Melinda was curled up next to him on the wide arm, her arm draped around her father's shoulders. She snorted and said, "That's true, but I doubt a day goes by that you don't think about every woman you've seen naked your entire life, Papa!" We all laughed at that and then a moment of awkward silence set in as we all looked at each other expectantly.

Finally, the old man stepped into the void. "Now, while I know y'all enjoy our company, I reckon you're wanting to ask me something, Carrie."

Mom's face reddened and she reached out and took my hand and said, "You always knew what was on my mind, Reverend Simmons. The fact of the matter is..." Mom paused and I understood why. True enough, we were reveling in our incestuous relationship and were unashamed that we were lovers, but it is still difficult to just say out loud...

"Reverend Simmons, Mom and I want to get married and we want you to perform the ceremony!" I blurted it out, both embarrassed and basking in Mom's sudden loving stare.

Quiet followed as the old man studied us both for a moment, his daughter smiling mysteriously at us, a slight flush spreading out from the low neckline of her dress. Reverend Simmons scooted forward to the edge of the sweet, his thin, angular frame almost swimming in his white dress shirt and black slacks and then he flashed us a toothy grin and said, "Well, boy, it's about time you made an honest woman out of your momma! It would be my pleasure to bind you to holy wedlock!"

We both jumped up and ran across the room, Mom hugging the reverend till I thought he might break while I accepted a congratulatory kiss on the



corner of my mouth from Melinda. Then Reverend Simmons was shaking my hand in an iron grip while Mom and Melinda hugged and gave each other a less than quick kiss on the lips -- a spectacle erotic enough to stop the reverend from talking and which had us both watching eagerly.

I felt a stirring inside my blue jeans as Mom strolled by me and I followed her back to the couch across from the reverend and his daughter. We spent a few minutes working out details -- the reverend had Melinda use our phone and reserve the church for our chosen day in October, before we all settled in, expecting Reverend Simmons to resume his story-telling.

Instead, he fell silent for a few minutes, just studying Mom and me, his hand reaching out to rest on Melinda's bare knee. "I swear, John, you are one of the luckiest boys on the planet. I believe I said it the first time we met and I'll say it again, your mother is one of the finest cock suckers in the world!"

"Papa, behave yourself!" giggled Melinda, giving him a slap on the hand resting on your knees. I glanced at Mom to see her grinning devilishly, maybe embarrassed, maybe not.

"Well, its true, isn't it, Carrie?" He pointed a long, bony finger at Mom. "This here girl never met a cock she didn't like is the way I always heard it. I know she always sucked my cock like it was her favorite dick in the whole world!"

Mom laughed and sighed. "Yes, that's true, especially back then and Reverend Simmons, your cock was always one of my favorites!" She smacked her lips loudly and added, "I bet he still tastes delicious, doesn't he, Melinda?"

It was the fair-skinned Melinda's turn to blush -- her reddening face drawing attention to her still mostly sandy-blonde hair -- lightly shot through with gray. I reckoned that like us, she wasn't ashamed of the relationship she had with her father, but it's not something one gets to discuss with others on a regular basis. "Yes, Papa's spunk is tasty." She elbowed her father. "I reckon my little ol' mouth suits him well enough."

Reverend Simmons sighed and he idly ran his fingers over his daughter's leg above just above her knee. "Ain't nothing finer than your mouth on my old pecker, sweetie." She smiled and leaned over and gave him a quick kiss. "I reckon you're in a league with Carrie here." He sighed. "Lordy, I can still remember the first time with little Carrie there -- she was a fine figure of a young girl -- lean with those big, upstanding titties. We was in the sanctuary

of the Church -- she was helping me with the cleaning a month or two after she lost her daddy." Mom nodded, a smile, both sad and pleased on her face.

"We were polishing the wood on the alter, me on the top step and her kneeling below me and doggone if that sweet girl just didn't reach out with her hand and start rubbing my crotch! And when I asked her what she thought she was doing, Carrie said to me, 'I miss my daddy, Reverend. I miss his cock something awful and I was thinking, if you don't mind, I'd love to suck your big peter for you!'"

"And I did, didn't I, Reverend," said Momma, her voice soft and breathless. "I fished your big peter out and on my knees gave you the best blowjob you'd ever had!" Mom sighed, her hand squeezing my hand a little tighter. "I was so surprised. I figured you'd taste just like Daddy, but you didn't. It was goooood, but different." Mom giggled. "And you were shocked that first time that I would swallow." She shook her head. "All these silly girls that refuse to let a man cum in their mouths -- all that good jizz going to waste!"

"Amen," breathed Melinda in response. Mom's and her father's reminiscing was getting her aroused. I could see her smallish breasts rising and falling under her light cotton dress. Hell, I was getting aroused. I could absolutely envision my mother -- young cock slut that she was, going down on the reverend and the image made me stiffening up. I squirmed a bit on the couch, trying to adjust for my growing erection.

"Yessir, your Mom sucking cock was quite a sight...a sight I'll never forget!" said Reverend Simmons in a voice I think was mostly used to praise awe inspiring miracles.

Mom looked over at me, winking and giving me that, "I want to be bad" grin of hers and then turned back to face the reverend and his daughter and said, "Well, if you and Melinda don't mind, I'm more than happy to put on a show and let you relive those good old days!" Mom's hand suddenly was on the bulge in my crotch, her fingers seeking out my zipper. She looked expectantly at the family Simmons across the room.

Melinda's hand went to her mouth and she said, "Oh my!" and fell silent.

Her father grinned, his furry eyebrows waggling and he produced a handkerchief and was busily cleaning his glasses. "Thanks be to God for his many blessings," he said aloud and then added under his breath. "Lord, don't strike me blind!"

"Melinda, do you mind? I don't want to offend you." Mom said softly.

Melinda was silent for a moment, her tongue peeking out and running slowly over her lower lip. Finally, she answered, "No, I don't mind at all. I gotta confess, I've been hearing about how good you suck cock for years, Carrie and I reckon I've also been wondering about the kinda of cock a son must have that would make his mother want to marry him."

Mom giggled and replied, "Well, let me show you!" The room was very still and quiet and the sound of my zipper being pulled down seemed so loud. Mom looked up at me, a naughty grin etched on her face and she raised an eyebrow as if to ask me, "Oh, do you mind, son, if Momma sucks your cock in front of these folks?" I reached out and stroked Mom's face and then entwined my fingers in her dark hair and said, "God, I love you, Mom!"

"I love you too, son," Mom said breathily. "And I love this big dick of yours," she added as she worked my erection out of my jeans. I was hard as I could be, swollen and large and as Mom slowly stroked my cock, she turned and said to Melinda, "Well, hon -- what do you think?"

Melinda was looking at me with definite interest -- studying my long, thick cock intensely. "That's...um, that's real nice and big, Carrie." She licked her lips and continued, "Well, that explains a lot now, especially why you're always smiling, Carrie!" She shivered as her father continued to rub his palm against her thigh.

"Go ahead, Carrie," urged Reverend Simmons. "You don't need to make an old man wait...nor your son either! Get to sucking, girl!"

Mom obliged him, lowering her head into my lap and taking me in her mouth. I sighed as only a man can when he feels his mother's satiny wet tongue flattening out and rolling over his sensitive cock head, the warmth of her mouth -- of her saliva making me shiver with delight. Mom's lips slid down my shaft, her dancing tongue accompanying them as she began to suck me. With little effort, Mom took me deep until her lips were brushing my wiry pubic hair. Then slowly, Mom moved back up the length of my cock, sucking fiercely as her tongue swirled and pleased me as only she could do.

"Oh my Lord," gasped Melinda, her eyes wide as she watched Mom suck me. Her hand came down on her father's hand and squeezed as she watched

Mom demonstrate the agility and inventiveness of her tongue, rolling and licking it around and over the head of my cock. Minutes began to pass as Mom sucked and licked me, her gaze traveling from my face to the reverend and his daughter and then back to me -- Mom's beautiful hazel eyes gleaming with pleased desire.

I know this was making Mom more excited by the moment -- allowed to take her exhibitionist streak to a new level -- moving way beyond her normal practice of wearing scanty and sexy clothes to actually sucking her son's cock in front of non family members. I began to catch whiffs of Mom's scents -- that unique jasmine scent mixed in with the aroma of her sweet cunt and felt myself swell even more in her mouth.

"Praise Jesus, Carrie!" cried out Reverend Simmons, fumbling with his own zipper. "Would you look at what Carrie has done inspired, Melinda!" The old man fished his own cock out of his pants and I was shocked to see that this eighty-five or six year old man was sprouting an erection to rival my own. Now, I don't imagine that Reverend Simmons weighed one hundred-twenty pounds soaking wet, but he was certainly well endowed. A snatch of memory came back to me -- Mom looking slyly at me after I first met the Reverend and saying, "Reverend Simmons -- that man had a nice cock on him!"

"Oh Papa, look at you!" Melinda cooed, staring down at her father's hard-on. Her hand quickly made its way down to his crotch and she urged his erection on, stroking and squeezing his dick gently. She leaned over and gave Reverend Simmons a long, loving kiss, her tongue spearing in and out of his mouth. Slowly she slid off the big, overstuffed chair, easing down on her knees, surprisingly nimble for a woman of fifty-seven. "Papa, you don't mind if I get a taste, do you?" she sighed as she took him in her mouth and began sucking him.

Minutes passed, the room silent except for the slurping wet sounds of Mom and Melinda sucking cocks and the steady groans that Reverend Simmons and I produced as a mother and a daughter pleased their men. My gaze moved back and forth, watching Mom suck me and watching the talented Melinda giving her father a lavish blowjob.

At one point, Melinda let her father's erect cock slip from her lips, a long blobby string of saliva connecting her mouth and his cock and she whispered, "Well, Papa, tell me -- who's better, Carrie or me?" Her voice was full of devilish glee as she teased her father.

"Well," gasped the old man. "It's hard to say -- daughter, you have the sweetest mouth I know, but I remember Carrie being quite the cocksucker --

albeit, its been a long time since I had that pleasure." Reverend Simmons was leaning back into the chair, breathing hard and enjoying both his daughter's efforts and the sight of my mother sucking hungrily on my dick.

Mom snorted around my dick and looked up at me, the question in her eyes easy to read. I knew that Mom would honor my decision, even if the answer was no, but I would never deny Mom her pleasures...never. "Go ahead, Mom -- its okay. He's like family anyway, isn't he?"

Mom's eyes glowed with pleasure and she whispered, "Thank you, John," as she let me slip from her lips, giving the head of my cock a gentle, loving kiss before she turned and walked on hands and knees to Reverend Simmons and his daughter. My cock throbbed at the sight of Mom crawling, the crotch of her cut-off shorts wetly dark with her arousal and breasts swaying hypnotically as she moved.

Melinda, busy with pleasuring her father, gave a little start as Mom reached her, placing a hand on the older woman's shoulder. Melinda let her father's cock slide from her mouth and she and Mom stared into each other's eyes for several seconds before Melinda began to grin and leaned over and kissed Mom, their tongues dancing briefly together before Mom ducked her head and began to suck on Reverend Simmon's cock.

"Oh yes, yes, yes -- I love this mouth!" groaned the old man, throwing his head back, an expression of extreme pleasure dominating his face. Mom, on her knees before the minister, was busy loving up his cock, her tongue working feverishly as she sucked him. I couldn't see Mom's face, but I knew that as she worshipped his cock with her mouth and tongue, she was worshipping Reverend Simmons with her eyes and I was impressed with his self control under her carnal gaze.

Melinda sat beside my mother, watching her father get pleased by Mom. She glanced back at me from time to time, smiling at me as I slowly masturbated myself -- enjoying this rare and erotic spectacle. She whispered in Mom's ear and I watch Mom nod her head. Melinda turned and began to crawl towards me, almost like a big cat, approaching its prey. Her face and upper chest were flushed and her dress gaped open, showing me small, apple sized tits, marvelously firm with small, pebble hard nipples.

"One favor deserves another, huh, John?" Melinda whispered. "I've imagined doing this since we first met. Papa fucked me hard that night, listening to me fantasize about you and I came so hard, I damned near blacked out!" She crawled between my legs and without another word wrapped her lips around my cock, removing my hand from my shaft and replacing it with her small, delicate fingers and began to stroke me as she licked and sucked the head of my cock.

I ran my fingers through Melinda's sandy blonde-gray hair, mesmerized by her brilliant green eyes as she bobbed up and down on my hard, throbbing dick. Her tongue swirled delicately around my swollen and sensitive crown and she definitely was talented, making me grow dizzy as she made love to my erect penis. "Well...am I as good as your mother, John? Can I suck dick like your momma?" she burbled between mouthfuls of cock.

I would have been hard pressed to give her an honest answer, although I do believe I'd have to give Mom the benefit of a doubt. Still, I comprehended that this beautiful woman had several more years of experience on my mother which led me to the mind bogglingly exciting thought of how good Mom would be at sucking cock when she reached Melinda's age.

Finally, I felt cool air on my cock as Melinda released me. She looked up at me, her face flush with desire and said, "I'd love to see how you taste, but my Papa's as hard as I've seen him in a long time and well, I got to have Papa inside me now!"

Melinda stood up, kissed me on the mouth, her tongue sharing with me the taste of my own cock and then turned and hurried across the room -- panties falling to the floor on the way. She touched Mom on the head and said, "I'll trade you, Carrie!"

Mom looked up and saw the desire etched on the older woman's face and scooted out of the way. "Fuck me, Papa," Melinda groaned, straddling her aged father in the chair, lifting up her dress and giving Mom and me a glimpse of a shaved bare pussy, glistening with desire before she guided Reverend Simmons's cock into her wet cunt.

Father and daughter groaned as one as Melinda slowly sank on the reverend's cock, taking its considerable length completely inside her in one long motion. Reverend Simmons's hands came around to slip underneath her dress and cup her ass cheeks, accidentally or maybe on purpose, exposing her still pert and tight butt. Melinda began riding him slowly, murmuring words of love to her father while he kissed her and groaned his contentment.

Mom watched captivated for a moment and then hurried back to me, working her tight jean shorts off as she came. Finally, they fell to her feet and she deftly stepped out of them, her thick, hairy bush glistening with her wet desire, the dark hair split by her pink and juicy labia. We didn't bother to waste words as Mom climbed atop me and with easy knowledge dropped

down onto me, her soaking wet and oh so slick cunt enveloping my stiff pole and like Melinda, sliding down and impaling herself on my erection in one movement. Mom leaned in and kissed me, her tits pillowing out against my chest -- her thick nipples trying to punch through the thin fabric of her halter top. Mom's tongue snaked into my mouth where I tried happily, but in vain to capture it with my tongue. Undaunted, I pursued only to have Mom's tongue surrender and we tasted each other, me marveling over how excited Mom could make me with just a kiss.

Reverend Simmons and I spared each other occasional glances as his daughter rode him and Mom fucked me masterfully, the room rapidly growing warm and beginning to smell of the oldest and sweetest aroma known to man -- wet pussy aroused by long, hard cock. Mom worked her pussy against my penis, massaging and squeezing it as she worked herself up and down my shaft.

When Mom flung back her head, her back arching as she began to cum, I spared a glance over at Reverend Simmons and his daughter and saw that she was already in the throes of orgasm, her hands scrabbling against her father's dress shirt as she quivered with pleasure. Reverend Simmons grinned fiercely at me and gave me a thumbs up. As Mom's sweet creams flooded over my cock, I surrendered and exploded inside her juicy cunt, spraying Mom's loving womb with my hot semen. All four of us cried out as one, giving praise to God for the familial love we were blessed to share.

When Mom and Melinda slipped off our respective cocks, Reverend Simmons gave a quick prayer of thanks and then giggling like school girls, the two mature women staggered past each other to land at the other's man's feet. Mom eagerly began to lick Reverend Simmons's and Melinda's mixed juices off the elderly minister's rapidly fading cock while Melinda took my cock in hand and after licking her lips, quickly cleaned my penis of Mom's sweet sauce and my sperm.

By the time Mom finished cleaning Reverend Simmons, his head was tilted back and he was snoring softly, his glasses askew on his face and a broad smile on his lips. Mom turned back to us and said, "Is he okay?"

Melinda turned and beamed at Mom, replying, "Oh yes, honey, Papa's fine. He can't go as often as he'd like and it takes a bit out of him -- he usually takes a long nap afterwards, but he's fine, the dirty old man!" She laughed, the love she had for her father evident in her face.

Mom crawled back over to us and said in a soft voice, "Thank you. This was special and it means the world to me!"

Melinda leaned in and kissed Mom, licking a bit of the reverend's semen off Mom's cheek. "No, Carrie -- thank you! Papa still is hell on wheels when it comes to licking pussy -- he wakes me up every morning with his face buried in my honey pot, but it gets harder all the time for him to get erect. We both enjoyed what you started!" She pulled the hem of her dress up, revealing her pussy -- lips flowered open and her father's sperm leaking from her naked cunt. "There's nothing like feeling Papa's seed in me...nothing like it in all the world." She leaned into Mom and gave her another kiss -- a long and soulful kiss that had my semi-erect cock reviving quickly.

Mom offered to lick Melinda's pussy clean, but the older woman shook her head and said, "I bet it would feel heavenly, but...I'm enjoying just having Papa's hot cum in me again and I just want to enjoy it!"

Instead, we just sat there as the Reverend snored on -- Mom and Melinda talking about how wonderful the men in their lives were and about our plans for the wedding. As they talked, both women began to reach out and play with my cock, stroking and caressing me until I had a huge cock stand waving proudly in their faces. Mom and Melinda began to take turns sucking on my cock -- carrying on the conversation while the other sucked and licked my throbbing penis.

Reverend Simmons woke up just as I was lifting my hips off the couch while Mom and Melinda had somehow managed to close their mouths around the head of my cock while kissing at the same time, their tongues slithering over my glans while teasing each other. I let out a cry as the semen geysered out of my cock only to be deftly contained by their talented mouths.

When I came back to my senses, Mom and Melinda were kissing again, passing my seed back and forth in their mouths while the reverend grinned and shook his fingers at me, saying, "Shame on you, boy -- taking advantage of these two sweet things while I was napping. That's something I'd have expected from your grandfather -- he was quite the horndog too!"

As our guests were leaving us, on our front porch, Reverend Simmons turned around and beamed at me and said, "John -- it's the best thing in the world you're doing -- marrying your mother." His white, bushy eyebrows waggled at me ferociously as he continued speaking, holding up his hand intertwined with his daughter's. "As wonderful as things are now, when you and your mother have truly become united in God's eyes, things will be hundredfold better as HE showers you with his blessings." For the first time, I noticed that on his left hand ring finger, he had two wedding bands -- one



plain and the other with a Celtic like pattern. A quick glance at Melinda's ring finger confirmed that she wore one identical to his.

The reverend noticed my attention to these small details and said, "You understand, don't you, boy?"

I grinned back at him and Melinda and replied, "Yes sir, I do. I can't wait -- I'm counting the days!"

And I have...I've been counting the days eagerly, savoring my life with Mom while keeping one eye on the calendar and dreaming of the day I made my mother my wife!

And then finally...the day has come. The last few days had been a blur. Despite the fact that Mom and I planned a simple ceremony, things had been crazy around the house. Molly and Aunt Deb were there, helping Mom with last minute details, shooing me out of the room whenever Deb was assisting Mom with her dress -- Molly cooking up a storm for the small reception planned for afterwards. And I was as horny as I could ever remember. I don't remember now who suggested it -- Mom, her sister or Molly, but someone came up with the idea that I should abstain from all sexual activity for several days to help our Honeymoon, "get started with a bigger bang," as I think Aunt Deb put. All these lovely women around, radiating sexual energy and me with a near constant erection and no release -- it had been a while since I had had to endure blue balls.

Molly looked radiant by the way, as only a mother to be can. She literally glowed -- happier than I've ever known her to be. At about three months along now, she gleefully showed me the small baby bump in her belly that was our child and just running my hand over her softly rounded stomach sent a thrill through me. Already I felt that there was now a deeper connection between Molly and me and the little guy or gal that was growing in her womb. I loved the feeling of knowing I was going to be a father and the intensity of that happiness stunned me and not for the last time in my life was I to be in awe of the wondrous law of nature that love only produces more love! If I felt any regrets at that time -- it was that Mom and I had not been able to make a baby.

Finally though, on a beautiful Saturday in October, I was standing in that old white, clapboard church in front of the alter with Molly at my side, looking radiant in a red halter dress, short as could be without actually showing her crotch, her breasts already beginning to swell, rising prominently over her neckline. She gave me that searing smile of hers,

overjoyed for me that I was about to experience the wedded bliss that she and Aunt Deb had known these last few months.

Reverend Simmons stood before us, his weathered Bible in hand and in his best suit. Despite his eighty-five or so years, he positively beamed with vitality and life. The source of that vitality was sitting in the third row -- Melinda looking radiant herself, pleased and happy for Mom and I. Emma Johnson was there, Mom's old childhood friend and her husband and brother Bill. Both were smiling at us, Bill throwing me a knowing wink. Beside them were two of their children, a teenage boy and girl. The brother periodically would lean over and whisper something in her ear and she would blush and give her brother an evil grin. I wondered what they were talking about. Mom and me? Their own parents? Perhaps they had secrets of their own.

There were a few other people, mostly old friends of Moms or members of the church who were aware and obviously approved of the match of my mother and me. One very old lady introduced herself as Miz Bess and told me how she had been Mama Polly's best friend and hoped that Mom and I would be as blessed and happy as Polly and Tom had been many years ago.

Abruptly, the organ sounded and began playing. My attention went to the back of the church where at the top of the center aisle, Aunt Deb was slowly walking towards us. She shared Molly's look of radiant joy and looked lovely, her tall, lithe body sheathed in a red halter dress that matched her wife's outfit. My aunt, with her large, buoyant breasts trying to break free from the halter top, radiated sexual power and every male in the sanctuary followed her progress down the aisle (and several of the women as well).

She joined our little gathering at the altar, pausing to give me a kiss on the lips, her tongue swirling around mine, that had my cock pulsing with desire. Aunt Deb proceeded to lay a similar kiss on Molly -- one that her mate returned enthusiastically. Everyone in attendance chuckled, amused by the passion that the two women obviously shared with each other. Deb finished by turning to Reverend Simmons and whispering, "Still sexy as ever, Reverend!" and giving him an equally carnal kiss.

The music stopped and then resumed with the traditional bridal march. I turned to look up the aisle and felt my breath just get taken away. Mom stood there looking lovelier than I could ever recall. Mom was wearing some sort of corset like white bustier that left her shoulders bare and lifted and exposed her breasts almost to the aureoles -- in truth I couldn't figure out how Mom's huge breasts weren't literally falling out of her wedding dress. The bustier seemed to flow into a long dress that appeared to cover Mom's legs, but as she walked, you realized that there were high slits cut into it,

exposing her shapely legs almost to the thigh as she slowly strode towards me, her feet encased in three inch high heels.

Mom's black hair, shot through with faint lines of silver, brushed her naked shoulders, framing her lovely face, eyes glowing with love for me and her smile -- her lovely, sensuous smile that promised so many things both innocent and naughty. I felt so much love for my mother welling up inside me at that moment, I thought my heart might explode. As she came towards me, a fall bouquet of flowers in her hands, time seemed to slow down and my whole universe became Mom.

"Last chance to run for it, sugar," Molly whispered into my ear, breaking my reverie. I spared her a glance and she gave me a wink and added, "You better marry her, John Hamilton, 'cause if you don't, I will!"

I laughed and then turned back to Mom who had finally reached us. She handed Deb her bouquet and as we stepped in front of Reverend Simmons, I realized I was now sporting a huge boner in my trousers. Mom and I brushed shoulders and I caught a whiff of her -- jasmine and pussy mixed together and knew that Mom was as turned on as I was. We joined hands and I felt that wonderful spark of incestuous energy that always seemed to grow when we touched.

