

# R&R WITH MOM

## *Ahabscribe*

*A soldier on leave finds love and peace and with his Mom.*

Incest/Taboo

4.6

7.2k words

*As always, this is a work of fiction and any resemblance to anyone living or dead is purely coincidental. All characters of this story exist only within my imagination. Enjoy.*

In the summer of 1969, my primary concern was simply to get through my tour of Vietnam in one piece. I was assigned to a platoon humping through the boonies in the Mekong Delta. I was nineteen years old and scared shitless ninety percent of the time and bored shitless the other ten percent. Every soldier had something they clung to as a reminder of the "world" back home. For me, it was my gal, Kimberly Anne Mayfield.

Kimberly and I had known each other since Kindergarten and had been high school sweethearts and were engaged to be married after I got out of the Army. She was the most gorgeous thing...everyone said she looked like Mary-Ann off that silly-assed show, Gilligan's Island. Kimberly had long black hair she usually kept in a pony-tail, a cute, curvy figure and absolutely killer legs. Of course, a lot of people said she favored my Mom as well and I guess there's a lot of truth to that old saying...I was going to marry a girl like the dear old girl that married Dad. Except of course, my father never married my mother.

Mom and I had been on our own for as long as I could remember. My father knocked her up just before he shipped off to Korea in 1950. He never made it back to marry Mom and so she raised me all on her own (having an illegitimate baby in 1950 got her kicked out of the house and disowned by her lousy parents and my father's parents blamed her for him going off and enlisting to begin with and they never had anything to do with us either). Mom was tough and although we struggled in the early years, Mom worked her way through accounting school and by the time I was a teenager, we were living comfortably. And yeah, Kimberly did resemble Mom and Mom really does resemble that Mary-Ann character...if Mary Ann had a lot bigger boobs than she showed off in those halter tops she wore on Gilligan's Island.

Anyway, I was humping the boonies looking for Vietcong in the rice paddies of the Mekong Delta and just trying to count down my days and dreaming of Kimberly whenever I managed to get any sleep. Well, we rarely saw any VC, not many were left after the Tet Offensive the year before, but one day Victor Charlie left us a present...a minefield that our ninety day wonder of a lieutenant led us smack into the middle of. I remember Donnie B. - a good kid from Alabama, was on my right, bitching softly about his K-rations when suddenly he literally blew up. Something knocked me down and the lights went out.

I woke up in an Army hospital at China Beach and was informed that a piece of shrapnel (a chunk of Donnie's M-16 in fact), had tore through my shoulder and that I was basically sitting the next month out. I was lucky. The shrapnel had torn through flesh and muscle and would leave me only a nasty looking scar and a lot of nightmares, but that was all. In truth, after two weeks, I could have been returned to light duty, but for some reason, the docs at China beach arranged for me to get two weeks R&R!

I was ecstatic! I immediately arranged to hitch a ride on a transport to Hawaii and called and made a reservation at a little hotel on the beach on the island of Hawaii. I tried to call Kimberly and tell her to get on a plane, but for almost a day, I couldn't get through. Finally, I sent a telegram to Mom, asking her to get hold of Kimberly and tell her when I would be in Hawaii and where we would stay. Nine whole days with my fiancée! I couldn't believe my luck.

My transport ran into a delay in Guam and we sat on the ground for almost twelve hours while they fixed something in the hydraulic system. It was after midnight local time before we landed in Hawaii and nearly two in the morning before I staggered up to the front desk of my hotel and checked in.

A pretty little Japanese-Hawaiian girl checked me in. "We were getting worried about you, Corporal Wells," she told me. "Mrs. Wells checked in this afternoon." She smiled knowingly at me and gave me a saucy little wink.

I couldn't help grinning. A few times before I was shipped off to "Nam," Kimberly and I had checked into motels as Mr. and Mrs. Wells (this was the 1960s after all and some people still frowned on illicit sex despite the sexual revolution). I felt my heart beat faster and I felt myself stiffening up between my legs. I had been faithful to Kimberly and hadn't chased any Vietnamese prostitutes, despite being sorely tempted by the beautiful Asian girls.

I hurried down to our room (actually one of many small cottages), and quietly slipped inside. A little moonlight streamed through the patio door, enough for me to see Kimberly asleep under a sheet in the king size bed...her long, dark hair spilling out. I smiled as I heard her softly snoring. I stripped out of my uniform and hung it over a chair.

