

MOM AND THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

Ahabscribe

Son and Mom attend same party with tricks & treats aplenty!

Incest/Taboo

4.72

14k words

So, a couple of firsts for me - a Halloween story and a story that's actually in time for the actual season it's set in...lol. It was a hoot to write and I hope you enjoy it. As always, all characters are fictional and exist only within the confines of the story and in my imagination! I hope to hear back from you - feedback, both pro and con, are very helpful and appreciated! Enjoy!

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"You're coming to the Halloween Party, John?" Mom asked me, looking over her cup of coffee with skeptical eyes.

I nodded and said, "I can't wait, Mom! Bethany said we could hook up there! It's taken me five months to wear her down, but Bethany Rollins and I are finally gonna get our thang on!"

Mom laughed and tried not to choke after taking another sip of coffee. She set her cup down and reached across the kitchen table and took my hand in hers. As it always did, there was something akin to a minute electric shock as her skin touched mine and I felt something shiver deep within me, something I could feel down in my bones and between my legs as well...something I shouldn't maybe be thinking about my own mom, but what are you gonna do?

"Well, I'm happy for you, Don Juan, but remember, Bethany is an older woman and things...well, things get strange at Davy Riggs' parties."

"Well, shit, Mom. I hope so. I'm nineteen. We like things strange at nineteen!"

Mom rolled her eyes as she stood up and moved her plate and coffee mug to the sink. As she moved around, getting ready to leave for work, I watched her with an appreciative eye. She was my mother, but as I'd told her, I was nineteen!

Mom, at age forty-three was a spectacular looking woman. Tall and slender, standing five-nine in her stocking feet with large breasts and a tight butt from many evenings of exercise bikes and yoga. Mom wore her bleached blonde hair short and reminded a lot of people of that gorgeous woman who'd played the hot, blonde Borg on that Star Trek show. Usually wearing business outfits and dresses that emphasized her long, toned legs and her thirty-eight D breasts, Mom drew more than her fair share of admirers...her son, chief among them.

My father had never married Mom, having slipped out of town two days after she told him I was pregnant. She'd been working for Davy Riggs even then as had my dad, but he couldn't handle the "settling down and raising a family" scene and had split. Last we heard, he was an overweight surfer bum doing minimum wage at some pop stand on the Pacific coast.

Mom and I hadn't really missed him and I was proud that she'd raised me all by herself. As a result, we were closer than most mother and sons and with Mom's liberal ways, we were in a way, more intimate than most sons and mothers. I don't mean we had sex (I wish), but we were very casual and

frank with each other. Mom didn't strut around naked, but wasn't shy or modest either and since the day she'd set me down when I was eleven and did the "birds and bees" talk, the topic of sex wasn't taboo.

Mom had never remarried, but she hadn't taken a vow of chastity either. She'd had her share of lovers, a few who'd spent time with us, but mostly her love life had been conducted outside the house. Still, Mom never had tried to hide the fact when she was going out to hit the singles scene, often dressed in drop dead sexy outfits (skin tight jeans and tops, often with very revealing necklines or in slinky little black dresses), and would answer my non too innocent inquiries of "How was your night, Mom?" with a nasty smile and a dick hardening "Meow," when she would return looking a little weary or disheveled.

Yes, Mom has been a common subject of my masturbatory fantasies, but more importantly, she was my ultimate confidant, often guiding my efforts to get better acquainted with the opposite sex -- efforts that so far had produced my fair share of sweaty fumbling in the back seat of my car at the drive-in or behind my old high school or in some young lady's dorm room.

I had higher hopes with Bethany Robbins -- an older woman of twenty-three who worked at Riggs' Publishing, where Mom and I both worked. One may or may not recognize the name Davy Riggs, but everyone has read some of his publications. You can find them all through the city, housed in garishly colored boxes stacked next to newspaper vending machines on street corners or in wire baskets at the exits of grocery stores.

Davy has built an empire out of various publications that cover local community news, entertainment news, classified papers and various publications of ill repute as well as his Free Press newspaper -- "The Eye of the City," that had won several awards over the years for honest reporting. All were free publications, his money made from the incredible amount of advertising that appears in each paper. Even in these days of the Internet, it's amazing how people still love their rags that cover the local Women's Gardening Club, this week's garage sales, and the almost seemingly infinite number of escort services that operate in the city.

Mom worked her way up from being a secretary twenty-two years ago to today being in charge of the advertising department, the name of Chelsea Hall being well respected throughout the business. My hopeful love, Bethany worked in layout and while I studied towards a journalism degree at City College, I worked as an office gopher and delivery man. Three days a week, I'm out in the wee hours of the morning filling those ugly boxes with Davy's various publications. The rest of the time, I'm doing whatever scut work needs to be done and learning the various operations of the business, which is how I met Bethany.

Bethany is a short, zaftig dynamo of sexy woman, with long brown hair, lovely green eyes and a figure that as Mom puts it, is all "tits and ass." We seemed to have hit it off since I first got hired about seven months ago. We've had coffee a few times, did a movie or two and even made out one night back at the end of September. She's been involved with a guy and has been in the process of breaking up and well...I'm not sure its love, but it's definitely lust with a whole lot of like mixed in!

I was thinking of Bethany while appreciating Mom's slightly swaying butt, currently covered by a short and tight black skirt, not noticing Mom's question until she snapped her fingers and said, "Hey, horndog...eyes up here."

I felt myself blushing as I raised my eyes to meet Mom's amused gaze. "I'm sorry, Mom, what did you ask me?"

I asked if you knew what you're wearing to the party?"

I shrugged and said, "Not sure...thinking about either a gladiator or maybe something from Star Wars."

Mom rolled her eyes again. "You and Star Wars -- well, you better get on it -- the party's a week away and the pickings at the stores gets pretty slim, pretty quick this time of year." Mom picked up her purse and slinging it over her shoulder, said, "Don't be late to classes, honey."

She blew me a kiss and headed for the door, but paused as she opened it and looked back at me. "Are you sure you want to come to Davy's Halloween party? You're awfully young to be attending."

I puffed up my chest and pretended to be offended. "Young? Why, I'm almost twenty years old!"

Mom smirked and replied, "Like I said...young!"

She started to turn away but stopped when I called after her. "Hey, Mom -- what are you wearing to the party?"

My mother grinned sneakily and said, "Well, if I told you, it would ruin the surprise."

I licked my lips and said teasingly, "Well, you know, its like you said, Davy's parties get kinda...weird. Don't want to mistake you for someone else...accidents happen you know."

Mom stood stock still while she stared at me -- an odd and piercing expression of her face as if she was considering the implications of my statement. Finally, she gave me a devastating smile and said in a slightly husky voice, "In your dreams, son."

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Over the next few days I considered what Mom had meant about Davy Riggs' parties being kind of weird. Davy was considered a bit of a hedonist, never having quite abandoned the nineteen sixties of his youth. Back in the eighties, he had bought a rundown old mansion that had reputedly been built by a gangster back in Prohibition days. It was a huge, rambling structure -- with a massive basement that had been used to brew bootleg beer and with many, many bedrooms.

Mom had over the years, painted a pretty lurid picture of his parties, especially at Halloween and Christmas. Lots of booze, lots of pot and lots of letting loose of one's inhibitions or "swinging" as Mom put it. Having sex in shadowy corners and in the many convenient bedrooms wasn't frowned upon, but rather enthusiastically encouraged. I couldn't wait! My favorite jerking off fantasy for the last week had been me balling Bethany while a crowd of people cheered us on. Sometimes, the cheers were led by my sexy Mom and I have to admit, I cum all the harder when Mom's part of the fantasy.

I wished I had taken her warnings about a costume more seriously. After learning from Bethany that she planned to come as Wonder Woman, I scoured the better shops for a Superman or Batman outfit, but they were cleaned out. I'd have settled for Captain America or Spiderman, but struck out on those as well. They did have a Wolverine outfit left, but it just looked stupid. They were out of my fall back ideas as well -- not a Darth Vader to be seen and I just flat out refused to be Boba Fett. At that point, my options seemed pretty limited and in the end, I walked out of the store, feeling somewhat chagrined for settling for a cowboy/gunslinger outfit, but looking kind of like the Lone Ranger was still a lot better than Boba Fett!