Reverend Simmons cleared his throat and began, "Friends and family of Carrie and John -- we are all gathered here on this joyful day to bear witness to their joining in the blessed bonds of holy wedlock. We are called here to bear witness to the Lord's blessing to their eternal love for each other." I felt Mom's hand tighten around mine.

"We are here in this house of the Lord's to celebrate his greatest gift of all -- the gift of love. We believe that when two people discover that special love that is theirs and theirs alone, that it would be a sin to not hold on to it and nurture it and by doing so bring even more love into an old, cold world. John and Carrie -- mother and son, have always shared love but now in this place and time, they have discovered that they are more than mother and son, that they are as the Lord has surely intended, soul mates -- that they held within them, a purer, deeper love that most folk are never blessed to know. Here today, with y'all bearing witness, they take that next step to more fully embrace and celebrate that love by becoming for all time, husband and wife."

The minister's tone grew stern and baleful as he said, "I must ask if there is anyone present who can give us a reason that this marriage should not take

place." He scowled at the few people present and then relaxed and chuckled, "I didn't think so!"

He looked at me and said, "John Hamilton, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your mother as your beloved wife, now and forevermore?"

I'd heard the words before when we'd had a practice run-through the previous night, but now, with Mom looking more beautiful than ever, her hand in mine in front of our friends and family, the rightness, the appropriateness of the moment almost overwhelmed me. My eyes burned with tears as I had to work to control myself as I said, "I do."

Reverend Simmons turned to Mom and said, "Carrie Hamilton, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your son as your beloved husband, now and forevermore?"

Mom let out a happy, little sigh and with her eyes never leaving mine, replied, "I do."

The minister beamed at us and said, "Do you wish to exchange more personal vows?"

We both nodded and joined hands, the world disappearing as our world centered in on each other's faces. "John, I never knew what love was until I was in your arms. I love you as my son and I will love you as my husband till the end of time." Mom's voice wasn't quavering a bit, but was husky with the love and lust that I knew she had for me.

"Carrie," I began, but then shook my head. I know Mom had time and again told me that she preferred not her given name, but Mom. I began again, "Mom, I love you as my mother and I will love you as my wife until the end of my life. It's only when I'm with you that I know what true love is."

Together, we said, "I love you," and started to kiss until Reverend Simmons loudly cleared his throat and gravely shook his head.

"The rings, please," he prompted and Molly and Deb stepped forward. Molly held the antique ring that I'd given Mom our first New Year's together. I'd offered to replace it with a new one, but Mom had flatly refused insisting that in some ways, she'd become my wife on that wonderful night. Aunt Deb passed to Mom a new ring that was an exact duplicate of the antique ring,

right down to the minute scrollwork. Mom had found a goldsmith in Lexington that created a ring for me that matched hers.

"With this ring, I wed thee, Mom," I said, returning her ring to its rightful place.

"With this ring, I wed thee, son," Mom replied, sliding my ring onto my finger where it has remained to this day.

"Here and now and forevermore, in the eyes of these witnesses and God, I do pronounce you, husband and wife," intoned Reverend Simmons. With a great deal of satisfied glee, he continued, "You may kiss your mama, the bride, John!"

And kiss we did, coming together, bodies pressed together, feeling each other's hearts beating as our lips met and tongues greeted each other and my mother and I kissed for the first time as husband and wife. We savored the kiss, not wanting to let it end, passionately kissing each other as if we hadn't kissed each other in days or weeks. There was love in the kiss and lust and hunger and joy. It was as if by finally taking this last step we two lovers had become one entity. We were complete. We kissed and it went on and on. We dimly heard chuckling in the background and then some scattered applause and still we kissed, our tongues intertwined and coiling around each other until finally I heard Reverend Simmons clearing his throat.

With a mournful sigh, Mom and I ended the wet kiss, both of us licking our lips as we did so, tasting each other's saliva and grinning wickedly at each other. We were both trembling with desire. The reverend stepped forward and turned us to face the congregation. "Friends and family, may I present Mister and Missus Hamilton!" and we glowed happily as our friends and neighbors and relatives loudly cheered us.

The rest of the day seemed to pass in a surreal blur of joyous activity. Mom and I were never more than a few feet apart as we departed the church amid a shower of rice thrown by our family and friends after what seemed like an exhaustive amount of photographs taken by Emma's husband, Bill who did wedding photography as a hobby. Awaiting us was an old fashioned horse and carriage, driven by another member of our church -- a special gift we had not been expecting.

We were holding a reception at our house and had planned to drive back on our own, but while Molly and Deb and Melinda and the others raced back to finish getting the food ready, Mom and I were taken on a leisurely buggy ride

through the gorgeous Autumn colored hills of Kentucky. Our carriage driver left Mom and I to ourselves as he wound through the curvy roads and hills - the oranges, reds and yellows of the Fall leaves brilliant on the hills while Mom and I snuggled and kissed.

"How's my husband doing," Mom whispered to me, her tongue teasing around my earlobe while her hand caressed my upper thigh.

"I'm on top of the world, wife," I replied, my hand slowly moving back and forth under Mom's slit dress, rubbing her soft, warm thigh, resisting the temptation of going further. Under my dress pants, my cock, not used to denial anymore, throbbed painfully. "I've just married the most wonderful woman in the world."

Mom kissed me, her tongue doing things that made my cock throb even more and she could see the desperateness of my situation. "My son needs to cum, doesn't he?" she teased me. "My hubby's cock is going to explode if he doesn't get some relief."

"You have no idea, Mom," I growled in exasperation.

"Just a few hours more, John," Mom whispered, her hand moving up and lightly caressing the big bulge in my trousers. "Our first time as husband and wife." She kissed me again and said, "I was thinking this morning about when you were a little boy and we'd gone to a wedding -- your first. You must've been about five. We were in the kitchen after -- I think I'd fixed you a snack and you were asking me questions about the wedding. I told you that a man and a woman who loved each other more than anything would get married. You thought about it for a while and told me that when you got older you were going to marry me. I laughed about it and told you that you didn't marry your mother, but that you'd grow up and find a beautiful girl and fall in love and marry her. You thought about that and then told me, 'No, I love you, Mom and when I grow up, I'm going to marry you.'"

I didn't remember that at all, but I grinned at Mom and said, "And you were right and I kept my word. I did grow up and find a beautiful girl that I fell in love with...and then I married her."

There were tears of joy in Mom's eyes when she replied, "Yes, you did, son. Thank god, you did. I love you, John."

We kissed again -- a long, lovers kiss that seemed to go on near forever and didn't end until we were coming to the bumpy, gravelly end of the road that led up to our home. As we pulled up in front of the house, our friends and family applauding on the front porch, I replied, "I love you, Mom...then, now and forever."

The reception was fun with lots of good, southern style food (Molly's fried chicken is supreme and Melinda makes a mean Chocolate pie), dancing and in general good fun. It seemed to me that every slow dance with one of the several lovely ladies there, be it Molly, Aunt Deb, Melinda or Emma's teenage daughter was part of a conspiracy to make me all the hornier and it was all I could do to not cum in my pants. Reverend Simmons held court in one corner and had all within earshot doubled over with laughter at his stories. The celebration went on well into the evening and it was after nine o'clock before it ended.

The last folks out the door were Molly and Deb -- planning to take a late flight out of Lexington to head back to Florida. Mom and I received knee shaking kisses from each woman and I had one last thrill of running my hands over Molly's little baby bump before they left. "We'll be down for New Year's Eve," I said to Molly, kissing her one last time. I leaned over and pulled up her shirt and kissed her softly swelling belly. "And I expect you to be a lot bigger when we get there," I said to our unborn child.

Aunt Deb swept into my arms and kissed me again, rubbing her sexy body against me shamelessly. "It seems a little wrong -- to come all this way and neither Molly or me got even a taste of this fine cock," she said as she palmed my crotch, teasing my aching cock. Then my aunt flashed a grin at Mom and winked at her as she said to me, "Although, I guess we more than got our fill of your wife's juicy pussy!"

Mom grinned evilly and stepped up to us and kissed her sister before saying, "Well, there was no sense that we both had to suffer!" Everyone had a good laugh at my expense, myself included and Mom and I stood on the front porch waving at Deb and Molly until they were out of sight.

Finally...finally, Mom and I were alone. She looked so beautiful in the light of the moon shining through the woods about our home, still in her wedding dress. Mom looked up at me and said, "We've been married almost ten hours, son. Don't you think its time we consummated our marriage?"

I grinned at her and said, "I'll race you to the bedroom."

Mom purred and kissed me and then said, "No, there's no rush. Give me a few minutes before you come up. Lock up the house and get the lights and then please come up and make love to your wife."

"I like the sound of that...wife," I replied. Mom kissed me again and then we went inside and I watched her go gracefully up the stairs and disappear into our bedroom. I quickly raced around locking up and turning down the lights, pausing only to put on some music -- some slow, sexy jazz.

I climbed the stairs and stepped into our bedroom. Mom had several candles set and lit about the room. "Mom?" I said, looking about. The bedding on our brass bed was turned down, but the bed itself was empty.

"Get undressed, son," Mom called out from the bathroom. "Make yourself comfortable. I'm almost ready." I quickly undressed, debating whether to keep on my boxer shorts, but decided in the long run that my aching cock had been restrained long enough. I climbed into bed naked, stretching out -- my cock standing up hard, tall and proud.

"Hello, husband...son," Mom called out softly from the doorway of the bathroom. I sat straight up and was on my feet before I could even think about it. The candles illuminated Mom in a heavenly glow. Mom had taken off her dress, but still wore the white bustier and that was all! Now, Mom's nipples were peeking out above the cups of the corset, thick and erect and below the bustier she was completely naked, her thick, black bush standing out against the whiteness of her sexy outfit and her flawless pale skin. I felt my cock slap hard against my stomach, precum drooling from the head in anticipation of soon being buried between her thighs.

"Mom...my wife, you are -- my God, Mom, you are beautiful!" I gasped, holding out my arms to her. Mom again seemed to have become carnality incarnate. Maybe it was the juxtaposition of all her voluptuous nakedness despite much of her torso being covered in that sinful looking bustier, the lush sexuality of her completely exposed or maybe Mom just had the power to generate instinctively such erotic power -- I don't know. All I knew for sure was that this was my mother and now my wife and I was the luckiest fucking man on the planet.

Mom began to walk slowly and provocatively towards me -- her lips turned up in an evil, lusty smile, swinging her full hips as she moved and making her huge, mostly uncovered breasts bounce and roll with each step. Her thick, furry bush glistened with her juices off the candlelight, revealing her arousal long before the sweet, musky aroma of her cunt reached me.



Then Mom was in my arms, murmuring, "I love you, husband," as she pressed her body against mine -- her skin feverish with desire.

"I love you too, wife," I replied softly before we kissed, our tongues meshing together as our lips met, dancing joyfully as we hugged each other tight -- Mom's nipples rubbing across my bare chest and my erect cock pressing against the satiny fabric of her wedding outfit.

As the kiss ended, I looked into her eyes and whispered, "I love you, Mom!"

I ducked my head and kissed the tops of her soft, fleshy breasts, my tongue slithering downwards towards her nipples as she sighed in reply, "I love you, son!" I took each nipple in my mouth, nipping at the thick, rubbery stems with my teeth before suckling at her breasts as I had done as a babe, Mom's hands stroked my shoulders and back while my hands wandered further down, sliding a palm through her heavy jungle of pubic hair and then fingers splicing through her slick lips and finding her hot, syrupy inner-flesh, drawing a happy moan from my newly wedded wife and mother.

"Oh, John -- I love you so much. I need you! I need you inside me now. Make love to me, son. Fuck your wife -- fuck your mother -- please, god, John, fuck me right now!"

I scooped up Mom in my arms, my mouth leaving her hard, thick nipples to kiss her once again. I mentally kicked myself for forgetting to carry her over the hearth earlier, but now I carried my woman to the place most important to us both -- our bed. I eased Mom down onto the bed, resting her head on the pillows -- her dark hair fanning out over the pillows, creating a dark halo around the mother angel of my heart.

"So beautiful, Mom," I whispered as I climbed into bed, getting on my knees between her legs. Mom's knees were drawn up and she spread her thighs slowly apart, letting me see her in all her aroused glory.

Mom's eyes were full of love and lust and she shivered with anticipation as I knelt over her, my cock still standing hard against my stomach. Mom looked into my eyes and softly whispered, "John, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your mother as your beloved wife, now and forevermore?"

My head seemed to hum with a song of incestuous lust -- my heart pounding so powerfully that I could feel my pulse even in my cock as I replied, my voice thick with emotion, "I do."

Again, I reached out with my hand and ran my palm across Mom's pussy, savoring the heat and wetness and then the full thickness of her dark, full muff. "Mom, do you vow to love, honor and cherish your son as your beloved husband, now and forevermore?"

Mom flexed her hips, thrusting her pelvis upwards against my hand and sighed, "I do." My mother held out her arms to me and I came to her then, as her son and husband and lover, my body sliding along hers, feeling her hot and already sweaty flesh beneath mine, her bountiful tits rolling upwards with my motion and then my cock slicing between her wet labia and then as we kissed, lips to lips and cock to pussy, tongue and penis thrusting inside Mom at the same time. I was home -- home between my mother's thighs once and forever!

Mom's body began to spasm and she arched her back as she brought her luscious form upwards, taking more of me inside her -- her creams molten and sweet, urging me deeper in one continuous motion and she whimpered as her pussy muscles began to clamp down, hungry to take me within her womb and hold me there and then I was buried inside my mother and as our tongues danced and cavorted, Mom's legs came up and encircled my ass, heels digging into my cheeks, intending to never let me go.

I don't know how long we sat in place, relishing the moment. Maybe a second, maybe a minute, maybe a year -- it didn't matter, time stood still for us, locked in the most intimate of incestuous moments. Mother and son, husband and wife joined as God had to have intended! Mom held me tightly to her, the wetness and heat of her pussy soaking and massaging the aches away from her man's long, hard penis. Our hearts beat as one and we achieved an oneness that only a rare few who dare live their lives as we have could ever know. It was the perfect moment of love and lust and incest and desire and it seemed to last forever. Then we began to move and it only got better!

Mom's long nails clawed slowly down my back as I began to fuck her motherly cunt, our kiss never ending as I began to piston in and out of my mother's slick, clasp grasp. Each time I buried myself in her wet pussy, it seemed to grow hotter and creamier and sweeter than the moment before. Mom pulled her thighs back towards her body, legs still locked around me, but sliding upwards to be wrapped around my lower back, seeking to open herself even more, to get every possible inch of cock inside her.

I lost myself within the carnal entity that was my mother and wife. The touch of her skin, the gleam in her eyes, the brush of her tongue against mine, the heat of her velvet soft pussy all became as one as every fiber of her body seems to meld with mine, reducing every minute movement by either of us into pleasure that one wouldn't think possible as existing anywhere shy of heaven.

Mom's pussy tightened around my thrusting shaft, bathing it in torrents of hot pussy juice as her orgasm swept over her, tears running down her cheeks as her tongue went wild in my mouth and her arms and legs squeezed me hard, pulling me more tightly against into her naked flesh.

I struggled for control -- not wanting it to end so soon. My mind seized on the metallic banging of the brass rail headboard against the wall and I focused on the noise of the bed and Mom's muffled sobs of pleasure which served as counterpoint in the noise of our incestuous lovemaking and somehow managed to back off the urge to cum and continue the sweet joy of fucking my mother.

Mom's body writhed around me in long minutes of orgasm before she relaxed somewhat. Our kiss ended briefly and wetly, strings of saliva hanging between our mouths as she moaned, "L-love you, John! Don't stop. God, please, don't stop!"

I replied with my tongue, conveying that I loved her with a renewed passionate kiss as I resumed fucking her sodden pussy -- picking up speed with each downward thrust. Mom happily and meekly accepted my hard thrusts as she regained strength and then began to meet me, throwing her hips upwards to grind into me as I plowed deep into her cream drenched womb. Her tongue swept around mine in a frenzy of motion as we fucked, our eyes open as we kissed, losing ourselves -- our souls in each other's gaze as cunt and cock slammed together again and again.

In just a few minutes or perhaps after an eternity, Mom's orgasm crested again, this time more intensely than before -- her pussy becoming a velvet vise around my cock as she flung her hips to meet my cock and taking me deep within her womb and locking me into place as her cunt hungrily milked my penis.

It was too much. I felt the pressure build in an instant again, unrelenting and stubborn and my entire cock felt like it was swelling as my seed boiled from my full and aching balls and the pleasure just overwhelmed me as I began to pump my hot semen into Mom's pussy in huge, almost painful bursts. Mom's orgasm went to a new level as she felt me fill her womb with

sperm and she was like a maddened animal struggling in my grip, not seeking to escape, but to have me -- to consume me completely. We kissed and bit and clawed and clung to each other as our mutual orgasm seemed bound to go on for all eternity.

It felt like I had been chaste for a year and had a never ending supply of sperm stored in my balls and I just kept cumming and cumming. Mom cried and moaned, our kiss finally ending as she flung her head back into the pillows and let out a scream of love and pain and passion and pleasure that seemed to echo through every room in our home, as her orgasm intensified and intensified until finally, Mom collapsed back into the mattress, still holding me in a tight grip until at long last, our orgasms began to ebb.

We were gasping for air, taking deep, gulping breaths between quick, passionate kisses and then Mom began to cry and buried her face against my neck, sobbing, "I love you, I love you, I love you, John, I love you husband, I LOVE YOU SON!" I was crying too -- amazed and stunned that it was possible that after almost two years of making love to my mother that it could get even better.

Reverend Simmons words from many weeks before came to me again as I lie there atop my mother lost in the wonder of the sweet joy of the moment. "As wonderful as things are now, when you and your mother have truly become united in God's eyes, things will be hundredfold better as HE showers you with his blessings."

I had thought I had understood him then, but only now was I able to begin comprehending the true meaning of his words. My heart was near to bursting with more love than I thought possible for my mother. I wiped Mom's tears from her face, kissed her and whispered to my wife, "I love you, Mom." I smiled at her then and said, "And it will only get better from here...our love, our joy, our lives...its just beginning!

We held each other long into the night, hardly talking -- talking being unnecessary as we were now joined in bonds that transcended all others. What we each felt was in our hearts was simply known by the other -- our spirits, joined in incestuous love were one -- now and forever.

The next several weeks passed quickly and joyously as we lost ourselves in the sweet pleasure of newly wedded bliss. As ardent a lovers as we had been since we'd first become lovers, we were now crazed honeymooners, unable to leave each other alone and making love virtually every chance we got until we were too sore to fuck or suck. Everyday seemed better than the day

before -- Mom seemed like a new woman compared to how she'd been when the old man was still alive.

Before we knew it, our beautiful autumn leaves had fallen, the weather turned cold and Christmas was upon us. My employer shut down for a two week break and much to my surprise, I received a partial bonus despite only having worked there for about five months. I blew it all on a special Christmas gift for Mom.

It seemed a bit strange, not having anything hanging over us to interfere with Christmas, but we relished each minute that the holidays gave us to spend together. Mom decorated the house so that it looked like something out of a Christmas fairy tale. When I would drive up the hill in the evening and see the warm glow of our home -- I felt like I was coming home to my favorite, almost forgotten childhood dreams...and I guess in a way, I was.

We walked through the snowy woods on our land and picked a perfect fir tree and Mom teased me about being her mighty lumberjack as I cut it down with an axe and we towed it back on a sled. Decorating it was a little more difficult as we kept getting in each other's way and pausing to kiss and then kissing led to touching which led to making love and we were three days getting the tree completed, but it was beautiful when it was finished and we were both pleased with it after much pleasing of each other.

Christmas Eve arrived in the company of an early winter storm -- literally snowing us in, which was perfect -- so reminiscent of our first Christmas as lovers and we sat with only the light of the living room fireplace and the lights on the Christmas tree watching the snowfall, cuddled up on the couch while Christmas tunes played on the radio.

Just before midnight, I couldn't wait any longer and gave Mom the present I'd gotten with my bonus. When I handed her the little gift wrapped box, Mom was like a little girl as she excitedly tore the wrapping and ribbons off and then she was oohing and aahing over the gold earrings I'd given her. I'd gone to the same goldsmith in Lexington who'd made my wedding ring and he'd created the same antique scrollwork that our rings possessed for her present. I got a big hug and kiss from Mom, her climbing into my lap and her tongue slipping into my mouth and we kissed for long minutes until after the clock on the fireplace mantle had chimed twelve times at midnight.

Mom was in soft old jeans and a thick sweater -- it being a cold night, but still I could feel the heat emanating from between her thighs as she rocked herself on the quickly appearing bulge in my pants. "I love my present, baby," Mom cooed. "You've made me so happy, husband."

I kissed her again and we nuzzled noses as I replied, "I love you, wife. You've made everyday like Christmas."

"Mmmm -- speaking of which, Merry Christmas, son," Mom said, glancing at the clock. "I'll be right back, John. I need to give you your present." Mom slid out of my lap, my hands sneaking in touches of her bountiful breasts as she did, her giggling as she escaped my grasp and hurried up the stairs.

Contented, I quietly watched the Christmas tree and beyond the window, the snow falling like silent grace from heaven. I had never been happier. I didn't know Mom was back until she spoke from the bottom of the staircase. "Merry Christmas, John," Mom said softly.

Even though I was pretty sure I knew how Mom would be dressed when I turned, it still took my breath away. Mom was wearing a nearly transparent white negligee -- the very same one that she had worn the first Christmas morning we'd made love and last Christmas as well. Mom looked even lovelier now than she had then. Just having turned forty-four, Mom was the epitome of motherly beauty.

The negligee was cut very low, revealing most of Mom's full, meaty breasts, nipples hard and standing out against the diaphanous white silk. She began to walk towards me and I could see her wet arousal glistening amidst her thick pubic thatch in the light from the fireplace and her new earrings twinkling brightly in the firelight. "God, I love that nightie, Mom," I said breathlessly.

Mom smiled at me and shook her head. "I don't know why -- I never seem to wear it more than a few minutes." She reached me, her brown-green eyes burning intensely with love for me. She slipped her arms around me and grinned impishly up at me, "Why is that, son?"

My arms went around and I cupped her bare ass cheeks, pulling her close. "Well, everyone likes to unwrap their Christmas present fast, Mom!" I bent down a little and kissed my mother, her lips sweet and moist and her tongue insistent and hungry. The scent of jasmine wafted into my nostrils, mixed with her natural scent, feeding the desire I felt for my mother...my wife.

As the kiss ended, I felt Mom fumbling with my belt, undoing it and unbuttoning my jeans. She looked down to check her progress and worked my shirt up out of my jeans. "Well, if I'm soon to be naked, I think you

should join me," Mom said as she unbuttoned my shirt. My shirt came off and Mom sent it flying towards the couch. I felt a shiver of delicious anticipation as my pants fell to my feet and Mom slowly followed them down, squatting before me, offering me a bird's eye view of her tremendous cleavage. Mom helped me step out of my jeans and then my socks while deftly ducking my erect penis, jutting out and waving happily in front of her.

When I was completely naked, Mom's hand slid up my ankle, over my knee and then wrapped around my hard cock. Mom smiled at the swollen head of my penis and said, "And a Merry Christmas to you too!" and kissed it gently, her tongue peeking out to take just a little lick at the precum pooling there on my slit. I sighed happily as Mom proceeded to take me in her mouth, her warm tongue rolling over my flesh as she sucked me while her fingers reached around and trailed down the crack of my ass, raising goose bumps on my skin.