Naked, I slipped into bed and cuddled up with my sweetheart. Kimberly sighed in her sleep as I scooted up next to her...my hard cock pressing against her bare thigh. She was wearing a camisole slip. I ran my fingers up her arm as I kissed the nape of her neck. I tugged down the strap of her slip and cupped her breast, fuller than I remembered, her nipple growing thick and long under my teasing thumb. I traced fingers on downward across her stomach and over her hip, making my girlfriend shiver as I ran a finger down the crack of her ass (delighted to find her without panties!). As I nuzzled her neck and earlobe, my fingers slipped and parted her legs and found their way into her furry bush (hairier than I recalled...but it had been six months) and began stroking her labia lips.

"Yesssss, babyyy!" she murmured in her sleep...spreading her legs wider, allowing my finger to slip into her steamy, wet pussy. She turned, her arm going around my neck, her lips finding mine...our tongues coming together, her taste sweet and clean (Kimberly had been talking about giving up cigarettes). Her eyes opened and she screamed with my Mom's voice, "OMIGOD, JOHN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!!!"

We both moved as if we'd been scalded and I found myself standing on one side of the bed and my mother on the other side.

"Mom! What...where's Kimberly!" Even as I tried to figure out what the hell was going on, the male in me...the male who'd not seen a real live naked woman in six months was ogling his mom's partially naked body. And Mom's body was definitely worth ogling. Mom stood five foot two with an incredible figure (38DD breasts, a 25 inch waist and 30 inch hips. Mom had just enough fat to not look skinny. She had beautiful, long, black hair that hung below her shoulders and big, lovely brown eyes. Her camisole showed off her shapely legs and one breast was exposed from my earlier actions

Mom looked at me wide-eyed...her mouth moving, but no sound coming out for several seconds while she stared at my totally naked body. She stared at my cock mostly...still stiff with arousal and then looking up at the rest of me...six months in "Nam" had left me without much body fat...I was pretty much wiry muscles as a result. Her eyes widened as she saw the bandage wrap on my left shoulder and her motherly instincts took over. "Oh, John! You...you've been hurt!"

Mom scurried around to my side of the bed, kissing me and embracing me...almost leaping into my arms. She was crying and hugging me...her hands fluttering near my wound...wanting to do the Mom thing and soothe my hurt, but not knowing how. As she hugged me, she was doing nothing to help my erection go down as I found my arms full of very womanly flesh pressing against mine. It took Mom almost a minute to realize that seven inches of very hard cock was pressing against her belly.

"Oh my...John. Uh, you're naked." She turned and moved towards a closet. "There's a hotel robe in here, son," she stammered as she tried to not look at me, but as she reached into the closet, she couldn't help but continue to steal glances at my erection. Until she threw me the robe, I continued to stare at her partial nakedness as well. Mom was thirty-five years old, but looked a lot younger. Her breasts were still fairly firm, barely sagging despite their hefty size.

Finally, I regained my senses. "I'm sorry, Mom. I thought you were Kimberly." Then it hit me. Mom was in my room. She was the Mrs. Wells that checked in. "Mom, where's Kimberly?"

Mom face took on an expression that I have always associated with really bad news or sad times. The expression when she used to talk about my father or when President Kennedy was shot. "Honey, we need to talk." She took my hand and led me over to the bed and we sat down.

"Son, you couldn't get hold of Kimberly because...well, honey she's run off with Larry Smithson."

I heard Mom talking, but it didn't seem to be processing. Kimberly gone? Larry Smithson...he was an insurance guy back home. Then again it was hard to think while staring at Mom's still exposed boob. Her nipple looked enticingly beautiful...hard and long...round as a nickel and jutting out. I looked up into Mom's eyes...her lovely brown eyes and tried to make sense of it. "Mom? I don't...understand."

Mom squeezed my hand and replied. "Kimberly started working in Mr. Smithson's office this spring and well...he emptied his savings account and ran off with Kimberly about three weeks ago. Just up and left his wife and their kids. Last we heard, Kimberly and he were somewhere in Florida. No one knew how to tell you and when your telegram arrived, I didn't know what to do, so I hopped on a plane so I could tell you in person. I'm so sorry, John."