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I stepped out of my car and looked up at Davy Riggs' home with a sense of awe. Loud music made the old early twentieth century mansion almost seem to throb with energy. Costumed revelers were dancing and moving across the large front yard. I tugged on my tight fitting leather pants, adjusted my gun belt and made sure that my holster was tied down against my thigh, the weight of the prop Colt 45 feeling oddly reassuring. I slipped my black mask on and adjusted my ten gallon Stetson hat and strutted up the steps towards the huge and open front doors, feeling my face burn a little as semi drunk people called out "Hi Yo Silver, Lone Ranger," or "Howdy John Wayne" or "Where the hell is Tonto, Kemo Sabe?"

I consoled myself that I didn't look any sillier than anyone else as a scantily clad Betty Boop bounced off me, being pursued by a maniacally laughing Robin Hood, as I entered the mansion. Inside things looked like an insane asylum with characters out of history danced frenetically with movie icons, comic book heroes and fairy tale characters. Marijuana smoke hung over the room, its sweet scent contributing to the surreal quality of the place. Standing on a stage was our benefactor, Davy Riggs, singing off key with the band as they covered old "Eagles" tunes. That he was in a Bugs Bunny outfit seemed to make perfect sense as he crooned, "Life in the Fast Lane." His short height of maybe five foot, three inches and his Beatle mop top gray hair somehow actually helped improve his costume.

A rough looking bartender dressed as Raggedy Ann asked me my pleasure and then proceeded to hand me a large plastic cup when I told him I wanted a beer. I tried to identify people I knew, but between the fever dream atmosphere and their outfits, it was mostly impossible. I looked for Bethany, knowing she was supposed to be dressed as Wonder Woman, but saw no sign of her.

I thought I recognized one of Mom's coworkers as Davy and his band broke into a slower number. She was wearing Princess Leia's bikini outfit and was doing a slow, dirty dance with another woman with long and straight black hair, wearing some sort of Egyptian Cleopatra headdress and a gold gown that was nearly sheer and clung to her body like a second skin. I felt my cock twitch in response to her long, lovely body that was nearly nude under that shimmering, transparent gold cloth and the very sapphic performance they were putting on as the Egyptian goddess ran her hands upwards to cup Princess Leia's tits. The golden facemask that covered most of her face just added to her exoticness.

I soon became aware that people were losing their inhibitions all around me. As I wandered about, I saw couples and sometimes groups in corners or on broad couches, making out, undoing clothing, breasts and cocks and pussies displayed openly as they were groped or stroked. In one corner, Marie Antoinette was going down on Richard Nixon who was flashing his victory sign at everyone who was passing by and ogling the French monarch's blowjob.

I began asking people if they had seen Bethany or Wonder Woman. Most shook their heads or offered me a toke on a joint or another beer. One middle aged woman smoking a cigar and dressed as J. Edgar Hoover snorted and yanked open her suit jacket to flash me with the biggest tits I'd ever seen in my life -- huge, hanging udders with nipples the size of my thumb. "I betcha these are a wonder, Kemo Sabe!" she hooted before a laughing George Washington buried his face between her massive breasts.

Finally, as I was asking my second Marilyn Monroe about Brittany, she giggled and said, "Yeah, she's a cutie. Now where did I see her?" Marilyn spun around, scanning the room, her movement causing her famous white dress to rise up, revealing to me and everyone around us that she wasn't wearing

panties and that she had the hairiest pussy I'd ever seen. "Oh! There she is, cowboy!" Marilyn squealed, drawing my attention away from her brownish-red muff.

I followed her pointing finger and my heart and cock jumped with joy as I spotted Brittany, looking sexy and voluptuous in a Wonder Woman outfit climbing the broad staircase that centered the large room. She was bracketed by a man and a woman dressed like those grim farmers from that painting, American Gothic." I yelled, "Hey, Bethany," but over the din of the party, she never heard me.

As she disappeared into the crowd upstairs, I began pushing my way through the horde of partygoers towards the stairs. By the time I made the top of the stairs, Bethany was nowhere to be seen. The crowd thinned out as I walked down a hallway lined with doors. Stragglers lingered here and there, but none of them were Bethany. I followed the corridor as it made a right turn and then another and then another and then another until I found myself back by the staircase.

I sighed as I looked down at the mass of costumed folks below me partying. I didn't see Bethany anywhere and I decided to peek in some of the rooms, now feeling a sense of unease deep inside me. As I retraced my steps, I asked those hanging out in the hallway if they'd seen Wonder Woman. Most shook their heads no, but a woman dressed up as Sarah Palin and sitting on the lap of a large, muscular African American man wearing a diaper, nodded and pointed on down the hall, gasping as her friend's hand wriggled underneath her short skirt, "Oh yeah -- check out that last door on the left 'fore ya turn the corner, betcha find her there."

I hurried on down the hallway and came to a stop before the door. I wasn't sure about the proper etiquette, but considering the open sexual behavior of folks I'd already seen, I wasn't sure that there was any. With a trembling hand, I gently opened the door up and then moaned, although whether in frustration or arousal, I wasn't sure.

The room was dimly lit, but not so poorly that I couldn't see what was going on in there. Bethany was on her hands and knees, her star spangled trunks twisted around one ankle and her large tits spilling out over her golden breastplate. Behind her was the skinny grim faced man from American Gothic, only his face was conveying great pleasure -- I suddenly recognized him as Ed, the head mechanic for the company's truck fleet. He had his pants off and was thrusting what appeared to be a slender, but long cock in and out of Bethany's surprisingly hairy pussy while she licked the cunt of the woman from American Gothic, her severe black dress undone and spread wide to reveal the thin body of a mature woman with firm, apple size breasts.

Bethany's head was bobbing up and down as she lapped at the woman's wet and glistening cunt and the room was filled by the ecstatic sighs of the woman and the muffled groans of the girl I had hoped to make groan myself. I felt a pang of great disappointment as I watched someone else fuck the latest girl of my dreams. I felt more than a pang of arousal as I watched the latest girl of my dreams fuck and lick others with abandoned.

I knew that I probably shouldn't stand there like a pervert and watch others happily fucking and it occurred to me that maybe I should leave -- maybe go back downstairs and get shitfaced or maybe just go home in defeat, but I stood there with a massive erection in my tight leather pants, unable to not watch someone else fuck the girl I had hoped to fuck.

I'm not sure how long I actually stood there, lost in my own little voyeuristic world when I suddenly felt a soft body press into my back and in my ear came a leering whisper, "Now that's a sexy bunch of fuckers."

I started to turn and found myself looking into a golden face mask, bright blue eyes peering at me. It was the woman in the Ancient Egyptian outfit. I shivered as I felt my arm brush against her body, rubbing against her soft, full breast, a hard nipple almost snagging against my shirt sleeve.

As I moved, she slid an arm around my waist and snuggled up and in a whisper that dripped sex, she purred, "I'm Cleopatra, but you can call me Cleo. What's your name, stud?" Along with the sexy tone of her voice, I caught the strong aroma of bourbon.

It took a moment for my brain to catch up with my mouth, but finally when I moved my lips, sound began to emerge and I managed to stammer, "Um...I...um, John -- my name is John."

Cleo's lips curved into a slight smile and as she trailed a hand up my arm and stroked my cheek. "Well, Cowboy John, I know it's a lot of fun watching people fuck," she said softly. Grinding her body against mine, her pelvis rubbing against my erection, "I can tell you like it, but..." She tugged my hat playfully and then ran her fingers down my chest, nails slowly clawing at my shirt. "But, it's a lot more fun being one of the ones who are actually fucking!"

She leaned into me, her breasts spreading out against my chest as she stood up on tip toe and whispered in my ear, "Are you interested, cowboy?" Her tongue flicked out and licked the shell of my ear. Cleo eased herself down and slid a hand down from my chest to palm my crotch. "How about it, John?" she said so softly, I could barely hear her. "It's Halloween after all. I can be your trick or I can be your treat. You want to fuck me, stud?"