Abruptly, Mom stopped, letting me escape from her mouth, her teeth scraping teasingly over the crown of my dick. She stood up and kissed me, sharing my own taste with me and then she said, "Go build up the fire, son. Hurry now, your mother needs you more than ever."

I quickly moved to the fireplace and as quickly and as carefully as a naked man can, I stoked the fire, feeding it several seasoned logs. When I turned back to Mom, she was standing naked in front of the Christmas tree, its colored lights reflecting off the window and off Mom's pale skin. I realized she was standing on a quilt laid out for our comfort and I grinned lewdly. Another Christmas tradition of my mother's and mine.

I hurried back into Mom's arms, kissing her ardently. As our tongues danced, we both slowly sank to our knees and then Mom urged me onto my back, looking hungry and wicked as she scrambled to straddle me, her heavy, pendulous breasts swinging and swaying as she did. Mom's thick bush slid up my leg, leaving a trail of warm wetness behind, betraying her arousal and her need.

"Make love to me, son!" Mom murmured as she leaned into me, her breasts and long, hard nipples dragging across my stomach and then chest as she came face to face with me. Her pussy, now with labia blooming, embraced my shaft, rubbing up and down on it, hunching as she worked to take it inside her. "Make love to me, John!"

"I love you, Mom! Merry Christmas, my love!" I said as Mom raised her hips and the head of my cock found her open and wet and so deliciously slick and she slowly lowered herself down, impaling herself on my thick, long

shaft! We groaned together as Mom took me inside her, enveloping my throbbing cock in her liquid heat, soft, pulsating flesh wrapping around me and holding my penis tight in its embrace.

"Yesssssss," Mom hissed, throwing her head back as she arched her back, her breasts rising and quivering as Mom's entire body began to stiffen as she reveled in being filled with her son and husband's hard cock. Her nipples, already hard seemed to swell even more, appearing like huge, ripe cherries about to burst. Mom's lips curled into a lewd sneer as she closed her eyes, creating a portrait of carnal joy.

Mom sat there, impaled for long minutes, her only movement being minute squirming as she ground her thick bush into my pubic hair. She bit her lower lips with her sexy overbite and then suddenly became a frenzy of motion, screaming, "YES, YES, YES! I LOVE YOU, JOHNNHUSBANDSON! I LOVE YOUR COCK! I LOVE YOU!" as she began to ride me like a woman possessed.

I lay there, barely moving, caught up in the wonder that was my mother, dark hair flying as her big, meaty tits bouncing wildly as she bounced up and down on my cock, never quite letting all of me escape her velvet wet grasp before sliding back down to take all of me inside her. I reached out and took big handfuls of her fleshy breasts, my palms rubbing and teasing her thick, long nipples. "I love you, Mom," I said through clenched teeth, desperate to not cum too soon, wanting her to enjoy this as long as possible.

As Mom neared her orgasm, her rough and wild ride slowed down as if she too was trying to delay as long as possible her climax. With great care, Mom slid slowly up and down on my throbbing shaft, leaning forward, her eyes full of love and lust and something that contained both yet surpassed it as she stared into my eyes. Again, Mom was biting her lower lip as sweat dripped from her face to splash on mine, her breasts slowing dragging against my chest, the maddening friction of her rubbery hard nipples increasing her pleasure as she slowly fucked me.

Mom's movements became slower and slower, her muscles straining with the effort and then she came to a complete stop, my cock completely inside her, buried in her womb. Mom opened her mouth, her lips working noiselessly for a minute before a harsh, short cry emerged. I chose that moment to fling my hips upward, going a little deeper in her and Mom's eyes went wide and she screamed and her molten cunt clamped tight around my cock and bathed it in her furnace hot creams as her orgasm erupted with swift, overwhelming fury. "OHGODYESSSSS! I LOVE YOU JOHNNNN!"



The sheer eroticism of seeing Mom orgasm so hard would have been enough to send me over the edge, but it was certainly helped by the loving attention her pussy was giving my cock, milking me -- demanding my seed and with a cry of "I love you, Mom," I surrendered and my cock jerked in her cunt's grasp and I flooded Mom's womb with my fiery semen. My orgasm spurred Mom's orgasm to even higher heights and we both rode our incestuous climax joyously to its end, Mom finally slumping forward to rest atop me, her heart beating quickly in time against my chest as she whimpered from the sheer pleasure.

We lay there under the Christmas tree for a long time, my arms holding Mom tight as we regained our breath and our fuckswat slowly dried on our bodies, helping to create that sinfully sweet stickiness that seemed to bond our skin together. When I could manage it, I wheezed, "Now that's what I call a Christmas present, Mom!"

Mom chuckled and nuzzled my neck before raising her head to look at me, her love evident in her smile. "This was wonderful, but not as great as the Christmas present you gave me, John."

I shrugged and said, "I don't know -- making love to you is better than any pair of earrings, Mom."

Mom scooted up a little, making us both moan slightly, my semi-erect cock still inside her grasping cunt. She kissed me, long, slowly and deeply before she replied, "No, my wonderful husband. I'm talking about the present you gave me on our wedding night." Mom smiled down at me, her expression full of motherly love as she said, "You gave me a baby, son. I'm pregnant!"

## **Chapter 9**

Maybe it's my romantic nature, but I think I could go on and on about the incredible beauty that is a woman in pregnancy. Truly there is something almost indefinable in the exquisite loveliness of a woman carrying a new life inside her...especially when the woman that's carrying your child is your mother and wife.

With each passing day of her pregnancy, Mom just grew more beautiful -- a glow worthy of angels seemed to envelop her and my heart swelled each time she caught me staring at her like a love sick puppy, a smile breaking out on her face, full of love for me and for our child inside her. It was as if in making our child of incest, we had brought forth into the world even more love and happiness than existed before. I confess I wasn't prepared for all the new love I discovered I could have for my mother and for our unborn child.

I was equally surprised by the sheer carnal appetite that grew in Mom and in myself as her pregnancy progressed. Mom is a lusty person by nature, but being pregnant brought out a hunger even greater than our usual appetite for each other. Mom was swept up in hormonal storms of sexual desire that came close to wearing me out -- sudden demands for extended bouts of lovemaking or naked, lusty fucking that left me exhausted, but smiling at the memory of Mom demanding cock again and again.

And perhaps it was perverse, but there was something erotic in knowing that inside her -- as Mom's swelling belly pressed against my stomach as she rode my cock or brushed against my forehead as I ate her pussy -- there was a life that we created from our love and lust, linking Mom and me together as never before.

Even at rest, our time together seemed enchanted. To this day I recall the wonderful evenings that ended with Mom and me in bed, spooning -- Mom's butt cheeks wedged against my crotch, my cock (usually hard), nestled between her fleshy globes of flesh, my arms around her -- one cupping a milk filled breast and the other one her swollen belly, feeling the life within stirring, growing, readying to come into the world and join our family. There was a certain sweet intimacy we shared in those moments as sleep overtook us.

And then there was Molly. Impending motherhood took her pretty features and raised them to a whole new level. She was like an erotic Madonna portrait by Raphael, offering a preview of what lay ahead for Mom and I. From the swelling of her breasts to her impossibly increased sex drive, Molly led the way to show us what wonders lay in store in the months ahead. And perhaps even more than Mom, Molly seemed to revel in the process of becoming a mother -- always a beatific smile on her face as if in motherhood, she had discovered a great and wonderful secret.

Aunt Deb and Molly spent a great deal of time in our remote Kentucky home -- allowing Mom and I to share in the glory of watching Molly's and my child grow inside her. In between their visits to us, Mom and I made several trips to Florida. My love for Molly grew as did our baby inside her. There was no reservations in all our feelings for each other -- no resentments or fears from Mom or Aunt Deb over the fact that I was about to be father to babies from two different women. We all seemed to understand that all traditional viewpoints had to be thrown away. We were as Aunt Deb put often put it -- simply family. Mom's and Molly's unborn children were to have four loving parents who would love them both equally and unreservedly.

Oh, and that I am the luckiest son of a bitch on the planet doesn't even have to be mentioned. That was no more in evidence than on a fine, warm day in February as we all played in the warm waters of the Gulf coast, many male passerby casting envious and lustful glances at me and the three women surrounding me. Molly, at seven months, was wearing a white bikini that contrasted wonderfully with her tanned skin and barely contained her rapidly growing breasts, swollen now with milk. Her belly was swollen and distended and both her stomach and her breasts seemed to keep her buoyant as she swam and floated in the warm water.

Resting on a beach blanket, Mom struck a gorgeous pose in a very skimpy red string bikini, her baby bump clearly defined now at four months, her heavy, pendulous breasts beginning to show signs of more growth with each passing week, breast flesh overflowing and threatening to escape the little bits of fabric that passed for her swimsuit. Mom's figure had grown a little more full and lush, but did nothing but deepen her Ruebenesque loveliness. Mom's black hair, hints of gray shining in the Florida sun, hung down past her shoulders, framing her lovely face.

Aunt Deb, her long and tight body clad only in a whisper of green fabric that almost covered her nipples and cunt, was pulling me into the water, her right hand tucked into my swim trunks, leading me by my cock to where Molly was relaxing. The fact that anyone walking down the beach could see that she was masturbating me didn't seem to inhibit her at all.

Molly pushed in closer to shore as we waded out to meet her, coming into our embrace as we stood in the warm waters of the Gulf nearly chest high. Molly met us with soft wet kisses -- first kissing her spouse, Deb, their tongues dancing and darting as they kissed, wet bodies sliding against each other as they made love to each other with their kisses.

Then Molly turned to me, one arm coming around my neck to help her float in the water while her other hand slipped below the surface to slide into my swim trunks and join Deb's hand in stroking my cock. Her tongue whipped hungrily around mine, salty and sweet and it teased and taunted my tongue.

"I was just thinking I needed a good fucking, Sugar," she murmured when our kiss ended -- her tanned chest darkening with arousal as she looked up at me with those merry blue eyes. "Touch me, John. Feel how I badly I need a hard cock!" She whispered as she pulled herself closer to me, her heavy, milk-swollen tits rubbing against my bare chest. Her legs came up on either side of me, scissoring around my waist as Aunt Deb, after tugging my trunks down, moved with practiced ease behind Molly to support her, hands

reaching around to cup her lover's breasts, one nipple escaping her small bikini top, revealing her arousal with its swollen condition.

Underwater, I reached out and palmed Molly's crotch, her heat and wetness evident even in the balmy water. "My pleasure, darling," I murmured, my voice growing thick with lust as I tugged the skimpy swatch of fabric covering her bald cunt aside, slipping a finger into the slick heat of her womb. I can only report on what I've experienced with Mom and Molly, but pregnancy must make a woman's pussy even hotter than normal. Molly felt like she was on fire. My cock throbbed at the prospect of sinking into that molten heat.

I cupped Molly's ass cheeks in my hand, tilting her slightly as I carefully moved, toes sliding through the soft sand. My erect cock brushed her thigh and then I groaned as I made the transition from warm, salty water to hot, slick flesh, burying my cock in Molly's tight cunt. I slid in deep until my pubic hairs were mashing against her naked flesh and then held on, cock deep in her -- enjoying the look of sheer bliss on Molly's face.

Molly sighed and shuddered, the only movement our subtle shifting to maintain balance as the gently waves rolled in from the Gulf of Mexico -- each swell making the pregnant woman moan with pleasure. After a few minutes, I began to thrust -- slowly at first, enjoying the grasp of her furnace-like pussy. "Yessssss," moaned Molly as she flexed her hips and dug her heels into my backside, trying to get me deeper inside her. "Fuck me lover -- fuck me like only a motherfucker can!"

Adding to Molly's pleasure, Aunt Deb's hands squeezed and massaged Molly's swollen tits, lifting them from the bikini top, fingers gliding knowing across the full mounds of flesh to seek out and taunt her swollen nipples, pinching and pulling them in ways that made Molly quake with pleasure.

Deb's eyes glowed with naughtiness and desire, shifting from my face to just below the surface where Molly and I were joined, cock and pussy and then to Molly's face -- slack jawed with overwhelming pleasure one moment and then etched with a silly, lusty grin the next. I increased the tempo -- never fucking Molly violently, but thrusting into her with long, steady strokes, pausing only to grind my crotch against hers, straining to touch her swollen, baby filled womb, somehow achieving in our carnal act a level of intimacy beyond anything I would have imagined ever happening.

Suddenly, arms were wrapping themselves around me from behind, then I felt Mom's heavy breasts pillowing against my back, her skin hot and damp. I felt Mom's warm breath against my neck just before she kissed me, her

tongue darting out to lick my skin there, making me shiver with delight as I continued to fuck Molly. Mom seemed to just mold her body against mine, her fingers trailing deliciously over my body.

Then Mom began to swim and float around us, pausing to kiss me, her eyes full of pride and love as our tongues made love. Large, thick nubs pressed out against the wet, red fabric of her bikini as her nipples betrayed her arousal of the sight before her. From me, Mom floated over and kissed Molly, whispering words into my lover's ear that made her groan and blush even more, her nipples somehow swelling more between Aunt Deb's fingers. Mom moved on to her sister, giving her a long, lingering kiss while her hands roamed over Deb's body, slipping inside her suit to pinch a nipple and then seek out her pussy.

Mom giggled and said, "Poor big sister. You're getting neglected while we cock hungry mommies get satisfied -- that's not fair." Mom floated on around behind Aunt Deb, showering her shoulder, back and neck with kisses while her hands disappeared into the water. I watched Mom with interest as she gave me an evil smile from over my aunt's shoulder.

Aunt Deb gave a almost startled jerk and then moaned as Mom giggled. "Too much, big sister? Three fingers too much for you these days, Deb?"

Aunt Deb moaned and shook her head, moaning, "No, Carrie. Just um...please, more. MORE!" I realized Mom had without any real foreplay, thrust three fingers into Deb's pussy. Aunt Deb began to bob up and down as Mom placed her left hand on her sister's shoulder and made a thrusting motion with her right.

Deb's big blue eyes popped wide open and she let out a loud cry that sent a few gulls floating nearby into the air with surprised squawks. My aunt's hands clamped down almost involuntarily around her lover's breasts, drawing a similar cry from Molly -- her pussy clamping down around my cock in reflexive response, making me groan again from the incredibly pleasure. Mom laughed and continued her thrusting motion. "Ohhhh yes, my big sister likes to get fisted, doesn't she?"

I felt my cock swell even more -- just the image of my mother shoving her whole hand up her sister's cunt made my cock throb. I picked up the tempo of my thrusts, being as gentle as I could muster, resisting the urge to madly fuck Molly's wet and claspung cunt. Aunt Deb tried to stay quiet, biting her lip until I thought it was going to bleed and then letting loose with joyful screams of, "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK ME, CARRIEEEE!"

I'm sure we were probably being watched from shore and that despite being chest high in the water, there would be little doubt as to what we were doing -- not that it would have made a lick of difference in those days. It sent evil shivers of delight through me knowing I was standing here with my mother and aunt and Molly, fucking and pleasuring each other in broad daylight.

Molly began squealing with erotic joy as her orgasm swept over her -- her heavy, milk filled breasts flopping wildly, pelvis thrusting back and forth as I held her to me with one hand on her ass and one hand stroking her large round belly, little dribblets of milky white leaking from her nipples as Deb pinched them while quivering in climax from Mom's fist buried inside her pussy.

Mom locked her gaze on me even as she nibbled on her sister's neck, the hunger evident in her eyes and after running her tongue along Aunt Deb's shoulder, she hissed, "Don't you dare cum, John! Momma needs cock!"

Somehow I managed to hold off despite the silky tight vice grip of Molly's hot pussy, the pleasure so intense in my cock I thought I would explode, but somehow I rode through my pregnant lover's orgasm without cumming.

Molly weakly kicked her legs and slid free of my cock, the shock of the cooler water after being buried in her scalding cunt almost sending me over the edge. She swam to her spouse and clung to Aunt Deb who somehow managed to keep her footing after Mom slipped her hand out of her pussy, wincing with both pain and pleasure as Mom exited. With an unsteady voice, Deb stammered, "Fuck his brains out, little sister!" Then Aunt Deb's attention was diverted as Molly hauled her in for a passionate kiss, bodies sliding and grinding against each other in the calm waters.

Mom was already on the move, diving underwater only to emerge like some kind of lusty goddess from antiquity in front of me, rising up with her skin glistening, bikini abandoned and her heavy, hanging breasts sliding along my mostly naked body and then wrapping her arms around my neck as she levered herself higher, legs encircling my hips as she raised her hips and impaled herself on my cock! It registered somewhere in my mind that Mom was now completely naked and a part of my heart swelled at the sight of her lusty courage.

Mom's growing stomach wasn't an impediment yet, but again, I felt that new level of intimacy as Mom and I were joined carnally with a new life beating between us. If Molly's pussy was a furnace, Mom's hot wet cunt was a raging

inferno, surrounding my now aching cock with liquid fire and molten flesh, corkscrewing down around my cock.

"I love you, son," Mom moaned in that lust filled voice that always rocks me to my core -- a voice full of love and desire that knows no limits and gets what it always demands. Mom's hard nipples dragged across my chest as she ground her hairy twat against my crotch. Mom's arms and legs held me tightly as she rode me, my hands squeezing and spreading her ass cheeks, helping her piston up and down on my stiff penis. We kissed, our tongues rolling slowly over each other, feeling swollen in their own right, swollen with the arousal that seemed to permeate both our bodies.

Mom's fingernails clawed at my back as orgasm quickly overtook her. Then we were joined by Molly and Aunt Deb, their hot, slick flesh pressing into ours, hands stroking and bodies rubbing against us. More tongues joined our incestuous kiss as they touched and urged us to climax. Fingers brushed against mine and then slipped between Mom's ass cheeks and she jerked in pleasurable surprise as someone pressed a finger against her asshole. More fingers fluttered against my buttocks and then into my asscrack to begin probing against my butthole.

My kiss into Mom's mouth became more frantic as a long finger eased through my sphincter and found my prostate and pressed and I growled against Mom's lips as my orgasm overwhelmed me and I went up on my toes as Mom slid down my erection, burying myself as deep as I could before I began to erupt, emptying a heavy load of hot semen into Mom's pussy!

The twin sensations of steaming sperm and a finger up her asshole sent Mom over the edge and she groaned into my mouth as she shimmied and shook on my cock, bathing it anew in her sweet, fiery juices as she massaged my cock for all the semen hidden inside.

It was lucky for us that we brought blankets with us to the beach. Mom's bikini we never found and somehow Molly's top was lost somewhere between my fucking her and then Mom. We emerged from the water to a smattering of applause from some of the locals and a few slack-jawed tourists and who could blame them. Again, Mom reminded me of some erotic goddess -- the very epitome of Venus emerging naked and unashamed from the surf, her heavy breasts bouncing and her hairy bush glistening wetly from the water and other things. As several beachcombers watched, Mom grinned and met their hungry, amazed glances -- enjoying her rare opportunity to let her exhibitionist side run free.

Finally, wrapping blankets around our two mothers to be, Aunt Deb and I proudly walked our spouses home. Naps and an afternoon snack loomed ahead for us until our expectant mothers regained their energy and could demand some more loving -- loving both Aunt Deb and I would be thrilled to give.

Molly didn't give up fucking until the middle of her eighth month and was receiving and giving oral love almost to the minute she went into labor. Bless her heart, it was a long and difficult labor, lasting almost fourteen hours but in the middle of April, she and Aunt Deb gave birth to a beautiful nine pound baby boy while Mom and I stood by -- in awe of this lovely young woman producing the first member of the next generation of our family.

I know I am repeating myself when I say I was not prepared for the reality of all this new love we had created and brought into the world. Appearing weary and pissed, the first time my son looked at me with my own brown eyes, I broke down and wept -- overwhelmed with the intense love that only a parent can know. In the end, it gave me an even better perspective on Mom's love for me and makes me love her back all the more.

With everyone's blessing, Molly and Deb named him Matthew Thomas, after Molly's grandfather and my grandfather Tom. We would call him Matthew, but when he was about four years old, he announced that he was Tommy and that's what we call him to this day.

It was tough not to be there every day -- not being able to watch him grow and experience his world. With every picture I received from Molly and Deb, it seemed Tommy grew by leaps and bounds. Because of geography -- I would miss his first step and the arrival of his first tooth, but Mom and I were visiting when he said his first word, "momma" and we were all always together at birthdays and Christmas. I hated being apart but I was at peace knowing that he was raised day in and day out by two of the most loving people in the world and with the exception of Mom and myself, I knew no one else who were so much in love as Molly and Aunt Deb.

Holding my and Molly's son in my arms made me yearn even more for the day when I would be holding the baby that Mom and I made. In some ways, those next few months flew by, my heart filled with wonder and awe as our child grew inside Mom. In some ways, those days seemed to last forever -- an almost eternal celebration of the love my mother and I shared -- creating memories that I cherish to this day.

Mom and I would talk long into the night about our hopes and dreams for our unborn child, wondering where our unusual lives would take us, but



knowing that we would love and embrace every moment of the journey. I would race home from work in Lexington each night, eager to see Mom and hear how her day went and to kneel down and kiss her belly and tell our baby how much we both loved him or her. Often it seemed as if in response to my voice, the baby would kick, letting us know that it too eagerly awaited the day it would come into our lives.

Just thinking about those times makes my head swim with good memories. Sure, there were hard times too. Mom could get very emotional as hormones raged within her and at age forty-four, her pregnancy was more of a physical strain than it had been for Molly. Despite her best efforts, Mom put back on some of the weight she had worked hard for so long to take off. To me, this simply made Mom all the more beautiful. She was always destined to be a full-figured beauty and I had always loved her lush figure -- a few more pounds now just made her even more attractive and although it was perhaps little comfort to her, her weight gain truly meant to be that there was just that much more to love!

One of my favorite memories of that time occurred in early June, just as Mom was entering her eighth month. It was a lovely day -- the temperature perfect and no humidity. Despite having a great swollen belly and little stamina and to hear her tell it, all the grace of a billy-goat on skates, Mom had wanted to take a walk up the hill to visit Grandpa Tom's grave. We carried some fresh flowers for his stone and a picnic lunch, planning to enjoy a quiet and intimate afternoon together as we had some many times before.

Mom was wearing a skimpy halter-top, fitting more snugly than ever as her breasts had grown heavier -- swollen with milk, making her bountiful breasts overflow the meager top. Mom was also wearing a loose, wraparound skirt that did nothing to hide the enormity of her swollen belly. By the time we reached the family cemetery, Mom was pretty winded, her face flushed with exertion. While I tended to Grandpa Tom's plot, Mom rested atop her father's gravestone and brought him up to speed on the latest happenings.

"...and I swear, Daddy -- little Matthew Thomas looks more like John everyday! And he has your eyes too, Daddy...just like John does." Mom smiled down at me, her hand resting on her stomach, toes dangling just above the grass around the stone. Her eyes widened suddenly in surprise and she let out a long whoosh of air. "And this one, Daddy -- I swear your next grandchild must be a football player the way it kicks!"

With her other hand, Mom stroked the smooth marble of her father's tombstone and said, "I wish you could be here, Daddy and see how wonderful things are -- to see how good my son treats me and loves me.

You'd be proud of him, Daddy -- proud of him and me and the way we love each other." Mom let go a wistful sigh and continued, "I wish you could be here and be a part of us -- a family that loves each other more than anything -- that loves like you and Mama Polly loved each other."

Mom's gaze went off into nowhere for a moment and I knew she was thinking of her own youth and the few precious loving moments she and her father had shared. A new shade of red colored Mom's face -- blushing not from exertion, but from arousal as she recollected making love to her father. Through these wonderful and exciting months of Mom's pregnancy, I had come to anticipate Mom's urges and I wasn't surprised when she emerged from her reverie, eyes gleaming with need and a sexual flush spreading quickly from her face to her chest.