I just sat there...now staring off into space. My attention wandered away from Mom...I didn't even notice my erection deflating. All the nervous and sexual energy that had kept me going just seemed to bleed away. Mom stroked my face and ran her hand through my hair. The world just seemed to suddenly cave in. "Damn...I'm tired," I whispered.

Mom's face was etched with concern. "Ohhh, baby. Of course!" She pulled back the covers of the bed. "Climb in here, son. Get some sleep. I had the girl bring in a rollaway." She pointed over into a corner where I saw a portable bed, rolled up. "When I arrived, I tried to get another room, but they were full up, but they were able to bring in an extra bed...I'll just set it up..."

Mom's concern touched me and I tried to snap out of my funk. "No, Mom. You were already sleeping...go back to bed. I'll sleep on the rollaway."

Mom argued with me over that, reasoning that I deserved a decent bed to sleep in. I insisted on taking the rollaway, telling Mom that after long months of army cots and jungle floor that even a rollaway was like sleeping in a bed made for a king. Somewhere in the middle of our argument, Mom noticed that her heavy breast was peeking out and with a squeal of embarrassment scooped it back inside her camisole...her face blushing brightly even in the dim light of the room. That ended the argument pretty much and we finally sacked out, her in the bed and me on the rollaway.

For the longest time I couldn't sleep. I just couldn't believe that Kimberly would do that to me. Finally though, exhaustion won out and I drifted off. I dreamed I was chasing Kimberly through the streets of Saigon, she laughing and staying ahead of me. Then she stepped into a crowd of GI's and was weaving in and out of them as they walked through a rice paddy and then the mines began to go off. Soldiers were flying this way and that, but Kimberly continued to dodge and weave and then as I screamed for her to stop moving, she turned her head and stuck out her tongue at me just as the explosion literally tore her apart and I screamed, "NOOOOO!"

"John! It's alright, baby! You're okay. Momma's here!" Over my own screams I realized I was sitting up and was in Mom's arms and awake. I shivered. Mom was kneeling next to me on the rollaway...her arms wrapped around me, making soothing noises just like she did when I was little and waking up from a bad dream. "You're okay, son. Momma's got you, baby. It will be alright."

I cried then. I cried for the loss of Kimberly. I cried for poor Donnie Beam who was never gonna see Alabama again. I cried because I was tired. I cried just because I could...because my Mom, the single greatest tower of strength in my life didn't mind if I cried. For the first time in months, I felt safe...I ask you, is there anywhere you ever felt safer than in your mother's arms?

Mom cuddled with me on the rollaway...allowing me to calm down...let the nightmares fade away. We talked quietly. Mom talked of things back home...how she was frustrated with having hit the glass ceiling in the accounting firm. What the latest gossip was (aside from the furor Kimberly and Larry Smithson had caused). I tried to put into words the shock and hurt of Kimberly's betrayal, but couldn't really verbalize it...it was too much too soon.

Gradually, I began to respond to the closeness of Mom's near naked body...her thin camisole and the shorts I'd put on before climbing into bed all that separated our bodies. Mom's heavy breasts pressed against my side and my arm as she curled up next to me...her fingers idly stroking my arm and chest, still trying to relax me. Her touch...her warmth, even her smell affected me powerfully. I've not been this close to a beautiful woman in six months and my mom or not, I'm aroused. My thoughts drift back to when I had touched her when I thought I was making love to Kimberly. How wet Mom's pussy was...the feel of her bountiful breast in my hand...the taste of her skin as I kissed her neck. Horrified, I watched as a tent formed in the sheets and made my erection noticeable.

In the dim light of early dawn, I as pretty sure Mom noticed my hard-on. After a few minutes she giggled and said, "Well...I suppose my little John isn't little any more. Somebody's been in the jungle a little too long!" I felt my skin burn as I flushed. Mom kissed me on the cheek and eased off the bed. "Well, I guess we both better get some sleep, John." She stroked me on the cheek and looked at me lovingly, glancing down at my tent pole. "Try and get your mind off of her, son. Things will be better tomorrow. I love you, John." I guess I shouldn't have felt so embarrassed...Mom thought I was hard thinking of Kimberly. I wonder what Mom would have thought if she knew I had gotten an erection thinking of her

"I love you, Mom. Thanks for...well, just thanks." Even with all the raging emotional thoughts in my head...Kimberly's betrayal and my sudden perverted thoughts of Mom, sleep came quickly to me.