She stepped back and turned and walked away slowly, strutting sexily towards the corner, her long, lithe body wrapped tightly in shimmering gold silk that was so sheer she might have well as been nude.. Her slender legs emerged from beneath her gown, made even shapelier by the four inch high heels that ended in straps around her trim ankles. She turned and looked over her shoulder at me, her long, black hair swirling as she did and then crooked a finger at me to follow.

As she disappeared around the corner, I began to follow, not sparing Bethany and her friends a single backwards glance. Around the corner, I found Cleo standing in a doorway, posing provocatively, twisting her body to emphasize one full breast tight against the fabric of her gown, swollen nipple threatening to burst free. She smiled again and stepped into my arms as I approached.

She lifted her head slightly and pressed her lips against mine. My heart began to pound wildly as I felt a tangible shock course through my body, my cock throbbing with excitement as her tongue slipped into my mouth. Our tongues dueled as she steered us into the empty room and kicked the door shut.

Cleo broke the kiss, but her tongue stayed busy as she began to kiss and lick at my throat and then my chest as she yanked my shirt open, buttons flying across the room as she nuzzled my bare chest, her tongue drawing circles around my pebble hard nipples while her hands slipped lower, caressing the thick bulge in my pants. I moaned as she slowly sank on her haunches to squat before me, looking out of her mask at me.

She slipped my Colt 45 out of the holster and ran the barrel along her cheek. "Mmmm, I like big guns, John," she cooed softly before slipping the barrel of the pistol between her lips and slowly sucking on it, taking it all the way to the cylinder before letting it slide from her luscious lips. Looking up at me as she then palmed my crotch, she whispered, "Does my big, bad cowboy stud have another six shooter hidden somewhere?"

Cleo undid my gunbelt and then unsnapped my leather pants. She began to tug, laughing a bit as I had to help her skin the tight fitting pants off me. With a big yank, my pants dropped to my ankles and my cock sprung free, slapping my Egyptian goddess on the cheek. "Oh, John...that's a big fucking gun," she sighed, wrapping her fingers around it.

The strange woman stroked my erection for a few moments and then looked up at me with a strangely familiar mischievous smile. "What can Cleo do for you, stud?" she whispered throatily, her lips scant inches from the head of my cock, her warm breath thrilling me.

"Oh wow...can you, would you suck me...suck my cock, Cleo?"

"Can do, cowboy," she whispered and then I was groaning as she wrapped her lips around my penis and began to lick and suck me. Now, I'd managed to be on the receiving end of a few sloppy blowjobs during my last year of high school and in my time at college, and while there's no such thing as a bad blowjob, I quickly became aware that Cleo was a master cocksucker. Her lips applied the absolute perfect amount of pressure while her tongue did absolute unbelievable things as it swirled around the head of my cock

Her brilliant blue eyes never left my face, peering through her mask, measuring my reactions as she sucked and sucked and licked and slowly took more of me in her mouth and then slowly released my cock, her tongue dragging sweetly along my shaft as I slipped from her lips. Cleo kissed the tip of my cock, her lips smearing with my precum and whispered, "That's a big cock, stud." She licked her lips, smacking them as she tasted my fluids and added, "I like your cock!" Then her mouth was on me again and I was moaning as she slid inch after inch into her mouth until the head of my cock was nuzzling her tonsils and her lips felt soft against the hairy base of my erect penis.

Then without warning, my body shook and quivered as my balls jerked and prepared to shoot. "I'm gonna cu-..." I managed to say, trying to pull out, but she made a muffled noise that indicated refusal and then I was cumming, my knees suddenly so weak, I could barely stand. Cleo hummed her approval as I filled her mouth with hot, thick semen, feeling her tongue gathering it up. She continued to suck me as she swallowed and fed on my spunk, urging me to empty my load.

I felt dizzy and looked around to see where the bed was as finally after what seemed to be the longest ejaculation of my life came to a close. Cleo let me slip from her mouth, tongue rolling over her luscious lips to scoop up my sperm smeared across them. She had her hand on my slowly shrinking cock and was firmly masturbating me now, her thumb running over the tip, sending almost painful quivers of pleasure through me.

"Now don't you get soft on me, stud," Cleo hissed, "We're just getting started." She somehow began to steer me backwards, her following on her knees, still stroking my cock and showering it with little licks and kisses. By the time the back of my knees hit the bed, I was absolutely stiff again.

Cleo let me go and pushed me back on the bed, rising to her feet as she did so. She did something to her gown and it suddenly split open down the front and spread wide, still anchored to a jeweled collar, but revealing sumptuous breasts with hard, swollen nipples and between her legs, a shaved pussy, bald and gleaming with arousal. It was my first time seeing in real life, a completely bare vagina and I gazed at it in wonder, marveling over her long, thick labia, juices pouring from her glistening pink flesh. "Just lay back, cowboy -- I'm going to fuck you like you never dreamed possible!"

The room seemed to spin as I clambered my way back onto the bed, letting my head fall on the pillow as I stretched out, my cock standing straight up, waving happily in the air. Cleo followed me,

straddling me as she began singing, "Save a horse, ride a cowboy," a song I recognized because Mom listened to the band that recorded it -- an image of her boogying in the living room while the song blared from the DVD speakers flashed through my mind.

I felt my cock swell as thoughts of Mom passed through my mind, but then I was distracted as Cleo maneuvered herself so that her pussy lips brushed the head of my cock, kissing it sweetly and leaving it smeared with her heavily flowing cream. She shifted a little and I felt her labia enveloped the crown of my cock and she hesitated as if unsure to continue. "You are so big, John," she said, breathlessly and then as I involuntarily flexed my hips and slipped a little more of myself up into her, Cleo moaned, "Oh my!"

Her pussy felt like sweet liquid flame, tight and slick and softer than anything imaginable. "Mmmmmm, John, I love how you feel inside me!" she crooned in a strained voice as she slowly let her knees spread and impaled herself on my cock. My hands came to rest on the little swell of her hips below her waist and to my amazement, she reached down and took my hands and drew them up, slipping along her soft skin, suddenly becoming slick with sweat until I was palming her full, meaty breasts.

Cleo moaned her approval as my palms teased her swollen nipples while she ground her bald flesh against my coarse pubic hair. Her lower lip hung open and her tongue peeked out several times as she seemed to gently vibrate on my cock. "Yeah, pinch 'em, stud," she hissed as I began to pull and tug on her swollen nipples, feeling the blood pulse through them as I twisted them.

She drew her long and shapely legs up to squat on my cock and slowly began to piston up and down on my long, throbbing cock. Her calf muscles bulged with effort as she slowly slid upwards, her fiery, slick flesh somehow clinging to my shaft as she moved. When only the head of my cock remained within her, Cleo would hesitate, her labia seeming to pulse around my sensitive flesh -- kissing and sucking my cock until with great restraint, she began slowly sliding back down, enveloping my erect penis in the steamy wet flesh of her glove tight pussy.

The room became thick with the sweet and powerful scent of our sweat and wet pussy, our panting and groans echoing in the large, high ceiling room. I was lost in a sexual fog, reveling in this woman who expertly rode me, fucking me fast, fucking me slow, and flooding my senses with incredible ecstatic pleasure.

We seemed to be transported into a world where only we two existed and where our carnal desires seemed to expand and grow as Cleo rode me and rode me, her pussy seeming to tighten around my throbbing cock, bringing me close to the edge of another orgasm and then adjusting just enough to let me calm down so she could ride me upwards towards yet another peak.

Suddenly we were snapped back into reality as a woman cried out in a slurred and excited voice, "I found her -- she's fucking a big-dick cowboy!" Cleo paused in middle of her downward motion, three quarters of my aching penis buried in her pussy as we both turned and looked at the doorway.

Leaning against the doorjamb was the tall Princess Leia that had been dancing with Cleo earlier -- I think her name was Helen. One breast had slipped free of the metallic bikini top and several strands of long blonde hair had gotten loose of her wig.

A black woman staggered up dressed as the mid 1980s Tina Turner and slipped a hand around Helen/Leia's waist, her eyes widening as she stared at us. Her short miniskirt was hiked up high and her pussy winked at us as she moved and shifted. My heart began to pound harder and I felt my

cock throb even more as I recognized her as Betty Daniels, Mom's assistant. "Omigod, Chels! That boy's got a really big cock!"