"Son," Mom said softly as she reached down and did something to her dress that made it fall away, revealing her full and shapely legs. "John, I need you!" Mom whispered as she slowly spread her legs, her wild and unruly bush revealed in the shadow of her swollen belly, barely hinting at the wet and pink flesh of her motherly cunt.

I moved to knee between her widespread legs, looking over her large stomach to smile up at her as I said, "I love you too, Mom!" I trailed fingers up Mom's ankle, making her quiver as I tickled her knee and then teased the sensitive skin of her inner thigh. Mom let her head fall back and her lips curl in a pleased sneer as I slid my fingers into her bush, slipping into the split of her labia and spreading her slick lips apart to reveal the hot and slick flesh hidden there. I marveled at the wonder that was and is my mother's vagina. I could not recall a single time during her entire pregnancy when I had touched her and she wasn't soaking wet and seemingly on fire.

I eased my middle finger into Mom's sopping cunt, slowly rotating it as I sought out Mom's secret spots, making her squirm as I probed and massaged her inner flesh. I inhaled her strong scent as it wafted through the air, my nostrils flaring as I breathed in her intoxicating aroma -- my cock hardening already in my jeans.

Like a man dying of thirst, I pressed my face into Mom's wet, hairy pussy, sucking up her sexual nectar as my tongue began to roam over her slick aroused flesh. I could feel her blood pulsing through her labia as they swelled and blossomed wider and Mom's taste was sweet and vibrant as never before as if filled with the same energy and life as she was carrying deep in her womb.

Mom's legs came awkwardly up to hang over my shoulders and I was wedged between her luscious thighs and her fertile belly and as I licked her delicious pussy, sending tremors of pleasure racing through her body, I could feel our child kicking -- somehow joining in on our happiness in its own way.

"Eat me, John," Mom moaned in a keening voice that in her ecstasy threatened to fall apart into simple babble. I made love to my mother with my mouth and fingers, seeking out her G-spot and discovering her erect clitoris, swollen and throbbing, teasing with my tongue. "Lick Momma's pussy -- make Momma cummmm!" she cried as she wiggled on her marble seat.

Mom's thighs tightened against the sides of my face while her fingers curled up in my hair -- getting a grip to hold onto as I lapped her cunt towards orgasm. With my free hand, I reached around to support Mom in the small of the back -- a tricky thing to do with all the twisting and scooting around she was doing atop her father's tombstone.

"See, Daddy? See how good your grandson loves his mother," Mom moaned. "See how he makes your little girl cummmmm!" A torrent of pussy cream flowed from Mom's cunt -- pouring over my face faster than I could lick it up, rivulets running down my chin, dripping from my cheeks, her scent making me almost dizzy with desire

Mom let out a scream that echoed through the green hills as I simultaneously found her G-spot and began gently and steadily sucking on her stiff clitoris. Her legs fell away from my face as she lost control of her limbs. Mom seemed to be trying to push my entire head back into the womb as she quivered and rocked against my face -- a gusher of cum -- hot streamers of pussy juice sprayed my face.

Finally, unable to take it anymore, Mom pushed me away, gasping desperately for breath and I fell back to a sitting position, staring happily at my mother, legs spread wide, thighs gleaming with her juices, jerking as little waves of orgasmic aftershocks rippled through her blossoming body, punctuated by little spurts of cunt cream splashing onto Grandpa Tom's headstone. Mom was the epitome of erotic motherhood as she sat there, an incestuous mother lost in rapture, pussy juice gleaming wetly on the marble stonework. Somewhere during my making love to her, she had opened her halter top and her heavy, hanging breasts were heaving -- nipples huge and distended, thick drop of milky fluid dripping from them.

I heaved myself to my feet and came to her, letting her shaky arms go around my shoulders as I kissed my mother hard and long, my tongue snaking into her mouth to share her own taste with her -- Mom pausing to lick her cream from my cheeks and then share it with me, her son and husband. One hand dropped and busied itself with my belt and then I was flat on the ground in front of Grandpa Tom's stone, Mom facing away from me, leaning forward, bracing her hands against her father's headstone while resting her huge belly on my legs as she took my erection inside her and began to fuck me with as much vigor as an eight months pregnant woman could muster.

I could only moan with happiness as I felt Mom's tender and fiery flesh move up and down on my cock, hearing her whimper with pleasure as she told her father over and over what a fine motherfucker her son was. Somehow I levered myself up, wrapping an arm around Mom's soft and sweaty body to caress her belly while the other played with her milk laden tits, feeling the warm, life-giving liquid flow through my fingers as I massaged and pinched her heavy breasts.

Too soon for me, I lost it and began to cum inside Mom's wonderful pussy, savoring her sobs of pleasure as my hot semen began her orgasm anew, her hot flesh milking my seed. We wound up with Mom lying atop me, her pregnant belly rising to the sky as I slipped out of her, holding her tight in my embrace, both of us basking in the warmth of the sun and the intensity of our incestuous love.

Mom's obstetrician had pegged July 15 as her due date, but we were in for a surprise. The evening of July 3, we had retired relatively early. Now in her ninth month, Mom tired very easily and was in some serious discomfort. To help her relax in the evenings, I would usually gently lick her pussy to orgasm which seemed to help her sleep better. That night, Mom wanted us to sixty-nine and so we wound up in bed lying on our sides -- me happily running my tongue over Mom's wet pussy, tenderly nibbling at her clitoris and licking the sweet cunt cream from her wet flesh. Mom was hungrily sucking on my cock, her tongue a maddening dervish swirling around the head of my cock.

Nestled between us, her swollen belly felt almost feverish with new life and I would stroke it softly as it seemed to bring Mom some comfort. I tried to control my orgasm, but once a delicious flood of her juices washed over my mouth and lips and I heard her happy sighs of a languorous orgasm wafting in my ears, I couldn't resist any longer and with my face pressed to her delicious cunt, began to cum as I gave a muffled moan of pleasure. Mom eagerly drank my hot sperm, relishing the taste of her own son's semen.

We went to sleep soon after, me rubbing Mom's aching back, sharing a last goodnight kiss, the taste of my seed still on my mother's lips. Then in the early morning hours of July 4, Mom woke me up to let me know it was time -- that her water had broken. I don't remember much of the drive from our home deep in the hills to the local hospital, just Mom sitting serenely in the passenger seat urging me to stay calm and that she loved me very, very much.

Despite any concerns the doctor had about Mom having a baby at her age, her labor was short and without complications -- in the pain of delivery, she only called me a motherfucker three times, much to the amusement of the doctor and nurses present, most of whom were oblivious to our familial relationship.

At 8:30 in the morning on the Fourth of July, Mom gave birth to a healthy seven pound daughter that we named Polly after Mom's grandmother, Mama Polly. Forgive me if I am prejudiced, but Polly was the loveliest baby I had or ever will see. The nurses would tell you it was probably gas or something, but I swear when I first held my daughter and spoke to her that she smiled up at me.

That evening, as Mom slept, our daughter in her arms, I watched them as the sky outside lit up with fireworks and I felt a sense of rightness greater than I had ever felt before. Over the past few years, as Mom and I had realized our love for each other, with each step we had taken to become a couple, it had simply felt...right. Now I felt as if all the pieces had fallen into place. The woman who had bore me and loved me both as a son and as a man, now wore my ring and we had made a child together. Our love was only strengthened and increased by our deep feelings for Deb and Molly and the life that we had all four truly brought into this world and that was a part of the rightness I felt now.

"Isn't she beautiful?" Mom whispered, her voice weary, but happy. I glanced up from our baby in her arms and Mom's eyes were gleaming, tears of joy threatening to fall.

I leaned over and kissed Mom gently and stroked her face. "She's the loveliest thing I've ever seen, Mom," I replied. "You did good."

"No, son, we did good -- together, we took our love and made something more wonderful than I ever thought possible." The tears began to flow as she kissed me again and then said softly, "I love you, John. We've made a baby together. I can't believe all that we've hoped for has happened. It feels like I'm living out a fairy tale -- my greatest dreams come to life."

I kissed away her tears, "It's not a dream, Mom, it's our life and I promise you, we'll live happily ever after." Mom smiled up happily at me, her eyes growing glassy as exhaustion overtook her. I whispered, "I love you, Mom," and kissed her on the forehead and then kissed our daughter likewise. Both made little satisfied sighs and slept while I continued to sit there and watch them -- love for them both overflowing from my heart.

At some point that evening I went down on my knees and thanked God for all my blessings and I asked him for the strength to continue to be the son and husband and now father that I needed to be and even though the future was unknown to me, I knew the rightness of the path I was following and that the journey would be wonderful.

Once we were back home and settled in, it seemed even more right. Yes, our lives changed radically from the moment we brought Polly home -- how could it not, but it was all change for the better. We might bitch about the dirty diapers and the occasional all night fussiness and the sometimes seemingly endless exhaustion that comes with raising a baby, but that all seemed inconsequential as the very act of being parents seemed to bring a new level of intimacy between my mother and I. We found an even deeper sense of oneness that seemed to increase our love and yes, our lust for each other.

True, we probably slowed down a little in our lovemaking -- at least during Polly's first couple of years, but we were still passionate with each other and any loss of physical contact just made us that much hungrier for each other -- a hunger we sated with a vengeance whenever opportunity came knocking.

Mom once asked me if I ever regretted us having a child or at least having one so soon after we married. "With a child in the house, we had to give up all that wild sex in every room of the house, you know," Mom said teasingly.

"Well, I don't know about that, Mom," I replied. "I thought we just tried to plan our wild sex a little bit in advance. If I wanted to fuck you on the kitchen table, we just had to wait until Polly went to sleep or off to school...same if we were making love in front of the fireplace and all those times we got caught..." I shrugged and added, "We always taught her that sex was something natural and beautiful that two people in love shared, not something dirty. Polly never seemed to be bothered by that."

Mom laughed and said, "Well, she really didn't like it the first time she caught us under the Christmas tree."

I winced and shook my head as I recalled that. It must have been Polly's fourth or fifth Christmas and she'd gotten up to see if Santa had visited yet and found her mother and me under the Christmas tree making love -- our favorite Christmas tradition. Mom was underneath me, her filmy gown spread out around her and I was naked, buried deep inside her.

Polly just stared at us disapprovingly and said we really should do that in bed. She turned around and stomped back to her bedroom. The next morning when we came down, we found all of Polly's presents carefully stacked on the far side of the tree -- as far away from the site of our naughty deed as possible...a new Christmas tradition that she continued for years.

No, we didn't carry on like naked sex crazed maniacs in front of our daughter, but we never tried to disguise our passion for each other either. Mom and I have been and always will be very openly affectionate in public. We tried to raise Polly to be accepting and open minded and though sometimes that was a bit complicated like explaining why her brother had a different Mommy and another Mommy too, Polly never dwelt on the details, but accepted it all serenely as simply the way things were. We knew that it would be a bit tougher explaining how her mother and father could also be mother and son, but that would wait until later years when she would be mature enough to understand it all.

We were blessed, especially in those early years, watching our beautiful golden haired daughter grow and explore the world around her, fascinated by even the smallest discoveries the world had to offer and helped us regain our own sense of wonder in so many ways. I defy anyone to not be changed in watching a young girl's awed face the first time she watches a butterfly emerge from its cocoon. With each day she has been in our lives, she has been a blessing, making a truly wonderful life even better. When you add to that the additional joys that Tommy brought into our lives, we could truly believe in the possibility of living "happily ever after."

Of course, life doesn't truly work that way and while mostly life was and is wonderful, there have been some dark and terrible moments. In those early and heady years of raising our family, none of us dreamed that tragedy was as near to us as it was.

## Chapter 10

I woke to find it was early morning, the light of dawn creeping into our bedroom, filling it with shadow. It had stormed during the night and I could still hear water dripping from the trees -- a pleasing sound to listen to as I stretched luxuriously in our bed. Then as I woke further, I realized why I had awoken so early to begin with.

Mom's hand gently caressed my chest and stomach and in the shadowy light, I saw her face, resting on my shoulder, looking up at me, a sleepy and naughty smile on her face. She cuddled closer, her naked body warm and inviting against my skin. "I was hoping you would wake up, John," she whispered before moving up to kiss me, her heavy breast dragging across my chest as her lips met mine and we kissed.

For thirteen years now, a day hadn't passed that we hadn't kissed each other upon rising in the morning. Each kiss was like the first -- a taste of heaven. As we kissed, Mom's hand drifted further south, sliding through my wiry pubic hair to finally encircle my rapidly swelling cock. With a mother's tenderness and a lover's need, Mom stroked me, masturbating me into a throbbing cockstand while our tongues danced and played.

When I was fully erect, Mom ended the kiss and rose up lithely onto her knees and quickly swung a shapely leg over my body to straddle me -- my cock standing proudly, just brushing the thick mass of her hairy muff, heat and moisture radiating from her already swollen and spread pussy lips. Mom grinned down at me as I said, "I know why you woke me up."

Mom slowly slid down, her cunt expertly capturing the head of my swollen penis and I groaned as I felt her velvet lips massaging my tender flesh -- her pussy clasp hungrily to take me inside her and replied, "Any complaints, son?"

I could only shake my head now as I relished the sweet sensation of my mother and wife slowly enveloping my cock in her wet and fiery cunt. In an idle part of my mind, I wondered how many times we had done this over the years that we'd been married -- one of us waking up with a passionate desire for the other. Of course, the number didn't matter. All that was important was that each time was as good or better than the first time -- that our uniquely intimate bond as both mother and son and husband and wife transported us to a place close to heaven whenever we made love.



As the dawn progressed, the room became lighter as Mom slowly rode me, her face lovely, transfixed in an expression that conveyed both great love and lust. I marveled at how with each passing day and year, Mom simply seemed to grow more beautiful.

Mom's age of fifty-seven did not betray itself easily. Her luscious body, always on the border of voluptuousness, somehow seemed to almost immune to wrinkles and while there was definitely a little more sag to her huge breasts, the way they sloped down on her chest seemed to add to her beauty, their pendulous form evoking thoughts of an earthy goddess of fertility. Mom's nipples, huge to begin with and thickened from nursing, were swollen with her lust, begging to be squeezed and sucked. Her thighs grow a little meatier with each passing year, but long hikes up and down the hillsides of our home, keep her legs shapely and muscular and there are few sweeter pleasures than feeling Mom's legs wrapped around me as we make love or simply fuck in heated, incestuous passion.

Mom's great mane of hair is in some ways, the great betrayer of her age. Through most of our marriage, Mom has let it grow until it hung far down her back, sometimes flowing freely around her like an erotic veil, like this morning, the very tips brushing my skin when she leaned forward and down to kiss me as she rode my cock and sometimes tied up in a long ponytail or braided. But the deep, rich blackness of Mom's hair has gradually given way to a wondrous shade of gray -- itself going whiter with each passing year. It doesn't actually make her look older, but gives her an incredibly sensuous look that again evoked an earthy goddess.

On this particular morning, Mom and I took our time -- savoring the pure deliciousness of slowly fucking -- of our bodies meshing and becoming as one as Mom's sugar walls tightened around my cock, massaging my flesh slowly, her slick juices surrounding me with a heavenly warmth that gradually took me closer and closer to ecstasy.

Mom sighed as she came the first time, leaning forward so her hands were clenching the old brass rail headboard while her breasts swayed and brushed my face, my tongue darting out to tease her swollen nipples. Mom's cries of pleasure were so familiar and yet always a marvel to me -- reminding me once again of my good fortune to have my mother as my lover and mate.

As Mom reached her second orgasm of the morning, I began thrusting back, meeting her downward motion to bury myself as deep into her sweet womb as I could. Mom fell forward on top of me as she whimpered in the throes of her welling climax, pressing her face against my neck as her soft, meaty tits pillowed against my chest, our joined loins working hard until I too was

cumming, thrusting hard and deep into Mom's cunt as I gave her my hot seed.

Our sweaty bodies cooled quickly in the cool morning air, making us shiver a bit as we kissed and whispered tender things to each other. I reached out with a hand and found the light quilt we'd been using as a blanket, one of Mama Polly's old handmade quilts and tugged it over our quivering bodies. Still joined together, we kissed and dozed for a good while, just savoring the joy and love we shared.

In the midst of a sleepy kiss, I heard the downstairs kitchen door open and close, followed by footsteps down the back steps. I opened my eyes and looked at Mom inquiringly.

The serene look that she usually had after making love transformed into a sad smile and she said softly, "Molly."

Comprehension came quickly then and I said, "Today's the day, isn't it?"

Mom nodded, her gaze suddenly a little distant and her smile growing sadder. "Yes. Hard to believe it's been five years."

There was little to say after that and then as we heard the kids stirring about, we reluctantly slipped apart and began our day. By the time Polly and Tommy had finished in the bathroom and were dressed for school, Mom had breakfast cooking and I'd hiked down to the road to retrieve the morning paper. Breakfast was as always, a boisterous affair of chatter, eating, and last minute and allegedly forgotten homework.

Polly, Mom's and my daughter was at age thirteen was already turning into the beautiful, young woman we always knew she would be. Tall and awkward for her age, blonde haired and eager to take on the world, she and Mom reviewed her words for a big spelling test coming that day and I watched proudly as she rattled off each word correctly.

Tommy, the son I had fathered with Molly, was short, dark haired and serious, trying to cope with the trials and tribulations of running smack dab into puberty. We spent most of breakfast commiserating on the lackluster seasons of our favorite baseball teams, neither of which was going to be playing in the post-season, their year done now that October was here. Tommy tried to pin me down on the chances of going up to Cincinnati when

the Cubs came to play next April and I just played coy, not wanting to tell him I had already looked up next year's schedule to plan that trip.

As breakfast was squared away and books and backpacks collected for the walk down to the school bus, Tommy looked about and said, "Where's Mom? Is she still asleep?"

An uncomfortable pause followed as Mom and I exchanged glances and then putting her arm around her grandson, Mom said gently, "She's gone up the hill to visit with Mom-Deb. She slipped out while we were all still in bed."

Comprehension dawned in my son's eyes and my heart ached for him as a sad and dark cloud covered his face. "Oh...yeah." He looked up at Mom and then at me. "Is she alright, you think?"

It wasn't the first time I ever felt helpless as a father and I knew it wouldn't be the last. I leaned over and squeezed his shoulder. "Yeah, she'll be alright. She just needs to do this. When you get home this afternoon, you'll see."

Matt gave me a small smile and I was about to suggest we head down to the bus pickup when Polly slipped by me, giving me a quick peck on the cheek and putting her arm around Tommy, said, "C'mon, big brother! We don't want to be late!" Polly and our mother gave each other a look that said much more than words could convey and Mom gave me a silent shake of the head indicating I should let them go on alone.

I stood at the living room window and watched them hiking down the drive towards the highway, Polly, although a few months younger than Tommy, always seeming to be older and wiser and I knew that somehow, she was the one who could find the words that would make him feel better.

I felt Mom's arm slip around my waist as she moved up beside me, watching the kids go off to school. "Think he'll be alright?" I asked Mom, inadvertently repeating my son's words.

"Yes, it's just a bit...hard. Polly will keep an eye on him."

I shook my head, feeling just a bit bewildered. "When the hell did she grow up and become so wise," I asked Mom.

She laughed and standing on tip-toe, gave me a kiss on the cheek. "Never blink, John. Your kids grow up in the blink of an eye." She moved around to face me, wrapping her arms around my neck as she looked up at me lovingly. "I can remember blinking and my wonderful first born son went from a loving child to a handsome young man that I feel head over in heels in love with!"

We kissed then, long and lovingly -- our tongues exploring each other, always delighting in the taste and touch of each other. My hands slipped upwards, under Mom's robe to cup a heavy, meaty breast and Mom laughed and wriggled from my grasp.

"Down, sweetie -- there'll be time for that later." Mom danced away from me and said, "Don't you have some work to do?" pointing towards my office.

I gave Mom a mock pout and said, "Oh, you're no fun!"

Mom rolled her eyes and said, "You didn't say that a couple of hours ago. Now, get in there and make a living and I'll come get you around lunch time and we'll go check on Molly."

I sighed and then made Mom giggle and scream, chasing her around the living room couch until she let herself be caught and we kissed a little more before she gave me my marching orders and I trotted off to work.

I was now three years into being a freelance writer and was making good money. I'd given ten years to the same company as a technical writer before the owner sat me down and told me I should be going out on my own -- that while I was always welcome to work for him, I could be making more on my own. With the internet now out of its infancy, he was right and with a solid reputation as a writer already, I had no problem getting work and have worked steadily since.

The big plus to all this was that I could work out of our home and spend that much more time with my family. My former boss had always been progressive and had been an early pioneer in allowing employees to work from home to begin with. That had allowed me to spend a lot of quality time with my kids as they were growing up.

I worked for the next few hours, my mind wandering occasionally to thoughts of Molly and then Mom was in the doorway of my office, looking lovely in a long, wraparound skirt and one of my shirts tied up and leaving

her belly bare, her breasts threatening to burst free of the overworked buttons. She was carrying a basket of fresh picked flowers in one hand and a picnic basket in the other. Mom looked breathtaking.

"Care to take a walk with me, son?" Mom asked, looking at me with such affection that I felt both my cock and my heart swell with the love I held for her.

"I'd follow you anywhere, Mom," I replied, levering myself out of my chair and taking the picnic basket in one hand.

We took a leisurely stroll up the hill, passing through Mom's beloved flower garden where Mom paused long enough to add a few more flowers to her basket. It was a beautiful, sunny fall day with the autumn colors in full riot among the trees and only a few water puddles left as a reminder of the early rain.

My hand found Mom's, our fingers intertwining as we walked along. "Are you okay, Mom? I hadn't asked and I should have."

Mom didn't respond for a bit, the sadness in her face all the evidence necessary for her answer, but finally she responded. "I...miss her. We were always close, even before, well..." Mom smiled up at me and gave my hand a squeeze. "There are times I forget she's gone and I'll think about calling and telling her the latest with Polly and then it hits me."

We emerged from the woods into the clearing where our family cemetery was situated and there sat Molly on a blanket, cross legged and head bowed, hand stretched out and touching the headstone of the great love of her life, Aunt Deb.

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Deb discovered the lump shortly after hers and Molly's seventh wedding anniversary. It was small, but Aunt Deb had always taken care of herself and checked herself regularly. She immediately had it checked out by her physician and by August of that year -- the test results came back that it was indeed breast cancer. A mastectomy followed along with some precautionary chemo treatments...all to no avail. Within six months the cancer was back and spreading like wildfire.

Molly and Deb were resolute in their efforts to combat it, but all treatments simply failed. Mom and I closed down the house and I took a leave of absence and we went to Florida to be with Molly and Deb and little Tommy. Polly was overjoyed to spend time with her brother and going to school there was a new experience and our little seven year old loved new experiences. The joy that brother and sister shared at being together all the time helped a little with the pain and worry we were all feeling.

After several bouts of chemo and radiation therapy, all which failed miserably, Deb finally said enough was enough and came home from the hospital to spend her last weeks with the people she loved most in the world. It was hard for everyone -- Molly because she was losing the great love of her life, Mom, because of the very intimate bond that can only be shared by sisters and for me because I was seeing all the most important women in my life suffer and there was not a damn thing I could do about it. For the first time in my life I understood the despair of feeling impotent.

Molly was utterly crushed as she lost her spouse by inches, painfully and slowly, but she was never more loving and beautiful as she carried the burden of losing her beloved and yet making Deb's last moments on Earth as peaceful as she could.

In the end, Molly was at her side, curled up next to her, gently stroking her pain-filled brow, letting her know that she wasn't alone, whispering to her that she was loved and surrounded by family. At the last, Aunt Deb was beyond the pain and she whispered goodbye to each of us and kissed us for the last time. I've never asked what she said to the younger ones or to Mom or Molly -- I know that it was meant for them alone and honor her memory by not prying.