We both slept till late in the morning and thankfully I had no more nightmares. Over breakfast in the motel restaurant, Mom and I talked things over. Mom looked radiant in a flowery sun dress that left her shoulders bare...the material exposing the upper portions of her large breasts.

"Honey, I think you should go out and have a good time while you can...raise some hell on your leave. I can catch a plane out later today for home," Mom suggested.

I reached out and touched Mom's arm. "Oh no! Hell no, Mom! You came all the way to see me...took time off from work for me...stay! We've never had a proper vacation together. Stay and we'll have some fun!"

Mom's smile outshone the bright sun. She was pleased with my answer. She reached out and took my hand. "You know, I'd love that, son...just you and me on a vacation!" And we did...we became your all-American tourists. Mom took me shopping for some civvies...my old civilian clothes were now too big for me. We bought me some ugly flowered shirts and some khaki slacks for knocking about and a dress shirt and slacks for the evenings. Mom also insisted I buy some swim trunks for the beach.

Mom had brought her own vacation clothes...but as we tended to hang out on the beach, swimming and sunbathing, mostly she wore one of two swimsuits...both of which turned men's heads wherever we were. One suit was a dark blue one-piece with a plunging neckline that exposed most of her breasts as it journeyed down close to her belly button.

The other was a green bikini that went perfectly with her dark brown hair. The bikini halter struggled to contain Mom's voluptuous boobs and she confessed that she accidentally bought it at least one size too small. I really loved it, especially when we were playing around in the surf, because every so often, one of her meaty tits would simply roll out and say hi! Mom would blush and tuck it back in and after glancing down at my swollen crotch, smack me on the shoulder and remind me she was my mother.

The bikini briefs were another trial for Mom...her bush was very hairy and no matter how she tucked hair in...tufts of pubic hair would spring free and peek out from the green material. She would swear and decide not to wear it, but I teased her and reminded her that she was on vacation and not to worry...besides...being natural was where it was at!

It was really cool and really weird to be on "vacation" with my Mom. I mean we were both now adults and sharing similar interests. Despite the differences in our ages, lots of people figured us for husband and wife. Mom got a kick out of it and so did I. We wound up holding hands a lot as we strolled through the shopping districts and as we walked along the beach.

Most of our first couple of days was spent mostly on the beach...taking walks along the edge of the surf or swimming in the warm Pacific waters or baking ourselves in the hot sun. Things were weird because I kept seeing Mom in a new light. For years I had known everyone thought she was a good looking woman of the "Mary-Ann" type, but now I was amazed and a little scared to be responding to her sexually. I couldn't keep my eyes from roaming over Mom's body. I think Mom knew it and was kind of flattered. Mom had focused on raising me and had not dated much during my childhood.

In the evenings, we would go out to eat at an intimate little restaurant that had a small dance floor and a small band that specialized in slow, easy dancing music from the 1940s and 1950s. Mom and I would eat and then spend hours slow dancing. I loved this. Mom's body nestled against mine, her

head on my shoulder. We didn't talk much, just enjoyed the beating of our hearts, the soft noise of our breathing. It was like very light, very intimate foreplay.

Late at night was when things would fall apart. We'd retire for the evening...me usually wearing boxer shorts and Mom in a camisole slip or a cute, modest baby doll negligee, that showed off her long, shapely legs and just hinted enticingly at her magnificent bust. We'd fall asleep in our separate beds and in my dreams I'd slip back to the "Nam."

I'd find myself in normal situations...normal for Vietnam that is. I'd be on patrol with my buddies and then all hell would break loose. Sometimes Kimberly strolled into my dreams, seemingly oblivious to her surroundings as a firefight broke out or we stumble into a minefield and get our shit blown up. As I watched Kimberly's body being shredded by bullets or a mortar or by a bouncing betty mine, I would wake up in a cold sweat, screaming in horror...and Mom would be there, offering me comfort in her arms...calming me down...soothing me with her soft, loving voice. "Momma's got you...shhhh. Momma's here...she'll make everything all right. Momma's here and Momma loves you, John.