Helen leaned into the room, almost toppling over before righting herself, her other breast slipping free of her bikini! "You're gonna share that cock with us, aren't you, Chelsea!"

I felt the world begin to tilt and slide away from me as I felt the waves of utter shock rock my world. Shocking because I was getting the greatest fuck of my life in front of two women who had been guests in my house and whom I had known since I was a little kid, but even more because it hit me that the woman who was fucking me was my own mother!

Part of me felt like an idiot for not knowing and part of me felt like I'd known all along -- the twinges of familiarity and that suddenly recognizable shock when we first touched -- that certain physical reaction I had known and enjoyed all my life. I waited for my world to implode around me, but I got an even greater shock as Cleo...Mom, snarled over her shoulder, "Go find your own cock -- this one is all mine!" And as if to emphasize her claim, Mom began to piston up and down on my cock with a vengeance.

Helen and Betty cackled with glee and yelled out catcalls and teasing remarks that mostly consisted of, "You selfish bitch...slut...big enough cock for lots of pussies."

Mom shook her head, her black tresses swirling around her and her breasts bouncing around as she replied, "This cowboy's all mine. Maybe I'll let you lick his jizz out of my pussy later. Now, piss off!"

The women hooted some more as Mom turned her back on them and began riding me hard, her fingers raking my chest as she fucked me and muttered, "Gimme that cock, stud. It belongs to me!" Mom had my full attention now and I guess Helen and Betty wandered off in search of their own cocks to fuck.

My mind raced madly as I tried to process the fact that my own mother was fucking me while she was in fact, actually fucking me, riding my throbbing dick with a vengeance. I felt silly and thrilled at the same time. One of my wildest fantasies come true and I tried to revel in it while wondering how I had managed to not recognize my own mother.

It was hard to do in retrospect. Maybe the long, black hair had helped fool me -- maybe it was the golden mask which covered most of her face. One the other hand, I wasn't exactly a stranger to seeing Mom semi-naked...her magnificent tits I should have recognized immediately, having masturbated over them so often.

Then of course, there was the question of whether or not Mom knew it was her son's cock she was sliding up and down on, her pussy tight and oh, so slick as she massaged her way up and down my hard dick. I was wearing a Lone Ranger style mask, but that was it in the way of concealment. I was sure she was at least a little drunk and maybe that kept her from realizing she was fucking her son's brains out.

In the end, hormones won over any scrap of old-fashioned morality and I just went with the moment, savoring the long dreamt of experience of having my cock deep inside the place I had come from. Although my experience was limited, I recognized that there was something special about fucking Mom. Maybe it was her obvious skill and enthusiasm that made this more than frantic and sloppy fumbling in the back seat of a car or in someone's dorm room, maybe it was that there is truly something special about incest that transcends normal sex.

Whatever the case was, I hoped it would never stop and for long minutes, I didn't think it would. Mom's splendid blowjob earlier had served to take the edge of a young man's need to cum and now I had the luxury of savoring the sweet sensations of my mother's cunt working my cock. Mom's actions became more frenetic until she began to moan loudly and then she sank slowly down the length of my cock, her body beginning to shake and then her hand was on mine, forcing me to dig fingers deep into the flesh of her breast as her other hand rubbed her own face in a manner that seemed lewd beyond imagination as she went slack-jawed while her orgasm took her over, her hot juices bathing my cock.

Mom arched her back, pressing her pelvis down hard against mine, taking me a fraction deeper than before while throwing her head back and releasing a wail of sexual ecstasy that while wordless, conveyed her pleasure at being stuffed full of cock. Again and again, a shudder went through her body as bolts of pleasure ripped through her and then she was collapsing on top of me, her mouth finding mine as her meaty breasts rolled against my chest.

Our tongues danced frantically as Mom began to slowly move her hips again, resuming our incestuous dance of lust. My cock began to throb with the need to cum, but I fought against it, wanting the almost surreal delight of Mom's silky slit kissing and sucking at my cock to never end.

Mom's hands clawed at my chest as she levered herself up, a stringer of saliva extending between our parted lips until it broke and splattered against her heaving tits and my sweaty chest. Mom began to move more quickly, riding me again like a wild bronco she meant to break. My mother was a glorious vision of carnality as she bounced on my cock -- wig hair flying wildly, breasts bouncing all about, her pale skin covered in a sheen of sweat and her lips twisted in a lewd expression of utter lust and pleasure.

Again, Mom's body began to shudder as another orgasm began to rise, her movements slowing and becoming uncoordinated. "Fu-fu-fuck meeeee, John," she moaned. Give me...give your mo -- OH GOD, FUCK ME WITH THAT BIG DICK!"

Mom dropped heavily atop me, driving my cock deeper than before into her womb, her pussy tightening around my penis, soaking it with her steaming juices. Again her face went slack as she whimpered, "I'm cumming...I love your cock, John."

That was it for me -- Mom looked so beautiful in the throes of orgasm and her wet, fiery pussy felt so wonderful wrapped around my cock that I couldn't hold back and with a growl of male lust, I thrust my hips up, driving deeper into Mom's cunt and exploded, flooding her womb with jets of hot semen.

Mom's eyes widened and I wondered what she was thinking and if she realized her pussy was being filled with her son's sperm. Her body stiffened and then she seemed to go mad with passion, her body shaking in an ecstatic seizure, again collapsing atop me, her mouth a wild animal, licking and sucking its way from my neck to up and all over my face, her tongue finally intertwining with mine as we convulsed together in an incestuous orgasm.

I groaned with pleasure into her mouth as I just seemed to keep cumming, unable to recall when my own orgasm had felt so good. Finally, Mom's trembling body began to calm down, her kisses becoming softer and sweeter, reminding me of my childhood when she would lovingly shower me with little kisses all over my face. She looked into my masked eyes and whispered, "Better...better than I ever imagined," and then slipped slowly off me, her pussy releasing my weary cock with a wet, sucking noise, to collapse face down at my side.

I lay there for a few minutes, my chest heaving as I tried to catch my breath and get my mind around the fact that I had just been fucked and fucked well by my own mother. Almost instinctively, I reached out and took her hand in mine, feeling her fingers intertwining with mine as we had done so many times over the years, but now with so much more meaning -- touching not only as beloved mother and son, but as lovers.

I rolled over onto my side and feasted my eyes on the lovely sight of my mother, semi-conscious, relaxing in the aftermath of our incestuous orgasm. Her body almost glowed in the wake of our lovemaking, her golden gown wrap tangled up around her body, but not hiding the soft curve of her hips or the shapeliness of her legs or the swell of breasts flattening out beneath her. The long black tresses of her wig spread around her head like a halo, hiding her short, blonde hair. I had a sudden urge to rip the wig off and run my fingers through Mom's no doubt sweaty and short, blonde locks, but I didn't want to do anything that would shatter the moment.

I reached out and placed my hand on the soft skin of Mom's back -- again feeling that sweet spark that I experienced with no other woman. I slowly began to rub her back, savoring the sensation of her slick skin and when she moaned her approval, the sound of pleasure in her voice made my semi-erect cock twitch and begin to swell again.

As my cock extended in arousal, it brushed her butt cheek, again sending glimmers of sexual energy through me. My heart began to pound as an overwhelming need to be inside my mother grew within me. My hand trailed down her back and as my fingers trolled along the crack of her ass, she sighed and wiggled her toned cheeks in response. On impulse, I slid my fingers further downward until I felt her thick labia and then slick and gooey flesh as I slipped two fingers into Mom's pussy and gently stirred the load of semen and pussy juice there.

Partly muffled by the bedspread beneath her, Mom moaned, "Oh yesssss!" her lusty voice making my cock's recovery complete. The primal call of the rut overwhelmed me and I was suddenly on my knees, moving into position behind my mother and guiding her still rubbery legs apart. I took her hips in my hands, massaging her tight buttocks and then gripping her firmly, lifted her up onto her knees as she moaned with pleasure.