To me, Aunt Deb grinned and pulled me closer, kissing me softly with dry, chapped lips before whispering in my ear and saying, "This is your family, John. All of them are your responsibility now. Please love my Molly well and take care of her and Tommy and Polly. Love your mother as never before. I love you, John."

Tears cascaded from my eyes as I somehow managed to reply, "I love you too, Deb," without falling apart.

For a moment, the pain cleared from her eyes and I saw a glimpse of the sinful devil she loved playing and she pulled me back to her and said, "Almost forgot. You're a great fuck, nephew!" I loved her for that -- amidst all her own pain and suffering, she still could make me laugh and I will treasure her last words to me for the rest of my life.

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Mom and I slowly went to Molly, quietly kneeling down on each side of her. Mom reached out and covered Molly's hand on the cool marble with her own, their fingers intertwining. We all sat there silent, each of us remembering Aunt Deb in our own way until Molly finally looked up at each of us, taking her free hand and trying to rub the tears out of her red and swollen eyes with her palm.

"I'm not supposed to cry. Deb made me promise n-not to mourn her, but..." Molly let out a great sigh. Tears ran down her face as she continued. "But when this day comes around...I -- I, oh I miss her so much!" She turned and leaned against Mom, her face buried against Mom's chest and began to sob. Mom's arms came up around her and she hugged her tight. I sat there and wiped away tears of my own -- tears for Deb and tears for Molly, knowing only that I doubted I could be as strong as her if I lost Mom and unable to truly fathom the depths of her pain.

Mom made comforting noises as only a mother seems to know, her hands gently stroking Molly's back, helping her cry away her grief and anguish. When finally, Molly's cries began to fade, she pulled loose from Mom's embrace, wiping her tears away with her hands. For a split second, I knew what Molly had looked like as a little girl after a good long cry and my heart ached for her -- her sadness only increasing her beauty.

She sniffed a couple of times and took us both by the hand and said almost in a whisper, "Thank you both. I don't know how I'd ever get through this day or any days without y'all.

I shrugged and replied, "We're family, darling. We'll get each other through any and all hard times. Besides, you're tougher than you think...tougher than I could ever be if..." I left the rest unsaid, looking at Mom who was looking back at me with such a feral grin of love and lust that all but screamed, "NEVER! OUR LOVE IS FOREVER!"

Molly nodded and answered, "I reckon, but there are days...it feels like she's right there and then..." She sniffed again and wiped the new tears in her eyes.

Mom sighed and reaching out, took my free hand in hers so we sat facing each other, all of us holding hands. "I feel the same way." She lifted Molly's

hand and after kissing it, said, "And Deb is here, watching over us all along with Daddy and Mama Polly."

Molly laughed then, a breathless chuckle still echoing pain. "I know. Lord knows you're right, Carrie."

Mom grinned then and said, "And I know what she would say to us right here at this very moment."

Her grin was infectious and Molly nodded and looked at Mom expectantly. Mom licked her lips and said, "Deb would just shake her head and say, "For Christ's sake, people, quit your whining and somebody fuck somebody!"

Molly let out a short, cathartic laugh and then grew wide-eyed as she looked at us both and her hands tugged at Mom and I insistently and then we were all in a tight embrace, lips and tongues meeting, joining in a passionate three person kiss.

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Aunt Deb passed away on the first of October -- she and Molly having been married eight years. At Deb's request, she was cremated with the instructions that part of her remains was to be taken back to Kentucky to be placed in the family cemetery with her father's and grandmother's remains. As for the rest, she had made another request.

A few weeks after Deb's funeral, on the beach near her bungalow, we held a memorial service. Even Molly, who had over the years discovered the full extent of Deb's network of friends and former lovers, was surprised by the number of folks that turned up. I stopped counting when I reached a hundred.

Before we began, I wandered through the crowd, hearing men and women talking, reminiscing about Deb. I would pause for a moment, savoring a snippet of a naughty or funny story regarding my aunt. I met a number of men and women who would eagerly, even proudly tell me that Deb had taken their virginity.

I could hear a murmur run through the crowd as Molly and Mom came down to the beach -- Molly's widow's weeds consisting of an almost obscenely short black dress that hovered around her crotch and which as she walked, the black hair of her muff peered out again and again,



glistening in the brilliant sun. It had a deeply diving scoop front that exposed most of her breasts. Although her face was pale from lack of sleep and her eyes red from crying, she looked beautiful hand in hand with Mom who had chosen a naughty red dress that barely contained her huge breasts and which failed to conceal that she too was going without panties.

It pleased me to hear the approving tone of the crowd -- comprehending that they were dressed to honor Deb. Several began to shuck coats or unbutton blouses, getting more comfortable and relaxed in the summer heat. I even saw one woman unashamedly step out of her own lace panties and kick them into the sand.

Molly made her way to the center of the crowd. In her hands was a small urn that she held so tightly, her fingers were white with exertion. She turned around and around slowly as if trying to memorize the faces of everyone who had come to say goodbye to her lover and wife. I joined her and Mom, pausing to give her a kiss on the cheek.

Molly opened her mouth to speak and stopped. She shook her head and took a long, shuddery breath. Everyone was perfectly still and quiet. Trying to maintain a smile, she began again. "Deb always said that she'd tried to fuck everyone in Florida, but I never knew how close she came to succeeding."

The wave of laughter that followed washed much of the pain and tension from Molly's face and when folks settled down again, she continued. "Deb only really understood one emotion and that was love. Anger, hate, jealousy confused her and so she avoided it pretty much her whole life. She always said you take love wherever you find it and said that's why she picked me up and brought me home." Molly paused a few seconds amidst nods of approval and understanding. "Deb taught me how it was to love someone completely and without reservation -- to give your heart and soul to someone and get back so much more." She unconsciously stroked the urn in her hands.

"I've met many of you over the years. I love some of you dearly." Molly glanced at Mom and me. "The last thing Deb would have wanted is for us to gather together and grieve. Instead, she wants today to be a day of joy and love...and if you can't find that, at least make a new friend or as Debbie preferred to call her friends -- fuck buddies!"

She then turned and began walking out into the water, many of us followed. When she was waist high in the surf, Molly turned to us and said, "My sweet Deb loved the Gulf, she loved this beach and she loved all of you."

"AS MUCH AND AS OFTEN AS SHE COULD!" a deep, booming voice called out from the crowd, drawing laughter and cheers.

Molly laughed and nodded in agreement. "And she could love a lot as we all can testify," she said. "I know it will please her that part of her will always be a part of this place and I also know that no matter where we go or who we're with, she'll be there with us."

Molly opened the urn and poured the contents into her hand -- a small pile of gray ash. She held her hand up high and let the gentle gulf breeze take it, scattering it into the air and into the sea and to be honest, into us. "I LOVE YOU, DEB!" she cried, both love and loss evident in her voice.

A moment passed as Deb's ashes swirled about and then we all took up the cry, "I LOVE YOU, DEB!" Molly then came into my arms and began to sob and my heart ached in that that was all I could do for her. All of hers and Deb's friends stood with us as she let go of as much of Aunt Deb as she could bear to.

Now, despite being very sexual in nature and having had a few experiences beyond close family, Mom and I and even Molly were not used to seeing or being around sex on a large and massive scale, but that day and into the evening, Mom and I got a more personal glimpse into the life of Deb...at least the pre-Molly days.

Taking Molly's words and Deb's wishes to heart, most of the gathered friends lingered -- at the beach or back at Deb's and Molly's little cottage and I doubt more than a handful remained celibate that day. Alcohol and food flowed freely -- a steady stream of liquor, pizza and Chinese food deliveries coming to their home or delivered directly to the beach. Part wake and I suppose part orgy.

Mom and Molly and I didn't take part, but held court, receiving visitors, hearing how Aunt Deb had touched so many lives -- hearing full details of stories I had just heard snippets of on the beach. Around us, people made love and people fucked. Cries of passion and orgasm mixed with cries of sadness for Deb's passing and through it all, I could all but see her, tall and healthy, proudly naked, breasts riding high on her long, toned body as she walked around, sharing her passion for life, for love, and yes for mind bending sex to those who had come to celebrate her life.

Despite our own pain and loss, it was difficult not to be aroused and as the evening wound down, my cock was erect and aching. Mom sat beside me and quivered with need -- her arousal wafting through the air and making me hornier with each passing moment as I inhaled the sweet fragrance of her wet pussy. Molly was equally aroused -- one hand resting on my thigh, nails digging into my pants as one incredibly erotic story after another was told. When she would open her legs without thinking, I could see her cunt cream glistening on her supple inner thighs.

When late in the evening we finally closed the door on the last of Deb's weary and sated visitors, Molly turned to me and Mom with tears in her eyes and taking us both by the hand, walked us backwards into her and Deb's bedroom.

No words needed to be spoken as she let her dress fall to the floor. Mom and I quickly shucked off our clothes and took Molly into our arms, carrying her to the bed, covering her sweet, compact body with kisses, caressing her, spreading her legs where first Mom and then I made love to her with our mouths. Molly sobbed and cried and shivered as her orgasm brought her much needed release. She whispered and moaned Deb's name over and over between passionate kisses with me while Mom swirled her tongue about her cunt lips and teased and pleased Molly's swollen clitoris.

As her first orgasm began to wane, Mom and I traded positions, pausing as our faces passed each other to kiss, Mom's lips and tongue sweet with Molly's pussy juices. Mom's eyes were shiny with her own tears. She continued her way up Molly's body, pausing to kiss and nip the younger woman's turgid nipples while I kissed my way down Molly's smooth belly and trail my tongue across her hairless cunt lips, spreading her labia wider and burying my face in her hot, slick pussy.

Mom's earlier loving attentions left Molly close to the edge and within a few minutes she was writhing in ecstasy again, her thighs tight against my ears, holding my face in place, as my tongue probing her sodden, fiery flesh. I felt her muscles flex and flutter against my cheeks and although my ears were muffled, I could still hear Molly cry out to Deb again and again as her orgasm swept her away -- easing her pain and misery and sense of loss, taking her to a place where Deb always was -- a place we three shared within us that Deb in all her glorious, unbridled passion, love and lust still dwelt.

Fingers intertwined in my hair, at first holding me in place as I lapped Molly's slick and delicious flesh and then pulling me upwards till my hardness was probing Molly's pulsating cunt, her tear-filled eyes imploring

me to thrust forward and bury myself inside her. "Fuck me, sugar," moaned the mother of my son. "Fuck me now and forever, please, John!"

I flexed my hips and as I sank my aching, erect cock into her tight, wet pussy, feeling Mom's loving eyes on me, I smiled and replied, "Forever and..."

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"...Forever, Molly, my love," I said as I felt Molly's legs come up and wrap around my back, heels digging in at the top of my buttocks. She flung her hips upwards, lifting herself off the blanket, cool and damp from the wet grass to meet my thrust, grunting and grimacing as I buried the full length of my swollen penis inside her luscious and molten cunt.

Mom knelt beside us, glorious in her naked, reubenesque beauty, her meaty tits swinging as she moved back and forth, kissing first Molly and then me, the taste of Molly's sweet pussy thick on her lips, urging us on as Molly and I fucked passionately in our family cemetery, our clothes strewn about as Mom and I had comforted Molly in the sweet comfort of a beautiful fall day.

Between kisses, Mom busied herself biting and sucking on Molly's swollen nipples, tugging on the hard rubbery tips with her teeth until Molly was sobbing with pleasure. In between endearments to Mom and me, Molly called out to Aunt Deb, letting our pleasuring of her aid her in releasing all the pent up pain and sadness that another year without her beloved wife had built up within her heart.

Despite the mildness of the day, our exertions made us slick with sweat, allowing our joined bodies to meld as one, both slick and adhesive at the same time, adding to our joined pleasure as I thrust again and again into the passionate furnace that was Molly's aroused pussy. Finally, the need to cum overwhelmed me and under Mom's proud and pleased stare, I thrust deep into Molly's womb and flooded her with my hot semen.

My orgasm triggered a fresh renewal of Molly's and she screamed out "DEB, I LOVE YOU!" in a voice filled with ecstasy and love and I fed her claspings pussy spurt after spurt of fresh sperm. Finally, I withdrew from her and collapsed beside her with only enough energy to kiss her while Mom seized her moment as she always did and perpetuated our pleasure by going down on us both, alternating between licking my still mostly erect penis clean and slurping up my semen from Molly's well fucked cunt.

We didn't neglect Mom either, urging her with our hands to straddle our faces, with her knees spread wide while we took turns licking, nibbling and sucking her dripping wet pussy, still tasting of my seed from earlier in the day. We didn't stop until Mom had baptized us both with her own juices, flooding our faces after Molly expertly speared Mom's asshole with a probing index finger while we teased and sucked her elongated and very much aroused clitoris.

Afterwards, we luxuriated in the warm rays of the afternoon sun, sharing the picnic lunch Mom had fixed and sharing favorite reminiscences about Aunt Deb before making our way back to the house before the kids returned home. As Mom folded up the blanket, Molly knelt one last time and kissing her palm, placed it against her lover's stone. We walked hand in hand back down the side of the hill, enjoying the sounds of birds in the trees and the glorious and colorful riot of fall leaves and feeling the spirit of Deb walking along with us.

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After Aunt Deb's passing, Mom and I implored Molly to move in with us, but she declined, not wanting to leave the home where she and Deb had lived for so long, raising Tommy and being a family. Of course, we all traveled back and forth so that scarcely a month passed that we weren't with each other, just as it had been before Deb had fallen ill.

But almost two years after Deb's death, Molly and Tommy had shown up at our door, car packed full and towing a trailer and tearfully asked if they could move in. Even before we lost Aunt Deb, her lovely little Gulf town had begun to change. Big business had been slowly taking over properties and turning that sweet little town into just another bland tourist resort, replete with high rise hotels and condominiums and vacation rentals, accompanied by fast food places and tourist trap attractions.

Molly had come to realize that their home was no longer the home of her memories and each passing day, the region became more and more touristy and worse, more conservative sexually than she or Deb could ever have imagined.

Mom and I and Polly were of course thrilled to have Molly and Tommy with us permanently. We were family...closer than most and if Molly wasn't related to us by blood, she was by love. Polly and Tommy would get to grow up together and were already best friends no longer separated by long miles.

With the renovations we had carried out over the years, we had four bedrooms and an additional bathroom so everything just fell into place. After lengthy discussions between the three adults, we decided to cut a door between Molly's bedroom and ours with Molly afforded all the privacy she wanted and an eternal invitation to join Mom and me in bed whenever she desired.

We were all three at ease with each other sexually and in all the years since, there has never been jealousy or conflict over whom is sleeping with whom. And yes, we have remained very sexually active, despite the presence of two kids in the house. Sometimes we had to be creative to have our intimate moments, but it all works out. I am the luckiest man in the world to have two women in my life and I endure cracks around town and in church about "John and his two wives," with a grin and a shrug. The truth is, Molly is as intimate with Mom as she is with me, maybe more. Even though Mom and Aunt Deb were physically very different, Molly claims that they both share the same spirit and passion

Polly and Tommy were both at ease with so many parental figures. I was the lucky one. I was Daddy to both. Mom was Mom and Mama Carrie and Molly was Mom and Mama Molly. It got confusing sometimes and the kids would often just call both Mom, but it didn't matter, all we adults were their parents and loved them equally and without reservation.

Of course, eventually we had to sit them down and have the talk...not the "birds and the bees" but to explain the truth of our relationships. They were quite aware from a young age that we were not the normal family group, but accepted it all as quite normal. But as they reached puberty, their questions began and we all had to set down and explain the circumstances. Not too long after Polly turned twelve, we gathered our courage together and had the talk. We were not ashamed of it, but admit it was a very awkward thing to explain to your kids..

Polly and Tommy sat and listened attentively as Mom and I explained everything, with Molly chiming in occasionally. I expected them to be a little more wide-eyed and shocked at the revelation that we were mother and son before becoming husband and wife, but perhaps they had figured it out over the years (after all, I still called Mom "Mom" most of the time). I could see Tommy working it all out in his head while Polly was stone still as she took it all in.

When we finished, I took a deep breath and asked, "So, any questions or comments?"

Tommy kept glancing at his sister and finally, trying to keep a grin off his face said, "So, Dad, doesn't that make Polly your sister?" He had that look of a brother that loved tormenting his sister almost as much as he actually loved her.

Polly glanced over at him, brushing her long blonde hair back over her ear and said in a deadly voice, "Shut up, you doofus. That makes him your cousin too." That only cracked him up more and he began to giggle. To this day, when he's feeling feisty, he likes to refer to me as "Cuz."

Polly listened for a minute more and then politely asked if there were any more new revelations and when we told her no, she excused herself and fled to her room. Molly followed her up in a bit and talked to her, later reassuring us that she was fine with all this. "It just may take her a bit to process it all -- to get it to make sense." Still, I was worried, though Mom kept telling me not to worry.

In any case, Polly basically stayed in her room for the next week or so, avoiding me like the plague and talking to Mom and Molly only when she couldn't avoid doing otherwise. Tommy seemed to go about his business as usual, more concerned with the Cincinnati Reds terrible season than the fact that his father was a professed motherfucker.

A week or so later, on a Saturday evening, Mom and I were cuddled up on the couch, doing a little necking while listening to music. Molly and Tommy had driven up to Lexington to do some shopping when suddenly Polly appeared in front of her mother and me. For a minute or so, she just stared at us, waiting for us to stop kissing and sort of untwine ourselves from each other. When we were slow in doing so, she gave a huffy little sigh and actually started tapping her foot on the floorboards.

Finally, she had our full attention and she said matter of factly, "So, this incest thing...when I turn eighteen, do you guys expect me to do it with Daddy?"

I'm pretty sure my jaw hit the ground, so flabbergasted was I at the question. Yes, I've been around incest most of my life, but I can honestly say, I'd never thought of such a thing with my daughter.

Mom responded immediately, "No, sweetie. We've never even considered it." She reached out and took my hand. "Like we told you, yes, we're mother and son, but we fell in love with each other as adults. Someday, you'll fall in love

and understand what that really means...and that's who you'll want to do it with."

Polly studied us both and slowly nodded and replied, "Good." She turned to leave, but looked at us over her shoulder and said, "I do love you guys," and then headed back up to her bedroom.

Mom and I looked at each other for a long minute or two and then she began laughing, saying, "Oh baby, if you could have seen your face! I think that was the last thing you ever expected your daughter to say." Then she was climbing into my lap and kissing me, her tongue swiping across my lips before she whispered, "Well, I guess I better protect my interests in case she ever changes her mind." Mom pressed her lips against mine, my tongue slipping out to greet hers and as we kissed and continued to make out, making me forget all about that moment and reminding me once more as to why I loved Mom so much.

After that, things went pretty much back to normal -- Polly and I had our regular relationship back and I was thrilled, even though there was a little more...distance, I guess I would call it between us. Molly would tell me that it was normal. That almost all fathers and daughters have it as both become aware of the other as a sexual being.

We thought that would be the end of it and for a long time it was. Three years later, one warm summer evening around sunset, Mom and I were strolling back to the house, having taking a walk up to our special glade where we'd made love. Our hair was still sweat drenched and our bodies were still flushed with exuberant exertion and we were grinning as only two people who love each other and have just made passionate love can do. Mom's blouse was still partly undone and her meaty breasts were more than a little visible.

We climbed the steps to the front porch to find Polly sitting on a deck chair, her legs propped up on the railing. At age fifteen, her awkward stage had evolved into a coltish gracefulness and even a father couldn't ignore the fact that she was rapidly becoming a gorgeous woman, developing a figure that Mom suspected would surpass her own -- a figure clearly evident in jean cutoffs and a halter top that looked to be made from a man's red handkerchief.

"Hi honey," I said as we reached the porch, my arm around Mom's shoulder and her arm around my waist.



Polly gave us a small smile and replied, "Do you guys have any idea how loud you are? I mean, it sounded like a couple of jungle animals echoing through the trees."

Mom and I both laughed and I just shrugged while Mom said, "You're just complaining now? It's not like you haven't heard us making love all your life."

It was Polly's turn to laugh and she shrugged her shoulders, doing it just like her father does. We started to walk away, but Polly looked up at us, her face going from amused to serious in the blink of an eye. "So, this incest thing...when I turn eighteen, if I want to do it with Daddy, can I?"

Again I was flabbergasted and struck completely dumb. Not only by the question, but by how she did it -- as if we had just simply picked up the conversation from where we left it three years ago. I think it even surprised Mom as I heard her gasp and her hand around my waist clenched me to her a little tighter.

A minute passed by as Mom and I looked down at our lovely daughter and she stared back at us, waiting for an answer. I opened my mouth, but didn't have a clue as to what to say. Again, Mom came to the rescue, her voice low and husky as she said, "Polly, come ask your daddy and me again when you are eighteen."

Our daughter came smoothly to her feet, standing in front of us and suddenly I was very aware of her as a young woman...a beautiful, young woman...aware of her physically, standing almost close enough to touch. She looked at us both, still so serious and slowly nodded. "Okay," she replied and then she gave us both a kiss on the cheek and retreated inside, pausing only to look over her shoulder and saying, "I love you, Mom and Dad."

I looked at Mom and said in a hoarse voice, "I think I need to sit down, Mom." I collapsed into the chair that Polly had just vacated, Mom following me down to curl up in my lap.

Mom ran her arms around me and leaned her head forward till our foreheads touched and we were literally eye to eye. "Bet you didn't see that one coming, son?" Mom asked me, both amusement and surprise in her voice.

"Not a fucking clue, Mom. Did you?"

Mom giggled and said, "Noooo, but, let's face it. Incest is in our blood." Mom kissed me then, hard and passionately, our tongues dancing the carnal dance that never grows old. When we both finally came up for air, she asked me, "Would you be interested -- could you love our daughter that way?"

I felt the blood pulse through my head and I said, "Oh god...I've never even entertained the idea. I love you, Mom. I don't think I could..."

I didn't finish as Mom wiggled sinfully in my lap and grinning replied, "Liar. You got hard the moment she asked us the question. She ground herself against me again. "Pretty quick recovery time there, John. Mmmm, maybe Momma found herself something better than one of those new blue pills!"

Mom moved to straddle me in the chair, raising herself up on her knees while her hands were busy undoing the buttons on my jeans. She freed my already stiff as a board cock, still slick with her saliva and traces of her juices. "I think I'm going to like you entertaining the notion of our little girl joining us in a few more years. Molly and I are going to get a lot of benefits from this!"

My mother lifted her skirt and my suddenly very hard and throbbing cock brushed between her thighs, the tip of my cock dragging along her wet and parted pussy lips. I gasped at the sensation of her hot, wet labia and said, "Mom, you're terrible."

Mom grinned at me lewdly, rolling her hips just so and then I was inside her and she was sinking down my long, thick shaft. "No, I'm not, I'm just a very naughty mother," she hissed as she ground herself against me. "Your mother, John. Now fuck me, sweetheart, give me that good cock."

A long, loud moan escaped Mom's lips as she took all of me in, her cunt still sensitive from our afternoon lovemaking back up the hill. I felt the warmth of her pussy, still thick with my semen from earlier, wrapping itself around my shaft, massaging my cock as she rolled her hips around. She pressed her lips against mine and then our tongues danced together, their movements keeping time with the sweet dance Mom was doing on my lap. My hands slipped into her mostly open blouse to cup and fondle her heavy, sagging breasts, my thumbs tweaking her blood engorged nipples.

Mom ended the kiss as her orgasm primed pussy began to contract around my cock -- her juices bathing my erection with their sweet, searing heat. She began riding me hard, her chin resting on mine, my face pressed against her breasts -- a swollen nipple between my teeth, making her cry out as I gently bit down, adding to her orgasmic pleasure.