In Mom's loving arms, my nightmares and terrors would fade. Mom would talk softly, stroking my arms and my chest...softly kissing my cheeks, allowing me to calm down. Mom would speak of ordinary things...good memories of my childhood, of her fond memories of my father, of how much she loved me and was proud of me. She would cuddle with me until I was myself again...allowing myself to respond physically to the beautiful woman in my arms. Only when my cock raised the customary tent pole in my sheets would Mom chuckle and kiss me and return to her own bed. With the memory of how good Mom felt against and her scent lingering after she left my bed, I would fall back asleep...this time without nightmares.

This went on for the first four nights. During the day, Mom and I would enjoy ourselves on the beach or sightseeing and I found myself falling in love with my own mother. Call it the Oedipus complex...call it post traumatic stress or a nervous breakdown. My thoughts of Kimberly vanished...how could I not be in love with my Mother? She was, as she had always been, the most beautiful woman in my life...she'd taken care of me as a child and now as an adult, she was the single thing that brought me comfort. We knew each other so well anyway that we seemed to act like an old married couple anyway.

With each passing day, Mom seemed to become more beautiful. And I know she perceived that I was seeing her, not only as my mother, but as a gorgeous woman that I was proud to be with. As we sunbathed on the beach or walked along the shore, I know she was aware that I was literally drinking her in with my eyes...imagining her naked...imagining her glorious body being naked for me.

At the end of our fifth day, we had taken a stroll along the beach and stopped at a rock outcropping to watch the sun set. As we sat there, Mom in her tiny green bikini, I couldn't help but stare at her voluptuous figure...her large breasts straining to burst free and her muff...so hairy it refused to be contained by the small swatch of material covering her vagina.

Mom blushed as I stared at her. She tried to sound cross as she said, "I wish you'd stop, John. You shouldn't look at me like that. I am your mother." Still, there was something else in her voice as well...something proud, perhaps something yearning in nature.

"Sorry, Mom...it's hard not to stare. You just don't know how beautiful you are. I sometimes can't understand how some lucky guy hasn't just grabbed you and taken you for his bride."

Mom shrugged. "You and your father are the only men I've ever loved. After your father was killed...you're the only man in my life. I can't imagine any other men in my life." Mom shivered a little and I thought I could see her nipples swell against her swimsuit. And perhaps it was just my imagination, but as Mom looked at me, it seemed that between her open legs, wet spots were appearing in the crotch of her bikini bottoms.

"I love you, Mom! I can't imagine a life without you!" I blushed at the intense emotion in my voice. I even sounded like a love struck teenager.

Mom smiled at me...her face full of her love for me. Stroking my face tenderly, she said, "I love you too, son." Mom patted the rock beside her, gesturing for me to sit closer to her. I wrapped my arms around her and she rested her head against my chest. We sat there in a tight embrace and watched the sun go down. In a voice almost too low to be heard, Mom whispered, "Oh, John...you'll never know how much I love you."

It was a romantic moment in time...one I will always treasure. The beach was deserted and it was if we were alone on the earth...just my Mom and me, watching the sun set. I yearned to tilt her head up and kiss her. It almost seemed as if Mom was reading my mind. As we got up to leave, Mom turned to me, placing her hands on my chest...her bikini covered breasts almost brushing against me.

"This has been a wonderful vacation, son. Thank you and I...well, I love you, John." Mom then stood on tiptoe and kissed me. It wasn't a long kiss and it wasn't a French Kiss, but my god...it was like a million volts of electricity coursed through my body. My cock...already three quarters erect, stiffened in an instant, tenting out the front of my swimtrunks. When our kiss ended, Mom rested her head against my chest again, her eyes looking downward...my erection clearly visible.

Finally we walked back to our little beach cottage, holding hands and not saying anything. In the bright light of a full moon, I could see that Mom was aroused. Her thick nipples were swollen and threatening to burst through her bikini and in the gentle open breeze, I could swear I could smell Mom's arousal. Mom continued to glance down at my bulging crotch and smiled a little smile.

We changed and went out to dinner at our usual place, staying late to dance as we did every night. The maitre 'd and the waitresses were used to us and called us Mr. and Mrs. Welch and seemed to go out of their way to render us some special services, including a secluded spot in the restaurant normally reserved for romantic couples.. Even the members of the band recognized us as regulars and as Mom and I slow danced to the old classics, the piano player even winked at me as his eyes roamed appreciatively over Mom's sexy form. This relatively scandalous idea of Mom and me as a married couple kept me hard most of the evening...even as we both tried to laugh it off.