With her head and upper body still prone on the bed, Mom's ass was raised into the air like a submissive offering. I tilted her ass cheeks slightly to better expose her open pussy, thick streamers of my semen oozing from between her labia. I felt the head of my cock throb with need and I pressed it against her slick, swollen flesh and rammed it home, I gave a joyful howl as my cock was again enveloped by Mom's pussy, her heat and wetness bringing me joy beyond belief. Mom cried out at the same time, thrusting her hips back to meet my thrust as our bodies slapped together.

With an animalistic glee, I began to steadily fuck my mother, relishing the deliciousness of my cock sliding in and out of her clapping cunt, feeling sperm and pussy cream being worked out with each thrust. Mom, still in a swoon from our mutual orgasm, responded with instinctive movements, encouraging and welcoming each assault by my cock with happy sobs and little shifts and twists of her hips that increased the pleasure we were sharing.

I ran my hands over Mom's hips and up her back and then down again, then leaned over as I fucked her, letting my hands slide around to her belly and brush her sex before slowly making my way further down to cup her breasts, feeling her still firm breast flesh yielding as I slid my hands between the bedspread and her full breasts, nipples like hard ripe cherries, ready to burst.

We quickly built up to a fast, steady rhythm of fucking, our bodies slapping wetly together as I buried my cock in her again and again. I hugged Mom to me, lifting her up, fingers digging into her breasts as my chest and her back merged in sweaty flesh. I began to nuzzle the nape of her neck and nibble on her soft shoulders as I worked my hips to thrust into her over and over -- her sweet pussy flesh clinging hungrily to my shaft.

Mom's body responded quickly to my hard cock, her orgasm returning with a vengeance. "YESYESYES!" she sobbed repeatedly as I fucked her, feeling her heart pounding madly as her body convulsed from an overload of pleasure! I ached to call her "Mom" and see if the truth of our wondrous coupling could or would enhance the tremendous pleasure we both shared...if the knowledge of our incestuous lovemaking would make it sweeter than before, but again I feared breaking the magical spell.

As one orgasm ebbed away, I could already feel the heat and wetness of another building within her as Mom's pussy scalded my cock with fiery cunt cream and as I struggled to keep Mom locked in my embrace as she writhed with ecstasy, I felt my own need to cum again and I felt like I was trip-hammering into her pussy with my rigid, throbbing penis. My mother's pussy began to squeeze and fresh sweat broke out all over my body as pleasure beyond imagination coursed through my cock and spread outwards.

My vision was doubling and I was gasping for breath while Mom's screams of carnal pleasure climbed and then faded as her voice gave out and we began cumming together, our bodies convulsing and struggling to stay joined and struggling to pull away as incestuous gratification overwhelmed our senses. I bellowed, "I LOVE YOU!" barely restraining myself from adding the word, "Mom!" as I emptied yet another load of blistering semen into her womb, feeling as if her cunt was sucking me dry as it contracted and pulsed while milking my cock.

Then we were collapsing, me on top of my mother and then I rolled us over on our sides -- Mom's leg thrown high, my hand under her knee supporting her shapely limb, providing me access to continue to grind my crotch against her pelvis, trying to sink my long, thick dick as far inside her as possible. We quivered and shook as we gasped for air. I could Mom's heart beating wildly against my hand squeezing her breast.

"So good," Mom whispered. "Never been so good -- never imagin..." and then she began to snore, her body still shivering as my cock still pulsed inside her. I had never felt so content and complete in my life -- amazed that sex...that lovemaking could be so intense, so powerful. I never wanted it to end and my mind raced madly as I tried to think up ways to make sure this never ended and faded into sleep with only the thought of fucking my mother forever on my mind...

I dreamed of Mom, still wearing that sheer, golden gown, but now the wig was gone and so was the mask, she knelt before me as before, smiling up at me with those brilliant blue eyes as she slowly ran her tongue over my cock. She paused and said, "I love you, son!" and...

...my eyes snapped open wide. The room was now dimmer, but there was a hint of dawn coming through a window. The ever present music of the Halloween party was lessened and someone was sucking my cock. I raised my head off the pillow, expecting to see Mom. As I did, my mask slid off my face -- the elastic string that had held it on gone. I looked down, already wondering what Mom would say when she saw my face, but she wasn't there and she wasn't the one sucking my cock.

"Hi, Bethany," I said softly.

Bethany Rollins raised her head and looked up at me in the dim light, smiling. "Hey, John!" She looked like she'd had as wild a night as I had. Her dark brown hair was tangled and her makeup had run from sweating and maybe tears, but she still looked beautiful. Her large heavy breasts swayed over the top of her Wonder Woman breastplate and her tiara was askew. Where her star-spangled shorts were, I had no idea -- she appeared to be naked from the waist down.

Looking somewhat abashed, she said, "I'm sorry I didn't wait for you. I had a little too much to drink and well, I ran into Ed McCoy and his wife Nell and I've heard stories about his cock and his wife." She grinned at me evilly and said, "The stories are all true."

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "I know -- I saw you." I reached down and stroked a hand through her tangled hair. It's okay." I'd like to think I answered her honestly, although there was a small part of me that still felt disappointment and hurt and angry.

Bethany smiled at me, a slight look of embarrassment on her face. "Still, I said we'd hook up tonight. I was looking around for you and saw you naked on the bed and well, I thought I'd try and make it up to you." She gave my erect cock a long lick, ending with a very nice tongue-lashing of the tip. She smiled up at me and said, "Although, from what I've been tasting, I think you found somebody else."

I felt my face turning red as I nodded and replied in a very pleased voice, "Oh yeah, I...I had a great evening."

Bethany took another lick off my cock and smacked her lips. "I'm tasting spunk and pussy...very sweet pussy. I'm feeling a little jealous."

I shrugged and said, "Don't be -- she never even told me her name and I don't know if I'll ever make love to her again." My cock ached in a sweet way, throbbing more as I wondered what Bethany would say if she knew she was licking my mother's pussy juices off my cock.

She giggled and licked me some more. "Well, if you do, please call me -- I'd love to do you both!" My cock throbbed even more as images from some of my more naughty fantasies flashed through my mind. She sucked me some more, offering up a loving gaze with those dark brown eyes as she did so and then said, "I think I still owe you an apology, John." She looked at me coyly and added, "Would you fuck me, John?"

She squealed in surprise as I responded by grabbing her and rolling her over onto her back. My cock, already well used in the last few hours, ached with need and it was with a mixture of lust and maybe a little anger that I climbed between her legs, admiring her hairy bush, now split by thick, swollen labia that gleamed with her juices and maybe the semen of Ed McCoy.

Bethany's eyes glowed with excitement as I roughly spread her short, muscular legs and placed my cock between her pussy lips. With a carnal snarl, I rammed my cock into her pussy, its warm and creamy flesh spreading to accept me -- not as tight as Mom's pussy, but slick and hot, her sugar walls trying hard to cling to me. She moaned and then gave a pained cry as I buried myself inside her and ducked my head to take a swollen nipple into my mouth, biting down on it a little harder than I should have. Her nipples were long and thick, and like hard rubber as I bit into one.

Bethany convulsed underneath me and then cried out again as I didn't pause to savor the sweet sensation of being inside her hot cunt, but instead began to immediately move my hips back and forth, fucking her hard and fast. Her pussy, already extremely sensitive from her earlier fun and games immediately began to spasm around my hard thrusting cock.

"Ohhh, John...you're fucking rough! I love it!" Bethany moaned as she began to move her body into a rhythm with mine, her short legs coming up to try and encircle my hips, but only able to dig her heels into my flanks, urging me to fuck her even harder. I hammered my cock in and out of her pussy, feeling her juices bathing my cock and dripping out as I moved in and out of her. My mouth moved back and forth between Bethany's heaving tits, torturing her nipples with tongue and teeth while I fucked her hard.

Bethany's pussy was hot and sweet and I really enjoyed fucking her -- it was better than I had imagined it would be, but, even as I savored her lovely, welcoming flesh wrapped around my cock, I was having a revelation that was troubling on an almost subconscious level.