We rocked together for a long time, Mom's orgasm taking her higher and higher as her cries grew shriller and shriller. She began to flex and roll her hips, trying to sustain her orgasm or bring on a newer and stronger one, all the time sobbing, "Cum in me, son. Cum in me! Cum, cum, cummmm in Momma's pussy!"

I could feel her pulse quicken as her nipple throbbed between my lips and I surrendered myself to the sweet, incestuous passions of the moment and thrust upwards, pressing deep into my mother's heavenly womb and groaned loudly as I began to cum, filling up Mom's pussy with hot semen.

Mom stiffened in my lap, letting her weight take her down to be even more deeply impaled on my throbbing, ejaculating cock, voicing wordless sobs and moans as her hands scrabbled against my back, fingernails clawing at the fabric of my shirt.

We sat there for a long time, basking in the wondrous afterglow of glorious sex, hearing Polly inside, banging around the kitchen and coming to the screen door once and asking, "I'm making popcorn. Do y'all want some?" and making it obvious that she was staying indoors so long as we were still locked together in various states of undress.

Eventually, we did join her inside and watched a movie. I felt a bit tense, but both Mom and Polly went on as if the earlier conversation hadn't taken place. Later that evening, Mom shared the moment with Molly who laughed uproariously and teased me about the Hamilton women fucking me right into a rest home before they were through and echoing Mom's earlier words. "Sugar, I swear, incest comes right naturally to your family."

I got some measure of satisfaction by replying, "Sweetheart, you better think about what you're saying. Remember, Tommy is a Hamilton too."

That stopped Molly's laughter and her eyes grew wide and then thoughtful. Personally, I don't think it was a coincidence that over the next few months, the sex life that the three of us shared was a little more active and intense than was even usual for us. Fantasies and possibilities kept my cock hard and Mom's and Molly's pussies wet constantly.

The next few years passed quickly...too quickly as we watched Tommy and Polly race through high school. Sometimes it was almost impossible to believe that the children that I'd once bounced on my knee and taught baseball and made them wide-eyed with wonder at my stories of Santa Claus and Peter Rabbit and Johnny Appleseed were suddenly grown up, practically adults.

Looking at Tommy was like looking into a mirror of my younger self with a little of Grandpa Tommy thrown in. Like me, he was a compact, muscular young man who loved sports and had an almost obsessive work ethic. Despite our remote location, from the time he was in his early teens, he'd found jobs. Once he had his license, he talked me into co-signing on an old beat up truck and he went into the lawn care business and I was both amazed and a bit awed at his determination to be successful. As the end of high school approached, he very carefully prepared to go to college and major in agriculture at a local college. He had several girlfriends during high school, but none serious and none willing to put up with being second best to his work. Mom sometimes worried if perhaps Tommy might have inherited some of my father's traits, but for reasons I can't really mention here, I wasn't in the least worried.

Polly had grown up inheriting her mother's beauty and figure. A buxom blonde with her Aunt Deb's height, she had a mind like a steel trap, and graduated as Valedictorian. She had her share of boyfriends in high school and I had a good time playing the scowling, grumpy father with each and every one of them. Polly won a scholarship to my old school in Chicago that has an excellent law program and Mom and I were both proud as could be, yet heartsick that our little girl was all grown up and ready to leave the nest.

Eighteen came and went and emotionally, Mom and I held our breath, wondering when and if our daughter would come to us and ask THE QUESTION again. We also wondered what our answer would be -- trusting our hearts to make the right decision, but when we left Polly at her dorm in her university, the question had never been asked. Mom and I were fine with that. Whatever was to happen had to be hers to begin.

Time marches on and I have to say we were and are still very happy together. Molly, Mom and I have this three way love that we're very happy with -- not quite a marriage with Molly, but the next closest thing. It has been odd having the children out on their own and the house so empty in some ways. On the positive side, having the house to ourselves most of the time has made us more intimate -- both physically, emotionally and spiritually, especially Mom and I.

At the time I end this part of our story, we'd just celebrated our twentieth anniversary. Mom, in her early sixties, still looked as beautiful as she did that first Christmas, when we were first abandoned conventional morality and became soul-mates and with each passing year, we grow closer in love and lust with each other.

Perhaps I will come to share more of our lives. A few meagre chapters of our life cannot begin to tell the story that is the love that this mother and son share. And take comfort in that ours is not the only story -- it is only that perhaps it is not my place to tell it.

## Chapter 11: The Next Generation

It didn't take the sidelong glances and surreptitious stares of the other diners in the restaurant to cue me in that I was sharing a table with the sexiest and loveliest woman in the establishment. The fact that I had known the woman all my life didn't inure me of the fact either nor did the fact that the woman was my mother deter me from possessing such lustful desires for her. The truth is, I have always loved my mother more than anyone else and especially since puberty clued me in that love has many facets. I didn't only love Mom, I was in love with Mom.

Mom radiated such intense sexuality, it was a wonder that anyone could gaze at her long without going blind. Thankfully, instead of striking me sightless, her sheer carnality just fueled my longing for her. My heart beat wildly as I watched her sitting across from me, toying with her pasta, her brilliant green eyes seeming to peer into my soul as she coyly smiled at me.

For our evening out, Mom had chosen a strapless black dress with a plunging neckline that exposed much of her heavy, but still firm breasts and put her lovely shoulders on display. After years of wearing her black hair long, Mom had recently cut it much shorter, reminding me of that actress in "Ghost" from years ago. Out of sight underneath the table, but nevertheless on my mind was the short hem of her dress -- when standing, it ended at mid thigh showing off her lovely legs -- her outfit made complete by the three inch stilettos on her dainty feet. Mom was a voluptuous package in a skimpy dress and it thrilled me that she had chosen it for tonight...an intimate dinner with her son.

Mom smiled at me and then said softly in her lilting Tennessee accent, "You're awfully quiet tonight, sugar. Penny for your thoughts?"

I shrugged my shoulders -- an expression I had often been informed was exactly like my dad's and replied, "Just amazed that I'm the one sitting here with such a beautiful woman, Mom." I paused and said, "I can't begin to imagine how I got so lucky."

Mom blushed a little and said, "Well, thank you, Tommy...you're a silver tongued devil just like your daddy." It was hard to tell in the dim light of the Italian restaurant, but it seemed liked the blush was spreading down to her neck and exposed upper chest. There was a little wobble in her breasts as she seemed to breathe a little faster. "You know, son...you could call me Molly now. You're eighteen...we're both grown-ups." Mom gave me a speculative look as she said the last few words."

I nodded and said, "Molly...I guess I could get used to that, but...even when I call you that, in my heart, I would always mean Mom. Whatever else may be...you'll always be Mom to me."

That seemed to please my mother and she nodded. "I know...you have my blessing to call me Molly whenever you want, but I like hearing you call me Mom. I'll be honest, sugar -- I like the way you say it...I always have." She reached out and took my hand and squeezed it gently. "Speaking of whatever else may be...I reckon there's a few things we really need to talk about, isn't there?"

"Yes," I replied in almost a whisper -- my mouth suddenly dry and my heart beating even faster.

Mom smiled at me and said, "Well, you're eighteen now...you're no fool. You know how things are with me and your Dad and Mom-Carrie. How they were with Mom-Deb and Mom-Carrie and your Dad and me. We've talked many times over the years about what might happen when you became a man. You've never asked about the possibilities, but I know you have feelings for me...feelings beyond what's traditional between a mother and son."

My mother's face was definitely on fire now...for such a sexual woman, I was almost amazed that Mom seemed to be embarrassed. She plunged on, her fingers wrapped so tightly around mine that it was almost painful.

"When...when you asked me out to dinner...asked me to go on a date with you, I knew that finally the time had come. You're eighteen, Tommy. You're a man now. You and I can finally talk about it."

I had a funny grin on my face and in a raspy voice said, "Talk about what, Mom?"

Mom barked a short laugh and said, "Don't you dare play coy with me, Matthew Thomas Hamilton. We're going to talk about us becoming lovers!" Mom's eyes were almost alit with green fire...denoting the carnal passion that I had only seen her have for Dad and Mom-Carrie and in my distant memory, Mom-Deb.

I shook my head slowly and said, "No, Mom...I didn't ask you here to talk about becoming lovers."

Mom's eyes went wide and she gasped. I felt her fingers loosen around mine and she began to sit back in her chair, but I tightened my grip on her hand

even as she replied in a very quiet and shocked voice, "You...Tommy, you don't want to be my lover?"

Never letting go of her hand, I slipped out of my chair and moved to her side, dropping to one knee as I did so. With my free hand, I reached into my jacket pocket and removed a small box, flicking it open as I raised it and replied, "I don't want to just be your lover, Mom, I want to marry you."

I kissed Mom's hand and extended the engagement ring in the box.  
"Mom...Molly Cash Hamilton, will you please marry me?"

Mom was speechless, one hand clapped against her mouth, eyes wide open in stunned amazement. I let her hand slip free so that I could pluck the ring out of its container...the square cut diamond sparkling magically off the flickering light of the candle on our table. I took Mom's left hand and placed the ring at the tip of her ring finger and looked back up at my mother.  
"Marry me, Mom. Be my wife and make me your husband...lovers and husband and wife forever."

Tears were running down Mom's face and for a moment I thought she would refuse, but then she nodded furiously and replied, "Oh yes, sugar! I love you so much, son! Yes, Tommy, I'll marry you!"

As I slid the ring onto Mom's finger, applause spread from throughout the room -- some of the closest diners applauding with somewhat confused expressions over the mix of the words 'Mom' and 'son' amidst my proposal and Mom's acceptance. I really didn't care and paid little attention to the world around me as I rose back up and Mom stood up and flung herself against me, her arms flying around my neck as she almost climbed up my taller form and pressed her body against mine even as she pressed her lips against mine.

I was in heaven as for the first time in our lives, my mother kissed me as a man and not a child, her lips open as her tongue slipped into my mouth and sought out my own tongue! Mom tasted delicious, her mouth wet and electric as we kissed as only two people in love could kiss. The loving French kiss seemed to last forever and I felt dizzy and breathless when it ended and Mom whispered, "I can't believe you proposed to me, sugar!" She giggled and added, "And on our first date!"

I hugged Mom's body tight against my own, relishing the feel of her large breasts against my chest...even through her dress and my shirt and jacket, I



could feel the aroused beating of her heart. "I want you, Mom...I want to love you and be with you forever and I don't want to waste a moment!"

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Okay, I am sure that many of you reading this are rolling your eyes and thinking that this is just another "Wham-Bam, Hey Mom wanna fuck? Sure do, Son, fuck me blind," story and I suppose in a sense it is, but the truth is that there was always a sense of inevitability that Mom and I would become lovers. If you know the story of my Dad and his mother and my mom and the whole Hamilton clan, well...you know I can honestly make the claim that incest is in my blood and that incest was always my destiny.

Call me Tommy...it is the name I prefer...my great grandfather's name...or my grandfather's name depending on your point of view. I am the son of Molly, Deb and John Hamilton. Molly was my birth mother and for about eight glorious years was married to my Mom-Deb before she passed away. John was Deb's niece and Mom's lover going back to college. Well, Dad was Mom-Deb's lover too and Dad is married to Carrie Hamilton, his wife and mother. Yeah, it gets complicated. To add to the confusion, Dad and Mom-Carrie also have a daughter...my half-sister, Polly.

Before we go any further, let's just drag out the controversial word...INCEST! You could say my family are experts in incest. Mom-Carrie says it just comes naturally to us -- that it's in our blood. See, Great-grandpa Tom and his mother, Polly were lovers. Mom-Deb and Mom-Carrie were lovers with Great-grandpa Tom and with each other when they were teenagers. Dad and Mom-Carrie resumed the family tradition when Dad was in college which was how Mom-Carrie and Mom-Molly met and became lovers and then through Dad and Mom-Carrie, Mom-Molly met Mom-Deb and they fell in love and got married. Mom-Carrie married her son, John (my Dad), a few months later. Within the year, I was born -- the son of Dad and Mom-Molly and Dad and his mom had a daughter, Polly, my half sister.

All my Moms and Dad set Polly and me down when we were twelve and explained our family...history and tendencies to us. It kinda amused me and I think it freaked Polly out a little until Dad and Mom-Carrie assured her that she wasn't obligated to carry on the family tradition. As for me, I wasn't freaked out one bit...it just sort of reaffirmed my feelings and desires. I knew even then as I dealt with the onslaught of puberty that I didn't just love my mother, I was in LOVE with her.

Maybe it was the fact that losing Mom-Deb when I was eight had driven us closer together...maybe it was my Hamilton blood rising to the surface, but

even at twelve, I was already attracted to my mother and already wondered when I would be able to take my place alongside the adults in their lovemaking. Now, to be honest, neither Mom or Mom-Carrie or Dad ever even suggested such a thing...in fact they never brought it up. Nevertheless, I was thinking about it constantly and inadvertently or not, my parents (all three of them) helped fuel my fantasies and desires.

I do want to be clear. Mom and Dad and Mom-Carrie weren't intentionally screwing in front of me and my sister, but they were passionate, lustful people and throughout my childhood, there were accidents of walking in on two or more of them. I think I've lost count of the number of times I've strolled unexpectedly into the kitchen or pantry to find my mother going down on Mom-Carrie or vice-versa or Mom or Mom-Carrie sucking Dad's cock.

I don't know how many times I've walked into Mom's bedroom or Dad and Mom-Carrie's bedroom to discover two or more of them having sex. I remember once walking in and seeing Dad slipping it to Mom from behind while she licked Mom-Carrie's pussy. Once I walked in to see Mom-Carrie riding Dad's cock while Mom rode his face -- she and Mom-Carrie kissing each other and playing with each other's huge tits. Most nights growing up, I fell asleep to the sounds of orgasm coming from their rooms...it was a lullaby putting me to sleep. Their moans and cries were as comforting to me as the sound of rain gently falling on the roof.

It was amidst all that that I knew that I wanted to...no, that I was destined to become Mom's lover...no, I wanted to be her husband and lover. I would defy any red-blooded male who has a mother as sexy and beautiful as mine to feel differently. Mom as she entered her forties was drop dead gorgeous. Mom stands five-foot, two inches with a voluptuous figure: 38D-27-38 and legs to die for. She has green eyes and black hair with thin streaks of grey that arrived during the time Mom-Deb was sick, but which have never increased. She radiates sexuality and I've seen her turn the volume up on it and rendered both men and women speechless and near befuddled. When she smiles at you...I mean really smiles at you, your knees go weak and your cock gets instantly hard.

Mom and Mom-Carrie, besides looking like daughter and mother, both share a passion for sexy...sometimes sluttish looking clothes...neither being modest or ashamed to show off their good looks and luscious bodies! Trust me, growing up in our remote home in Eastern Kentucky was better than living in a penthouse with a dozen Victoria's Secret Angels!

Now, there is no doubt that I was sexually attracted to my mom, but it went deeper than that, even though I barely have the words to describe it. Mom

and I were close emotionally...she was my best friend and closest confidant. It often seemed like I could read her moods...her mind almost and she mine, although if she noticed how much I lusted for her, she never let on until our dinner date a week after I turned eighteen. I loved Dad and Mom-Carrie, but Mom was my favorite person to spend time with and I think -- outside of the carnal world, I was her favorite person as well.

Now, I would have declared my love and lust for Mom when I was fifteen...hell, I was ready to propose at fifteen, but my sister Polly counseled me to wait. She had been going through her own struggles dealing with our family nature...both fearing and curious about engaging our parents sexually, but Dad and Mom-Carrie had already informed her that that was something they would only discuss with her when she was eighteen.

"You might as well wait, Tommy," Polly informed me late one night when we'd sneaked out onto the roof between our rooms with a couple of pilfered beers from Dad's supply. "I guess they think they're looking out for us...want us a little more mature before we decide."

I pouted and replied, "I don't see why. I know what I want and three more years won't make a difference."

Polly shrugged and looked down at her feet, her face in shadow beneath her long, blonde tresses. "I don't know either, but it's important to them." She lifted her head, her eyes glittering in the light of the full moon. "They do love us though and want what's best for us."

It's sort of funny to think about it, but even though we were two teenagers with hormones aplenty between us, we didn't fool around with each other. Polly walked her own way and I knew that she was interested in Dad, but unsure if she could or would ever act on it. Polly was a deep thinker...that was the biggest difference between us. My sister liked to examine every possible decision from every possible angle before she committed to anything. Me...I was always the plunger -- jumping in without a second thought. Patience wasn't my best virtue.

Waiting to turn eighteen was to say the least, frustrating, especially when you consider that in addition to Dad and myself, I lived with two very sexual women and a lovely teenaged girl. Mom and Mom-Carrie were as I said, like nearly identical mother and daughter -- both with lovely meaty breasts, voluptuous bodies and great legs. Both exuded raw sex and I think I spent most of my pubescent years with a constant erection. When you add in the sexual nature of my parents and the little accidents and the every night

sounds of orgasmic passion echoing everywhere -- I was either erect, masturbating or recovering from my own climax constantly.

I would have probably gone insane if I hadn't found a diversion in work. I was about thirteen when I discovered that I enjoyed and had a talent for yard work...something that expanded from mowing yards to actual landscaping by the time I was sixteen. I worked as much as I could -- sparing time only for sleep, school, homework and baseball. I worked so much that Mom-Carrie worried that I had inherited traits from Dad's late father who had helped push Mom-Carrie into her son's arms with his neglect of her needs in his own single-minded pursuit of work and his hunting and fishing.

I think Dad was a bit worried too, at least until one day when we were coming back from a major league game in Cincinnati when I was sixteen and he decided we had to have a heart to heart talk. "Tommy, your Moms and I are worried that you're working too much," he said after our post game dissection of the Reds' shitty performance had faded away.

"Why, Dad?" I replied. "I keep my grades up and I do my chores at home."

"Yeah," Dad said, nodding his head. "I...we have no complaints there, but son...we worry about you not...well, not getting out and having fun. You don't hang out much with the guys and you hardly ever date." He paused and added, "You don't even spend any of the money you earn. You do know you can cut loose once in a while?"

I shrugged and said, "I'm saving my money for something special, Dad."

My father looked at me curiously and replied, "Like what?"

I wasn't ready to tell him and instead tried to change the subject. "Dad, do you think Mom will ever marry again?"

Dad looked pole-axed and was quiet for a few minutes before he said, "I don't know, Tommy. Molly...your mother still feels married to your Mom-Deb." He waited a few more minutes before he added, "I asked her to join me and uh, Mom-Carrie...to at least take a vow of marriage. In some ways, we are married already, I guess." He actually seemed a bit embarrassed to discuss it. "But, she said no...that things are fine the way they are."

I plunged deeper, asking questions for the first time since my parents had revealed to me and Polly the true nature of everyone's relationship. "Did...do you ever regret marrying your mother, Dad?"

My father grunted and then laughed before his face became very serious and he replied, "Becoming Mom's lover and marrying her and making her my wife have been the greatest things I've done with the exception of being yours and Polly's father." When I didn't say anything, he realized that he hadn't quite answered my question. "No, son...no regrets about marrying my mother at all...she is simply the great love of my life."

I nodded and said, "I know how you and Mom-Carrie and Mom are, but do you think there might ever be another woman or...." My voice cracked a little as I finished, "Another man in Mom's life?"

Dad looked at me a second and then he smiled as his eyes seemed to express a recognition of a kindred spirit before he said, "I don't know, son...I reckon it would have to be a special woman or a very special young man." He grinned at me and then reached out and squeezed my shoulder.

Nothing else was said for a while. We rode silently down the interstate and once past Lexington, had turned off onto the winding roads that an hour away would see us home. "Dad," I finally said. "Do you know what kind of diamonds Mom likes? You know, like for a ring."

Dad looked at me, surprised again by one of my questions. "Um...I believe she likes what's called a 'princess' cut. Why? You planning to buy your Mom a ring?"

I smiled slyly at Dad and said, "Someday...maybe." I suddenly realized that it was I that was blushing. "Don't tell Mom, please? I want it to be a surprise."

"I won't save a word, Tommy...I promise," replied my father. He then added, "You know, those can get quite expensive...if you need a little money...."

I shook my head and said, "No...I'm good, Dad. I've been saving my money for years."

Dad looked at me with a look of pride and astonishment before he began to laugh. I laughed along with him and never felt closer to him. If ever there was moment where we knew we were so alike, it was then.

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Mom couldn't take her eyes off her ring all the long drive home, admiring the way it glittered in the greenish light of the dashboard. She was curled up beside me on the bench seat of her old station wagon, her right hand resting lightly on my upper leg, distractingly close to the bulge that seemed ever present in my pants.

"Tommy, darling...I can't get over this," Mom said softly. She looked up at me in the dim light of the car and as her fingers squeezed my leg, continued with, "I knew that there was something between us and I thought you might want to be your momma's lover, but...Lord, sugar, I never expected this! How long have you been planning this?"

I shrugged and replied, "Sometimes, it seems all my life, Mom, I've always loved you and it seems like forever that I've been in love with you."

Mom nodded and grew silent for the rest of the trip, resting her head on my shoulder as I drove, still looking at her ring on her left hand while her right hand gently caressed my leg.

Once home, I got out and opened the door for Mom. In the light of a full moon, I got a heart-stopping glance at Mom's upper thighs as she swung her legs out of the car, offering a teasing glimpse at her black panties. Aside from the porch light, the house was dark and quiet, although the quiet was pierced once by a loud moan through an open upper window. I smiled as I helped Mom out of the car, knowing that Dad was pleasuring his mother, my Mom-Carrie.

Mom came right into my arms and as I closed the car door, maneuvered me back against it, laughing lightly as she said, "Kiss me, Tommy! Kiss your mother here under this beautiful lovers' moon!" I bent down a little even as she seemed to again crawl up my body, her leg wrapped around mine as her breasts slid upward against my shirt. Her lips tasted sweet against mine even as her tongue tasted of wicked promises yet to come, wet and firm as it curled and slid around my tongue.

We held each other tight and I took the liberty for the first time in my life to let my hands roam over her body, sliding over the slinky material of her little

black dress to cup her toned butt cheeks, rubbing and spreading them slightly, gathering up the hem of her dress until her ass was exposed and I could touch her bare skin left bare by her g-string panties. As I caressed her butt, Mom purred approvingly into my mouth.

Her hands left my neck to rub my shoulders and then my upper arms, again purring her appreciation at my biceps, well defined by years of hard work. Then Mom was groping my buttocks, giggling as her tongue explored my mouth and then it was my turn to gasp as for the first time, Mom touched my privates, her hand palming the bulge in my slacks, trying to assess its length and girth. Mom broke the kiss for a moment as she murmured, "Oh my, sugar, oh my!"

Then we were kissing again. Somehow, one of my hands found it's way to her barely covered breast and with little effort, I freed it without even thinking, cupping Mom's meaty and still firm breast in my hand as my thumb flicked over her dime sized and elongated nipple, feeling rubbery and hard in her arousal.

We continued to kiss and although I don't really remember the journey, somehow we managed to walk from the car, up the steps and onto the front porch, finally reaching an old porch sofa. Mom was curled up against me, half in my lap as we continued to kiss and touch each other. We seemed to be lost in each other as our tongues danced merrily and our fingers slowly, almost cautiously explored each others body.

I confess not a lot of experience...oh, I had dated several girls in high school and had my share of make-out sessions, but this was much more intense...much more personal and most of all, felt utterly proper and correct. I've liked a lot of girls, but this was the girl...the woman I LOVED! I already knew in my heart that I would never tire of kissing and touching my mother even if we both lived forever.

My hand slid up her upper thigh, sliding down and suddenly I realized that one of us had already removed her panties as my fingers brushed soft, curly hair and then wetness...a lot of wetness. I ran my middle finger along Mom's flowered slit, marveling at how hot and slippery she was. Mom broke the kiss and her hand left my cloth covered cock to intercept my exploring hand as she exclaimed, "Whoa now, sugar! My Lord, Tommy, but you can sweep a girl off her feet."