At the end of the evening, we returned to our cottage and made ready for bed. I was quiet as I tried to steel myself for a return to the horror show that was my dreams. My mother seemed to sense my distress and tried to be comforting, but I could feel the dread building.

As I turned down the sheet and blanket of my bed, Mom, sitting on her bed in the same camisole slip she'd had on the first night when I'd mistaken her for Kimberly, said, "Son, I've been thinking." Mom spoke in a quiet voice. "You've had these nightmares every night, but you calm down quick enough when we cuddle. Maybe you should sleep with me...maybe just being close to someone will help." Mom looked at me...her face a mixture of concern for me and maybe fear of being rejected.

The thought of cuddling with Mom and all it implied sent a thrill through me and I hope I didn't sound too eager when I replied, "Yes!"

We both climbed into bed. Mom instructed me to roll on my side away from her and then she slid her body behind mine so that we were spooning. "I love you, Mom!" I whispered as she pressed her body to mine...feeling warm and so soft...her breasts pillowing against my back...her nipples hard, pressing through the material of her camisole against my back.

"I love you too, John," Mom whispered back, draping her arm over me...gently stroking her fingers along the length of my arm and across my chest. "Sweet dreams, son!"

I don't think either of us slept for a long time. The tension...sexual tension was thick in the room. Mom's scent was strong...mixed in with something new...her sexual scent mixed in with the more perfumed scent I had always associated with Mom. We both shifted several times, trying to press ourselves closer together. Mom's bare skin where it touched mine seemed so warm and felt almost electric. Mom's fingers slipped through my chest hair slowly, passing over my own hard nipples.

I felt so safe and happy....and so aroused. But bit by bit, Mom's gentle caresses seemed to carry me off into slumber and into dreams. I found myself on the beach, sitting on maybe the same rock outcropping we had found ourselves earlier in the day. I was naked. Kimberly was kneeling at my feet, her hand wrapped around my cock which was proudly erect, her head bent over my penis...her breath warm and exciting.

"John, Momma wants to suck your cock and then Momma wants you to fuck her," Kimberly said in my mother's voice, then as her mouth closed around my cock, she raised her head and I knew before her eyes met mine that it wasn't Kimberly, but my beloved mother. "Momma loves you, son!" she whispered...her breath sweet on my cock.

And I woke up to Mom's voice. "Momma loves you, John. Momma loves you sooo much." And I woke up to the incredible sensation of Mom's hand stroking my swollen cock. My erection was sticking out through the fly of my shorts and Mom's fingers were slowly slipping up and down my hard pole.

"Mom?" I gasped. It felt so wonderful. "Oh, Mom, that feels so good!"

I turned to face my mother and she looked at me in the dim light of the room with such need and desire. "I love you, John. I've always loved you. Is this wrong? Is it wrong to want you to love me this way...for you to make love to me?"

In answer, I pulled Mom to me and crushed my lips against hers. Her lips parted to accept my tongue, greeting it with her own. She pressed her body against mine and I suddenly realized she was naked. My hands dropped to her lovely breasts, cupping and caressing them, rubbing my thumbs over her hard, rubbery nipples. I rolled us over so that I was on top of my mother. Mom continued to stroke my erect cock with one hand while her other hand pushed my shorts off. I slipped a hand down between her legs, finding her furry bush and sliding my fingers through the damp, curly hair until I found her slit, her labia already parted, allowing me to slip my fingers into the warm, sopping wet folds of her pussy. Her hips thrust upwards against my fingers.

As our kiss ended, she looked up at me solemnly. "Is it wrong...are we wrong to do this, son?" Even as she spoke, she spread her legs wide and raised her legs upward to allow me to settle between her inviting thighs.

My mother placed my erect cock against the wet, clasp hole of her cunt and as I drove my cock home, I replied. "No, Mom. Nothing that feels like this can be wrong. We love each other...we always have...this isn't wrong...ohhhh, Mom! Something this beautiful can only be right!" Mom was

sooo tight and wet and her pussy felt like it was on fire. I drove my cock home, anxious to have her pussy walls wrapping my cock in her love completely.