As good as Bethany felt...as hot and sweetly slick as her pussy massaging my erect penis was...as heavenly as realizing the fantasy of fucking this lovely girl was, SHE WASN'T MOM! There was something almost indefinable missing -- that incestuous spark that took pure carnal ecstasy and made it something more, something almost supernatural. Bethany was an awesome fuck, but even this sweet sex paled next to making love to my mother.

I tried to smother the thought as I thrust my cock into that hot, moist pussy and while I never missed a stroke or lost even a hint of my erection, I knew that even in the soon to come bliss of orgasm, Bethany would never match up to Mom...that no woman ever again would equal the sheer ecstatic delight that burying my cock in my mother had brought. Bethany's skin, slick and sweaty didn't taste nearly as sweet as Mom's as I rolled my tongue over her heaving flesh -- her nipples didn't compare -- her tongue in my mouth, even though akin to a passionate serpent was at best a pale imitation of my mother's, and her pussy, almost aglow with the liquid fire of her juices was a cool approximation of Mom's succulent cunt.

My hard fucking of Bethany brought her quickly to orgasm and I rode her hard through it, making her sob with ecstasy, never relenting as I fucked her. I reached down and brought her legs up, her feet hooking on my shoulders as I leaned in, rolling her up into an orgasmic ball of flesh and fucked her until she was almost screaming for mercy.

We moved together expertly as if we'd been lovers for years and it was hot and wonderful and yet, even as I lost myself in her flesh, letting our passions sweep us away as Bethany moved closer to another orgasm and I edged towards climax myself, even as we reached that moment of perfect joy, I still knew that even at the most intense moments of pleasure, it wouldn't come close to what I'd felt with my mother!

Our mutual orgasm was explosive and powerful and had it occurred earlier this past night, I might have marked it as the single greatest lovemaking moment of my life, but of course, it wasn't -- wonderful though it was. Bethany bucked and squirmed underneath me as I sank my cock into her to the hilt and emptied my burning seed, savoring the sweet ache that accompanied my fourth orgasm of the night. Having emptied myself into Bethany's hungry womb, I slowly withdrew from her as she collapsed, her arms and legs all akimbo and whimpered up to me, "Goddamn, John. That's the best fuck I ever had." Bethany looked up at me for several long moments, her eyes watering before a single tear trickled down her left cheek and she closed her eyes and began to snore softly.

I knelt there between her legs for several minutes, getting my breath back and admiring the young woman's body, feeling vaguely proud that I had fucked her into unconsciousness and that now, the load of semen that glimmered against the pink flesh of her gaping pussy was mine.

In the end, I let her sleep, untangling the bedspread and draping it across her mostly naked body. I struggled to get my costume back on, wondering why anyone would wear such tight leather. I let myself out of the room and made my way through the aftermath of the party. A clock on the hallway wall said it was nearly six in the morning. The place had mostly emptied out with just a few folks still moving, although here and there, someone was curled up in a corner or snoring on a couch -- most in various states of undress. A young brunette woman wearing a Snow White outfit was sleeping with her head in Davy Riggs' lap, her lips gently suckling on his half-erect cock as he snored, his head leaning back against the padded seat of a massive overstuffed, leather chair. Lionel Ritchie's song "All Night Long" was playing softly on a stereo hidden somewhere in the great hall.

I climbed into my car and carefully made my way home, my head filled with the almost unbelievable events of the night with one thought overriding all...I FUCKED MY MOM! As I had left the Riggs estate, I had looked for my mother, but did not see her, nor did I find her car among those remaining. As I drove through the quiet city streets, I wondered how my life would change.

That it had changed, there could be no doubt. Even if Mom hadn't peeked at me under my mask, I had fucked her and loved it. I had made my mother cum. Our relationship would change...it had to. I envisioned having to leave home...unable to conceive of how I could stay in the same house knowing that Mom's incredible body was nearby. How could I be expected to control myself if she walked around scantily dressed or half naked around the house? How could I restrain myself from falling at my mother's feet and pledging my undying love to her forever?

I let myself into the house which was very, very quiet. I started to cross the living room heading towards the hallway and my bedroom, but I came to an utter halt as I saw Mom's Cleopatra outfit draped over the end of the sofa, the filmy gown recalling images of Mom's scarcely concealed body beneath it. The large facemask leaning against the arm of the sofa brought back images of Mom's lovely blue eyes peering into mine with utter carnal passion. I felt my weary cock give a twitch at the memory of madly fucking my mother.

I reached down and picked up the sheer silky garment, feeling it's smoothness against my fingers, recalling its touch in the night, sliding my fingers underneath to touch Mom's even silkier skin. I felt my cock swell in response to the fresh memories. So engrossed was I in recalling my passionate night with Mom that I didn't hear her approach.

"Well, howdy there, stud." I looked up to see Mom in the doorway, a towel wrapped firmly around her body -- covering her from just below her crotch to partially covering her breasts -- the firm, meaty swells overflowing the cotton towel. Her blonde hair was wet and slicked back and her skin glowed from a hot shower. She wasn't smiling or frowning, but instead seemed to be studying me with a great intensity. "Nice costume, son," she said softly.

I looked down at the filmy costume in my hands, unable to meet Mom's gaze. I felt my face begin to burn as I started to blush and I mumbled, "I'm really sorry, Mom. I didn't know it was you...not at first and then it was like I couldn't help myself."

The words sounded as lame to me as they actually were, but Mom laughed and when I looked up in surprise, she was smiling. "Now really, John -- do you really think that I didn't recognize you the second you walked into Davy's house? I am your mother, after all."

My mouth hung open as I tried to wrap my mind around Mom's words. "We've always been pretty open with each other, son," Mom said as she began walking towards me. "I would think by now you would know I only fuck who I want to and for a long time now, the only person I've really wanted to

fuck...is you, John. It's been a fantasy and I don't know...when I saw you walk in to the party, you looked so good, I just couldn't help myself"

As she said those miraculous words, Mom undid her towel and let it fall away, revealing her splendid body to me. "Did you like fucking your mother, stud?" Mom said as she stepped into my arms -- her Halloween costume falling silently to the floor, forever forgotten.

Mom rose up on her toes slightly to kiss me -- that intimate spark flying between us as our lips pressed together and then she grinned evilly afterwards as I panted, "Yes."

Mom wriggled against me and then with her grin growing nastier, whispered, "Did you like it more before or after you knew it was your naughty mother's pussy you had that big, hard cock buried in?"

"Oh my god," I groaned. "After I knew, Mom -- God help me, but it was even sweeter knowing I was fucking my Mom!"

Mom kissed me again, slowly, her tongue taking its time exploring my mouth -- tasting me before pausing to sigh, "That's my son." Her hands began to again work on the snaps of my leather pants and in a moment of erotic deja-vue, she again worked my pants down around my ankles, her fingers quickly wrapping themselves around my now completely erect cock.

Demonstrating her hard won agility, Mom slowly squatted down until her face was nuzzling my crotch. Mom snorted in surprise and then I felt her tongue take a wet lick at my cock. "That isn't me on your cock, son," she said with a slight tone of disapproval in her voice. "What gives, John?"

Alarm bells were going off in my head and I wondered if my youthful lust was about to ruin things with my mother, but I sighed and told the truth. "After you left me sleeping, Bethany found me and well..." I shrugged, figuring words weren't necessary at this point.

Mom's eyebrows lifted up at the mention of Bethany and she said, "You finally fucked your dream date, huh? Well, how was she?" Maybe it was my imagination, but it seemed like Mom's grip on my erection tightened just a little.

"She was great, Mom -- everything I imagined it would be, but..."

Mom cut me off with a terse, "Was she better than me?"

I shook my head and laughed. "Well -- the truth is she was awesome, but she can't hold a candle to you. I think...I think you may have ruined me for other women, Mom!"

Mom's facial expression evolved from annoyance to pleased, in a smooth moment and she smiled up at me. "Is that going to be a problem, son?"

I grinned down and sighed, "Not as long as we're lovers, Mom!"

Mom again licked my cock. "We're definitely lovers, John for as long as you want your nasty momma." She gave me another long lick and then smacked her lips before saying, "I don't even care if you come home with another woman's pussy juices on your dick, just remember to always come home to your mother's open arms...and legs and mouth." Mom finished talking by showing off her deep-throating skills again, slowly taking my long, hard dick in her mouth till her lips were brushing my pubic hairs and then slowly sliding her lips back, sucking hard as she did.