I laughed and nuzzled Mom's face with my own, stealing a quick kiss before I replied, "Am I moving too fast for you, Mom?"

Mom took a deep breath and shook her head before saying, "I'm not sure. When we left the house this evening, we were just a regular mother and son...now, we're engaged and kissing like soon to be lovers and my son just touched my wet puss for the first time!" She giggled and said, "I always thought I was the fast one, but...son, you have your mother's head just a spinning!"

I leaned in and kissed Mom again, her tongue playfully rolling over mine. I couldn't get over how sweet she seemed to taste. "I'm not sure we've ever been a regular mother and son...not in this family and I've had not so normal feelings for you, Mom, for longer than you might think."

"Yeah, I reckon we are the poster family for incest, aren't we?" Mom said. She pressed her body against mine, her fingers rolling up and down the now aching lump of cock in my slacks. "So, tell me, Tommy, just when did you fall in love with your mother?"

I gave out a long sigh and said, "Wow...I'm not sure, Mom." I considered for a moment and then said, "I was twelve-maybe thirteen and one day you and Mom-Carrie got caught out in the garden by a rainstorm. I watched you two come running up to the house from my bedroom window. I fetched some towels and came down here to the porch and you and Mom-Carrie were soaked to the skin and laughing and I remember you were wearing a red handkerchief top and jean shorts and your hair was plastered to your head and your top was like a second skin around your breasts and you were chilled and your nipples were hard..."

Mom's face seemed to flush under the dim porch light. "Yeah?"

"You and Mom-Carrie were giggling and kissing and in each other's arms and I think you'd just kissed each other when I stepped out on the porch and, Mom, you looked at me and smiled at me with such an expression of love that it almost knocked me down. I remember...I remember that it was one of the first times I ever had a erection."

"And that's when you fell in love with me, son?" Mom asked.

I nodded and replied, "I think so...at least in part." I paused and licked my lips and looked down into Mom's face, her eyes wide with interest and glowing with her love. "It was maybe a few months later and Coach Parker had dropped me off earlier than expected cause our practice got canceled



and I walked into the house and you and Dad were on the sofa and you were...um, naked and on top of Dad, facing me." I paused for a moment, recalling with perfect clarity, Mom riding Dad's cock, her body shiny with sweat, breasts bouncing as she slid up and down his erection, her eyes glazed with lust and pleasure.

I pulled Mom a little closer and continued, "You never stopped fucking Dad, even when you realized that I was in the room, but you gave me that same loving smile and it was like you were happy to see me...happy to see me seeing you like that and you managed to gasp, "I love you, Tommy!" and again, you just about knocked me down, Mom with everything that was just you..."

Mom reached up and kissed me long and hard, her tongue almost supernatural in its ability to arouse me as it whirled about in my mouth. "And then, sugar?"

I felt myself blushing. "I said 'I love you, too' and beat a retreat to my room and I...for the first time I masturbated and shot my first load of spunk...dreaming that it was me, not Dad making love..."

"Fucking me...fucking your mother," Mom said softly and huskily!

I nodded and finally said in barely a whisper. "Yeah, I dreamed that I was fucking you, Mom."

Mom let out a shuddering sigh. "I kinda recall getting caught in the rain with Carrie, but I absolutely remember you catching your father and I fucking that summer day." Mom looked down at where her hand was stroking the outline of my erect penis and then looked up at me and said, "I will always remember the look on your face...the desire...the want that was there. Tommy, that was the day I first realized that maybe...just maybe someday you and I could become what your daddy and his mother are...to share what they have."

We both smiled at each other and then were kissing again, my hand returning to rest between her legs, tentatively stroking her blossoming pussy lips, her juices covering my exploring fingers. When we broke the kiss, I suddenly realized that my cock was now free in the cool night air, Mom's fingers stroking me gently and slowly. "Oh Mom!" I breathed softly.

Mom looked up at me and said, "Some would consider it in poor taste for a woman to leave her date in such a condition after such a wonderful date. I think my son needs some relief!" With practiced ease, Mom slid off my lap and onto the porch floor, squatting between my legs. "Tommy, is it okay if Momma sucks your big, lovely cock?"

I nodded slowly and then somehow managed to mutter, "Oh yes, please, Mom!" Mom gave me her patented sexy and sly grin and then opening her mouth wide, wrapped her lips around the head of my cock, eliciting a tremendous moan from me as her wet, warm mouth and tongue consumed my erection. Slowly and expertly, Mom slid her lips down my shaft, pausing mid-length and rising back up to suck sweetly on my cock head, her eyes never leaving mine.

I felt light-headed as one of my most dreamed about fantasies became true before my eyes. My mother was sucking my cock...the first woman to ever do so and it felt so perfect -- so natural -- so right! Mom again slid her lips down my shaft, this time not stopping until her lips brushed my pubic hairs...the tip of my cock buried deep in her throat. Mom made an approving "Mmmmmm," that sent ecstatic vibrations racing up my hard penis and into the rest of my body, making my muscles almost spasm as I stretched them reflexively.

"Omigod, Mom!" I moaned. "I love you, Mom! I love your mouth...your sweet, hot, cocksucking mouth!" Mom gave me that sly, sexy wink again and slowly retreated, sucking me fiercely as she did, her tongue busily rolling over my shaft before resuming it's wonderful teasing of my swollen knob. I suddenly had a clearer inkling of how precious Dad's love was with Mom-Carrie.

She let me escape from her mouth so that she could show off her dexterous tongue as it rolled over the turgid crown and whisper, "I love your cock, Tommy! I love how it tastes." Mom winked at me again before adding, "And I didn't realize how big you are, sugar! You might be longer and thicker than your daddy!"

Then Mom was gobbling me up again, taking me deep into her mouth, showing off her ease at deep-throating her son...sucking me furiously and making me squirm and moan on the porch sofa. Neither masturbation nor having a date stroke me prepared me for the intensity of the pleasure of my mother sucking my cock and I was stunned at how soon Mom brought me to the edge. One moment I was reveling in the sweet sensation of Mom's warm mouth and her liquid silk tongue and the next, I could feel my spunk rising from my balls and I gasped, "Mom...oh God, Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

I wasn't surprised when Mom refused to release me, but it still filled me with awe to see her look up into my eyes with excitement as she continued to suck me, her cheeks hollowing out and then I was cumming -- no, exploding in my mother's mouth, ejaculating semen so hard and fast that the sensation bordered both pleasure and pain with pleasure triumphing in the end, me whimpering as Mom made noises of appreciation as she gobbled up my hot seed for the first time.

Mom continued to suck my dick even as the flow of my semen tapered off to nothing, her tongue busy on the head of my cock and making me claw the sofa cushions as pleasure unlike anything I had ever experience pulsed through my penis. After an eternity of ecstasy, Mom let me slip from her lips and sat back on her heels, her face glowing with love and lust.

"Oh son!" Mom sighed, her voice thick with lust. "You tasted...oh, Tommy, I love the taste of your sperm. I love you, Tommy...I love you and I love your cock...Mamma loves you so -- so..." Mom's eyes grew incredibly wide and she slapped her hand across her face as if the enormity of what she had done, sucking her son's cock for the first time had overwhelmed her.

I leaned forward and stroked her face with my hand. "Mom, are you okay."

Mom nodded, her hand still covering her mouth as tears ran down her cheeks. Finally in a hoarse whisper, she replied, "Oh god, yes! I love you, Tommy!" She stood up, looking wild and lovely with both of her formidable breasts escaped from the confines of her dress and I could smell her arousal...her wetness which filled me with powerful and primal desires.

I reached for her, but Mom shook her head. "I love you, son. We -- we'll talk in the morning!" She bent down and kissed me, her tongue thrusting into my mouth for a long, lovely moment, me mildly aware that I was tasting myself on my mother's mouth and tongue and then she broke the kiss and gave me one last loving look and whispered, "I love you, Tommy Hamilton!" and hurried inside, leaving me dazed and a bit confused.

I don't know how long I sat there on our front porch, reliving the evening and its strange and wonderful climax. Mom seemed to have loved what she'd done and hadn't acted like I'd done anything wrong, but still had seemed to flee at the last. I wasn't sure what I should do next...follow her up and confront her and make sure she was okay or wait to morning. Thankfully, my pondering of the dilemma was interrupted and resolved by someone else.

"Tommy...honey, are you okay?"

I looked up, half expecting to see Mom, but instead I found Mom-Carrie staring down at me, her face flushed from making love with her son...my Dad. Mom and Mom-Carrie looked a lot alike, the biggest difference these days being Mom-Carrie's silver white hair that framed her face...a glorious mane that hung down below her shoulders and was at the moment tangled and wild, betraying the fact that she had recently risen from bed.

"Yeah, Mom...um, I'm okay." I murmured, trying to look away, but still enough of a male that it was hard to look away from such a voluptuous and lovely woman.

Mom-Carrie eased out the door with two cans...beers from Dad's supply. She offered me one, saying, "Sounds like you could use a drink, honey," as she sat down beside me, her full, lush body wrapped tightly in a short silk bed robe. Mom-Carrie had just turned sixty-two, but except for her silver mane, could have passed for ten or fifteen years younger...maybe more. I felt my cock stir a little at the sight of her meaty breasts straining against her robe, nipples clearly outlined against the thin material. My penis jerked a little in response to her beauty and the scent of sex that rose off of her...her pussy smelling much like Mom's mixed with the aroma of Dad's semen.

Suddenly, I realized that my cock was just hanging out of my slacks and hardening up, rising up to as if studying Mom-Carrie itself. "Oh God, sorry, Mom!" I gasped as I reached down with my free hand to force my cock back into my pants.

My dad's mother reached out with a hand and stopped me. "Oh, Tommy, it's alright. It's not the first time I've seen it." She grinned evilly at me and added, "And to be perfectly honest, there's a nearly identical one upstairs and..." Mom-Carrie squinted down at it, studying it for a moment before continuing, "It looks a lot like your Grandpa Tom's cock too!"

I sort of gawped at Mom-Carrie as she tightened her grip on my arm and pulled it back to reveal my now prominent erection, her fingers lithely sliding down my arm until they were intertwining with my own. "And," she casually announced, "I never object to seeing such a thing of beauty." She raised her beer to me in a sort of salute and like a struck stupid idiot, I followed her example and we both took a drink...me gulping nearly half of mine down.

Silence followed as I looked at her and she looked at me...all of me before she finally said, "Tommy, you should know that you've made your mother happy...very happy."

I gave a shrug and replied, "I don't know. Mom seemed awfully upset after she...she, um, went down on me!"

Mom-Carrie nodded and said, "I think maybe the better word is 'overwhelmed,' honey. It's been a long time since Molly...your mother felt this much love for another person."

At my puzzled look, Mom-Carrie squeezed my hand and said, "Molly loves John and me greatly...like the lovers we all are. In a way, we are all three married, but, Tommy, your mother's great love was always your Mom-Deb." Her voice cracked a little at the mention of my other mother's name...her sister's name. She smiled at me and continued, "Your mother lost a piece of herself when Deb died. What you did tonight brought it back to her. Most people are lucky if they meet their soul-mate. It's incredibly rare to discover that you have another soul-mate...someone who loves you so intimately and so strongly."

I understood that and said hurriedly, "I do love Mom like that...like I love no-one else in the world." I hesitated and then plunged on, "I love Mom like Dad loves you, Mom-Carrie!"

She gave out a strong sigh and grinned at me, lovingly. "I know you do, honey. I could see it in your mother's eyes when she came upstairs a bit ago. Don't worry -- nothing will change, but right now, she just needs a little time to deal with it." Mom-Carrie leaned over, her heavy breasts pressing against my chest and brushing the tip of my now very erect cock, and kissed me chastely on the lips.

She leaned back and studied me. Again, she asked, "Are you okay, Tommy?"

I smiled at my lovely Mom-Carrie and said, "Yeah, I think so."

She smiled back at me and said, "Good, I guess I better get back to bed before this lovely thing of yours leads me into temptation." I groaned as she quickly let go of my hand and wrapped her fingers around my erection. She ducked her head and gave me a little kiss right along the slit of my cock-head, her tongue flicking out to lap up a little of my already pooling precum.

"Oh, God, Mom!" I moaned, my cock still sensitive from my mother's loving attention.

Mom-Carrie giggled and stood up. Grinning like a child caught with her hand in the cookie jar, she said, "Sorry....being a good girl has never been my strong suit. I better scoot along before I piss your mother off something terrible."

It took a moment for me to say anything as I was focusing on not cumming again on the spot. "Wow...does this mean...you and I...like you and Mom and Dad?"

I didn't think I'd made any sense at all, but Mom-Carrie seemed to understand the gist of my question. She shrugged her shoulders, making her heavy breasts roll underneath her robe and replied, "Well, that's really up to you and your mother, Tommy." She wrinkled her nose at me and then winked sexily. "But I sure hope so. I bet your cock would feel wonderful inside me and I'm already wondering what having you and John at the same time would be like!"

She headed for the door, but paused after opening it. Mom-Carrie looked back at me with a more serious expression and said, "I'm happy that you and your mother are ready to take this step now. My only regret in becoming my son's lover and wife is that I waited as long as I did." Dad's mom licked her lips and added, "If I had known exactly how wonderful it was going to be, I'd have fucked my son the second he turned eighteen instead of losing three years of the greatest love a woman could ever know."

She moved into the doorway, but stopped and came back. "One more thing, Tommy. I'm proud of you. You've grown up to be a fine, loving man and our family is all the richer for having you become a greater part of it. I love you, son." She stopped and giggled. "Maybe I should said, 'I love you, grandson!' Damn, this does get complicated, doesn't it?" She laughed and disappeared into the house while I sat there feeling more stunned than before.

I sat and finished my beer, suddenly feeling tired and a bit overwhelmed by the evening myself. I couldn't even recall how I had hoped the evening would go. Finally, I got up and headed on inside. My cock had reduced itself to about half-erect, not quite willing to surrender the hope of more fun and games. As a concession to it, I didn't even bother to tuck it away, assuming I was the only one still up. I walked quietly upstairs, pausing for a moment outside Mom's door and wondering if I should go in. In the end, I decided not to push things and made my way down to my own bedroom.

I closed the door behind me and turned on the light only to jump two feet straight up as I heard, "So, what the hell, Thomas? Did you fuck both our moms tonight?"

I took a deep breath and turned around to find my sister sitting on the window ledge, looking as lovely as Mom and Mom-Carrie in a light blue jersey cloth nightshirt that ended somewhere around mid-thigh. Her long, blonde hair hung down her back, gleaming as if it had been brushed a thousand times. Blonde hair aside, Polly was a taller and slimmer version of her mother -- incredible tanned legs and huge, firm breasts that were proudly molded around her nightshirt. Not for the first time did I notice that her nipples looked just like her Mom's. "Jeezus, Sis...you fucking scared me and no...I didn't fuck my Mom or yours."

Polly smirked at me and replied, "Well something happened, Tommy. I could hear you moaning from my room and Mom came up stairs humming happily like she'd just been fucked by Daddy." She paused and said, "Did you propose to Molly tonight?"

I gave her a broad smile and nodded. My sister gave me a funny look -- something akin to a mixture of fear and envy. "Well? What happened?" Polly growled, leaning forward and making her heavy breasts strain against her night shirt.

I let out a long sigh and said, "Mom said yes! We'll be lovers and husband and wife...I'm not sure when, but she said yes."

"And all the moaning a while ago?" My sister grinned and then did a passably imitation of my voice, "Oh God, Mom...I'm gonna cum, Mom!" Polly laughed and said, "What was up with that? I mean, someone's been busy tonight...or something." She looked down at my semi-erect cock with an amused look.

I felt both proud and embarrassed as I replied, "Um...Mom gave me my first blowjob." I thought about it for a moment. "It was freaking awesome!"

Polly stared at me for a time, her eyes filled again with both fear and envy, her large breasts heaving up and down under her night shirt. "So...wow. You and your Mom, huh? Another Hamilton family incest love story."

My sister ran her hand through her hair and with a funny look on her face, added, "I'm happy for you, Tommy. You've always known what you wanted and now your dreams are coming true." Polly stood up and came over and gave me a hug, making her the third lovely and sexy woman tonight to press her luscious body against me. My penis, already at about half mast, twitched and rose up in response, pressing into Polly's lower stomach and attracting her attention.

Polly broke free of our embrace and stepped back. "Settle down there, tiger. Maybe you should holster that weapon!" she said as she again eyed my cock, now both amused and interested.

I sighed and reached down and tucked it away. "I can't help it...all you damn hot Hamilton women." Polly laughed and I looked at her and said, "Y'know, they say most cases of incest are between brothers and sisters."

Polly rolled her eyes and returned to her seat on the window sill. "Yeah, well even if I gave into the temptation, you want your first to be your Mom and Molly deserves that." She paused for a moment, a distant look in her eyes and said, "And so do you, brother. You've been in love with your mom since before your thing started getting hard."

Whatever sexual tension had been stirred up between my sister and myself dissipated in the silence that followed. Only about three months separated us in age and we had never kept secrets from each other. I had shared my feelings about Mom with Polly for what seemed nearly forever. We had never tried to explore the possibilities between us over the years...sure we had our 'show me yours and I'll show you mine' moments and I'll be honest and say that it was Polly who taught me how to French kiss a girl, but we both had always known that I wanted my mother and that Polly, well...

"And you, Polly...have you made up your mind about...?"

"Daddy and me?" Polly's face went beet red. "No...God, I think about it all the time and the thought of Daddy and me being lovers makes me wet and scared and pissed off, all at the same time."

I sighed and shook my head. Maybe it was the difference between being male and female. I had never had any reservations about wanting my mother and once I fully realized that I did want to be completely intimate with Mom, the only thing that had held me back was Polly's counsel to wait until I was eighteen...an adult.



On the other hand, since Polly and I had been told the truth about our family, she had struggled with whether or not she wanted to become intimate with Dad. I knew she loved him and I knew that she was attracted to him...that she fantasized often about Dad and about Mom and Mom-Carrie, but there was a part of her that held back. I wasn't sure if it was some sort of hang-up over incest itself or if it was part of that stubborn streak that Polly had that argued that she didn't really have a choice about it. For the last few years, she'd confided in me often, detailing her feelings that had her ready to tear her clothes off and go fuck Dad blind or to never, ever contemplate the possibility of joining our family's sexual activities.

"I suppose that you and your Mom becoming lovers means you and my mom will become lovers too?" Polly said, snapping me out of my reverie.

I shrugged and replied, "I don't know...maybe. I think that Mom and I need to make that decision together. I know...I don't want to make Mom stop being intimate with Dad or your mom." I grinned, unable to resist the brotherly teasing opportunity and added, "Mom-Carrie told me she was very open to the possibility."

Polly rolled her eyes and gave an amused and yet bitter laugh. "God! Mom can be such a slut." She eyed my crotch where my still mostly erect cock bulged prominently. "Did she suck your cock tonight too!"

I shook my head and replied, "No, but she did tell me how much it resembled Dad's and Grandpa Tom's...and she gave it a little kiss."

Polly's jaw dropped and she had a look of exasperation even as she also seemed to become a little aroused, her prominent nipples swelling against the thin cotton of her night shirt. Finally, she just laughed and then swung her long shapely legs around to climb out the window. "Goodnight, big brother. Get some rest. With our nympho moms, I suppose you're going to need it."

She was out the window before I could tell her good night, but she returned, leaning her head in and accidentally allowing the neck of her night shirt to gape open and reveal most of her large tits as she said, "I am happy for you, Tommy and for what its worth, I think you and Molly will be as happy as Daddy and Mom! She blew me a kiss and said, "I love you, brother," and then was gone. I heard her bedroom window slide shut a few moments later.

I stood there for a moment, my mind in a whirl. Finally, I shucked off my clothes and dropped into bed, giving my erection a few sympathy strokes as I thought about Mom and Mom-Carrie and even my sister. In the end, I decided not to jack off. I had no idea of what tomorrow would bring, but I suspected that my masturbating days were at an end. It was with that thought that I drifted off to sleep, a slight smile on my face.

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I came down to breakfast the next morning to find Dad examining Mom's new engagement ring, the two of them sitting at the old, scarred kitchen table that dated back to my great-great grandmother Polly...my sister's namesake. Mom was grinning from ear to ear, her face a bit red from embarrassment as Dad looked up at me and after whistling, said, "That's quite a pretty rock. How the hell did you afford it?"

I flexed my arm, swelling the muscle up and said, "Hard work and sweat. That's the last three years of mowing yards and planting trees and bushes and all that other stuff." Mom's eyes grew wide and I knew the objection that she was about to voice and I rushed to her side and kissed her hard on the mouth, smothering whatever she had been about to say. To my delight, she acquiesced to my kiss, parting her lips and sucking my tongue into her mouth. When the kiss ended a minute or two later, I added breathlessly, "And I didn't touch a single drop of my college fund!"

Mom's eyes grew wider and seemed to moisten as she gasped, "I love you so much, son!" She threw her arms around me and hugged me tight to her and I felt my cock quickly harden as I realized that under her yellow and flowery sundress, she wasn't wearing a bra and from what my hand on her butt cheek could tell, at most, another thong bikini.

It took a few moments, but I finally remembered that there were other people in the room. Mom told me to take a seat and I did after accepting a handshake and hug from Dad who was looking at me oddly...an expression that seemed proud and curious and even a little sad all at the same time.

"Everything okay, Dad?" I said, unsure of that strange expression.

Dad sighed and nodded. "Someday, you'll look at your own children, Tommy, and suddenly wonder, 'When the hell did they grow up and what the hell did we do that allowed them to turn out so right?'" He continued looking at me with the same odd expression and said softly, "I'm proud of you, son."

"We all are," Mom-Carrie said, suddenly at my side, still wearing that same tight fitting robe she'd had the night before and obviously as naked underneath it. She set down a plate loaded with eggs, sausage and grits. "Eat up, Tommy. I suspect you're going to need your strength today." She threw me a wink and then smiled wickedly at Mom.

Mom-Carrie joined us at the table and the four of us talked casually about Mom's and my possible wedding plans. Mom said, "I'd like to get married on the Gulf somewhere...I here there's some nice, quiet places along the Alabama shore." She reached out and took my hand and continued, "Sugar...if it's all right with you, I'd like Reverend Steinbeck to marry us. He's getting up there in years, but I know he'd be thrilled to perform the ceremony."

Dad and his mom both smiled and nodded their heads and although I was a bit slow to pick up on it, it suddenly hit me that Steinbeck was the one who performed Mom's and Mom-Deb's ceremony in Florida so long ago. I brought Mom's hand to my lips and after kissing her fingers, replied, "I think Mom-Deb would approve!"

"When do you think you'd like to have your wedding, Molly?" Mom-Carrie asked.

I looked at Mom and she gave me a shrug and a smile. I grinned and said, "Well, both Polly and I graduate in three weeks. How's about we shoot for the first Saturday in June."

Mom gave a little squeal and suddenly was in my lap, kissing my face and giggling, "Yes, yes, yes!"

Dad laughed and said, "Y'all don't believe in long engagements I guess!" Then he seemed to sober up for a moment and said, "Uh, y'all do plan to go on living here, don't you?"

Mom-Carrie gave him a playful swat on the back of the head and said, "Of course they do...this is their home as much as it ours." Then her smile faded and she looked at Mom and me and asked, "Right?"

My mother looked at me with a questioning look and I grinned back and looked at Dad and Mom-Carrie and replied, "Absolutely, there is no where

else that Mom and I want to live." It felt weird and yet sorta cool to be speaking for both Mom and myself...to be the dominant male...kinda sorta.