Mom flung her pelvis up to meet my thrust...her pussy walls spreading to accept my cock. With a single slow movement, my mother took all seven inches of my penis into her pussy...her furry bush grinding against my pubic hair. Mom surprised me by breaking out into tears, even as her legs rose and crossed behind my back...tightening to hold me in place.

"Ohhhh, son! I love...AAHHHH...oh, John, I love you. I've been dreaming of this moment." Mom's cunt pulsated around my hard, throbbing tool. I was enveloped in such fiery wetness...my cock bathed in the hot cream of Mom's pussy...it was hard not to cum on the spot!

"Oh god, Mom...you feel so...OHHHH MOM!" I groaned. "I can't believe how you feel. OH, MOM! I can't...I'm gonna cum soon."

Mom's legs tightened around me. "Then fuck me, lover," Mom sobbed. "Momma needs her son to fuck her...fuck me right now, John!" Maddened with need I began to stroke my cock in and out of my mother's cunt. Mom worked herself under me, twisting her hips and flinging her pussy upwards to meet my downward thrusts. Mom's fingers clawed at my back, pulling my weight down on top of hers. I ducked my head to suck her hard, swollen nipples, making Mom shiver with delight as I nipped at her rubbery nipples with my teeth.

Too soon, I felt the undeniable demand to cum...it had been so long and in truth, I had been aching to cum since I had first crawled into bed with Mom earlier in the week. Mom groaned as my cock head swelled and then I groaned as I began to cum so hard it almost hurt! I thrust deep in Mom's womb, thick jets of cum erupted from my cock, bathing Mom's pussy in a torrent of hot semen. "Ohhh...ahhhh, I love you, Mom!" I sobbed as I grind my pelvis against her pussy...hips quivering as I shot spurt after spurt of sperm...surprising even myself with the flood of sperm I was giving my Mom.

Mom in turn, erupted into orgasm as well, her body stiffening and arching upwards against mine...her arms and legs wrapping tighter around me...aching to get our bodies even closer together. She squalled with intense emotion, begging me not to stop.

"Fuckmefuckmefuckmefuckme, sonnnnn! Oh please, don't stop! Don't ever stop, fucking me, Johnlover!"

And I didn't. As I stopped feeding Mom my semen, to my amazement, I stayed hard as a rock and after I caught my breath, Mom and I resumed our dance of incestuous passion with a vengeance! Mom and I vented all our stress and need with a long, fuck. With my immediate need to cum sated, I was now able to give my mother the long, hard fuck she needed and wanted. We were like animals in heat...our bodies covered with fuckswat, kissing each other, biting at each other, becoming intoxicated with each other's bodies. I kissed Mom...dueling tongues with her. I nibbled, bit, licked and sucked her delicious, erect nipples and kissed and licked the sweat off her body.

Mom showered me with her sweet kisses...hands clawing my back one minute and then reaching down to cup my butt cheeks the next, trying to force me deeper into her body. Our bodies were slick with sweat. Finally, Mom began to orgasm again...sobbing and crying her love for me even as her pussy bathed my cock in her steamy cream again.

As Mom eased down from her orgasm, our lovemaking slowed down too. I took the time to find just the right spots that made Mom groan and gasp. Now, I made each thrust into Mom's sweet cunt slow and drawn out...making her toes curl and her body flex with the sheer delicious pleasure

that my cock could provide. Only with the finally imminent arrival of my second load of jism, did our incestuous fucking again take on a fever pitch. Sobbing our love to each other, we achieved a mutual orgasm...Mom's cunt clamping down around my cock, milking my dick as I exploded with another massive load of semen for my mother's womb.

As we caught our breath, in the dark Mom confessed her long desire for me. "It started in high school. I'd watch you at night and look at your naked body (in those days, I slept mostly in the buff), dreaming of the day that I would have you inside me again. I always thought maybe you'd want me too...especially after you started dating Kimberly...it was almost spooky how much we look alike!"

Mom told me that when she received my telegram, she knew that with Kimberly's recent betrayal, this might be her only chance and had plotted to seduce me that first night. "But...it took her a few days to really work through the incest taboo."

"Any regrets," I asked Mom there in the darkness of our cottage.

Mom just snuggled up to me, pressing her warm body against mine, her hand slowly stroking my cock, sticky with semen and cunt cream. "Just that I didn't seduce you sooner, son!"