When she let me slide from between her lips with a resounding, wet smack, she slowly rose to kiss me again. When her tongue finished another dance with mine, she looked into my eyes and said softly, "So, by my count, you've fired that there six shooter of your's four times. Do you have any bullets left, cowboy?"

I nodded slowly and replied, "For you, Mom, fucking yeah, I do!"

Mom smiled happily and wrapping her arms around my neck, whispered, "Then son, why don't you pick your mother up and carry her to our bed and fuck her until she screams?"

What else needed to be said? I picked Mom up in my arms and kicking my pants free of my ankles, carefully carried the woman who gave me life to her bedroom...our bedroom now, while she stared lovingly up into my eyes. I felt like a groom carrying his wife across the threshold as I stepped through the door of the bedroom and after crossing the room, gently sat my mother down on the bed, kissing her as I did so -- a sweet, gentle kiss that quickly escalated into a fiery, passionate kiss that had her tearing at my shirt before we both began to tumble around on the bed, hands and mouths feverishly exploring each other.

As we wrestled about, I suddenly found myself with my face in Mom's crotch, her hairless labia, swollen and spread and for a moment, time seemed to stand still and I could feel Mom's eyes upon me, watching and waiting, as surely as I could feel the heat emanating from her furnace-like cunt and smell her wet desire. With the growl of a starving animal, I shoved my face into my mother's pussy -- my mouth open and my tongue extended, literally losing myself in her slick and feverish flesh.

As Mom's thighs closed and tightened around my head, I could hear her moan approvingly as I lapped and sucked at her sweet pussy, her juices bathing my face as my tongue speared her flesh, worming its way inside her, feeling the silky softness of her sugar walls even as I savored the sweet taste of her cunt. "Yesssss, John -- eat Mommy's pussy, babyyyy!" she cooed while bucking her pelvis into my face, her hands dropping onto my head to hold me in place and to urge me to do more.

I was enveloped in her delicious scent from my nose to my chin, hot cream pouring across my face to soak my cheeks as my tongue ladled up scoop after scoop of her juices. Her crinkled pink flesh quivered as I sucked it clean only to be re-anointed with her ever flowing pussy juice. I felt Mom's long legs scissoring on my ass she squirmed under my lashing tongue and even though I was wearing her soft inner thighs now as ear muffs, I could hear Mom's keening cries of pleasure as I ate her motherly cunt.

My eyes refocused and I could see Mom's clitoris -- a long, nub of hard flesh emerging from its hood, eager to find the source of her delight and I gently washed my tongue over it, feeling Mom's body stiffen as if she'd been hit by lightning. I lapped at it softly again, feeling a renewed flood of her juices spraying from her pussy onto my chin. I ducked my head for a moment to receive Mom's juicy ejaculations and then lifted my lips and carefully captured Mom's clitoris between them. Mom gave a loud gasp and then as I fluttered the very tip of my tongue over her little penis-like appendage, she let loose with a rafter rattling scream and I was hard pressed to keep her clit in my mouth as she began to buck and writhe.

Mom's hands fluttered and scrabbled at my head, both needing me to back off because of the intense pleasure I was giving her and unwilling to have that same pleasure cease. In the end, Mom flopped helpless on her back as I went back and forth, lapping and drinking of her pussy's offerings

and sucking and teasing her swollen clitoris, making Mom cum and cum again until she had to force me back or allow her heart to explode.

I came up onto my knees between Mom's widespread legs, watching with pleasure as she twitched and gasped for breath, her lovely tits heaving with effort and her eyes wide with amazement. Her mouth moved for several seconds, but no sound came out at first. Finally, "Sweet fucking G-god, son. Where'd you learn to eat pussy like that?"

I grinned and then shrugged, feeling my face blush in both embarrassment and pleasure. "Not sure, Mom -- it just seemed like, with you, it all comes natural...like some instinct that just tells me just how to please you."

Mom grinned in response and then held out her arms to me. "Then please, come please your mother, John. Fuck me, son. Fuck me right now!"

I had always been a son you didn't have to tell twice to do something. With hungry anticipation, I moved forward, lowering myself onto Mom's sweaty and still trembling body. My cock, stiff and throbbing, slid up her left inner thigh and at the last moment, Mom shifted just so and I felt my cock slipping between her pussy lips and we came together like long time lovers, my cock moving steadily into her as I carried my body forward. I felt myself sink into her to the hilt, my wiry pubes scratching against her clean shaven pussy even as our lips met and Mom accepted my offered tongue, tasting herself as her tongue wrapped around mine.

For a long minute, we just savored the rightness and the completeness of our incestuous joining and everything that had been missing with my delightful fuck with Bethany was now present -- that powerful, almost electric energy that seemed to spark back and forth between my mother and I, enhancing every aspect of our coupling -- from the way Mom's pussy felt pulsating around my cock, to the taste of her mouth and tongue, to the feel of her naked, sweaty skin against mine, to the feel of our hearts pounding in our chests, the beatings becoming as one as we merged and became one, perfect organism.

"I love you, Mom," I breathed, my voice betraying the awe I felt at having my mother impaled on my cock.

"I love you, John," Mom whispered back, tears in her loving eyes as she stroked my face with long, delicate fingers. "I've waited so long for this. I hoped and prayed for this and I hope you don't mind that I took a leap of faith...we've been so close for so long..."

I kissed Mom, stopping her sweet voice from offering any kind of apology. "No regrets, Mom, other than not acting on my desires before this. I hope I can spend the rest of my life catching up on the lost time...catching up like this." I thrust forward gently, making Mom's eyes widen as I went just a little deeper.

As I withdrew slightly, Mom responded, thrusting upwards into me as her legs rose up to cross over each other atop my hips. "Yessss," she hissed. "Always like this, son -- cock buried in my pussy, fucking Mom, making Mommy cum!"

We began to move together, Mom's hips rising to meet my thrusts, driving my hard cock deep into her pussy -- wiggling her hips in such a way to take me deeper inside her, cunt muscles rippling and contracting, massaging and kissing my cock as it moved in and out. Mom's breasts rolled slightly, her long, hard nipples brushing back and forth over my bare chest, sweat making our bodies both slicker and yet stickier as we fucked. Mom's arms tightened around my neck as we

kissed, our lips pressed wetly together as our tongues fucked in a rhythm all their own until the kiss was broken as Mom threw her head back and with a feral and lewd sneer, let out a great moan of pleasure as my cock brought her over the edge into a deep chasm of orgasmic pleasure.

I felt a thick coat of pussy cream bathe my cock with fiery ecstasy and I trembled with the effort not to cum right away, but I wanted this first time in Mom's bed -- the first time we both acknowledged our incestuous passions to be long and memorable and bit by bit, I stepped away from the verge of my own climax, riding out Mom's orgasm as her legs tightened around my body, almost sliding up to my waist -- Mom seeming to almost contract her body around my cock, trying to envelop as much as it as she could.

We took up our passionate kiss again, tongues slowly sliding against each other -- moist organs of impassioned flesh merging even as our bodies merged into one humping, stroking, caressing organism of erotically obsessed meat. Sweat dripped from my face onto Mom's lovely visage as her nipples throbbed as if on the point of bursting against my chest while my cock seemed to be swelling inside the almost jealous grip of her cunt muscles, clinging to the shaft of my cock as I moved in and out, her cunt feeling slick and open and yet tight all at the same time.

Mom again broke the kiss, screaming with unbridled pleasure as orgasm took her a second time. I groaned almost in pain as Mom's thighs tightened against my sides as her pussy became a vise around my cock, milking my cock, hungry for my seed. I came to the edge of orgasm, but then Mom's grip around my middle loosened and as she moaned in pleasure, her long, shapely legs slipped off my body to fall wide, leaving Mom spread-eagled beneath me. Somehow, as Mom writhed on my cock, moaning out her great pleasure, I kept control and didn't cum.