Dad began clapping while Mom-Carrie got up and came around and first kissed me, her tongue snaking sexily into my mouth and then kissed Mom with equal if not more passion. "Good," she said huskily. "I can't imagine our lives without the people we love the most."

Mom caressed Mom-Carrie's face and said softly, "I don't even want to think about such things, sugar. I...we...love you and John so much."

There were tears in her eyes as she rose then and kissed Mom-Carrie and then my Dad passionately, finally returning to bend over and kiss me long and hard. "Tommy, it's such a beautiful day, I thought you and I might take a long walk after breakfast." Her eyes glowed with a lustful power through her tears.

"I'd love to, Mom!" I replied.

Mom-Carrie turned to Mom and said, "I left Mama-Polly's quilt out on the sofa in the living room, Molly...if you'd like it."

Mom reddened a little and then grinned mischievously and said, "I'd love it." She turned to me and said, "You finish up eating, sugar, while I go get a few things."

She started to leave the room when Mom-Carrie called out to her, "Molly, maybe later we can talk about fixing up Tommy's room after he moves in to your bedroom."

I looked up at Mom-Carrie with a look of confusion. "Fix it up...fix it up into what?"

I saw Mom turn around, looking a little puzzled even as Mom-Carrie gave us all an evil little grin and replied, "Oh, I don't know...a sewing room, or a guest room or maybe a nursery."

Mom's mouth gaped open for a moment while Dad chuckled next to me. Mom took several seconds to gather herself together, her hand going to her

cheek, maybe to feel the heat of her blushing skin before she finally smiled back at us, her eyes focusing on me with such loving intensity that it took my breath away and said, "Oh my!"

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It was a glorious day...one of those that God offered us up in late April before the heat of summer rolled in. Mom and I walked hand in hand along one of the paths that ran in a circular fashion up the hill above the house. Songbirds serenaded us as we strolled along, a mild breeze ruffling Mom's short hair. For a while, we just walked silently, but finally I had to ask, "Are you okay, Mom? Are we okay?"

Mom released my hand, her fingers sliding up my arm as she brushed up against me, resting her head against my chest. "Oh yes, Tommy, I'm just fine. I guess last night...the enormity of what I...we had done just overwhelmed me." She looked up at me, her green eyes filled with passion. "Son, I hadn't felt like I did last night in a long time. As much as I love John and Carrie, I'd forgotten just how intense -- how beautiful true love can be."

We stopped and kissed, Mom's hand on my cheek as our tongues met and danced joyfully in our mouths. When we ended the kiss, I felt a little dizzy and as happy as a person could be. "Wow, I could spend the rest of my life kissing you, Mom," I murmured, holding her close to me. I was wearing a T-shirt and jeans and could feel Mom's heavy breasts under her thin, summer dress. I felt her heart beating powerfully and knew she could feel my heart pounding as well.

"We will, sugar...kissing and so much more. She let me go and took my hand again and stepped forward, looking over her shoulder at me speculatively as she led me on. "C'mon, sugar," she said in a low, lusty tone.

We walked on and up. I knew these paths like the back of my hand and wasn't a bit surprised when we emerged into a bright sun-filled meadow that held our family cemetery. Mom's hand tightened on mine as we passed through the open wrought-iron gate and walked past Mama-Polly's grave and Grandpa Tom's stone, nestled side by side like the lovers they had been. I couldn't help but smile and nod to them as we passed, somehow feeling as if they were aware of us and that they approved.

"Oh, darling..." I heard Mom whisper as we came to Mom-Deb's grave. Tears trickled down her face as she reached out and stroked the smooth edge of the marble marker. I closed with Mom and put my arm around her

shoulder. Mom's mouth moved silently as she sent a prayer up to her lover and partner and first great love. Finally, she wiped her face and looked up at me and said, "Your Mom-Deb would be so proud of you...to see what a wonderful, loving young man you grew up to be." She slipped from my embrace and sat down on top of Mom-Deb's marker facing me.

"Deb and I never talked about the possibilities that you becoming a man might entail, Tommy, but I think she always knew that this might happen...you Hamiltons and your love for family. I wish she could be here for this...to take part." Mom giggled and said, "Deb would have loved to have fucked your brains out!"

I looked around, feeling the mild breeze in my face, offering up fragrances that seemed both familiar and elusive...or perhaps they were just memories. "I think she's here now, Mom...I think maybe all the loving folk in our family that have passed are never far away from us. Maybe it's our love that draws them close to us.

Mom smiled and said, "Yes, love. I feel her around me almost always. I hope she's here right now, because I think there's something about to happen that worth witnessing." Never taking her eyes off me, I watched her slowly pull the hem of her dress up.

"Son, last night...I was the first woman to ever suck your cock, wasn't I?"

I nodded and gave Mom a big smile as I replied, "Yes, and it was wonderful, Mom!"

She smiled naughtily back at me and continued to raise her dress up until I gasped with delight when my mother revealed her pussy to me. Over the last several years, I had made a point whenever the opportunity had arisen to check out Mom's pussy and its appearance. When I had first made my observations, Mom had been completely shaven although later, I noticed that she had begun letting her bush grow, eventually becoming a wild and unruly thing that rivaled the bush of Dad's mother, but for the last year or so, Mom had begun trimming her pussy hair into a groomed 'V' shape pointing towards her beautiful cunt.

Mom spread her thighs, forcing her dress higher and exposing her pussy to the sun. "Mom, you are so beautiful!" I breathed as I instinctively came closer and dropped to my knees, a bit awkward as my cock, already semi-erect, now swelled at being so near the place of my birth. Her pussy

lips...labia were swollen and almost a dark pink in their arousal, spread wide in sexual blossom and glistening with wetness.

"Your Mom-Deb always said to never have a man that can't or won't make you cum with his mouth," Mom said softly. "Have you ever licked a pussy before, Tommy?" When I dumbly shook my head no, Mom sighed and said, "Would you like to lick Mommy's pussy, son?"

"Oh yeah," I almost yelled. I moved forward on my knees a little and could smell Mom's juices...her wet and aroused cock -- her aroma making my cock throb in response, her pungent scent impacting me on all conscious and unconscious levels.

I eased forward, my hands coming to rest on Mom's thighs which I spread a little wider, marveling at how juicy and wet and lovely, her cunt was. The world seemed to grow silent except for Mom's increasingly heavy breaths and the sound of my pounding heart. "So beautiful, Mom," I said softly, my face scant inches from her pussy.

On impulse, I pursed my lips and blew air across her quivering flesh and Mom gasped and her thighs convulsed under my hands and her pussy seemed to spasm and a jet of hot liquid shot out and splattered across my face. Mom sobbed, "Oh God!" and before I could react, I was hit by another spray of hot juices.

I don't know how I knew, but I immediately comprehended that Mom had just doused me with her pussy juices. I let them run down my face and into my mouth while my cock nearly exploded as I tasted Mom's pussy. "S-sorry, son," Mom moaned. "I am so...so turned on right now."

I glanced upwards and was enchanted by my mother's face, her lower lip quivering and her eyes wild with excitement and arousal. "I love it, Mom," I said enthusiastically. "I love how you taste!" And to prove it, I abruptly mashed my face against her pussy, marveling at the sudden sensation of wet, silky heat and the intensity of her taste as I slathered my tongue wildly up and down Mom's cunt.

Mom's entire body seemed to galvanize, her legs becoming spastic and then rising up and dropping down over my shoulders as her thighs clamped down against my ears, soft and slick not quite muffling her cries of pleasure. I felt her hands drop onto my head, fingers twisting into my hair and pulling and holding on for support. For a moment, Mom's entire body seemed to waver back and forth atop Mom-Deb's stone and then contracted around my head and face, hanging on to me as if for dear life. As I licked and sucked at

Mom's delicious pussy, I reached around her and cupped her ass cheeks, stabilizing her and giving me leverage to press my face more firmly between her thighs!

I was like a little kid given leave to just bury his face into his birthday cake and I ate Mom's cunt with the delight and enthusiasm of such an child, rolling my tongue up and down her pussy lips and then spearing it inside her, gobbling her copious juices until their gushing flow threatened to drown me with my mouth and nose buried in the folds of her flesh.

I eased back for a moment, only a few inches, but still drawing a wail from Mom as I gasped for air. I paused only long enough to orientate myself and plunged back in, again, licking and sucking Mom's cunt as she clung to me, but with more of a game plan than initially. I rolled my tongue up Mom's gaping open slit, slathering back and forth over her lips and then at the apex, slowed my licks until I felt my tongue roll over a small swollen protuberance and heard and felt Mom's reaction -- her body convulsing as she squealed in such a way that nearly had me cumming in my jeans. In my mind, I was smiling like the cat that had just eaten the canary. I had found Mom's clitoris.

"OH FUCK YES....TOMMYBABYSONSUGAR...YESSSS!" Mom crooned, as I rolled my tongue gently around and over her clit. I felt another spray of her juices against my lower lip and chin as I lightly and slowly ran my tongue over her swollen penis-like appendage. I repeated the action and felt her roll her pelvis against my face. I withdrew my tongue and as careful as I could, pursed my lips around her clitoris and just held it in place and Mom stiffened as if hit by a bolt of electricity, baying like a bitch hound maddened by lust. I was fairly sure Dad and Mom-Carrie could hear her back at the house.

I felt Mom's hands drop away from my head only to begin clawing at my shoulders while her heels drummed helplessly against my back as she plunged into an intense orgasm. Leaving one hand cupping her butt, I worked my other hand back in close and ran my middle finger along her slit, slightly tilting my head down to give it room to work. After a short reconnaissance, I plunged my finger into my mother and turned my wrist, a memory of advice for fingering a girl that Polly had offered a while back fixed in my mind.

"Gently stir your finger around, rotate your wrist and then carefully probe the front upper wall of the girl's pussy until you find her special spot," Polly had instructed me as matter of factly as if she'd been giving me instructions on baking a cake.



I recalled listening to her eagerly and asking, "How will I know when I've found her special spot?"

My sister had grinned at me and replied, "Trust me, Tommy...you'll know."

Polly, gold bless her, had been right. Inside Mom's oven hot pussy, I had turned my wrist over and my finger was gently stroking and probing when suddenly Mom began to scream and bark hysterically, trying to buck against my face and finger and then as I massaged her G-spot, I began to softly suck on her clit, she went insane with pleasure.

"FUCKFUCKFUCK! LOVE YES, LOVE FINGERS AND SUCK ME MAKE ME CUMMMMMMM, TOMMMMMMYYYY" Mom shrieked as I felt her juices gushing everywhere as she began to orgasm. I again glanced up and her face was a painting of pure lust and ecstasy, drooling as her eyes rolled madly and she screamed, "LOVE ME FUCK ME SUGARSON! MAKE ME CUMMM CUMMM LIKE FUCK LIKE DEB USED TOOOOO!"

Mom suddenly went limp as if she'd passed out and she pitched forward into my arms, her weight driving us down and I kicked out so we landed stretched out, me flat on my back and Mom on top of me. For a few seconds, I thought something might be wrong with my mother, but then her eyes focused and she let out a cry of, "I love you, son!" and she was clinging to me and kissing me, not minding her own juices and the kisses themselves became a mixture of kisses, licks and nuzzles until both our faces were smeared and sticky with Mom's pussy cream. I discovered that tasting Mom's own juices from her mouth was an incredibly arousing experience.

We lay there for a long time, not saying anything, but simply looking into each other's eyes, whether we were kissing or not. When I finally began to speak, Mom placed her fingers over my mouth and shook her head.

Another minute or two passed and Mom said in a very quiet and subdued voice. "I've known and experienced a lot of pleasure in my life, son...done so many things with so many people, especially Deb and Carrie and your daddy. I can't tell you how many times I've watched John and his mother make love or fuck like demons and I always wondered if the pleasure, the sheer ecstasy that they experienced was greater than my own because they were mother and son. I thought that I'd never know anything greater than your Mom's Deb's tongue and touch or maybe your daddy's cock, but..."

Mom began to cry softly and I wasn't sure what to do, but I hugged her tight until she finally said, "Tommy, I haven't even felt you and that big cock

inside me yet, but just having you in my mouth and feeling your mouth and fingers on me...it was like something..." Mom's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Like something...holy...like touching God."

Her voice quavered and faded and I lifted my head and kissed her gently. "Oh, Mom...I love you!"

She nodded vigorously and kissed me back. "I love you, Tommy...more than anything." She stroked my cheek and then dropped her hand down to slide it under my T-shirt so she was touching my chest. "I get it now, son...how special and rare this is. Your flesh and my flesh, being the same flesh...sharing life and love and in becoming one again, becoming something...divine and precious." She paused and smiled at me. "Sorry, preacher's habit of sermonizing, but what I'm saying, son, is I love you and I thank you for opening up this world for me...for us and that I will pray everyday that it never ends."

She kissed me again, a slow, languorous kiss, our tongues merging to move as one, tasting and savoring each other. When it ended, Mom's face was flushed again and she grinned evilly at me and said, "And we haven't even fucked each other yet...I'm not sure my heart will take it!"

My cock throbbed beneath her at her teasing words and I whispered, "I'm willing to chance it if you are, Mom!"

Mom purred and sat up atop me and with a quick, violent motion, flung her dress up and over her head, leaving her naked. "I think I've been waiting all my life for this moment, son!" she said, standing up now, her legs straddling me and her pussy wet and dripping above me. "Get yourself naked, Tommy...do it now!"

Mom stepped away from me and retrieved the quilt Mom-Carrie had left for her. She unfurled it and laid it out on the grass in front of Mom-Deb's grave. Her eyes were on me and I stripped off my pussy soaked T-shirt and undid my jeans, making a small, plaintive noise that made my blood race as my cock sprang free, purplish and angry with need.

Tearing her eyes away from my now naked body, Mom turned around in a circle, saying loudly, "Listen up all you Hamilton ghosts and spirits. A Hamilton son is about to lose his virginity to his mother...gather round and enjoy and give us your blessing that we might be the happiest incestuous couple in our family's history!"

The breeze picked up and ruffled Mom's short locks and the surrounding trees rustled as if letting us know our ancestors' reply and affirmation of their presence. Mom seemed to sense this as I did and got a slightly funny look on her face as she went to her knees and looked at Mom-Deb's final resting place. She held out her hand and said in a voice brimming with lust, "Fuck me son. Lay down with me here and made love to your mother!"

As I took Mom's hand, she lay back and pulling me to her, spreading her legs wide until I was lying between her thighs, me pausing as the head of my cock seemed to find her pussy naturally and I felt her wet, hot flesh clasp it. "Mom..." I whispered as it was my turn to be overwhelmed by the enormity of the moment. My entire existence seemed to funnel down to this moment and I felt the sure rightness...the absolute correctness of the moment like destiny would have it no other way.

"Mom..." I began again. "Are you ready for me, Mom?"

My mother lay beneath me, her entire body seeming to vibrate in anticipation. A thin sheen of sweat seemed to break out all across her body even as it appeared on me. I felt hot and anxious and Mom scarcely murmured, "I'm your's, son...I've waited all my life for this moment, now fuck me, Tommy!" before I was dropping onto her and into her, feeling for the first time the sweet heat of a woman's cunt sheathing my cock in her steaming wet and silky embrace.

The moment was electric and I immediately understood what Mom had meant about the holiness of the moment. I felt embraced by God...all perceptions seared by the incredible rightness and carnality of the moment. I knew that Mom and I had no choice but to become lovers...to become man and wife. Our incestuous union was...perfect and utter sexual and spiritual bliss!

Mom met my thrust with an upward movement of her own and though her pussy felt tight around my cock, I slipped effortlessly into her until my cock bumped into something fleshy and solid even as my pubic hair ground against her outer folds. The moment was electric as we both seemed to convulse from bolts of intense sexual power, grinding us into each other even more. Mom's legs wrapped around my lower back and she was clawing my shoulders again, pulling me into her even as her mouth found mine to muffle her cries of ecstasy and my moans of carnal pleasure, which exploded into a volcano of exquisite joy as I found myself unable to stop from cumming!

As I flooded my mother's pussy with hot semen, it seemed to trigger her orgasm, easily more powerful than the one I had given her with my mouth and tongue and for a few short moments, we merged into one pure being composed of incestuous love, fused together with passion and lust. I had nothing comparable to understand the beauty of the moment. Masturbation and a few hurried hand-jobs from high school sweethearts were not even on the same plane of existence of fucking and cumming inside my mother.

In the aftermath of our mutual orgasm, we were both reduced to tears and breathy exclamations of "I love you," between gasps for precious air and kisses that helped rekindle those delicious, almost indescribable moments of incestuous ecstasy!

We lay there together for I don't know how long, our bodies slick with sweat, faces wet with tears, not sure whether we should laugh or cry, but both desiring to savor the moment for as long as possible. When finally, I had the strength and sensibility, I began to move, but Mom moaned plaintively and as she tightened both arms and legs around me, whimpered, "No...don't."

I smiled at Mom and kissed her again. "I'm not leaving you, Mom," I said in a husky voice. "I'm still hard and I'm going to fuck you, Mom!"

Mom gave a little half cry-half laugh and said, "Yessssss! Fuck me, son. Fuck your mother like she needs to be fucked!" She tightened her grip on me, creating tension that my body used to move just enough to slide my cock perhaps half way out of her molten pussy and then drive forward hard and fast, making my mother cry out with pleasure.

Mom's pussy seemed to tighten around my cock like a velvety vise, squeezing me even as I slowly withdrew halfway out of her and then plunged forward again, this time, making Mom gasp as if I had driven the air from her body. Her entire body seemed to flex and roll under me, burying my cock a bit more minutely inside her. Mom's arms were around my neck and she pulled me in for a kiss as I slid partly out of her again and then as our tongues curled around each other, she cried out in her passion into my mouth, her eyes widening with intense pleasure.

I continued to withdraw slowly and then thrust quickly into Mom's pussy, almost subconsciously monitoring her reactions as I would shift my hips slightly, changing the angle of my thrusts to seem what seemed to offer Mom the most pleasure. Gradually both withdrawals and thrusts became quicker and then I heard our bodies slapping together wetly as we both became sweaty with our efforts, punctuated by Mom's grunts and groans as I began to fuck her frantically.

I was in heaven, totally lost in the feel of my hard and aching cock in my mother's tight and so wet and slick cunt, loving how it felt as it pulsed around my erection, kissing and massaging it of its own volition even as Mom and I kissed. Mom broke the kiss to offer up brief barks of screaming pleasure as I sort of lost control and began fucking her wildly, feeling pleased at how expertly I was making love to my mother until suddenly I slipped out of her, my cock sliding up along her lower belly, leaving a trail of semen and pussy juice over her pale, flawless skin.

Mom laughed and said, "Careful there, son! Momma doesn't want a moment to go by when her son's hard cock ain't buried inside her!" She flexed her body and twisted her hips and then somehow, her pussy had me in its grasp again and I was again deep inside her fiery hot vagina. She felt even slicker and tighter than before and again, I was fucking my mother like a madman as she wailed and writhed underneath me.

We kissed and touched each other -- Mom's feet feeling so delicious as they slid back and forth over my butt cheeks or over my bulging calf muscles while her thighs seemed locked like soft vises against my hips. Mom's hard, rubbery nipples slid back and forth against my sweat-slick chest -- so swollen were the blood engorged nobs, I could feel her pulse racing through them.

Each kiss brought her tongue to mine -- both intertwining like small serpents making love, conveying her taste and her arousal through her saliva...between dances of our tongues, we would suck each other's tongue as her motherly pussy accepted her son's cock.

The warm sun beat down on us, adding its heat to our own carnal fires until I thought that our incestuous love and lust for each other would cause us to simply burst into flame...our mortal bodies unable to contain such intense desires. I fucked Mom through orgasm and then another, marveling at the heat and wetness that existed between her legs...a testimony to her own incestuous desires and then as Mom gasped and moaned under my never ceasing motherfucking, I felt at last my own climax approaching.

My earlier orgasm had been born of the sheer wonder and amazement of finally returning to my mother's womb, but now, my need to cum was fueled by many needs -- perhaps the most overwhelming of all was that of offering my baby-making seed to my soul-mate...my mother. I fucked Mom all the harder, relishing her cries of carnal delight as I thrust deep and hard again and again. "C-cummming, Mom!" I growled. "I want to fuck you and cum in you and make you cum and fill you up and make babies with you!" I howled as I fucked Mom more furiously than I would have ever thought possible.

Mom's eyes were fiery with a wild and supernatural lust and she gave me a sneering grin as she flung her hips upwards to meet my thrusts into her pussy, her legs sliding up to wrap more tightly around me. "FUCK MOM! FUCK MOM HARD! KNOCK ME UP, SON! FEEL ME WITH YOUR HOT JIZZ AND MAKE ME...OH GODDDDDDD! FUCK ME, TOMMY! FUCK MOMMMMMMMYYYYY FOREVERRRRRR!"

And I drove deep into Mom's pussy, grinding myself against her crotch as I felt the dams break and a flood of hot semen barreled out of my cock to drown Mom's womb with hot, incestuous sperm and we were both howling and screaming our love and lust for each other as we both began to orgasm!

We were lost in each other's bodies and in each other's souls -- the material world seemed to fade away, leaving us and our incestuous love for each other as the only things that existed...we became the universe and it was lovely and carnal and a thing of ecstasy that would never burn out...never extinguish...love that was eternal and immortal.

It seemed forever before the world gradually materialized around us...the gradual recognition of the gentle breeze cooling our sweat soaked bodies...the songbirds serenading our great love for each other and for a fleeting moment, the murmurs of approval as if our long gone family members were offering their affirmation of our joining. Mom's eyes grew wide as I am sure mine did as I felt more than heard Mom-Deb's voice whisper in my ear, "Sooo beautiful!"

As our orgasm slowly waned, Mom began to sob, hugging me tight. I joined her, overwhelmed by such intense love that I had never thought could exist, but now wrapped in my mother's embrace I realized that we'd just begun to explore the depths of such a great and powerful love that could exist between a mother and son.

Finally, we regained control of ourselves, happily kissing each other's tears away between passionate kisses. "Well, sugar," Mom finally began in a breathy voice. "I think we've gotten the family seal of approval."

I nodded and replied, "I don't think there was ever any doubt that we would. I just can feel it in my heart...this is what's meant to be."

Mom smiled and kissed me, still holding me tight in her grip, my cock slowly softening inside her pulsating pussy. "I imagine we never had a choice. It's

family tradition." She dropped a hand to the quilt, damp with our passion. "Just like this quilt is a family tradition."

I glanced down at the old quilt with it's patchwork flowery pattern. "Really?"

Mom grinned and replied, "Your grandfather and his momma, Polly were the first to fuck on this quilt. He took Carrie's virginity on this blanket and she fucked her son...your daddy on this love quilt and now...you lost your virginity to your mother on this lovely old thing."

Once again, I was nearly overwhelmed by my emotions -- thinking of the tradition and power of family love that had existed in this place for so long and of the love that my family had raised me in and now the great culmination of all that love in what I felt for my mother...the love that only a mother and son could share...an incestuous love that could only grow more powerful day by day and year by year as Mom and I devoted ourselves to each other.

I felt as if family were watching over us as Mom and I embraced, naked and joined cock and pussy. I could feel the presence of Mom-Deb, her spirit aroused and rejoicing at the sight of her great love and their son joined in holy incest at last. I sensed the presence of Grandpa Tom and Great, great grandma Polly and their approval of our continuation of their tradition of family love and although I knew that Dad and Mom-Carrie were not present physically, I could feel their loving spirits hovering over us.

I was proud to be my mother's lover...her man...her husband already by every definition except the legal one. Mom groaned as I began to harden inside of her again and even as she whispered, "Love me, son, make love to your mother," I was already thrusting into her as I said softly into her ear, "Forever, Mom...forever."