The rest of my leave was spent making love to Mom. When we were too tired to fuck, we'd sun ourselves on the beach, but we spent virtually every possible moment up to the time I had to report for my flight back to the "Nam," in bed making love. Mom showed me that her long years of abstinence had not diminished her capacity for making love. My mother demonstrated her talent for cocksucking and taught me to eat pussy properly. With each bout of incestuous lovemaking, we became more impassioned and more hungry for each other.

Mom and I didn't ask if this was a once in a lifetime fling. We both knew that our lives were now forever bound together. I could no more consider a life without Mom at the center than I could learn to live without breathing air! On our last day, we found a local hippie minister who happily married us without benefit of a marriage license.

My departure broke both our hearts...both of us in tears as I reported back to duty. Mom kissed me long and passionately, whispering that she left me a present in my duffle bag. As I settled in on the flight, I dug into my duffel and found two pictures of Mom in her green bikini, striking cheesecake poses. Those pictures would get me through a lot of tough days over the next several months, but no matter how horrible things got in the jungles of Nam, the knowledge that my mother and wife was waiting for me back in the world, kept me going.

A few weeks before I was due to be rotated out, my platoon was caught up in a mortar attack. Victor Charles blew our platoon to bits that day...we lost three good men and four more were badly wounded, myself included. Most of the doctors predicted I would lose my left leg, but they did all they could and a month later, I was transported to San Francisco for rehabilitation. The rehab was hard and painful and I was told I would always walk with a pronounced limp, but it didn't matter because I knew by then that I had so much more to live for.

I woke up my second day in the San Francisco veteran's hospital to the sweetest voice in the world. "Wake up, son....Momma's here!" a voice whispered in my ear.

I opened my eyes and almost cried. My Mom leaned over me, kissing me gently on the lips. "You're going to be alright, John," Mom reassured me. She took my hand and kissed it and then laid it on her swollen belly. "Our baby is going to have a daddy there to raise it!"

Mom was six months pregnant and glowed in only the way a mother to be could glow. "I think it happened that first night we made love," she told me. "We've made a new life...just as we're going to make a new life for ourselves."

And we did. I was discharged soon after. Mom had decided to leave our home town after learning she was pregnant. We decided to make a new life for ourselves in Northern California. Mom joined an accounting firm outside Oakland and I went to school on the G.I. Bill. Having left our old lives behind, we simply presented ourselves as husband and wife. I was nineteen years old and Mom was thirty-five years old. Mom was often mistaken for the actress on Gilligan's Island and our pet names for each other are Mary-Ann and Gilligan.

I majored in accounting and afterwards we opened our own firm. In the middle of March, 1970, Mom gave birth to our daughter, Ginger. We have no regrets about our lives. We've been successful in business and like to think that we've been successful as a mother and father. Ginger has gone on to be a school teacher and mother of two wonderful children, Alan and Dawn. She divorced five years ago from a man with a wandering eye and she moved in with us to regroup. We enjoy their company and hope they will stay on, although Alan has joined the Air Force and is currently serving in the Middle East.

Mom is now seventy three years old and is as beautiful as ever. She maintains her figure and her youthful appearance with yoga and exercise (and lots of sex with a younger man...she likes to tease me). Only her now silver hair and a few laugh lines betray her age and I think her silver mane is extremely erotic.

I'm fifty-seven now and I treasure every day that I wake up next to my wife and mother. We still make love with as much passion as we felt all those years ago in Hawaii. Mom remains in good health and we remain very much in love. Still, Mom tries to look ahead to my future needs. Lately, she's been speculating on whether Ginger would welcome an invitation into our bed. At thirty-eight years old, she is the spitting image of Mom when we became lovers and as Mom likes to point out, has always been a "Daddy's Girl." Mom likes to get even naughtier and tease me about Dawn who is almost eighteen and is just as lovely as her mother and grandmother.

We shared our incestuous secret with Ginger when she was eighteen and she didn't blink even once, proclaiming us the naughtiest and sexiest parents on the planet. Now, as far as I am concerned, I am happy with simply being the husband and son of my Mom. She has been my one wonderful lover for thirty-eight years and I am happy to live the rest of my life with the woman of my dreams. Time will tell, I suppose, but Mom and I have always lived in the moment...not worrying about the past or future and that is good enough for me.

The End