As Mom recovered from her newest orgasm, she weakly grinned up at me and whispered, "Better than I ever dreamed. I've never cummed as hard as I have with you, son!"

I leaned in and kissed her and then murmured, "I'm just getting started, Mom." Recalling how I had just fucked Bethany earlier in the morning, I slowly and carefully took Mom's left leg and lifted it up and draped it over my shoulder, making Mom sigh and quiver. Then I lifted her right leg and draped it on the opposite shoulder. I could feel Mom's calf muscles trembling on my shoulder while pussy juice coating her thighs mixed with the sweat on my torso.

I leaned in, kissing Mom against, relishing the sensation of her breasts pillowing against my chest, nipples hard and pulsating wildly in rhythm with her heart. Mom was now helplessly curled up into my body. Having propped my arms up, I used them for leverage and balance as I began to fuck Mom fast and hard.

Mom's body convulsed underneath me -- her orgasm returning almost immediately as I stroked my cock into her pussy again and again and making her lose motor control. My need to cum was building and I rammed my cock into my mother's clasp, sopping wet cunt with an animalistic intensity, feeling akin to a rutting bull. Mom's cries of utter pleasure burst free from her lips as we sloppily kissed, her toes clenching and her feet waving helplessly in the air as her legs stiffened as orgasmic pleasure swept through her body and consumed her.

The perfect sensation of my cock slipping through Mom's wet, silky flesh constantly contracting around my hard penis quickly became too much to bear and I began to snort and howl as my orgasm began to erupt, my cock throbbing almost painfully as it swelled with semen flowing through. When I erupted, my hot semen gushed so hard from my cock that it bordered on real pain, but any pain was wiped away with the flood of Mom's pussy juices melding with my steaming

seed to create a wondrous sexual balm that soothed my aching cock and spurred it on to continuing flooding Mom's womb with sperm.

Our bodies seemed to cling to each other -- our skin, sweaty and sticky, merging as we achieved mutual orgasm -- mother and son locked in incestuous ecstasy. As we flew among the heights of sexual satisfaction, my mind played back the long night of Halloween and of encountering Cleo and finding out she was Mom and of having the revelation that Mom and I made perfect lovers and I let out a cry of pure happiness that dwindled away as my lips found Mom and I lost myself in the sweet sensation of kissing her while my cock throbbed and poured out the last of my seed.

I rested on my elbows atop my mother for quite some time while we both tried to catch our breath. The entire time, Mom and I silently stared at each other, communicating our love for each other through expression alone, savoring the waning moments of our incestuous coupling. I gently eased Mom's legs off my shoulders and she eased her trembling limbs up and over my legs, hooking her ankles over mine, not yet willing to let me to move off and out of her.

"Oh my, cowboy, that was...incredible."

I tipped an imaginary Stetson and replied, "My pleasure, ma'am."

Mom took a deep breath and we both shivered with an aftershock of ecstasy as her pussy throbbed around my slowly shrinking cock. "Ohhhh, son - definitely my pleasure too!" She yawned and added softly, "If I had known how extra sweet it would be committing incest with my son, I'd have fucked you long ago!"

She fell asleep then, arms around my neck with me still atop her. I watched her, marveling at her erotic beauty for a little while and then carefully pulled out of her, eliciting an unhappy sigh and then settled myself up against her, smiling to myself as my mother curled up against me, throwing one long, shapely leg over my hip, claiming me for her own even in her sleep.

I drifted off soon enough, still trying to get my mind around the events of this Halloween. As the winds picked up outside and I heard the patter of rain begin to hit the windows, I fell asleep thinking that for all the fun I'd had as a kid, dressing up in costumes and doing "trick or treat" activities, this beat the best of times by a mile. My dreams were filled with replays of the last night's events.

I woke up to find Mom resting her head on my chest, her blue eyes studying me. She smiled and gave me a little kiss on the chest and said softly, "Good afternoon, sleepy head."

"Afternoon, Mom." I said, thrilled that what had happened last night and this morning hadn't been a dream. Mom lifted her head up enough to doubly confirm this with a kiss, her tongue snaking between my lips and finding mine to resume their passionate dance.

When our kiss finally ended, she snuggled back down against me, her leg still draped across my thighs possessively and her hairless vulva rubbing deliciously against me. My cock, aching from more action than I'd ever known in such a short time began to respond. "Lots of sweet dreams, son?"

I nodded and ran my fingers up and down her bare arm. "Yep...and all of them about you, Mom."

Mom snuggled closer, working her body against mine as her hand began to trail over my stomach and moved downward. "I'll try and make all your dreams come true."

We held each other quietly for a while, Mom's fingers finding my stiffening cock and gently stroking it while my hand cupped her breast -- my thumb gently rubbing across her stiffening nipple. Images from my dreams and the night before passed before me yet again and as I recalled discovering it was Mom that was fucking me, a new thought occurred. "Mom...do you think Helen and Betty knew you were fucking your son?"

Mom giggled and replied, "I'm not sure. Betty's known you nearly all your life and might have recognized you...Helen...she was pretty drunk last night. Not that it matters -- those two know how to keep secrets."

"Really?" I said, hoping Mom would illuminate.

Mom gave me an amused look. "Well, none of us have been saints all these years and I certainly haven't been celibate waiting for you to be old enough to fuck. Those two have been along for the ride." Mom giggled again and added, "And sometimes, they've been the ride. My mother gave me a naughty wink for emphasis."

A memory from last night came back strong -- Mom sitting on top of me, my swollen cock wedged deep in her tight pussy and her looking over her shoulder at her friends and barking, "This cowboy's all mine. Maybe I'll let you lick his jizz out of my pussy later."

"Omigod! Mom -- you and Betty...and Helen?" Another memory of Cleo dancing so sexily with Helen last night flashed through my mind and my cock swelled as I recalled Cleo/Mom cupping Helen's tits.

Mom stuck her tongue out at me and then shrugged her shoulders. "I raised you to be open minded, John. I have always loved cock and pussy pretty much equally." She squeezed my cock gently as she continued, "At least, I did until I had this fine thing inside me. It's number one in my world now!"

My mind reeled even as my erection continued to grow. Again, recalling last night's events, I had to ask, "So did they eat my spunk out of your pussy?"

Mom grinned evilly at me and nodded before replying, "Well, I'm not sure what happened to Helen...she was blowing one of the help staff the last time I saw her, but yes, Betty did get to lick my pussy clean before I came home this morning." Mom licked her lips and added, "And then she and I shared all that creamy sweetness in the nastiest kiss you could imagine."

I was both amused and aroused as with a growl, I grabbed hold of Mom and rolled her on top of me, feeling her wet and hot sex slide across my now erect cock, her labia coming to kiss the length of my cock shaft as she settled atop me. "I always knew you were a sexy woman, Mom, but I had no idea..." My voice trailed off as the potential implications hit home.

Mom wiggled her hips, making her pussy lips slide up and down the length of my cock. "No idea I was such a slutty bitch, son? Davy's parties always bring out the naughty in me!" Mom leaned over, letting her breasts drag over my chest as she brought her lips to mine for a kiss. "I think your life, our life together is going to be a fascinating one, huh, cowboy?"

Another memory passed through my mind, making my cock pulse hungrily under the touch of Mom's sopping wet cunt -- the memory of Bethany smacking her lips after tasting Mom's pussy on my cock and then teasingly informing me that she would love to join my lover and I sometime. I let go with a groan as I considered that possibility.

Mom, slowly working her juicy pussy on my cock looked at me, her head cocking quizzically to one side and said, "Something on your mind, son?"

I grinned and said, "Just considering whether or not a fantasy of mine might come true."

Mom licked her lips again and then rising slightly and taking the head of my swollen cock between her labia, her pussy juices flowing over it, replied as she slowly sank down on my erection, "I don't see why not, John." Mom flexed her pussy muscles around my cock, making me gasp. "After all, Mom made your greatest fantasy of all come true, didn't she?"

My hands came up to cup my mother's bountiful breasts as she gradually impaled herself on my thick cock, my mind awash with the truth of her statement and all the endless possibilities that offered themselves up. As Mom began to ride me, I smiled up at my wanton mother and said, "So, tell me about Davy's Christmas party!"

The End